

THE
METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME VIII.

APRIL, 1898—DECEMBER, 1898

NEW YORK
THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
465 FIFTH AVENUE

B 385993

THE
METAPHYSICAL
MAGAZINE

**COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY
THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY**

**ECONOMIST PRESS,
78-80 WALKER STREET,
NEW YORK.**

THE Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone as in the lifting of the pillars of Heaven and setting the foundations of the Earth.
—*Ruskin.*

281623

BOUND VOLUMES ...OF...

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE FOR THE LIBRARY.

Volume I. comprises the contents from January to June, 1895,	\$2.25.
Volume II. comprises the contents from July to December, 1895,	2.25.
Volume III. comprises the contents from January to June, 1896,	2.25.
Volume IV. comprises the contents from July to December, 1896,	2.25.
Volume V. comprises the contents from January to May, 1897,	2.00.
Volumes VI. and VII., bound together, comprise the contents from June, 1897, to March, 1898,	3.00.
Volume VIII. comprises the contents from April, 1898, to December, 1898,	2.50

The 7 books at one order, \$14.00 net.

BOUND IN PALE-GREEN CLOTH AND GOLD.

THESE seven books contain 3,845 pages, and include the entire series of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE to December, 1898. The volumes are of inestimable value as a compendium of the live issues of the advanced thought of this liberal age, comprising a record of the world's progress along metaphysical lines not obtainable from any other source. They form a Library of Occult Literature such as would take a lifetime to obtain through other means. The supply is limited and orders should be sent in early.

Back numbers, if in good condition, *excepting Vols. VI. and VII.*, will be accepted in exchange for the bound volumes upon payment of one dollar for binding each volume. If to be sent by mail, twenty-five cents must be added for postage. We cannot bind or receive copies in exchange if the edges have been trimmed by machine. The same cloth *covers*, with gold lettering and *Index*, ready to be attached by any binder, will be mailed to subscribers at a distance for one dollar each.

Don't fail to add these valuable books to your Library at once.

THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
465 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



COPYRIGHT 1898, BY JOHN HAZELRIGG.

Sincerely,
Hazelrigg

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 1.

THE DESIGN OF NATURE.

The metabolic activity within the organism, which consists in the breaking down and building up again of its structural parts, and is essential to its continuance, would be of little value if it were attended with nothing more than simple reproduction. The organism might live, but its life would be little better than vegetation, and the "other selves" which were produced by it would be such and nothing more. Thus metabolism in Nature implies growth, not in size or quantity, but in quality, a general attribute belonging to motion rather than to matter. The evolution of Nature is such a growth, in which every step is a progression toward some higher goal. This progress takes place almost imperceptibly in the individual, and is stayed at death, but it is carried on by the offspring of the individual in overlapping seriation, and becomes very marked in the race made up of many generations of individuals. The evolution thus indicated is a process of refinement, which operates throughout the whole constitution, physical, psychical, and spiritual, of the organisms subjected to it, by virtue of their vortex nature. Everything which is taken into the body undergoes a change of some kind, through the action of the organic vortex, and reappears under another form.

This is no less true of the mind, which through its organ the brain operates in much the same manner as the body, although its food is of a different character. What is most remarkable, however, is that the organism is itself transformed by its own action on what it acquires from without—continually undergoing a refining process; unless it should happen, as is sometimes the case, that unfavorable conditions

have become established; and in that case the change takes the downward path of degradation. If we compare the savage with the man of culture, we see what improvement may take place within the limits of the human race; but it is not improbable that the former often exhibits the degrading influence of an unfavorable environment, continued so long that it has affected the plasticity of the organism.

Hence, Nature not only manifests her activity under the various guises which vortex action assumes, but everywhere her operations have the transforming effect of the crucible. As a vortex, an organism is a marvelous machine; but its chief value depends on the fact that it is a centre of attraction for the surrounding medium, from which it acquires and absorbs what is necessary for its physical and mental pabulum. What is drawn into the vortex is subjected to a process of disintegration, and undergoes the operation of "digestion," in which that part of the food which is to be retained passes through various changes, the unfit being rejected.

The ancient alchemists endeavored to imitate Nature by submitting substances to "digestion" in the crucible. They thought that by the action of heat such substances could be sublimated, or, rather, that their spiritual essence could be released. They believed that "even in the mineral world there was a spiritual element, namely, color, brightness, or, in their language, tincture." We are told that "the alchemists sought for physical conditions in their invisible and spiritual world, and for a spirit even in stocks and stones." These they tortured to get at their vital activities, and, although their views were often false, yet Paracelsus, who thought that he was destined to make Germany the home of science, declared that "true alchemy has but one aim and object: to extract the quintessence of things, and to prepare arcana, tinctures, and elixirs, which may restore to man the health and soundness he has lost." The alchemists may have been wrong in thinking that mankind had actually lost what they sought to gain for it, but their operations showed that they recognized the true principle at work in Nature—the evolution, by a process of sublimation, of higher out of lower forms, of mind or spirit out of substance, which would not be possible unless what was sought for already there existed.

The human mind and spirit are the noblest results of the refining process of the vortex-crucible of Nature, the aim and design of which is the attainment by the race of perfect harmony with her, and with the divine spirit immanent throughout Nature. But the race can be perfected only through the individuals which compose it. Every organism reproduces in itself the memory of the experiences through which the race to which it belongs has attained to its present condition, and each should furnish evidence of some improvement over past generations. Some individuals are, however, more in harmony with their environment than others, and hence the expression "survival of the fittest," the fittest being those which are best able to adjust themselves to the ever-varying conditions of life. Thus the individual organisms which make up the race, and not the race as such, have to be subjected to the refining influence of the crucible, so that they may become in harmony with Nature, that is, with the highest principles of their own being, which is an epitome of Nature, a focal point of the Universal Existence. That process cannot be gone through without suffering, which suffering is too often regarded as evil; just as the action of the great Nature-vortex in crushing out the weak and defective that stand in the way of her march toward structural and functional perfection is improperly called "evil." All such action has in view the improvement of the race, and of the individual organisms which constitute it, and if any of these cannot or will not adapt themselves to Nature's forward step, they will become subject to the law of retribution, with its attendant pains and penalties.

It is remarkable how general, among peoples of various degrees of culture, has been the idea that suffering and self-denial have a beneficial effect on the destiny of the person denying or enduring. The almost incredible tortures which the Mandan Indians allowed to be inflicted on them, as described by George Catlin, were supposed to be rewarded by the Great Spirit, and undoubtedly the fakirs of India were at one time animated by a similar sentiment when devoting themselves to a life of misery and self-torture. A volume might be filled with examples of such practices, and such a compilation would form a curious history of human belief in the salutary effect of patience under hardships, which, if not actually self-inflicted are often practically so,

as they could be avoided at will. The discipline enforced by the religious orders of the Church of Rome, and by the earlier anchorites of the Egyptian desert, was known to Eastern religions long before the birth of the founder of Christianity, who appears not to have been himself of an ascetic disposition. One of the distinctive features of the life of the Hindoo Brahman is his "mortification of the flesh," which fits him for the study of the sacred Word, and enables him at the decline of life to quit without regret the society of men, to end his days in the quiet seclusion of the forest. The Brahman is known by the title of "twice-born," he being supposed to have attained to the condition of *rebirth*, a spiritual state which Jesus himself referred to when he said to Nicodemus, "except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This was anciently regarded as a spiritual resurrection after the subjugation of the desires of the material nature, and would seem to have been the central doctrine of the teaching which attended initiation into the sacred mysteries. Matter was associated with darkness and spirit with light, and spiritual birth was thus symbolized as the passage from darkness to light. We have in the dogma of the "new birth" a summary, indeed, of the teaching of all real religions, although it is sometimes disguised by reference to reason instead of goodness. These cannot be divided, however, any more than can the "faith" and "good works" which have been the occasion of so much discussion between Christian teachers. As faith without works is dead, so works done not in the spirit of faith are usually valueless. In like manner goodness not guided by reason is fruitless, and conduct, however rational, unless it is based in goodness, has no ethical worth. Spirituality is the expression of the combination of goodness and reason, and hence it is attended with the constant repression of the desires of the lower self. The "crucifixion" of this self is essential to the refinement which exhibits itself as the higher nature of the spiritual man.

Life is a continual process of disintegration and reintegration, under the conditions supplied by the organism itself; and this process is applied to everything taken in or absorbed by the organism, whether physical or mental, in order that *re-formation*, which psychically or morally is *reformation*, may result. The higher physical and mental

formation thus sought to be reached constitutes an ideal, the attainment of which, like the climbing of a mountain peak, opens out a fresh prospect, not only widening in its extent, but bringing into view another and still another higher and yet higher elevation to be desired and attained. Although Truth is said to lie at the bottom of a well, it is none the less situated on the mountain tops of aspiration. What is below, from one point of view, is above from another standpoint, and the spiritual nature, although it forms the centre of being, is also its summit; as, the more we dig down toward the roots of Nature, the higher we rise to acquire the fruit which is the reward of our labor. The precious metals are supposed to be formed in the bowels of the earth, but they have been brought to the surface by some process of re-formation the earth has undergone, by the return currents of the mighty vortex action to which it has been subjected—similar to that which gives rise to the marvelous movements in the solar body, attending the formation, on the one hand, of what are called sun-spots, and, on the other hand, the eruption of gaseous vapors from the sun's chromosphere to almost incredible elevations above its surface.

There can be no concentration of any kind without a proportionate radiation of some kind, and the application of this truth to man's spiritual nature was made by Jesus when he declared that a man is defiled only by that which comes out of his mouth. If each human being is an organic vortex, receiving nourishment from the physical and mental food it appropriates, and emanating influences of all sorts in every direction, Jesus was undoubtedly the greatest moral and spiritual vortex the world has ever seen. He is said to have declared that all men should be drawn to him when he was lifted up, a prophecy which has been amply fulfilled in the Christianization of the civilized world, as well as in the civilization of the savage world to a large extent. Christ's teaching is especially fitted for the "poor in spirit," that is, for those who are free from the haughtiness of mind that too often accompanies the intellectual attainments which constitute, according to many persons, the most important feature of civilization. The rational faculty of Jesus is sometimes spoken of disparagingly, but without good cause. He never professed to be a logician, or a mathematician, or even a grammarian, but he had that without which

none of these qualifications are of any real service to their possessors. When sending his disciples to announce his coming, he is reported to have said: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." And Jesus always showed the profound wisdom, which was anciently everywhere associated with the serpent, even with the serpent of Eden, whom Hebrew legend makes the moving cause of the Fall and therefore of the knowledge acquired by man as its consequence.

Without the wisdom displayed by Jesus, the possession of intellectual knowledge is, in the long run, of but little value. In his posthumous work, "Thoughts on Religion," George John Romanes, who was a disciple of Darwin and recognized as the chief exponent of Darwinism, makes some remarkable statements bearing on that subject. After referring to Pascal's observation that the nature of man is thoroughly miserable without God, he says: "I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation, and artistic pleasures; but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste, in respect of consequent reputation, means, social position, etc., the whole concoction is but as high confectionery to a starving man." He adds, it is notorious that—

"It is by God decreed
Fame shall not satisfy the highest need,"

and that he had known not a few of the famous men of this generation, and he had always observed the poet's remark to be profoundly true. They had not undergone the "crucifixion" of self that exercises the purifying and refining influence which gives the highest wisdom. This is consistent with the greatest intelligence and the most complete rational culture, but these alone do not constitute it. True wisdom is based in the emotional nature, for the highest development of which Nature appears to require the education given through self-sacrifice, that is, relinquishment of the desires of the lower nature. Sometimes this can be done with ease, at other times it requires a strong effort of will, and not seldom it is accompanied by sickness or sorrow. This, if accepted in the proper spirit, is followed by the spiritual peace which really seems to be the final aim of Evolution, the "peace which passeth understanding." It is the passage "from dark-

ness into light," which has ever been taught as the central doctrine of religious truth, and is the key to all that is profound in the most sacred mysteries.

But what is this light except the revelation of the divine principle in man? The Gospel according to St. John begins with the profound statement: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." This would seem to be a re-echo of the opening passage of the Old Testament book of Genesis, which says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was waste and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light." The voice of the God of Genesis is the Logos of St. John's gospel, who was thought and deed as well as word, and was both the life from which all things proceeded and the light which was the first step in the endless procession of creation. But if we consider the nature of light, we see that it is—as is said, in the "The Revelation" of St. John, of the Son of Man—the first and the last, the very life itself. Without the light of the sun all things would quickly die and the whole earth become desolate. The whole process of evolution is nothing but the coming to the light of the central principle of life, which is the light itself. The eye is the most important of the organs of special sense, as without it we should grope in darkness, and have no perception of the beauties of our planet nor of the glories of the outspread universe. It is through the perceptions received through the eye, in the first place, that man's mental development has taken place, and that the inner eye of intellectual sight has been opened, through which shines the conscience that enlightens every man. This conscience is a consciousness of the relation which subsists between self and the other self, of Nature, which are two halves of the same whole, and are thus reunited. In conscience man finds himself in God, who is the Universal Whole, and hence God finds himself in man, who is the final expression of the life and light which, as Logos, was the creative word and deed. Evolution is thus the

mode by which God reveals himself, not only as the First Cause of change but the moving cause in every step of progress, and the actual summation of all things.

It has been said that the atonement which has taken the place of the at-one-ment of earlier Christian thought, is required to satisfy divine justice. The notion here is that man having broken the law, and not being himself able to pay the penalty, the Son of God undertook the task on man's behalf and thus satisfied an angry Father. This is a very inadequate view, as every person must bear the penalty provided by Nature for wrongdoing. Justice requires such a course, as not only is it the making right what is wrong, but it is the doing right that things may be evenly balanced, that is, "equal." In the sense of making straight or equal, justice must be declared to be the actual design of Nature and the end of Evolution. The *mode* in which this aim is sought to be carried is what is called design *in* Nature, but there is no occasion for this; as Nature embodies the very principles of right doing, and therefore cannot miss the aim which evolution is intended to bring about—the perfecting of the equation of Justice. The balance is continually moving first up and then down, but its variations are as continually becoming smaller and smaller, as the swings of the pendulum become shorter and shorter, and the period will arrive when with perfect equilibrium the equalness of justice will be attained. This appears to be the idea entertained by Mr. Herbert Spencer when he refers to ultimate equilibrium as "the limit of the changes constituting evolution." When the conduct of man in relation to Nature, as represented by himself, and to his fellow-men is perfect, he will have attained to spiritual equilibrium. This is the goal of human progress, and happy the individuals who are able to further by their personal "justice" the perfect reformation which Nature and man must finally reach.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

Nowhere does human progress appear in a straight line of continuous advance. Life is rounded, history is in cycles, and civilizations come and go like the seasons. At the heel of them all is savagery; but everywhere about them is the life eternal.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

COUNTERPARTS THE BASIS OF HARMONY.*

If a new fact before a jury will suffice to reverse its verdict, why may not a new view in Philosophy serve to reverse the verdict of mankind? Many instances might be cited where a new view has entirely revolutionized the opinion of mankind, but perhaps one of the most interesting is the Copernican in place of the Ptolemaic view of the astronomical universe—the heliocentric in place of the geocentric system. It cannot be said that this change of viewing the facts changed the facts themselves, but it so changed their value in the estimation of mankind that an entirely new science of astronomy was founded. So, if we may be able to take a new position of observation with reference to certain important philosophical facts and considerations, we may be able to lay the foundations of a new and important science affecting in a vital manner the interests of mankind. A transfer of attention is necessary from mere facts to the relations between them—the laws and principles governing them. The claim is here made that “Counterparts the Basis of Harmony,” when considered in its most far-reaching sense, becomes a formula of universal application, and enables us to comprehend and unravel the thousands of heretofore inexplicable enigmas in Science, Religion, Philosophy, and Art. Let us see whether we can gain a clear comprehension of its meaning.

The dimensions of the New Jerusalem, as given by John the Revelator, are thus stated:

“The city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.”

I refer to this not for the purpose of a description of this heavenly city, but to draw attention to the general subject of measurement.

• COUNTERPART.—2. One of two persons or things corresponding or fitting together; one who, or that which, supplements or answers to another, as the impression to the seal; something taken with another for the completion of either; a complement; fellow; match; hence, an opposite; as, the right-hand glove is the counterpart of the left; she is the counterpart of her husband, calm when he is passionate.

HARMONY.—3. Completeness and perfection resulting from diversity in unity; agreement in relation; order; in art, a normal state of completeness in the relations of things to each other.—*Standard Dictionary*.

Length, breadth, and height are the three directions which, when co-ordinated, constitute the basis of all terrestrial admeasurement, both positive and negative; that is, whether we measure the dimensions of the earth, or the vacuum, or space which it occupies, we use these same three directions. According to the record, the heavenly city was a cube, the full, complete, and perfect form of scientific measurement. When we consider these directions, we perceive that each is a generalization from two infinities. If we think up and down, forward and backward, or right and left—the directions of height, length, and breadth—the mind may go out along each line in those directions infinitely, or until it stops, and the balance or equation is found at their point of intersection. This point is the harmony of equation between the two opposite infinities along each of the three lines, and these opposite infinities are counterparts.

This figure which I have attempted to describe is the foundation of all astronomical and geometrical measurement, and it may be said here, incidentally, that it is, analogically, also the basis of all mental or immaterial measurements as well; that is to say, it is only by the co-ordination of differing, diverging, and converging lines of thought that any conclusion can be rightly arrived at in logic or mathematics. In another place we are informed that the measurement of the New Jerusalem is the measure of the angel, which is the measure of a man. For instance, all measurements on the earth are reckoned from the six points, East, West, North, South, Zenith, and Nadir, and the same points or lines are observed in astronomical observations and measurements. The superiority of this mode of measurement is appreciated when we go back to the time when no such means of measurement existed, when the earth was supposed to be a plain extending indefinitely, the sun and stars moving in the heavens in accordance with no known law or principle of motion, the whole panorama being an unintelligible series of incomprehensible movements.

But Counterparts are not confined to one department; they may be found in all directions, in departments of all dimensions, from the least to the greatest, from the Universe itself down to its least part or particle. It may be instructive to consider a few of these: Heat and cold, light and darkness, sound and silence are Counterparts, and illus-

trative of the application of the same principles. As we descend into the bowels of the earth we find the temperature increasing in a certain definite ratio; and, on the other hand, as we ascend into the atmosphere above the earth we find the temperature decreasing in like manner. The temperature which we have at the earth's surface is the combination, in varying degrees, of these two extremes or counterparts; and when we are told that the crust of the earth with its enveloping atmosphere bears the same relation to its magnitude that the shell of an egg does to its bulk, we may form some idea how thin comparatively is the space of endurable temperature through which we daily pass in our life-pilgrimage, and how narrow the chance of our being frozen on the one hand or roasted on the other. We are living, as it were, in a species of purgatory, from which, however, if we should fall out, either up or down, it is doubtful whether we would ever reach heaven. On the contrary, this purgatory, if its extremes were harmoniously adjusted, would become a veritable heaven itself, so far as climate is concerned, since it would be the harmonious adjustment of counterparts, producing a result which no heaven could exceed. I speak, of course, only with reference to climate, and we have all heard of a "heavenly climate."

Light and darkness are subject to the same treatment as heat and cold, each representing an extreme opposite point in this department, and that which addresses the sense of sight is the commingling of these extremes or Counterparts in varying degrees or proportions. In fact, there is a similar gamut for each of the senses, subject to the same law, and we need not pursue them in detail.

If we look through a magnifying glass one way, objects appear enlarged, and if we reverse it and look through it in the opposite direction, objects appear diminished. This suggests the existence of a macrocosm and a microcosm, of a great world and a little world, of the infinitely small and the infinitely large; and it is equally clear that the world which is presented to our senses is the commingling of these two extremes in varying proportions. That is to say, that these two aspects are Counterparts of each other, or that the infinitely great and the infinitely small constitute, combinedly, the Universe of sensuous impression and perception.

From the foregoing considerations, we are naturally led to the philosophical distinction between Something and Nothing. Hegel, the German philosopher, makes the enigmatical statement that Something and Nothing are equal—enigmatical, however, only to those who have given the subject of Counterparts no thought in its wide-spreading and all-including implications. If the statement has any sense or meaning, it must be found in the direction which we are now pursuing, which is, that Something and Nothing must be considered as Counterparts. If we consider Nothing as the negative pole of Something—the least aspect of Reality in comparison with the greatest—we shall begin to get some meaning out of the statement that Something and Nothing are equal; that is, that they are equal only in the sense that each is an opposite extreme of the great Universe of Reality, in which they are infinitely commingled. The general impression is that Nothing is of no value, and not that it is of even small value in comparison with Something. Reflection, however, will show that they must be of equal value, since the value of Something depends entirely upon the fact that it has a locus or place or vacuum in which it can be. But as it is impossible to conceive of pure Nothing—or, for that matter, of pure Something, since Reality, both in the objective and subjective realms, is the commingling and compounding of the two—it must follow that Nothing is that negative pole of Reality, where the least possible quantity of the Something element is to be found. The discrimination here sought to be made is very well illustrated by Matter and Space, which, coöperating, form the material world. If there were no Space, there could be no room for Matter; so these two become another set of Counterparts forming the basis of harmony in the material realm, as Something and Nothing constitute a like basis in Philosophy.

Perhaps one step further should be taken in order to complete the possible scope of consideration of the subject of Counterparts; and that is the distinction between the Absolute and the Relative. The difference between this pair of Counterparts and that last considered under the names of Something and Nothing, is one not generally understood, and requires a little close thinking to make plain. Nothing and the Absolute seem so clearly to be companions that we need

not waste time in attempting to draw distinctions. But, as between Something and the Relative, while one—that is, Something—is connected with facts and substances, the other—the Relative—includes not only these, but also the relations subsisting between them. Now, Relations are not Substances nor things in any ordinary sense, and therefore cannot be included under the term Something, but are quite intelligible under that of the Relative; that is, while substances or things do not in themselves, except subordinately and by implication, include Relations, yet Relations can subsist only as between substances or entities.

Now the Absolute and the Relative are so all-inclusive that we can find no greater or more extensive terms to describe or express our ideas of Universal Being. The idea sought to be expressed by the term, the Relative, is that of Universal Being as it stands out before the mind in all its variety and multiplicity, both of entity and phenomena, in time and space, and so specifically as to be capable of examination in detail down to its least elements. All modes, all forms, all essences, all relations, considered in their general, individual, special, and particular aspects, go to make up the idea of the Relative Universe. The Absolute, on the other hand, is the same Universe of Being, considered now, however, as undiscriminated or undifferentiated, so commingled and compounded as to be incapable of distinction of parts; in short, one mass in which there are no possible lines of demarcation.

The description of the Jewish Jehovah is here recalled: "With whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." It will become apparent that the attempt to realize the Absolute can never be successful, since the individuality of the thinker, if he were successful, would be wiped out along with all other discriminations. So the distinction between the Absolute and the Relative is merely an aspect or mode of considering the Universe, and, though not practically possible, yet it contains practical considerations of far-reaching importance. It is hardly necessary to point out that the Actual Universe of perception and conception is the commingling of these two counterparts in such proportions as the particular individual mind may be able to make.

At the risk of taxing your patience, I will advert to the criticism, sometimes made, that it is impossible to think the Absolute or to think Nothing, because all thinking must be relative, that is, that we must have, at least, two things before the mind in order to think at all. In other words, that we cannot think Nothing or the Absolute, pure and simple, as totally unrelated to all things contained in their opposites, Something and the Relative. But in answer to this, while strictly it is no doubt true, yet it may be said that, as *fundamental elements of thinking*, the Absolute and Nothing, as correlatives of the Relative and Something, respectively, are just as thinkable as that one and one are two. It must not be supposed from this, however, that we are capable of thinking infinitely, as there must be a point at which we must stop thinking; but that we can think Infinity *as an element of a logical proposition* is as clear as that one can be thought in the proposition that one and one make two.

We have thus far considered only the material or objective aspect of the Universe. But it may be said that it has another aspect, if there is not, as some contend, an entirely different Universe, known under many names, as Mind, Spirit, Life, Subjective, all of which carry the implication of non-materiality and non-objectivity—a world which cannot be known by the exercise of the senses, but must be cognized by the intellectual powers alone, sometimes called Faith, sometimes Inspiration, sometimes Reason, and sometimes Intuition, defined as ability to know something beyond the scope of the special senses.

Without adopting any of the attempted definitions of this department, we may, for the purpose of reference, call it the Spiritual World, in contradistinction to the Material World, which we have been considering, and we may legitimately endeavor to ascertain whether these two furnish another set of Counterparts, the understanding of which, and their mutual relations, shall throw light upon some of the problems of existence hitherto unexplained or only partially and uncertainly understood.

But, however we may view Mind and Matter, or the Material and the Spiritual—whether we consider them as part and parcel of Universal Being, or as so separated that there is no relation between them—it is certain that there is a *connection* between them through the

medium of sense perceptions in their relation to intellectual actions; and it is by means of this connection that we are able to comprehend the existence of Mind; for we cannot describe Mind except in terms of Matter. The very words, Mind, Spirit, Life are primarily descriptive of material acts or facts, and it is only by using these terms in a secondary or derivative sense that we can refer to the non-material part of our being. To the purely sensuous savage, there is nothing but the material man; to him there is no soul, or mind, or spirit, because these are invisible, and cannot be perceived till the intellectual or spiritual vision becomes developed.

In spite of the difficulties of Language—its inadequacy to deal with this hidden and occult portion of our nature—let us try to see whether we can trace the operation of the same law in this domain as in that of the material universe. Commencing with special aspects, we find that there is an antipodal relation between the mental qualities of Love and Hate, Joy and Sorrow, Pleasure and Pain, Knowledge and Ignorance, Reason and Insanity, etc., as we found in the material domain between heat and cold, light and darkness, sound and silence, etc. As we found these latter to be Counterparts of each other materially, so mentally the qualities I have mentioned must be considered in like manner as Counterparts. In so doing, we are compelled to think along the same lines, that is, from one extreme to its opposite.

In the broader generalizations of Religion and Morals, we find the same condition of things. God and the Devil, Heaven and Hell, Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, reveal the same oppositional characteristics. It will be observed that these are pure creations of the mind, based, no doubt, upon observation of the facts of the external world. We picture Heaven and Hell as places, the one of supreme enjoyment, the other of supreme suffering, thus representing the extremes in this respect. So, likewise, God and the Devil represent two ideal personages of opposite characteristics, one of supreme goodness, purity, and truth, the other standing for all that is opposed to these. Right and Wrong, again, are qualities of polar opposition, and may be said to be Counterparts in the moral domain.

These instances, both in the material and non-material realms, are sufficient to convince us that Counterparts do actually exist; that

is, that there are things, conditions, qualities, of such opposite character, that, ordinarily, it seems impossible that they can coexist—that their natures are so at war with each other that the first impression naturally would be that they must mutually destroy each other, “nor leave a vestige behind.”

The most marked instance of Counterparts, and one in which we are more interested than in any other, is that between Life and Death. Akin to this is that known under the terms Consciousness and Unconsciousness. These are closely allied; that is, during Life we are conscious, while death deprives us of Consciousness, at least so far as the facts of the external world are concerned.

But now another feature presents itself, heretofore incidentally referred to. While, theoretically or ideally, we may consider the extremes of these various Counterparts as the basis of harmony, the Actual is really their combinations in varying proportions, and in these combinations are to be found the thousand and one varieties of philosophies, theories, sciences, and arts, as well as the innumerable practical methods instituted among men the world over since man began. In mechanics, all movements depend upon opposite forces; in Astronomy, we have centripetal and centrifugal tendencies; in electricity, the highest result thus far attained is by the alternation of positive and negative currents, and it is noticeable that this latter result, the most wonderful in all history, is produced only when the alternation of positive and negative is made exact and equal. In Art, the same rule holds; in painting, the due commingling of Light and Shade with Color produces the best effect; in music, harmony is reached by the combination both of Sound and Silence and high and low tones in just and true proportions. In Philosophy, the constant tendency is to include more and more the facts and qualities of Universal Being, however opposite in their character, and it has now come to be the accepted doctrine that nothing can be omitted which can by possibility be conceived by the human mind or affect human interests.

Now the Universe is one, and in this One are to be found all possibilities, all powers, all entities, all relations, and all essences. This complex, then, which we call the Universe, must be a Consistency; that is, however various its parts, however apparently contradictory

its myriad-fold aspects to our limited vision, yet Reason tells us that these parts must be components of that which is so much greater than they that they all find a place and a function, an arena for their operation and a faculty for harmonious interaction. As light, heat, and electricity, have full play, each for its own special action without danger of interference, although all occupying the same domain—that is, the air—so *all* the powers, forces, and essences in the Universe act, react, and interact, not only without interference, but with that coördination which constitutes the harmony of Universal Being. The Universe is an arena large enough for the display of all that the imagination can conceive or thought can compass; and all its domains and departments, down to their least parts and particles, are so indissolubly connected by the operation of *Universal Law* that no single atom can be destroyed and no single domain blotted out. The Spirit of the Universe is in them all, through them all, and around them all, sustaining, connecting, preserving, and continuing them in their sublime on-going.

Order is said to be Heaven's first law. In the broadest view, the Universe must be considered as equivalent to Heaven, since no amount of apparent disorder can affect its harmony and beauty. What we call disorder is only seeming. As Pope says:

“ All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good ;
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.”

From the Universal point of view, each thing has its place and performs its function, and this place and this function are exactly what they must be, because they are exactly right. What we call Right and Wrong are purely relative, and depend entirely upon our own limited powers of perception. THERE IS NO UNIVERSAL WRONG.

What effect must the contemplation of this order and harmony have upon the character of the individual? When he reflects that he is part and parcel of Universal Being, subject to its laws, upheld, sustained, cared for by Infinite Power and Affection, with no possibility, in all the eventualities of Time and Change, of being either actually

lost, misplaced, or neglected, what tremendous influence for high and noble aspiration and performance must exert itself upon the mind! We seek pleasure and avoid pain because constrained by the laws of our being, which are the Laws of Universal Being; but present pleasure may be the cause of future pain, and present pain that of future pleasure, which seems to be contradictory. This, however, is one of the indications of the principle of Counterparts, as showing that Pleasure and Pain are extremes which, in the whirling of Time, are brought alternately in the ascendant, and that which at one stage is Pleasure at another becomes Pain, and *vice versa*. Time itself—one of the extremes in the Counterparts Time and Eternity—works such wondrous changes that at one point we perceive one of the Counterparts or extremes, and at another point the other is brought into view. Pope again says:

“ Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
 These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and color of our life.”

The Actual, being thus the commingling of extremes, it becomes us to comprehend and make the golden mean the rule of our lives—what the French call the *juste milieu* or just medium between opposites. We cannot do exactly right, or *absolutely* right—only God can do that, because he is the Absolute. All our acts must be more or less a mixture of that which is right and that which is wrong, or that which is straight—for right means straight—and that which is crooked, for wrong means twisted or turned or bent from the exact straight or level. Hence, while we have ideally an absolute standard of morals, we can only approximate, as near as possible, to that standard, without expectation of ever absolutely reaching it. And if we cannot, for ourselves, hope for more than approximation toward perfection, how much charity must we have for those who may be a little below us in power of understanding and action. In thinking of our sinning fellow-creatures, should we not adopt that rule embodying so much wisdom: “ Judge not, lest ye be judged ” ?

Under the influence of the Golden Mean, we should not allow either the fear of hell or the hope of heaven to swerve us *unduly*. I say *unduly*, because they will, and rightly, influence us to some extent. As heaven means extreme order and hell means extreme disorder, our constant effort must be to cling to the one and avoid the other. In this view, however, it is seen that Language does not exactly represent the facts of the Universe as we are now trying to present them, for there must be a modicum of disorder even in the greatest order, and there can be no disorder so great that it has not, at least, the implication of order. The finest tuning of the piano cannot totally expel the "wolf" of discord. And this may also be said of the actual condition between the extremes of all the Counterparts to be found in Universal Nature. Absolute exactness can be found only in the Ideal; the Actual must always contain elements of inexactness.

No finer perception or expression of the wonderful contrariety and oppositional character of the spirit of Universal Nature can probably be found in all literature than Emerson's brief description of Brahma:

If the Red Slayer think he slays,
 Or if the Slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I come and pass and turn again.
 Far or forgot to me is near.
 Sunlight and shadow are the same ;
 The vanished gods to me appear.
 And one to me are shame and fame.
 They reckon ill who leave me out,
 When me they fly, I am the wings ;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.
 The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
 But thou, meek lover of the good,
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

M. A. CLANCY.

When Wisdom has been reached, through acquirement of the non-deliberative mental state, there is spiritual clearness. In that case, then, there is that Knowledge which is absolutely free from Error.—*Patanjali*.

IS MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN DESTINY?

We become so familiarized with the bold innovations of scientific thought as to be comparatively indifferent to their philosophical significance. We stand upon the grand towering heights of knowledge, and behold "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise," but simply regard them as valuable accessories to our progressive march. The evidences of man's potent creative power pass us heedless by. The mighty forces of invisible nature, the greatest promoters of human advancement, are seized, harnessed, and controlled by the powers of the mind and will, and compelled to subserve the purpose of man during his sojourn on earth. The refractory characteristics of external conditions are by this means measurably harmonized, modified, and regulated in operation, and all are compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of their master, man. Yet how many fail to see in this an earnest and a prophecy of illimitable possibilities!

These stupendous material achievements have not only enlarged the grasp of our receptivity and mentality, but the daring and audacity of our "men of light and leading" have extended the compass of our thought-realm. We have "defied the Omnipotent (Superstition) to arms," and entered "fresh woods, and pastures new." All honor to those grand souls who, by the sunlight of their thought, have dissipated the midnight gloom of slavish, abject bigotry and fear! Now we can pierce the veil of mystery surrounding us, heedless of the anathemas of craven hearts, and, turning our faces to the glowing east, gladly welcome the dawn of a glorious day. We become enthusiastic in enumerating the deeds of heroism performed by the warriors of the past. We never weary in sounding their praises and recounting their prowess in removing the obstructions to man's material progress, and it is well to accord them their due measure of recognition; but how can we find words to give adequate expression to the gratitude we feel for the inestimable service rendered to mankind by those who have made it possible to think on proscribed lines of investigation and research? They have cast from us those galling fetters by which we have been darkly bound, and we follow in their footsteps to that sub-

lime height where "Fame's proud temple shines afar," radiantly hopeful regarding the future of the race.

Our ideas respecting the Great First Cause; the Eternal Mind; the personal God, have now undergone considerable modification. Reasoning from analogy and experience, we dare to maintain that man possesses in some degree all the attributes heretofore ascribed to Deity.

True, while immured in the grosser conditions of material life, while struggling mightily in the throes of undevelopment, he seems weak, and a prey to every stormy adverse wind; but every time he is hurled to the ground by the fury of the blast he braces himself for mightier resistance in the future, and eventually he will bid defiance to all, and reign as monarch over them.

The principal attributes of the anthropomorphic Deity worshipped in the past were Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence. Now let us examine the soul of man and its characteristics, as manifested to-day, and see if that eternal being, even in his comparatively low state of unfoldment on earth, does not possess deific possibilities of potency. We must not, however, limit our speculation to six or seven decades of years as computed by time, for time is but a means whereby we measure a portion of eternity. We must carry our deductions into the spiritual world, and recognize continued unfoldment in infinite and eternal expression. Man has boldly seized the mightiest forces of nature, and made them subservient to his intelligence. The invisible agents are the greatest manifestors of nature's latent energy, viz., steam, air, ether, and electricity. These component parts have been utilized by the human spirit to facilitate continued progress. They are the mere vassals of man's will, and in proportion to his wisdom is his control. Sometimes he goes "sounding on a dim and perilous way," but eventually he asserts supremacy, and becomes master of his surroundings.

What a strange paradox is man! During the experience of unfoldment he is tossed to and fro like an autumn leaf, weak and feeble, indeed, but by the power of knowledge manifested through wisdom he commands and demands subserviency, and external nature recognizes in him her superior, master, and controller. He is the sport of every

wind that blows, yet he possesses within himself that which can bid defiance to all antagonistic conditions. In a moment his body can be shattered from the spirit, yet he is inherently endowed with that which "smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point." He can be tossed to and fro a helpless waif on the howling deep, and yet the power within can control the elements, and effectually bid them: "Peace: be still." He can be overcome by the sleep of death, in his aerial ascensions, yet as a spirit he can rise on the ethereal realms, and visit worlds upon worlds afar. A shock of emotion, or thought-lightning, can paralyze his physical being, but his soul can hurl to the earth the enemies that would assail him, and nothing can withstand the fire and fervor of the human will when intelligently poised.

Omnipotence in degree is unmistakably displayed by our wisest and best men of to-day, even while the torn and bleeding feet are lacerated during the journey up the hill of progress. The elements of earth, fire, and water, are brought into direct relationship with each other, and a condition is produced which has inaugurated the age of steam; that expansive fluid which has done so much for man's progress; that power which has enabled him to bid defiance to time and space in establishing communion and intercommunion with his fellow-beings in all quarters of the known world. Through the instrumentality of this potent force the advancement of the race has been accelerated immeasurably, and heart greets heart in a divine glow of sympathy and love. The circumambient air has not escaped the subtle influence of the human soul, but the secret of its latent energy has been wrested from the bosom of nature, and man thus disputes her domain of control.

But above and beyond all the discoveries of this wonderful nineteenth century is one before which all others pale into insignificance when compared with the possibilities of the future. We have now found in electricity the very circulating vital-element which enables the operations of nature to be carried to a successful issue, and it is only a question of time when the power that ever subdued man in the past will exchange places with her superior, and yield to a will greater than her own. However, this will not be until man becomes harmonious with his fellow. Then Nature will voice that tranquility, and dis-

cord and violence will forever pass from the earth. Man's Omnipotence is foreshadowed in the harnessing of the mighty Niagara, whereby intelligence and power can be disseminated throughout the land. Communication with our fellow-beings independently of other material means than the imponderable ether now absorbs the attention of our master minds in the scientific world, and thus the possibility of interstellar association and exchange of intelligence comes within an intelligible degree of consummation.

Look at the infant there on its mother's knee. Whence are derived the knowledge and power which enable that helpless babe to weave, mould, and control the most perfect machine in the universe? Certainly not from the external, because the voluntary powers are but mechanical in their operation. The moulding and building are evidently due to involuntary manifestations of the internal man. But where did that inner spiritual principle obtain its marvelous knowledge to display such wisdom in world-building? Surely not from the earthly parents, as they have but supplied that soul with suitable physical conditions to display the microcosm of the universe. Neither moral nor spiritual nature was imparted by the parents, for these attributes were associated with the child by virtue of pre-existence. From eternity that child has come, and to eternity it is outward bound.

Away down the steep of time, ages ago, that epitome of the universe under other conditions and coarser environment would primarily grapple with the material in its first effort to unfold its individuality, and for how many eons that spirit dwelt in the spiritual world anterior to its first contact with matter no earthly being can determine. Nay, is it too much to maintain that there never was a beginning of its spiritual existence, as there will never be an end? It seems quite logical to assume that such spirit was, while in that pre-physical condition, under the direct supervision of wise and good human souls who had acquired their enlarged experience on other worlds than ours—experience which had endowed them with power to condense this crystallization of spiritual substance called earth, which was rendered objective for the purpose of unfolding the individuality of the human soul. The mind cannot possibly hark back beyond this period,

for past eternity—that vast ocean without bottom or shore—is as incomprehensible as a future infinitude to which we are all tending; but we know that by process of evolution in ages gone, man has acquired knowledge of his environment, which entitles him to the credit of being the architect of his own destiny.

What is an architect? An intelligent human being whose thoughts while in a nebulous condition are marshalled in consecutive form, and ultimately find expression or embodiment in physical life according to his desire. The thought-home of man is thus created, and fellow mortals render that thought objective in material form.

Spiritually, man is ever building his surroundings by thought. The idea of the artist, poet, or sculptor becomes embodied in physical life. Who then shall place a limit to the potent powers and creative energy of the soul of man, which must eternally unfold its God-attributes in the spiritual realm?

If by operation of the laws of attraction and repulsion man is continually appropriating to his spirit atomic elements which contain all constituent particles of the physical universe, and by his innate repelling powers eliminating substance which has subserved his purpose, is it unreasonable to suppose that man in the aggregate has condensed the stellar worlds from primary spirit-elements, and thus solidified and materialized what was previously spirit proper? For what is the material but the solidification of spirit? Man has been exercising his activities upon the external for ages past, and doubtless there are members of the great infinite brotherhood of mankind so far ahead in the unfoldment of their divine possibilities as to exceed the grandest conception we can now form of the great Deity of the illimitable universe. We know from personal experience and observation that ex-carnate spirit can appropriate a material body, and vacate it at will. Then what does that imply? Why, that the external is but the servant of human intelligence, and that the human soul is greater than all beside.

Like a warrior, man becomes surrounded by the enemies or conditions that would impede his onward march, but he contests desperately every inch of the position, and eventually he will become absolutely triumphant. The spiritual world and its inhabitants, impinging upon him with a mighty psychological influence—planetary antago-

nistic magnetism disputing with him the position and the varied conflicting elements emanating from his companions in matter, render the struggle desperate and terrible, indeed. But, like the fabled Phoenix, that soul soars above and beyond the ashes of its conflicts, and becomes eventually a ruler of worlds in the spiritual realm. The ultimate destiny of man is eternal unfoldment—*eternal* individualization; and, as everything outside the human spirit is but the embodiment of the thought of man in the aggregate, the soul itself—the creator, moulder, and builder of its environment—is nothing more nor less than an embodiment of Thought.

C. G. OYSTON.

THE SYMBOLISM OF NIRVANA.

Everything is a symbol of some idea. Every imagining, every dream that man has dreamed, is symbolical of some great fact, past, present, or to come.

At first thought nothing seems so mysterious as the prophetic nature of some myths. We realize the prophecy only after its fulfilment, or at least after it has begun to be fulfilled. Where, for example, could the worshippers of Thor and Odin have come upon the idea of the “twilight of the gods,” out of which was to come forth a new heaven and a new earth, in which there should be nobler pursuits than war, and virtues more excellent than courage? How is it that every race with a strong race-life has strongly believed in individual immortality, while a decadent race has always had a hazy conception of this idea, and a race in a state of arrested development—like certain races of Asia—sees in immortality a thing not even to be desired?

So contrary to nature is the desire for extinction, or even the desire for endless oblivion, that the hope of the Orient for the condition of Nirvana stimulates curiosity as to the causes tending to develop it, and the place which the idea itself occupies in the universal symbolism of thought.

Almost as far back as we can trace a distinct idea of God, as the author of being, appears also the longing of the human soul for union

with its Source. The first idea of God seems to have come with the consciousness of the power to disobey His laws; the first worship was the attempt to propitiate Divine wrath. But soon after, we find traces of genuine longing for a spiritual rebirth into a condition of oneness with the Divine, a glimmering consciousness of love toward the Father of our being.

The oldest conception of this union now extant is the "Nirvana" of the Buddhists, a condition which they hope to reach by overcoming all human passions and emotions. It would be interesting to try to trace the process by which the master-passion of the human soul, the longing for the Divine, came to be regarded as involving the extinction of every lesser longing, the overcoming of that very force of love which is the ultimate central spark of being, and without which existence must cease. The logical outcome of the desire to be without desire is just such an ideal as Nirvana; and the relation of this ideal to other conceptions of union with Deity is the subject which we now propose to consider.

To desire is the first and most natural instinct of the human soul. It would seem that no soul having full vitality could even wish desire to be destroyed, since that is the attracting spiritual power corresponding most closely to gravitation on the physical plane. Such a wish must arise from a profound conviction of the inherent evil of desire, and that in turn must come from observation of the usual results of indulging it.

Here we come upon something tangible. The reasoning must be somewhat like this: To want is to be unhappy—to have is to lose or to invite satiety—therefore it is better not to want. The Infinite Divine Life is all happiness, therefore love, and desire, can have no place in the Divine Life. The final conclusion would seem to be, the Divine Life is death. Yet Nirvana is not considered as meaning death. What it does mean would be difficult to comprehend, but for the light thrown upon the subject by comparison with other ideas of what constitutes perfect blessedness.

The Buddhist saint withdraws from the world and seeks, by contemplation of the Infinite, to bring himself into as close relation with the Divine as his earthly trammels will permit. But he is not the only

one who does this; the mediæval monasteries witnessed very much the same kind of life. Often their methods seem to have been identical with those of the followers of Buddha, namely, to destroy all of man that was in them, that they might manifest only God. But now and then in Catholic countries there has appeared a saint whose vitality, or love, was so strong that lesser desires were not destroyed, but only swallowed up in the grand, consuming fire of love to God. Love in such a soul is not less but more than in the ordinary ascetic; and yet that saint does not fear his own desires nor think of escaping from them, because his one supreme desire is so strong that he is hardly conscious of the others. He does not leave his fellow mortals to sink deeper and yet deeper into the mire of sin and misery while he indulges in his shadowy contemplations, but he goes out among them, he preaches, he leads men, he carries with him on his way to Heaven a multitude of souls to whom he has been an inspiration.

Such a saint was Catherine of Siena; a woman of splendid powers, revered by kings and emperors; chosen by the Pope to mediate between two rival cities; a public preacher, by special dispensation from his Holiness; a woman full of good works and greatly loved by all the people. Yet in her religious ecstasies we find a notable example of fervid exaltation and strange illusions. Perhaps it would be better not to call them illusions, those visions in which she saw Jesus Christ himself and knew that He had given her "His heart for hers, in mystical espousals." Who shall say it was not in those ecstasies that she received her power, although the form they took was determined by her Roman Catholic faith? Desire in her was stilled in one sense, but in another and more real sense it was only quickened. She felt that her union with her Divine Spouse was complete, yet nothing but intensest love for her fellow-men could have prompted her to all the noble deeds of her useful life.

Dante describes his perplexity when first he entered Paradise, because Piccarda and others whom he found in Heaven, but in the lowest place, showed no dissatisfaction with their lot. He asks Piccarda;

" Yet inform me, ye who here
Are happy, long ye for a higher place,
More to behold, and more in love to dwell? "

Piccarda answers at some length, explaining how the wills of all in Heaven are so attuned to God's will that they move on as He bids, without the consciousness of discontent to urge them forward.

“ And in His will is our tranquility ;
It is the mighty ocean, whither tends
Whatever it creates and nature makes.
Thus saw I clearly how each spot in Heaven
Is Paradise.”

That is, there may be union with the Divine, while yet development, or motion, continues, and in that state love or desire is not inconsistent with tranquility.

We are told that the interplanetary ether is calm with the calmness of high vibration. There seems to be an analogy here, unless, indeed, it is more than an analogy, and spirit itself in its perfection is simply the one eternal substance in its highest degree of vibration, and, therefore, in its most perfect condition of repose.

Evidently, then, the aim of the Buddhist is the aim of all the human race—perfect union with the Divine, or realization of the Divine Life within. He mistakes, however, in thinking that he must destroy anything within him to attain that state. Not a love, not a human possibility, should be destroyed, for the human is only the undeveloped essence of the Divine. To develop it we should learn to let our sympathies go freely out to all our fellow-men, though our words fall often on deaf ears, and though only labor and martyrdom reward us in this life. No one can be saved alone; the peace that comes to the recluse, who can calmly withdraw from the struggling and suffering mass of humanity, is the peace of stagnation and insensibility. As a race, we share our triumphs, and we must share also our defeats. Root and branch, we are one; we stand or fall together. The saint who goes into solitude to save himself alone deadens the very life-force within him. If the gain to his soul were real, it would drive him out into the world again, to pour out upon his fellow-men the riches that he has accumulated, for all true gain is added life, and added life is added love. To seek for life that we cannot give to others is to invite death; such selfish seeking works its own destruction. It is better to come out of our seclusion as soon

as we have anything to give, for it is only by giving all we receive that we become able to receive more. It is better to die with our fellow-men in the hottest of the battle, yea, even to suffer at their hands as martyrs, than to bury the talent or stifle the message that has been given us to deliver.

To give, give freely of the best that we have, to help our brothers upward, this is the only way to find Heaven for ourselves. To cultivate and ennoble, not to extinguish, the love that is in us, to let it rule us, and to find in it our reward, will bring us repose at last—not the repose of death, but the “calmness of high vibration.”

HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

LIVE!

Strike out! Be bold and live!

Be independent and the man you are!

What is this bowing to conformity

But loss of self, vitality and power?

Society, that harbinger of shams,

Discourager of truth—of growth divine—

Why worship such a noisome emptiness

And waste in fruitless effort precious time?

Society scorns earnestness of thought;

With heartlessness it treats divinest joys;

Man's individuality, true worth,

All sacred things it holds as merest toys.

Surrender not to custom's changing law

Of what is right, what wrong, the grand reality

Of life's pure *truth* which knowledge of

Makes one a master of eternity!

KATHLEEN PHILLIPS.

Egoism is the identifying of the power that sees with the power of seeing.—(Aphorism) *Patanjali*.

SOPHISTS, SOCRATES, AND "BEING."

(XXVII.)

Anaxagoras is the closing point of the whole of that Greek philosophical development of which I heretofore have spoken. He is also the beginning of an entirely new development. In him ends the objective and begins the subjective speculation. The revolution in Greek thought, and the introduction of so radical views of "Being" as those we now meet with, is strangely favored by the victorious results of the Persian wars and the widening influence of such poetry as that which came from Euripides and Epicharmus.

Anaxagoras teaches that Mind is a *moving force*, is world-moving, a rational substance, is *Nous*. The idea of a "world-soul," though the expression is first used by Plato, is nevertheless present in Anaximenes, Heraclitus, and Anaxagoras. To the latter it is as homogenous Reason distributed through the whole universe, and is its moving force. Its main characteristic is to *know*. Knowing, therefore, is common to all and becomes that law to which all ought to conform and unite themselves. It is this conception which, under the influence of the Sophists and Socrates, becomes such a potent factor in the Greek life that it enters politics, ethics, and religion; certainly not always for good, as we shall see.

Anaxagoras' world-forming Intelligence, *Nous*, is absolutely separated from all matter, and works with design. It is unmingled with anything and free to dispose. It is itself unmoved, yet is the ground of all movement. It is pure of all things, yet active everywhere. Plato and Aristotle complain of this definition and declare it to be too mechanical and to be only an energy above nature, rather than a truly teleological explanation of things. Be this as it may, the Sophists recognized in Anaxagoras' conception the power of Thought, and they quickly proclaimed their discovery, going, however, too soon to the extreme of denying all objective determinations and thus bringing about their own fall.

F. Max Müller * defines Anaxagoras' conception thus: "Anaxagoras substituted Nous, Mind, for Logos and was the first to claim something of a personal character for the law that governs the world, and was supposed to have changed its raw material into a cosmos. We may be able to conceive a law without a person behind it; but Nous, Mind, takes a thinker almost for granted. Yet Anaxagoras himself never fully personified his Nous, never grafted it on a God or any higher being. Nous was with him a something like everything else, a Chrema, a thing, as he called it, though the finest and purest of all material things. In some of his utterances Nous was really identified with the living soul; nay, he seems to have looked upon every individual soul as participating in the universal Nous and in this universal Chrema."

Mind is both universal and individual, and human thinking always gravitates to forms of expression drawn from its own constitution; hence it comes easily to personify the universal Mind. Anaxagoras taught of Mind as the intellectual and moral order of the Cosmos, and to make that Thought clear and comprehensive it was propounded under the form of a living soul. In this there is no attempt to solve the problem of the world, whether it is personal or not. Anaxagoras simply describes his vision. Hence so many contradictory explanations of Nous.

It was a most important move when Anaxagoras chose the word "Mind" or "Intelligence" to designate the unifying and designing power of existence, and no word has played a more important part in philosophy. Plato, Aristotle, Sextus Empiricus, translated it into the language and conceptions of the people as synonymous with God. Ever since those days the word stands for the intellectual volition of man, and our own day has seen it revived in that sense, and is looking for a revival of philosophy under its impulse. Nous, Mind, Intelligence, is the soul's spiritual sense and definite moral will; it combines thought and will. The mind is an activity of the understanding in which deep penetration combines with moral earnestness.

Anaxagoras rejected both fate and chance, and proclaimed Intelligence the arranging power of events. Diogenes reports that his

* Gifford Lectures : Theosophy ; or, Psychological Religion ; London, 1893, p. 391.

book "Concerning Nature" opened thus: "Formerly all things were a confused mass; afterward Intelligence, coming, arranged them into worlds." Simplicius has preserved another fragment, which reads: "Intelligence is infinite and autocratic; it is mixed up in nothing, but exists alone in and for itself. Were it otherwise, were it mixed up with anything, it would participate in the nature of all things, for in all there is a part of all; and so that which was mixed with Intelligence would prevent it from exercising power over all things." Another fragment, also preserved by Simplicius, reads as follows and shows *Nous* to be a cognitive power: "Intelligence is, of all things, the subtlest and purest, and has entire knowledge of all. Everything which has a soul, whether great or small, is governed by Intelligence. Intelligence knows all things, both those that are mixed and those that are separated; and the things which ought to be, and the things which were, and those which now are, and those which will be, are all arranged by Intelligence." These words clearly show *Nous* as a knowing and acting power, and contradict Aristotle's assertions, mentioned above.

To Anaxagoras, Intelligence in no wise resembles the "Idea" of Hegel or the "Substance" of Spinoza, which can only be known through the mediation of the human brain, viz., previously organized matter.* He seems to make a transcendent being of it, one that exists independently.

The Sophists went to extremes in their application of Anaxagoras' principle, but they were originally right when they saw the Subjectively as above custom, tradition, and the popular faith, and as the natural law-maker for the Objectively, which they considered as only ex-animated matter. They were, strictly speaking, not a philosophical school; they were sceptics, rationalists, "babblers." They became revolutionists and arbitrary destroyers. They perverted a primary truth, "Man is the measure of all things," that they might reach their selfish ends. They went down in the crash of the state whose destruction they prepared. Thus they represent in the evolution of philosophy that short-lived stage in individual development

* Vide : History of Philosophy by A. Weber. Translated by F. Thilly, New York, 1897, p. 52.

which takes its powers and call in vain, and seats itself in the place of the Absolute. The French "clearing up" of modern days resembled much the Sophistic attitude. It ended in the bloody revolution it prepared, and proved itself only a negative force.

Protagoras (about 440 B.C.) is the first who has been called Sophist. One of his books began thus: "I can know nothing concerning the gods, whether they exist or not, for we are prevented from gaining such knowledge not only by the obscurity of the thing itself, but by the shortness of human life." He is the author of the famous paradox: "Man is the measure of all things." Sextus Empiricus gives his doctrine thus:

"Matter is in a perpetual flux; it undergoes augmentations and losses, and the senses are also modified according to the age and disposition of the body. Men have different perceptions at different times, according to the changes in the thing observed. Whosoever is in a healthy state perceives things such as they appear to all others in a healthy state, and *vice versa*. A similar course holds good with respect to different ages, also in sleeping and waking. Man is therefore the measure of all things; all that is perceived by him exists; that which is perceived by no man does not exist." * This is the sceptical standpoint; not simply one that denies for the sake of denying, but one that hesitates to state Truth in forms for which infallibility is claimed. It is simply anti-dogmatic. Yet in those days such words were immoral and the doctrine false. It is well known that Sophism since that time is a term of derision and reproach, and rightly so, for bad men may and did in those days make a bad use of such doctrines.

The doctrine that "Man is the measure of all things" is a paradox. On one side it denies all objective knowledge and really amounts to a denial of all existence. On the other side it contemns the truth of all

* It is interesting here to add a similar utterance from Goethe: "I have observed that I hold that thought to be true which is fruitful to me, which adjusts itself to the general direction of my thought and at the same time furthers me in it. Now, it is not only possible, but natural, that such a thought should not chime in with the sense of another person, nor further him, perhaps even be a hindrance to him, and so he will hold it to be false; when one is right thoroughly convinced of this he will never indulge in controversy." (Goethe, *Zelterscher Briefwechsel*.) In his "Maxims and Reflections," Goethe said: "When I know my relation to myself and to the outer world, I say that I possess the truth. And thus each may have his own truth, and yet truth is ever the same."

introspection. All our knowledge is necessarily subject, and comes from out our own innermost, which is that *fulcrum* which Archimedes asked for. Fichte emphasized Kant's demonstration of the phenomenal character of the world of actuality, so that it became a mere semblance or appearance. Hindu philosophy reduced the world of appearance to an illusion. Fichte went so far as to assert the identity of pure abstract consciousness with the Absolute. The world of Intelligence is the noumenon. To Fichte, to "man, who is the measure of all things," the non-Ego rises as a simple self-limitation, a self-created object of thought. The actual world is secondary to the world of mind and represents the *residue* of thinking; it is used-up forms of thought, ashes, remains; it is a heap of shells which are left from thought-labor, in the same way as the shell is a product of the oyster; and as many lower animals leave their old shells to make new ones, so Thought leaves behind it its used-up forms. They have an existence in length of time proportionate to the vitality of Thought, which produced them, and when that time comes to an end, in virtue of their inherent Thought-remains, they again ascend to the pure Thought-world. Thought is Beginning, Middle, and End. Oxygen is both life and death, both subject and substance, and so is Thought. That time and space in which the transformation takes place is also but a product of the Thought-process—a product of even less endurance than the so-called objective residue of Thought. They are but shadows. The world is thus but a play of Thought with itself. Our world is an arena in which we attain self-consciousness by gaining victories over ourselves. We fight ourselves with ourselves, by ourselves, and for ourselves. Life is its own glory, its own subject and object. Idealism, as this system is called, is in the highest sense a system of freedom and self-dependence. There is nothing outside the Ego to set bounds to it, nothing to approve but the Ego itself, nothing to disapprove but the Ego itself, for the Ego has made it all. When everything else sinks in the ocean of transitoriness, the Ego stands unshaken, a rock towering in solitary grandeur: the Unity, the Subject, the Substance. Idealism, theologically put: In his self-sacrifice the divine wins himself. Philosophically put: Being is its own Becoming; the Becoming only is Being. Mythologically put: Phoenix

consumes itself in its own fire, but from the fire arises a new Phoenix. Politically put: The King is dead, the King lives! In terms of physics: Self-conservation is the one law of the All.—I Am.—Reality is the I, the Ego, the subject of self-consciousness, and there is no other reality. "Man is the measure of all things."

The most famous Sophist next to Protagoras was Gorgias (about 426 B.C.). From the fragments of his work, "Concerning Not-being or Nature," we learn that he taught that universally nothing is, or, if there could be being, it would not be cognizable, or if cognizable it would not be communicable. To comprehend this thought it must be understood that to Gorgias all existence is space-filling existence, and as universality on such a ground can be established neither as being nor as not-being nor as being both, the denial of the universality of existence is logical and correct. All this is abstraction with a vengeance, and a scepticism of far-reaching character. The whole philosophy rests upon the ambiguity of the word *existence*. Gorgias' method furnished an example for future Greek rhetors, and played a prominent but sad rôle in political and forensic pleading. But, aside from its destructive character as regards much-cherished social institutions and belief, it must be said that in his method lies a great truth, and that his method is very helpful in arguments to prove that the senses are not to be trusted, that language is nominalistic, etc. The fact is that existence is indemonstrable.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

(*To be continued.*)

Assimilation with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who are free from desire and anger, temperate, of thoughts restrained; and who are acquainted with the true Self.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

There is no purifier in this world to be compared to spiritual knowledge; and he who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time. The man who restraineth the senses and organs and hath faith, obtaineth spiritual knowledge, and having obtained it he soon reacheth supreme tranquillity; but the ignorant, those full of doubt and without faith, are lost.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

REINCARNATION.

Occult sciences are nothing more nor less than metaphysical philosophy applied to a solution of the problem of the blending of the soul and body. That the body is a combination of physical compounds is clearly demonstrable by dissolving the different organs and separating the different compounds that together give form and distinguishing characteristics to a specific set of organs, as, for example, the nerves, muscles, and bones; and all these different organs, when grouped together in one harmonious whole, form the body which the spirit animates.

That the spirit or mind gives to the body animation and strength beyond the mere physical powers to resist and overcome resistance is clearly proved by the single example of the deltoid muscle being capable of exerting a physical force equal to the lifting of a thousand pounds when directed by the mind, but when dissected from the body, unsupported by the combined principles of life, it is incapable of resisting over fifty pounds.

Again, the heart, to eject the blood to the extremities and all the minute ramifications of the circulative system, exerts a pressure of over one hundred thousand pounds—proof conclusive that the mind is not a phenomena produced by the action of physical forces, but is a principle that, acting on and within a physical organism, gives it animation, life, and power beyond that of merely physical compounds. And the mind, being the only attribute of man that is not susceptible of complete analysis as to its power to accomplish, its ability to comprehend, its invisible, incomprehensible magnitude of scope, making omnipotent the organic and inorganic Universe so far as we are able to judge of its capabilities, having no physical attribute within itself, must be a unit; and as a unit it is incapable of divisibility and must live on forever as one complete whole.

The physical Universe is governed by certain known principles of perpetual economy of the atoms that constitute the great entirety in all its forms of life, from the microbe in the drop of water to the leviathan of the sea; from the microscopical vegetable mould to the

majestic trees of the forest; from the tiny particle of steam to the lofty iceberg; from the sands of the ocean's beach to the vast mountains of rock. All these may change and take on new forms—the iceberg melted to steam, the mountain pulverized to sand, the earth reduced to ashes, and a molten sea of chaotic incongruity—yet it would all be confined within the earth's present orbit, and by the change not one particle would be lost or added; the equilibrium of the universe would not be disturbed.

We know that organic vegetable life, to-day eaten by an animal, will to-morrow, by reason of a chemical change in its component parts, become animal tissue; and when that tissue has been used by man as food in the form of a beefsteak, combined with other foods, it is dissolved, or completely separated as to its chemical compounds, and parts of it form other combinations and new tissues in man's body, and those particles not used in forming new tissues are thrown off by insensible exertion, or through some other one of the emunctories, and when thus set free seek other combination, either in insect, vegetable, or animal life. This economy is the universal law of nature governing the physical universe. Why, then, should we set up an entirely different theory for the government and disposition of the spiritual attribute of man? In solving an occult problem we must proceed upon lines not at variance with known truths, but all our inductions must be in perfect accord with demonstrable facts.

Pythagoras advocated the doctrine of disembodied spirits entering the bodies of animals and men [a glimpse of the idea of how the soul could be immortal]. It seems reasonable and possible, even highly probable, and in perfect accord with the known laws governing the transmutation of matter, that the human soul, when it is compelled, by the untenable condition of the body, to withdraw its animative presence, should seek another abode in a newly born body of its own species, as the body is merely a physical apparatus through which the soul makes its presence manifest.

The babe of a few hours, days, or weeks is not of sufficient strength to give full expression to its powers of mental action; but, as the body grows and the brain develops, the mind, according to its activity, gives expression to its characteristics. If it is musically inclined,

and the brain is properly formed to give full scope to that talent, we have a musical prodigy. If mathematically inclined, and the brain favorably constructed, we have a natural mathematician; and so it is that the cultivated soul loses none of its culture, but is, possibly for several generations, hampered in its efforts at recognition in the intellectual world for the want of a physical apparatus of sufficient scope to give full expression to its acquirements.

A poetical soul, properly equipped with a brain of the proper size and molecular structure to give expression to the rhythmic grandeur of its emotions, delights the world with its flights of fancy told in harmonious verse.

Shakespeare owed none of his greatness to institutions of learning, but seemed to be a flash of genius direct from a haven of universal culture. It was so, also, with Burns. Eugene Culp, a boy of five years, could read naturally. When asked by his astonished mother how long he had been able to read, he answered: "I don't know, for I could always read and understand the stories. It is just like some person telling me through my eyes." He had the natural brain conformation, and of sufficient vigor to give expression to his cultured soul. The family resemblances are merely physical characteristics and mannerisms, the result of association. A refined, honest, and noble family is occasionally disgraced by a scoundrelly son or a disreputable daughter, possibly the result of reincarnation.

ALBRO B. ALLEN, M.D.

THE TRUE TEST.

What fallacy the whole world finds each day
 In time-worn maxims! Aristotle said
 That when the Definite with Order wed,
 Beneath the eyes of Symmetry—the way
 To Beauty had been won. Yet who will say
 All laws of mathematics 'round us shed
 Can compensate for truth to Nature? Dead
 All art which lacks the sympathy to stay
 Close to the lines of life. To imitate
 Is worthless, and the skill which prates of self
 Is wasted. Chisels may eliminate
 Crude lines, but tender Truth, not love of self,
 Creates the artist. High on Duty's shelf
 Lay Self and rules. The Truth will educate.

KATHERINE B. HUSTON.

DOGMA OF THE INCARNATION.

The doctrine of the incarnation is at once the most stupendous and dramatic of all human conceptions. By slow stages only did man rise to the conception of a Deity. Primarily, the only God was the power manifested in the element, or the rock, the river, or the tree.

Man was a timid wanderer in this vast ocean of possibilities. Curiosity was his demon, danger his Nemesis. Yet dauntlessly he pushed forward, hoping all things, trying all things, till he became conqueror of the planet. At length he cast his vision beyond, to read, if possible, the horoscope of the Infinite.

The God, then, who was once his immediate companion, dwelling in rock or tree, river or plant, became the invisible indweller of the universe. The finite rock man could compass with his senses and his consciousness. The immeasurable universe was beyond his comprehension. His eager thought throbbed from finite to infinite, and conditioned the God of the boundless, as it had previously conditioned the God of limitations.

Hence a thousand errors, an ocean of incongruities.

But from the hour the fetish-worshipper heard in the wail of the wind the groan of his god to the present moment, when the devout devotee gazes upward for the interventions of special providences, the idea of incarnations—of deities indwelling in physical limitations—prevailed in human thought. Indeed, we must study the primitive savage, the crude fetish-worshipper, if we would discover the prophecy of its great influence upon the history of the race. The loneliness of man, his ignorance—these were the primitive conditions that led not only to his search after a god, but to his companionship with physical nature. Most truly hath the poet written:

“ The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned

* * * * *

To spread the roof above them—ere he framed

The lofty vault to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,

He offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which—from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops—stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty."

Man was a child of the forest, a friend of the wandering beasts (which, perhaps, were not primarily dangerous). He made his meals by day on the nuts and fruits of the trees, and slept o' nights beneath their "mossy boughs," mantled by the overarching skies.

Anon, mingled with his various expressions, he heard his voice—a strange, weird, unwonted, and uncanny sound, that seemed to him, at first, to come from without.

I imagine this human voice must have been man's first cause of fear.

Whence did it come? It was not like unto that of the wild beasts among which he wandered, for it seemed somewhat more capable of articulation and expression. It was unlike the shriek of the mighty birds, or the whistle of the winds. Moreover, man soon discerned that this human voice evidenced an individuality quite unlike that of the wild beasts or birds. They seemed to possess voices in common, alike for each class and species. But each man seemed to be endowed with a voice which marked his individual identity, which distinguished him not only from all the lower animals, but from every other individual *man* on the earth. This was the most marvelous feature of the voice of man, and signified a weird and uncanny origin.

Who has not been startled in the deep of a dark forest, where nothing is heard but "the sound of the silence," when of a sudden words escape from one's lips, to fall in broken echoes on the wood?

Hence, how weird, how startling, must have been the first conscious expression of human speech!

Of course it was not a sudden manifestation. It came by slow degrees. Nature knows no leaps. Nevertheless, the existence of the voice—the discovery of the faculty of speech—was the initial step

in man's progress, and the especial instrument which led to his conception of incarnate deities.

For, palpably, the voice was different from, something other than, the man. It was an indwelling personality—it was an ever-abiding presence.

Here was a unique, a tremendously suggestive discovery.

Even we, in the far advance of our evolution, cannot wholly free ourselves from the notion that our speech (whether audible or silent) is the expression of a somewhat other than ourselves. If not, why do we talk to ourselves? why do we argue and contend with ourselves? why do we chide and praise ourselves? why do we lie to and deceive ourselves?—if the external expression of the voice has not unconsciously led us into self-segregation? It is the voice that seems to have separated us from ourselves. For the voice is the source as well as the organ of speech. Without voice there would be no language; without language, speech (or lip-communion) were impossible.

This is evident when we study our mental moods. No thought ever comes to us in silence that is not voiced by the inward speech. Each word, each syllable, finds silent utterance. Without the inward, inaudible voice we would be without definite thought or intelligence.

Therefore, man's discovery of his voice was the first great event (and perhaps the most momentous) in the whole drama of human development.

At first, doubtless, the voice seemed to come from without—from another. Anon, the individual discerned that it came not from without—from another—but from within, from himself. Nevertheless, though from himself, it seemed to emanate from another self within himself. The human voice was, then, as I read the origins of history, the first suggestion of incarnation.

Man, who was a mere atom in this vast universe, who so soon learned to fear the elements and the unseen powers, was not slow to conceive that there dwelt within himself an Adviser—a Protester—to whom he might flee in hours of struggle and privation.

This was the first vague conception of incarnation, as we read it in the childhood experiences of the race.

Strange prophecy—poetic reality! After countless ages of evo-

lution, man returns, now by the light of science and religion, to his primal childhood conception and realizes that the only God in the universe is the indwelling God—the only temples in which he can truly worship are the temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (the ever-present spiritual atmosphere).

“God is Spirit: . . . worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.”

By an easy transition, the primitive man transferred the notion of an incarnate deity (or power) from himself to the world without.

If his voice was the God within, why were there not gods indwelling in every element that succored him—in every physical feature of Nature that seemed endowed with superior powers?

The winds that sweep down from mountain heights, and howl and shriek—are they not gods, made audible by their uncanny speech?

The Sun, whose majestic presence overrides the heavens and dazzles all the world with his glory—is he not, indeed, a great god as he sallies forth to the battle of the day through long, triumphant hours?

The rivers that overflow and enrich the valleys which bear for man the golden grain and blushing fruit—are not these, indeed, the abiding-places of the gods, who thus ever manifest their goodness?

Thus, in time, the world was peopled with gods almost as numerous as the men upon its surface.

It was only by a deteriorating process of civilization that the god came to dwell in the sculptured stone and radiant marble. But while the broad, free, robust conception of the primitive man was lost in the more refined and æsthetic ideal of the Egyptian or the Greek—the later conception indicated a more recent discovery in the knowledge of mankind, namely, the existence of the beautiful—which expanded into great importance in human progress.

The so-called idolatry of the ancient religions was but a phase of the conception of incarnations.

Primarily, the glorious statue was not itself the worshipful object, but the god, the mysterious indwelling being, whom it represented, whose ideal it purported to incarnate.

Pygmalion did not adore the marble Galathea, the mere physical form he had created; he bowed before that splendid statue because

it seemed to externalize the entrancing ideal of his soul. But not till the marble statue was transformed into living, speaking flesh and blood was his heart's joy full; not until the incarnate deity of love and beauty, whom he adored, threw off the stony mantle and revealed herself did he stand transfixed in the presence of the divine.

This is the meaning of the old mythology.

Just as the fetish-worshipper consecrated every tree, or rock, or river, or mount, within which he believed a god indwelt, so the devotees of Osiris and Isis, of Juno and Jupiter, of Athene and Apollo, or of Pluto and Proserpina, bowed before the triumphant masterpieces of their religious artists and sculptors, because, originally, they believed gods and goddesses dwelt within the voiceless marble.

Even among the Semites, whose instinct seemed to suggest unity—who sought the convergence of the universal ALL in the mysterious symbol of the ONE—even they primarily sought for this one God in the objects of Nature and the workmanship of human hands.

Moses finds him in the burning bush; Aaron, in the Golden Calf; Joshua, in his Ebenezer (a pile of consecrated rocks); the wandering tribes, in the Shekina (cloud and flame); and the Temple worshippers, in the mystic Ark.

Not till in the far advance of the spiritual unfoldment of the Jewish people—till the nation engendered a far-visioned Isaiah, a songful David, or a Jeremiah, the prophet of woes—were they able to throw off this species of idolatry and discern their God in the welling of spiritual aspirations and in the glorious handiwork of Creation.

At length, however, the primitive spiritual conception is lost and the inanimate object itself becomes the direct object of worship.

Then the people sink into idolatrous degradation, and their glorious ideals are obliterated.

But out of these beginnings came the common doctrine of the incarnation in the various ethnic religions.

The Christian religion, however, emphasized into a supreme exaggeration the doctrine of the incarnation. It sought to inculcate into the religious mind the notion that but once, in all the annals of human experience, the invisible Infinite enfolded himself in the

narrow mantle of human flesh and communed face to face with his own bewildered creatures. To our modern minds this conception conquers by its very audacity.

The Semitic thought had for ages conceived of Deity as invisible, unknowable, and unapproachable. He stood apart. The universe was not his robe, but his tool; not his expression, but his manipulation. He held the stars in the palms of His hands; He weighed the winds and carved the hollow for the waters of the deep.

“Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places. He causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain; He bringeth the wind out of his treasures.” (Psalm 135.)

He was not only unapproachable, but inconceivable. His countenance could not be cut in stone, like that of Jupiter or Ra, nor could His migrations be reviewed in song or dream, like those of Mercury and Apollo.

His realm was beyond the contemplation of the human mind; the manner of His presence was undiscoverable. So ineffable was He, His name could not be uttered, much less written.

The multitude, which was benefited by His munificence, knew not the avenues of approach to His invisible pavilion; the consecrated priest alone was endowed with this precious wisdom, yet even he could discern the presence of the Mighty One only in the dark recesses of the “Holy of Holies,” where unbroken silence reigned eternal; or in the sudden brilliance of the magic stones on Urim and Thummim, or in the mystic light that played upon the winged cherubim above the Ark.

“Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,” was his cry, but the face of the Holy One he never beheld, for who should look upon the face of Jehovah would expire in the overpowering splendor of the vision.

True, there were among the Jews prevailing traditions that in primitive times God had revealed Himself in human form to the early leaders; but these traditions are so inconsistent and contradictory as to be of but little value.

At one time tradition said, “Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved ”

(Gen. 32 : 30). But in Exodus 33 : 20 we read: "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live."

"Then went up Moses and Aaron . . . , and they saw the God of Israel" (Ex. 24 : 9, 10).

"And the Lord spoke unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Exodus 33 : 11).

But, to realize how purely figurative and symbolic such language is, we need but read in Deut. 5 : 4: "The Lord talked with you face to face, in the mount, out of the midst of the fire." Here He addressed the vast multitude in the voice of thunder; His face was the lightning. In the same sense we must conceive that God talked to Moses and Jacob face to face. However literal these expressions seem to be, but a casual examination of the text speedily proves that the idea conveyed, even by this traditional lore, was not the actual, humanized, incarnate appearance of the invisible and mysterious Lord, but merely His majestic manifestation on great and momentous occasions.

For we have a specific description of the appearance of the Lord in Horeb, where, we have seen, the Bible in one place (Deut. 5 : 4) says: "The Lord talked with you face to face, in the mount, out of the midst of the fire." But the description of this event in an earlier chapter of the same book (Deut. 4 : 11, 12 ff.) shows clearly that the appearance was not that of man to man, but simply symbolic and suggestive:

"Ye came near and stood under the mountain; and the mountain burned with fire unto the midst of heaven, with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness. And the Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire: ye heard the voice of the words, but *saw no similitude*; only a voice ye heard."

Moses severely chides the Jews lest they make a graven image of the Lord and worship it, reminding them that they never saw any "similitude" or likeness of the Lord. Hence it is very evident the expression "face to face" could not have been taken literally, as to-day, and must be construed as figurative and hyperbolical.

Whatever traditional lore may have suggested as to epiphanies or incarnations of Deity in the early stages of Jewish history, cer-

tainly long before the advent of Jesus all such possibilities had vanished from the thought of the people. For ages they had been trained to think of Jehovah as the unthinkable, the unapproachable, the unknowable.

The prevailing conception of Deity, long before the advent of Jesus, was voiced in such exclamations as "For I lift up my hand to heaven, and say, I live forever" (Deut. 32 : 40); "Hearken unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called: I am he: I am the first, I also am the last" (Is. 48 : 12); "Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting" (Ps. 93 : 2); "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy" (Is. 57 : 15); "Who is able to build him an house, seeing the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain him?" (2 Chr. 2 : 6); "Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there" (Ps. 139 : 7-10).

This age-ingrained national sentiment we find grandly voiced in the words of Paul: "Who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; *whom no man hath seen nor can see*" (1 Tim. 6 : 15).

Viewed in the light of this ancient tradition, we may well appreciate the horror of the Jewish mind when the advent of Jesus was proclaimed as the humanized incarnation and physical appearance of the invisible Deity.

What wonder the Jew cried "execrable blasphemer!" when confronted by one of his own race, who was proclaimed by the voice of his followers as the Very God—the Ancient of Days—the ineffable Jehovah!

The conception was so startling, so audacious, so defiant, the wonder is its proclamation was not slain in its inception. The wonder is the Jewish nation did not arise in its entirety and quell this Messianic uprising before its voice could be heard above the housetops.

The fact that Jesus was permitted to preach for three years; was allowed to enter the synagogues, read from the scriptures, and teach therein without molestation until He seemed to be developing into a political menace, is proof enough that He never could have pro-

claimed Himself, as have His followers ever since, for nigh 1,900 years, as the Very God, whose name was unspeakable, whose identity was concealed in that quaternity of letters—I H V H.

But in the Christian scheme, in that involved and abstruse theology which the metaphysical thought of the Middle Ages evolved from the simple Gospel narratives, the doctrine of the incarnation becomes the corner-stone—at once the most momentous and impossible of all the teachings of the Church.

As the doctrine of the Incarnation was un-Semitic and contrary to tradition, the Jewish people defiantly rejected the Saviour who was uplifted as the proclaimer of the repulsive invention.

Nevertheless, in the minds of the more refined and learned Jews the notion of the Logos had already found a comfortable reception. The doctrine of the Logos, or the Word, even as incarnate, we shall see, existed among the Grecianized Jews long before the advent of Jesus and several centuries before its proclamation by St. John.

Philo, the Jewish philosopher of Alexandria, had taught the principles of the Logos—the Word-incarnate—just before the Jesuan epoch.

Thus, at the very threshold of Christianity, the theologians and doctrinaires are confronted with a very perplexing problem.

When John, alone of all the Gospel writers (writing at least a quarter and probably a half century after the Synoptic Gospels) declares, "In the beginning was the Logos (Word) and the Logos was with God, and the Logos was God," he speaks in language foreign and repulsive to all the orthodox Jewish followers of Jesus, but significantly suggestive of Philo and the Alexandrian school.

However, with their accustomed nonchalance and hauteur, the Christian dogmatists wave aside the insinuation that John may have become tinctured with neo-platonism, and was but echoing the Logos-doctrine already well established in progressive Jewish circles by Philo and the Alexandrianists. The argument in their behalf is forcibly put by Dorner, who insists that "Blinding as the resemblance between many of his ideas and modes of expression and those of Christianity may be to the superficial reader, yet the essential principle is to its very foundation diverse. Even that which sounds like

the expressions of John has in its entire connection a meaning altogether diverse. His system stalks by the cradle of Christianity only as a spectral counterpart. It appears like the floating, dissolving *fata Morgana* on the horizon, where Christianity is about to rise." ("Person of Christ," II., 198, 342.)

Notwithstanding the convincing earnestness of these remarks, any unprejudiced student of history acquainted with the several philosophic schools of Alexandria, Greece, and Asia, must be convinced that Dorner's exaggerated rhetoric is an effort to draw a thick veil over a very prejudicial fact. One is inclined to exclaim, "By heaven, he doth protest too much," and immediately begin a search for the apparent truth he is seeking to conceal.

Once establish the fact that Philo's Logos was in all points an exact prophecy and forestatement of John's and Paul's, and you convict the Christian scheme of an apparent forgery, or at least an embarrassing plagiarism. But we shall be led to a still more serious and condemning conclusion if we closely follow the intimations of those ancient times.

Philo, forget not, was a devout Jew, like Paul, after "the most strictest sect." Moreover, he was a lineal descendant of the sacerdotal order, and most profoundly learned in all the wisdom of the law. He was a Pharisee—a teacher, or rabbi, in the synagogue, as well as an earnest and comprehensive student of revived Hellenism. More than any other thinker of his day, he reflects the mind and method—the mysticism and allegorism—of the divine Plato. His hereditary bias was Semitic, but his mental culture and æsthetic taste were Hellenic. Though a Pharisee, he rejected all literalism, and sought after the spirit, or idea, of the word.

Now, as will readily be seen from what follows, the description of the Logos in the writings of Philo are so similar to those of the Johannine teachings that only a conscienceless casuist could differentiate them.

But a great problem here presents itself. Philo was the contemporary of Jesus and Paul. Why is it that Philo did not recognize in Jesus the veritable Paraclete—God made manifest in the flesh—about whom he had been so long and so eloquently discoursing? The

casuists and dogmatists insist that Philo's Logos was never a personification; it was ever but an idea, an abstraction, an emanation, and impersonal radiation of the infinite God, and he was incapable of comprehending the fact of a real manifestation of Deity in human form. The writings of Philo, however, seem to belie this statement.

"Philo's doctrine would not itself suggest the application of the idea of the Logos to any historical appearance whatsoever; for the revelation of the Logos refers not exclusively to any single fact, but to everything relating to the revelation of God in nature and history;" so writes one.

If this be true, then how could Philo have conceived of this general revelator of the Infinite as manifesting in specific historic instances, which he specifies?

He says that He (the Logos) is "the first-born son of God"; "God's vicegerent in the world;" "the constructor of worlds" (the demiurge); he assigns Him to the office of "Mediator between God and the material universe"; He is the "High-priest of the world"; the advocate for the defects of men with God, and, in general, he attributes to Him the office of revealing the divine nature of Deity to mankind. This Logos of Philo is "the second God; the archangel who destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, spoke to Jacob, and to Moses in the burning bush, and led the people of Israel through the wilderness; He is the High-priest and Advocate who pleads the cause of sinful humanity before God and procures for it the pardon of its sins" (*Vide* McClintock and Strong's Cyclo. Bib. Liter., s. v. "Philo." This is strictly orthodox authority.)

Here is a specification of every qualification which Christian theology has written unto the person and office of Jesus Christ.

Nevertheless, the casuists insist that Philo could not have referred "the application of the idea of the Logos to any historical appearance whatever." Then, why does he specify its appearance in the burning bush, in the archangel who fought with Jacob at Peniel, in the three that appeared to Lot?

Why is every historical theophany or epiphany which is recorded in the Old Testament, and which every Christian theologian regards as the appearance of Jesus Christ, regarded by Philo as an appearance

of his Logos, if "the application of his idea of the Logos could not have referred to any historical appearance whatever"?

Why do the Johannine writings, and all orthodox writings since, employ in their descriptions of Jesus Christ the very terms, qualifications, and offices that Philo employs in describing his Logos—if it could have "referred to no historical appearance whatever"?

If Philo's Logos is impersonal, unhistorical, abstract, a mere idea, an emanation, a radiation of the Infinite Centre, then such must have been Jesus Christ, for in all respects the descriptions of the two are not only similar, but identical.

The troublesome and perplexing problem which confronts the Christian historian and theologian is this: That, notwithstanding Philo had so accurately and significantly described the very offices and person of Jesus Christ, so far as they have been ascribed to him in Christian Theology, nevertheless Philo, the contemporary of Jesus Christ, is suggestively, significantly, tantalizingly *silent concerning him as an historical character!*

This is the most treacherous of all historical facts. This one incident, more than any other, casts serious doubt on the historical verity of Jesus.

The silence of no other contemporary could be so significant. If the writings of Josephus fail to note the advent of Jesus, we can pass it over as the omission of envy and the inborn prejudice of the Pharisees. If Tacitus, Livy, and all other profane writers were silent, the fact might be attributed to ignorance or want of familiarity with the history of a people so unlike the Romans, a people whom the ancient "gentile" world never seemed to appreciate.

But with Philo the situation is exactly opposite. All his life, his meditations, his aspirations, and his philosophy would have compelled him to throw himself at the feet of Jesus—the manifest Paraclete—if he had met with or heard of Him.

How gladly would this devout and learned Jew have accepted the actual personification of his own ideas in his long-dreamed-of hope—his divine and unique philosophy—had their incarnation been indubitably set before his eyes! Had the Incarnate convinced him of His sincerity and reality, there could have been no excuse for Philo

to have rejected Him. For He would have exemplified the very principles Philo was enunciating, and the event would have redounded to Philo's individual glory by exalting his idealistic and abstract philosophy into a realistic, human event.

But Philo is silent, notwithstanding that during the very period Jesus was stirring up commotion throughout all Palestine Philo visited Jerusalem, and could not but have heard of Him if He really existed.

Yet the casuists insist that the idea of Philo's Logos could not have been intended to refer to any historical appearance. But Philo's own words clearly refute the insinuation.

Of Jesus, his contemporary, Philo is silent. Nevertheless, some one hundred years later, at least, a Christian writer, assumed to be John of Patmos, prepares a narrative of this same Jesus, and for the first time employs, with reference to this personage, the very terms, titles, and offices which the now silenced Philo had invented in describing his ideal Logos, whom he had never seen personified in the flesh. Surely, here is more than a mere coincidence; it is extremely suggestive of plagiarism.

It seems almost indisputable, as I have shown in my previous article on The Trinity, that the story of the incarnation and the entire trinitarian theology originated in the Alexandrine school of Hellenic Jewish philosophy.

HENRY FRANK.

(To be continued.)

"Then the World-honored spake: 'Scatter not rice,
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.
To parents as the East where rises light;
To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;
To wife and children as the West where gleam
Colors of love and calm, and all days end;
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
To humblest living things beneath, to Saints
And Angels and the blessed Dead above:
So shall all evil be shut off, and so
The six main quarters will be safely kept.'"

The Light of Asia, by Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(V.)

THE ROMANCES OF THE CEMETERY.

"Good morning! Have you been sitting on that tombstone ever since I went away?"

"Probably not, as I have several other occupations. Are you the ghost that came over some two weeks ago and went to visit your relatives after the funeral—the Drexel Boulevard ghost?"

"Yes."

"How did you enjoy it?"

"I did not enjoy it; I endured."

"It is unsatisfactory."

"Very unsatisfactory."

"You are not the first home-sick ghost I have seen. Strange that people will take the trouble to get here, and then wish themselves back so soon. It is unreasonable! Of course, it is not all sunshine in Shadowland. There are twenty-four hours in a day, and sometimes they seem like a hundred and twenty-four. But, to my mind, sitting on tombstones watching funerals and looking for new ghosts is pleasanter than walking the streets of the city, hungry and cold, without a penny in one's pocket, looking for a job, when thousands of other men in the same condition are doing the same thing—and there are no jobs to be found! That was what drove me to Shadowland. But I have been down and looked at your home, and what sent you here is more than I can imagine."

The New Ghost shook his head, sadly, as if it was also more than he could imagine.

"In my case it was a mistake," he said, wearily. "I see that now. I have friends, and I should have stayed with them."

"This tombstone is getting a little hard. Suppose we walk over to the bank of the lake and sit down on the hillside, under that big tree. I suppose you came to see if they were doing anything about your monument; but they may not put that up for a year."

"I am in no hurry."

"You will be before you get it. Ghosts are always in a hurry to see how their last residence looks. But it is pleasanter over this way to sit and talk. There are not so many graves. Where can you find a prettier place than this on a sunny day in June—or is it July? It is more work to keep track of the months than it is of the days of the week. You can tell when Sunday comes by the looks of the streets. But if you get lost on months you have to go and hunt up a daily paper."

The two ghosts walked across the soft green grass and paused by a new-made grave, which the mourners had just left.

"Do you know who it is?" asked the New Ghost.

"Yes; Gransen, the millionaire. All the city is talking about his death. Probably you knew him?"

"He was an acquaintance. I would like to see him. I wonder where he is now?"

"So do I. But you see *he* died. That is one reason why I stay around the cemetery so much. I keep hoping that I'll catch sight of some ghost of the other kind. They must be just as much alive as we are—it is only the body that dies. But where do they go? That is what puzzles me! I should think some of them would be enough interested in earth to stay around and attend their own funerals, and visit their graves. But I can't catch them at it, day or night. I camped out here a month the first summer, but there was nothing stirring nights except such things as birds, grasshoppers, crickets, and the fish in the lake. It was so still I could hear every move anything made, even to a mouse hurrying through the grass. The crackling of a twig when a bird moved uneasily, the jump of a frog, the whir of a grasshopper's wing, the stir of the grass when a cricket crept under a different pebble, the gliding of a fish through the water—all this I could hear! But never the ghost of a sound, nor a sound of a ghost, came from the graves. They were as still as death."

"Those ghosts must go to some other part of the universe. Evidently they are not earth-bound, as we are. Probably they find the new life so interesting that they have no inclination to come back and

look after such trifling matters as funerals and tombstones. What do you do when you are not sitting on tombstones or watching graves?"

"Yesterday I went down to your house. I thought I would like to see how you look."

"How I look!"

"Yes."

"How did you expect to find out there?"

"I thought perhaps I could find your picture on the wall, but your folks had taken it away. They had taken the albums, too—though they wouldn't do me any good unless someone was looking at them. I couldn't open one."

"No; we can't open anything. I have learned that fact thoroughly," mused the New Ghost.

"How do I look to you?" inquired the Old Ghost. "Not that I am vain of my personal appearance, but as a matter of curiosity; what do you think I look like?"

"A tall, slim form, veiled in gray mist, so thin and unsubstantial that I could poke my fingers through it—that is what you seem to be. But the sun shines right through you, just the same as if you were not there. You cast no shadow. In fact, you look very much like the picture of a ghost I saw in a book when I was a child."

"That is just it! Now the ghost I saw in a book, when I was a boy, wore a night-cap and a sheet. And every new ghost I see wears a night-cap and a sheet—until I get acquainted with him. No. 198 says the ghost of his boyhood days was a skeleton, so all ghosts are walking skeletons to him for awhile. And 37 says ghosts all look like nuns with long, trailing robes, and 99's ghosts are always dressed in black, with their faces hidden."

"Inexplicable!"

"The ghosts 87 sees are more like a skull and cross-bones than anything else. And 93—he is the one that is always reading Greek and Latin, and quoting Homer and Virgil, and talking about Achilles and Hector and all those ancient fellows—his ghosts are great, big, shadowy figures, usually carrying a battle-axe about with them. The Theorist says that the trouble with us is, we never gave the subject

of ghosts any particular thought after we grew up, and so our childhood's notions in regard to a ghost's personal appearance have remained with us. He, and the Experimenter, and the Scientist, and all the folks that have studied into such things, see us more as we must be."

"How is that?"

"Oh, thin, and vapory, and mist-like. We are lighter than air; our particles are so fine that we can go through a door or a stone wall in case of need, so there can't be very much solid substance about us. The Poet says we are beautiful. Our particles shine and sparkle like the dew upon the grass, or new-fallen snow in the sunshine. But then—the Poet always sees beauty in everything. He looks for it."

"Perhaps that is what poets are for—to find beauty."

"Some people never know that snow is anything but snow—a cold, white substance that boys use to make snowballs. But I have seen it here in the cemetery, with the sun shining through the trees, when it sparkled like millions of diamonds. Oh, it looks like fairyland here, sometimes! It is pretty now, with the soft green grass, the birds singing in the trees, and the lake there so cool and still. In the winter, as soon as the first snow comes, the whole cemetery is dressed in a robe of white dotted with marble. It makes me think of embroidery, only the pattern isn't very regular. And when the trees are glistening with white frost or a light snow, their branches bending low with their sparkling weight of jewelry, one could easily imagine himself in an enchanted forest."

"I believe you love the cemetery."

"I do. It is pleasanter out here, in this quiet, peaceful city of the dead, than it is up there in the hurry, and bustle, and confusion, of that great, greedy, starving city of the living. And Chicago is as good as any city, and better than the most of them."

"That sounds like a true Chicagoan! But I should think you would find it dull here, and monotonous, and would want something to happen! There is too much peace, and quiet, and silence, for an every-day diet."

"Things do happen here."

"The funeral processions come and go—but that is monotonous. I should get tired of watching them."

"Perhaps not, if you took to studying the mourners. I find it quite interesting. Folks are folks, even at a funeral, and everything goes on here in the cemetery much as it does over yonder in the city. I have seen strange happenings in the city of the dead—as it is called! But I find that it belongs to the living. Nights it is sacred to the dead, but days subject to the passions of the living. If the dead could be disturbed by the acts of the living they would be, for I have seen a bold woman trying to flirt by the side of the open grave, in which a man was burying his wife. Six months later they came to the cemetery together—married!"

"Probably she thought the rights of the living ended with death."

"Perhaps. We have quarrels here, and courtships, and betrothals, and suicides—everything but weddings and divorces. The romances of the cemetery are quite as sensational as those of the city. We had an elopement—in high life, too, as the papers call it! The mourners came in private carriages. The bride was a cousin of the child they were burying, and rode in one of the last carriages, with her sister and little brothers. The children were anxious to get near the grave, and she slipped away from them and hurried back to the gate, where her lover was waiting with a carriage. She stepped in, and they drove away and caught a train and were on their way to Wisconsin before her parents missed her. I heard the florist and a reporter talking about it the next day; he had bought a bouquet of the florist. It was hushed up so it never got into the papers. I was at the grave watching the mourners while the elopement was going on—or off. It is impossible to be present at all that happens, even in one cemetery."

"I never supposed people would elope from a funeral procession!"

"Nor I, until I lived in the cemetery. Nor did I suppose people came here to quarrel. One day a man and a woman—both well-dressed—came along a path, talking earnestly. The woman was crying. They proved to be brother and sister, and had been all over the cemetery looking at lots. They stopped under a big tree near the tombstone I was sitting on, to have it out. She told him that,

as he was willed two-thirds of the estate, he must buy the lot and pay all the funeral expenses. He said he would pay his proportion—two-thirds—and not a cent more. She must pay her share. If their father was like us, and could be around looking after things, I wonder what he thought to hear his son and daughter quarrelling over expenses before he was buried! There was no need of it, either. They were rich. Poor folks, who have to deny themselves to comfortably house their dead, wouldn't think of quarrelling over it. The funerals at single graves are often very pathetic."

"A funeral is always pathetic."

"Would you think that men would quarrel over a woman out here in the cemetery, and a dead woman at that!"

"It seems—improbable!"

"There is a great deal of human nature on exhibition in a cemetery. I was sitting under this very tree a few weeks ago, when two men came along that gravelled path, talking in loud and forcible tones. One man was big and fat, and owns a family lot and a mausoleum right over there to your left. He wanted to bury his sister with the family. The other man was small and lean, and declared that his wife belonged in the country cemetery, where their only child was buried. His family was there, he expected to lie there, and she would prefer to be with him. Then the pent-up bitterness of years broke forth, and I thought they would come to blows. The big man said that it was enough for his sister to be separated from her family through life, by her marriage with a poor, low-bred, ignorant foreigner. She should not be separated from them in death, and to all eternity! She had regretted her marriage as bitterly as her family did, and she should never be taken to a cheap country cemetery! They went on down the path, and pretty soon a handsome carriage came along the drive, empty. The coachman was keeping watch of the men. Half an hour later the carriage drove back. The two men were sitting in it as stiff and silent as the marble monuments they were passing."

"Was the sister buried here?"

"No; the little man must have won his point and taken her to the country cemetery."

"I am glad."

"We don't know enough about it to be glad either way. There was a suicide in one of the cemeteries only a few weeks ago. I think they managed to keep that out of the papers, too. A young man shot himself by the grave of his sweetheart."

"Do husbands ever shoot themselves by the graves of their wives?"

"I don't know of a case."

"Of necessity, the romances of a cemetery must be tragic."

"You forget the elopement! Or do you look at marriage as a tragedy? There was a very pretty courtship going on in this cemetery all of one summer."

"A courtship!"

"Yes."

"But a courtship in a cemetery!"

"Certainly! and a betrothal, too!"

"Impossible!"

"Oh, no! only a little out of the ordinary. Such things do not happen every day—but they happen!"

"I thought cemeteries were for the dead!"

"I used to think so, too; but they are for the living. The betrothal—I don't know what else to call it—occurred at the funeral of the bride's mother. I was sitting on a flat-topped tombstone, near by, looking on, not expecting anything unusual from that set of folks. Just at the end of the ceremony, a young man, who had stood apart from the mourners, stepped forward and took the hand of a weeping girl, and drew her to his side with an air of protection. 'As you all know, I asked Marie to be my wife a long time ago. Her mother gave her consent last week, and desired me to tell you all, by the side of her open grave, that there may be no more opposition,' he said, in a clear, firm tone. I nearly slipped off the monument with surprise, and a young man among the mourners stumbled over a footstone and looked so aghast that I concluded it was upsetting some of his arrangements."

"I am curious to hear about the courtship."

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

(To be continued.)

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM.

(I.)

The symbol, as an expression of the character of an idea, has been called a divine creation. Long antedating the records of Chaldea and Egypt, the ideograph is found depicted in various forms on crumbling sarcophagi as emblematical of the particular attributes of the mythical divinities whom those earlier races embodied in the visible heavens.

Whereas the idiomatic phraseology which characterizes a restricted form of expression is wholly inadequate or else misleading and obscure when utilized in the domain of spiritual analyses, the symbol, interpreted in the light of divine truth, illumines the understanding to a degree beyond the bounds of human intellection.

This fact was recognized by humanity in the incipency of its metaphysical teachings, for the simplest, or constituent, forms in their art of ideographic expression were used for the elucidation of the spiritual mysteries, in their concept of which the circle and the cross were especially symbolical of principles and potentialities in Creative economy. As representatives of fundamental truths, these basic symbols have retained the simplicity and purity of their significance throughout the decadencies as well as the civilizations; and to-day they express to the spiritual apprehension the same principles they did when Sanchoniathon expatiated upon the cosmogony and theogony of the Phœnicians.

What so suggestive of the quality of perfection as the Circle (○), the symbol of pure spirit, or universal Psyche—the mystic circumference which comprehends the Unity, or allness of Being? Alone, it typifies Power, which may be abstractly conceived as the Primordial Will in abeyance; but place within it the suggestion of a centre (⊙) as a generator of activity, and we have indicated another quality, which is Force, the offspring of Power and the parent of Motion, or the vitalizing energy essential to all manifestation—symbolized in astrology by the Sun.

The Sun, therefore, is the vivifying principle through which Spirit becomes visible as Matter; while the stars are the cosmic instruments through which the higher substantialities are differentiated into the four classes of elemental life—mystically signified by the Cross.

In these two symbols are disclosed the true purport of Astrology as the scientific interpreter of that divine law of correspondence which formed the basis of those ancient religious cults whose devotees worshipped the central luminary as an expression of the All-Seeing Eye. Therein they perceived a sovereign principle in Nature, which would doubtless prove most invigorating as a tonic if persistently and systematically injected into some of the enervated theologies of the present day.

Thus the cosmical was intersociated with the moral and the ethical; and in this recognition of the absolute identity of the objective and the subjective is found the key to the transcendentalism of the sidereal religions which prevailed before the empiricism of man attempted an improvement upon the science of Nature.

Bunsen, in his work on the Zodiac, says: "Sidereal religion prevailed in Mesopotamia before the invention of writing, since the earliest symbol of deity known to us is a star. Thus, the deity Sibut, probably connected with the Pleiades, is determined by a star with the number 7 by its side." This is in line with the account in Genesis of the creation of man by the Elohim (the plural of *El*, a star) of God, expressive of the seven creative principles included in his sidereal constitution.

As the word Pleiades is analogous to the Chaldaic *Chimah*, signifying a hinge or axle, there is little doubt the deific symbol referred to by Bunsen is none other than the fixed star Alcyone, the brightest of the seven distinct orbs included in that celestial group, a star which has been conceded, as the result of careful astronomic observation, to be the centre of gravity of our solar system, the pivotal point around which the sun and his numerous family of satellites are travelling with immeasurable velocity.

In the light of this revelation, how significant is God's message to Job: "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Which may be interpreted: Canst thou dis-

turb the equilibrium of the Microcosm? Canst thou separate the idea of universal harmony from a mechanism so orderly and systematic that, with all its complexities and the multiple differentialities involved in its various motions, it continues in perpetual activity, without a displacement, an impingement, or a frictional impulse? So it is from the miniature system of the molecule to the vast universe revolving about the sun, thence to the solar system in motion about Alcyone, and to that colossal fabric in turn moving about a still more potential centre—all “wheels within wheels,” and so progressing, in gradient measures and grander numbers, to the Ultimate, which is one with the Beginning!

This fact of ceaseless, eternal, revolutionary activity was portrayed on Egyptian sculpture by a Sphere, symbolical of the Creative Energy as manifested in rotary motion; this sphere, therefore, stands as a complete conception of the universality of Being. To analyze so all-comprehensive an idea is to study Being in all its processes, throughout its manifold determinations, from the primal font into the inversive world, wherein is beheld only the simulacra of realities, except they be viewed through the esoteric significance of that symbolism which constitutes the alphabet of Astrology, thence back through the transmutations of a providential Destiny into the very bosom of the Formless Essence itself.

Thus the importance of this science as an elucidative factor in occult dialectics cannot be rightfully ignored by the student who would attain to a clearer understanding of the fundamental genesis of Creation, for in it alone is afforded a rational concept of the divine mysteries as revealed through the intricacies of cosmic evolution.

Astrological symbolism may be classified under three heads, viz.:

1. Planetary—expressive of the seven-fold constitution of man.
2. Zodiacal—typical of the evolution of all corporeal form.
3. Astronomical Aspects, or magnetic impulses—the measurement of potency between interdepending essentialities.

In the Paternal Unity subsists the Fire of Life (Spirit), whence emanates the Life of Fire (Soul), dual entities expressed visibly through an essential third or solidifying element termed Matter.

These constitute the trinity of being—the life, substance, and phenomena; or spirit, soul, and body—and are symbolized, respectively, ☉, ☾, +. These ideographs, in combinations accordant with certain deific attributes, form the planetary symbols, answering to the following arrangement, with their correspondent principles:

- ☉ Sun corresponds to the vital principle.
- ☾ Moon corresponds to the astral body, or sensual soul.
- ☿ Mercury corresponds to Man, or the human soul.
- ♀ Venus corresponds to spirit.
- ♂ Mars corresponds to the animal soul.
- ♃ Jupiter corresponds to the spiritual soul.
- ♄ Saturn corresponds to the physical body.

The following excerpt from Paracelsus, with explanatory interpolations by Franz Hartmann, here printed in parentheses, will add significance to the foregoing.

“There are many who say that man is a microcosm; but few understand what this really means. As the world is itself an organism, with all its constellations, so is man a constellation (organism), a world in itself; and as the firmament (space) of the world is ruled by no creature, so the firmament which is within man (his mind) is not subject to any other creature. This firmament (sphere of mind) in man has its planets and stars (mental states), its exaltations, conjunctions, and oppositions (states of feelings, thoughts, emotions, ideas, loves, and hates), call them by whatever name you like; and as all the celestial bodies in space are connected with each other by invisible links, so are the organs in man not entirely independent of each other, but depend on each other to a certain extent.”

A twofold energy is essential to all intelligent manifestation—the active and the reflective. In cosmic science these two forces might be characterized as *influent* and *effluent*, the former emanating from the Sun as the positive essentiality or vitalizing principle in all nature; and the latter, or the responsive outward force, being from the stars, as constituting the human organism, or body of the Grand Man; and the planets, as the representatives of the physical senses, or interpreters of the Creative Intelligence.

The Sun, as the celestial source of external manifestation, in whose

scintillations subsist the primal potencies, is aptly represented in its symbol, the circle of perfection, with a point at the centre.

The Zohar has said, "When the Unknown of the unknown wished to manifest Itself, It began by producing a point."

The *point* as a postulate for the beginning of manifestation can be spiritually as well as geometrically demonstrated. As in speculative mathematics it is accorded position merely for the determination of other quantities, so in spiritual physics it is likewise but relative in significance. Being without limit and without magnitude, and considered apart from any associating force, it remains as inconceivable as the mysteries of that Infinitude of which it is the hypothetical centre.

The *point*, therefore, as an expression of activity or generation, necessarily carries with it the inevitable assurance of an antecedent or self-subsistent Power, thus bringing into range a duad of co-equal essentialities, recognized in the cabalistical teachings as Substance, or perfection (○), and Energy, or manifestation (●), forces co-ordinated not only through the functions of the visible Sun, but esoterically signified in its symbol.

This theory of duality in manifestation is in consonance with the Hermetic maxim that "Everything that is, is double"; which implies the irrationality of assuming a cause without including in the proposition a consequent effect. Atomization is but prototypal of primal powers that require coporeality through which to express their number as a measurement of force. Stability obtains only through association with movement. Evolution is but the eternally conscious recognition of the involutionary processes which help to constitute the activities of Infinite Being.

It was from the spiritual cognition of these mutual dependencies in Nature that the ancients were enabled to formulate those marvelous systems of truth and philosophy as comprehended in the doctrine of correspondences, of which Astrology as a science is pre-eminently the expounder.

The Sun, thus interpreted, symbolically represents primordial activity, from which stand-point it is easy to conjecture why the solar orb has ever stood as the emblem of supremacy, and—if the

truth were but acknowledged—the central figure of every religious dogma; for the legends of the twelve disciples may be considered correlative to the twelve Zodiacal signs through which the Sun-god passes, evolving annually the story of the Biblical Christ in remarkable similitude.

In man the heart, as the dynamic power through which the life-forces are generated, stands astrologically related to the Sun in the sidereal organism, and correspondentially to the spiritual Sun, or celestial centre of Being. The brain, the lungs, the reins, the gall, the liver, and the spleen, of the physiological system, with the heart as the administrative centre of action, are analogous to the seven basic elements of substantiality, as potentialized by the Sun through the distributive functions, respectively, of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. These answer to the seven prismatic colors, all of which are resolvable into the clear white light of the solar ray, the metaphorical expression of pure spirit.

And so in every ray which “falls into matter” is contained the seven creative principles, the reciprocal quantities in whose very divisibility reposes unity.

The Soul has been defined as the conjunctive element between Spirit and Matter, in which relation it is an exemplar of the Moon principle in the sidereal constitution.

The astronomical symbol for the Moon has ever been a crescent (☾), or a rim of light, emblemizing in physical science the lunar orb's recession after its conjunction with the sun, and its increase in splendor as it ascends to its opposite lunation. Esoterically the symbol personifies her as Eve extracted from the side of Adam (Sun), or the soul-principle of Spirit, whose effulgence translates the Divine Idea into the Word of manifestation.

Astrologically considered, she is wholly reflective in function, affecting terrestrial nature according to her different phases in respect to the earth and sun. The analogy is here observable by these correlations of spirit, soul, body, or earth. In her increase she represents centrifugal force, or the intellectual phase of manifestation, at which period of her circuit she is regarded as more powerful in her influence on the material world. Succeeding her opposition, she is

attracted by the centripetal law of motion back to the heart of the sun, or, psychically considered, along the intuitional plane into the very centre of spiritual Illumination.

In this presentation is found a metaphysical suggestion concerning the Moon's symbol that, in the writer's opinion, is more apposite to this line of inquiry than the one advanced above, and for which he acknowledges his indebtedness to Section 21 of Mr. L. E. Whipple's "Metaphysical Chart." Therein the Centre of Being is symbolized thus, ☉, Spirit (Sun?), whose manifestation is the Soul (Moon), expressed by the Circle of Motion, ☉, which, in its relation to the Whole, leaves the reflected crescent.

In her synodic revolution, as she journeys through the constellations of heaven, the Moon portrays, figuratively, the pilgrimage of the soul from its descent to its purification, while at the same time exerting upon physical nature an influence of a corresponding significance.

"In the heavens she signifies the sensual soul; for, though the Moon puts on the image of the Sun and is full of light, and hath a true heavenly complexion, yet by-and-by she loses all her light, becomes dark, and puts on the image of the Earth; even so doth the animal soul: for one while she adheres to the image of God and is full of heavenly thoughts and desires, and in the instant she adheres to the flesh and is full of sinful affections; and thus she falls and rises, rises and falls again, in a perpetual course of revolution, so that the most righteous here on earth are subject to these failings, for they wax and wane in evil and good dispositions." *

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

(To be continued.)

A Great Thinker, a great Thought made visible—such is the universe.—*E. A. Tanner, LL.D.*

A man's own natural duty, even though stained with faults, ought not to be abandoned. For all human acts are involved in faults, as the fire is wrapped in smoke. The highest perfection of freedom from action is attained through renunciation by him who, in all works, has an unfettered mind and subdued heart.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

* Fragment from an ancient MSS.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CHANGE, IN PROGRESS.

With this number we return to the original name of the magazine—a move which, we believe, most of its patrons will welcome.

When the change of name from "The Metaphysical Magazine" to "Intelligence" was made, nearly all regular patrons expressed a preference for the name under which the magazine had made its reputation and had become a welcome visitor in the family. We were aiming, however, at a wider circulation among those who might first recognize a lighter order of material, and, under this plan, the change of name seemed advisable. It has served its purpose, to the extent of increasing the paid circulation about three times; but there seems to be a growing demand for more to be done in each of these two lines than can well be accomplished in one publication, and, with a view to supply all demands, the publishers have decided to divide the work, so that each class may have its own organ for that purpose, and to issue two periodicals. Accordingly, a new monthly, to be called "Pearls," has been established as a home classic, to deal with the less weighty features of metaphysical thought, and to explain the general philosophy of existence in practical ways and in simpler form. This will allow the parent magazine to adhere as firmly as ever to the philosophic and scientific aspects of advanced thought, for which purpose it was established, and in the interests of which it was originally named.

This change, for the purpose of advancement, leaves no possible objection to the original name, which has all along been our favorite, and which is unquestionably the most clean, sound, and thoroughly descriptive term for the work undertaken.

It has been casually suggested that "changes" are undesirable, that the public does not appreciate a vacillating policy—"a rolling stone

gathers no moss," etc.—all of which is quite true; and, if it were a mere matter of purposeless variation, these would be just criticisms. But we are not quite sure that "moss-gathering" is the most useful occupation, even for a stone; moss-covered granite is seldom selected by the builder. And we incline to the view expressed by some close observers, that it takes "a wise man to change his mind" advantageously; any fool can adhere to a plan already established. We may never reach the vantage ground of the former, but we wish, at least, to avoid the rut in which the latter falls a victim to softening of the brain.

"The Metaphysical" will be maintained on the highest ground, both as a useful and an interesting medium for liberal and progressive thought; while "Pearls" will be the "advance guard," preparing the way in the family by presenting classic thought in a form easily to be assimilated by even an untrained mind.

We intend to keep abreast of the times on all the subjects of progress, even though it shall become necessary to "take to the open" occasionally; and we may change our policy whenever advancement makes it seem necessary. The work is new, though the philosophy with which we deal is as old as timeless truth. Newly grafted trees sometimes bear larger and finer fruit than the old wood can possibly produce.

Our purpose is—Truth for the People; and our hope is—People for the Truth.

FRONTISPIECE.

Our Frontispiece this month is an excellent likeness of Mr. John Hazelrigg, who begins in this number a series of articles on "Astrological Symbolism," which promise to be of exceeding interest. Although a comparatively young man among those dealing publicly with the subject of Astrology, yet Mr. Hazelrigg has given the subject deep thought from its esoteric side, and seems destined to do the cause much good by his careful, conservative methods of study, research, and explanation. Such methods, carefully followed out, may restore to us the knowledge of the movements and influences of the great bodies that constitute our solar system, and show their relation to human life. It is most significant that *all* the scoffers at Astrology are people who have never taken the time or trouble to look into its mysteries. The only thoroughly effective

"scoffer" is one who understands all the "ins" and "outs" of his subject. "It is easier to laugh than to investigate," and he who laughs loudest frequently knows the least.

CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE.

The most skilful physicians recognize the influence of the mind over the body in their treatment of diseases. They may differ among themselves as to the extent to which that influence operates, and they probably notice marked differences among their patients in susceptibility to it. Nevertheless, it may be accepted as an established principle that thinking a good deal about any physical ailment, and taking an unhappy view of its probable result, tend to aggravate the malady, whereas a cheerful state of mind, coupled with artful diversion of the thoughts from the fact of the illness, help to mitigate its severity and to promote recovery.

A comparatively limited number of medical men who have made a special study of mental or psychological phenomena show a disposition nowadays to enlarge the field in which this influence shall be allowed to act, and to give more particular direction to its operations. As yet the matter has not been investigated with such thoroughness and by such strictly scientific methods as to justify any definite statement. Some suggestive hints are, however, contained in an article which Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C., contributes to *The Medical Times*, of New York, for December. Professor Gates is not a practitioner, nor does he take patients for pay, but he is an experimenter in biology and psychology. . . .

Some experiments with dogs are described by Professor Gates, to show how it is possible to educate, deceive, and re-educate certain centres in the brain, groups of cells that are related to the functions of various internal organs. By giving the dogs milk, colored yellow and containing an emetic, he trained them to refuse yellow milk. Then he gave them milk which was colored, but did not contain an emetic, and offered the liquid in the dark. After the dogs had drunk some of it he turned up the light, whereupon they were nauseated. Finally, he began feeding the dogs milk, day after day, gradually increasing the color of it to a dark yellow, but adding a little sugar. Meantime he offered them uncolored milk containing a little emetic. Thus he led the dogs to prefer yellow milk to white.

Here is a case in which a human subject was experimented upon. Professor Gates's own language may be quoted, but with the prefatory

explanation that a series of earlier experiments on the lower animals (which could be killed and examined) showed that the persistent exercise of certain kinds of thought and feeling builds up the structure of corresponding parts of the brain.

"Mrs. M.," says the Washington investigator, "had been suffering for nine years from dyspepsia, consisting not so much of gastric inability as of improper assimilation. I gave her a systematic series of training in pleasurable odors, perfumes, and tastes, and a systematic series of remembrances of pleasurable gustatory and other hunger-feelings and thirst-feelings, giving the training at the same hour each day every day for two months. The result was a complete restoration of her assimilative powers and a gain of twenty per cent. in weight—she had been very much emaciated—and of more than thirty per cent. in strength. The additional brain cells which I thus placed in the cerebral areas of the gastro-intestinal tract caused the brain to send more and better stimuli to the digestive organs and thus bring about the cure of her disease."

Professor Gates holds, and he is by no means alone in holding, that the cells of which any organ, whether it be stomach, liver, or eye, is composed possess a mental activity of their own, and he thinks that the experiments here described prove "that the functioning of a bodily organ can be wholly changed, and its abnormal functioning cured by means of nervous stimuli sent to these organs from their corresponding brain areas, and that therefore the change must be effected by the action of the mind upon the psychic activities of the cells of the organ."

But a patient need not depend altogether on his physician in this education of his stomach-mind, liver-mind, and eye-mind. Another series of trials made by Professor Gates shows that some people, perhaps all people, can voluntarily send blood to a particular part of the system by directing their thoughts thereto, and thus, to a greater or less extent, alter the situation there. He calls this performance "dirigation," and says that one "dirigates to" his thumb, or ear, or toe, as the case may be.

For instance, the professor immersed his right arm in a vessel of water so full that no more liquid could be added without running over. The arm was not moved, and the muscles were left entirely lax. Attention was now so carefully concentrated that consciousness of everything except the arm was excluded from the professor's mind. After eleven minutes this member was so enlarged from the inflow of blood that the water began to run over. At the end of twenty minutes 600 grains of water had been displaced. In the mean time the volume of his left arm, similarly placed, had diminished.

Professor Gates says that he can raise the temperature at any part of his body and alter the character of the perspiration of that part simply by "dirigation."

Several instances are then cited to show that persons have strengthened their own muscles without any exercise whatever, have developed certain imperfect glands, and have promoted the activity of sluggish organs that would not yield to other treatment, in the same manner. In these cases, the patient devoted an hour to "dirigation" twice a day, or four times a day, for a period of from two to fourteen weeks, according to circumstances.

How far this sort of thing can be carried, Professor Gates says, can only be ascertained by further researches, but such inquiries he regards of the utmost importance. Already he has found that by "dirigation" effects similar to those of a few drugs can be obtained. Still, he is not sure that drugs will ever be entirely abolished. Although he does not believe in medication, in the old sense of the term, he thinks it possible that medicines may accelerate or retard the "mind processes of the cells of the human body." The professor's philosophy is summed up in these words: "Mind governs organic tissue and physiologic functions, because it creates these things and constitutes their life. To learn properly to regulate each of the mental functions means to become a king in your own conscious domain."—*New York Tribune Editorial*.

MEDICAL MONOPOLY.*

A tremendous throng of men and women was massed in one of the largest committee rooms at the State House this morning, long before the time advertised for a hearing by the Committee on Public Health on a bill drafted by the State Board of Registration in Medicine, and incorporated in its fourth annual report, relative to the registration of physicians and surgeons. The tenor of this bill is that it will be unlawful for any person to practice medicine, in any of its branches, within the limits of this Commonwealth, unless that person shall have presented himself or herself to the State Board of Registration in Medicine for examination, and shall have received therefrom a certificate granting authority to practice medicine. Infringement of this act is termed a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or by imprisonment, and declares that any

*From the *Boston Evening Transcript*, March 2, 1898.

person shall be regarded as practising medicine within the meaning of this act who shall append to his name the letters " M.D.," or shall assume or advertise the title " M.D.," or " physician," or *any other title* which shall show or tend to show that the person assuming or advertising the same is a practitioner of medicine or of any of the branches of medicine; or who shall investigate or diagnose, or offer to investigate or to diagnose, any physical or mental ailment or defect of any person, with a view to affording relief, as commonly done by a physician or a surgeon; or who shall prescribe for or treat a person for the purpose of curing any real or supposed disease, whether by the use of drugs, or by the application of any other agency or alleged method of cure, or alleviation, or prevention of disease; or to operate as a surgeon for the cure or relief of any wound, fracture, or bodily injury or deformity, after having received therefor, or with the intent of receiving therefor, either directly or indirectly, any bonus, gift, or compensation.

This bill, according to the men who framed it, is a blow at charlatanry—at medical quacks. Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, magnetic healers, and druggists, however, speedily detected in the proposed measure discrimination against, and danger to, their various methods of practice, which, they assert, are wholly constitutional and legitimate. . . . So great was the crush that it was difficult for tardy members of the committee to reach their seats. Men and women stood for several hours, and, until warned thrice, applauded vigorously the utterances of the speakers against the bill under consideration. Scores of Christian Scientists and Spiritualists were present; many prominent druggists, representing many associations, were there. In fact, no hearing at the State House this session has attracted such an attendance, or has aroused such tremendous interest to those who believe themselves concerned.

The committee heard, first, representatives of druggists' associations. . . . Harrison D. Barrett, editor of the *Banner of Light*, and to-day representing officially the Spiritualists, electricians, osteopaths, metaphysicians, magnetic healers, spiritual healers, botanic physicians and hydro-pathists of this State, introduced as the chief remonstrants Rev. B. Fay Mills, William Lloyd Garrison, Professor William James, and others. He read several letters of protest from prominent clergymen. Rev. Edward A. Horton, D. D., wrote that the proposed medical bill seemed to him

dangerously near, if not actually upon, the ground of personal liberty. He believed that the passage of the bill would fail of its real purpose. The way to abolish "quacks, cranks and impostors in medicine," in his opinion, is to educate people to a grade of intelligence and responsibility.

Rev. B. Fay Mills, of Cambridge, declared that he appeared to protest against an attempt to deprive the individual of the right to choose as his physician the person whom he believes best can cure or heal his ailment, whether that person be a regularly enrolled physician or a Christian Scientist. He maintained that, while he approved the effort of the Board of Registration in Medicine to drive out "quacks," he did not think the Legislature had the right or the power to bar those persons who practise by methods proscribed in the bill. When asked by a member of the committee whether, if ill, he would call in an "M. D." or a Christian Scientist, he declined to answer publicly. He reserved the right to determine for himself which he would choose.

F. E. Edwards, representing a number of spiritualist organizations, opposed the bill. He said it was business for the Board of Registration in Medicine to advocate this bill. The bill wiped off the earth every clairvoyant, hypnotist, magnetic healer, mind-curer, Christian Scientist, hydropath, and cosmopathic healer. He had listened in vain for any reason for this legislation. If Massachusetts had been such a paradise for charlatans and quacks in the last forty years, the death rate ought to show it. He challenged these men to produce the statistics which would show it. The death-rate, if it showed anything, showed that the restrictive legislation did not increase longevity. He cited law to show that there was already sufficient legislation on the statute books to regulate the practice of medicine.

William Lloyd Garrison said, in the course of his earnest protest against the bill under discussion: "Ostensibly an act to protect the community from malpractice, this is really meant to secure the monopoly of treating disease to those who bear the credentials of a recognized school. It is the indefinite repetition of an attempt to limit admission to the temple of healing, since the first organized body of practitioners secured legal possession of it, far back in the dim twilight of civilization. The most cherished and important principles held by the medical faculty to-day were once maligned and had to win recognition against the opposition of the established schools. In my own memory, the homœopaths were proscribed

and denounced as charlatans, just as those who practise mental healing are now, but they conquered. To narrow the service which offers itself for the healing of humanity by such devices as the one proposed is to retard the growth of true science.

" Our protest is not against education or skill, but for liberty, without which both must suffer. One has only to read the candid opinions of eminent physicians to realize how purely experimental is the science of medicine. The death of a patient under irregular treatment, although it may be demonstrated that the greatest intelligence was used, is heralded abroad as something scandalous; but if any regular physician were to make public the deaths coming to his knowledge from misapprehension of the disease, or mistaken remedies, the public might well be alarmed.

" A statement of the truth is not to disparage the noble body of men and women who give their lives to this service of humanity, but it is to remind them of their fallibility, and to bespeak their tolerance for others. There is no popular demand for this legislation; the persons who have resorted to mental healing are not of the class known as ignorant. Their very intelligence and standing make it worth while to try and hold their allegiance to be regular practitioners by legal force. I come as a citizen, jealous of all infringements of the law of equal freedom."

Professor William James, of Harvard University, in part said:

" I come to protest against the bill simply as a citizen who cares for sound laws and for the advance of medical knowledge. Were medicine a finished science, with all practitioners in agreement about methods of treatment, a bill to make it penal to treat a patient without having passed an examination would be unobjectionable. But the present condition of medical knowledge is widely different from such a state. Both as to principle and as to practice, our knowledge is deplorably imperfect. The whole face of medicine changes unexpectedly from one generation to another in consequence of widening experience: and as we look back with a mixture of amusement and horror at the practice of our grandfathers, so we cannot be sure how large a portion of our present practice will awaken similar feelings in our posterity.

" Each generation adds something, it is to be hoped, to the treatment that will not pass away. Few of us recall the introduction of the water cure, but many now living can recall the discovery of anæsthetics. Most

of us recall when medical electricity and massage came in, and we have all witnessed the splendid triumphs of antiseptic surgery, and are now hearing of the antitoxin, and of the way in which hypnotic suggestion and all the other purely mental therapeutic methods are achieving cures.

“Some of the therapeutic methods arose inside the regular profession, others outside of it. In all cases, they have appealed to experience for their credentials. But experience in medicine seems to be an exceedingly difficult thing. In spite of the rival schools appealing to experience, their conflict is much more like that of two philosophies or two theologies. Your experience, says one side to the other, simply isn't fit to count. How many of the graduates, recent or early, of the Harvard Medical School have spent twenty-four hours of their lives in experimentally testing homœopathic remedies or seeing them tested? Probably not twenty in the whole Commonwealth. How many of my learned medical friends who to-day are so freely denouncing mind-cure methods as an abominable superstition, have taken the trouble to follow up the cases of some mind-curer, one by one, so as to acquaint themselves with the results? I doubt if there be a single individual.

“I am here having no axes to grind, except the axe of truth, that ‘Truth’ for which Harvard University, of which I am an officer, professes to exist. I am a Doctor of Medicine, and count some of the advocates of this proposed law among my dearest friends; and well do I know how I shall stand in their eyes hereafter for standing to-day in my present position. But I cannot look on passively, and I must urge my point. That point is this: That the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not a medical body, has no right to a medical opinion, and should not dare to take sides in a medical controversy. In the particular business of mental healing, there can be no doubt that if the proposed law were really enforced it would stamp out and arrest the acquisition of that whole branch of medical experience. The mind-curers and their public return the scorn of the regular profession with an equal scorn, and will never come up for examination. Their movement is a religious or quasi-religious movement; personality is one condition of success there, and impressions and intuitions seem to accomplish more than chemical, anatomical, or physiological information. These are the facts, gentlemen. You, as legislators, are not bound either to affirm or deny them yourselves, either to deplore

them or rejoice at them, or in any way to judge them from a medical point of view, but simply, after ascertaining that thousands of intelligent citizens believe in them, decide whether to legislate or not. Do you feel called on, do you dare, to thrust the coarse machinery of criminal law into these vital mysteries, into these personal relations of doctor and patient, into these infinitely subtle operations of nature, and enact that a whole department of medical investigation (for such it is), together with the special conditions of freedom under which it flourishes, must cease to be? I venture to say that you dare not, gentlemen. You dare not convert the laws of this Commonwealth into obstacles to the acquisition of truth. You are not to ask yourselves whether these mind-curers do really achieve the successes that are claimed. It is enough for you, as legislators, to ascertain that a large number of our citizens, persons as intelligent and well educated as yourself or I, persons whose number seems daily to increase, are convinced that they do achieve them. Here is a purely medical question, in which our General Court, not being a well-spring and source of medical virtue, must remain strictly neutral, under penalty of making the confusion worse.

“In the matter of pharmacy, in the matter of such an art as plumbing, the Legislature may impose examination and grant license without harm. The facts here are ultra-simple, and no differences whatever of conscientious opinion prevail among the experts as to what is right. But this case of medical practice is absolutely different. It is the confusion, the deplorable imperfection of the most expert knowledge, and the conscientious divergencies of opinion, the infinite complication of the phenomena, and the varying and mutually exclusive fields of experience that are the very essence of the case. . . .

“Our State needs the assistance of every type of mind, academic or non-academic, of which she possesses specimens. There are none too many of them, for to no one of them can the whole of truth be revealed. Each is necessarily partly perceptive and partly blind. Even the very best type is partly blind. There are methods which it cannot bring itself to use.

“The blindness of a type of mind is not diminished when those who have it band themselves together in a corporate profession. By just as much as they hold each other up to the standard in certain lines, and force each other to be thorough and conscientious there, by just so much along

the other lines do they not only permit, but even compel, each other to be shallow. When I was a medical student, I feel sure that any one of us would have been ashamed to be caught looking into a homœopathic book by a professor. We had to sneer at homœopathy at word of command. Such was the school opinion of that time, and I imagine that similar encouragements to superficiality in various directions exist in the medical schools of to-day.

“ Now, as to calling the Massachusetts Medical Society a trades union trying to influence legislation against scabs, I can hardly imagine any member of the society affirming that in the movement for the present bill trades union motives are totally absent. Take a struggling practitioner, young or old, in a small place. He has spent years of life and thousands of dollars in fitting himself for his work. Conscientious and self-sacrificing to the last degree, he deserves some acknowledgment and reward. What can his feelings be when he sees the faith-curer alongside and the metaphysical healers opposite, with no education, with no sacrifices, with nothing but their silly optimism and preposterous conceit, stealing patients from him by the dozen? He can feel nothing but righteous indignation; and when he tells the tale to his colleagues their blood boils like his. The State owes some protection to us who have done right, they say. And the medical politicians who run the society’s affairs, however great their disinterested zeal for the public health may be—and I am the last to deny that—assuredly are not altogether forgetful of this other aspect of the case. The trades-union instinct is strong in them; the trades-union instinct has to be strong in every great professional society. There are always some members who, if they had power, would put down heresy like Spanish inquisitors, and there are times when such members may come to the top. Pray remember all these facts, gentlemen of the committee, when listening to your advisers on the opposite side. Whatever you do, you are bound not to obstruct the growth of truth by the freest gathering-in of the most various experiences. I urge that the best way to do that is to say ‘hands off,’ and to let the present law, which is abstractly a good one, and only four years old, alone.

“ The hinge of my whole contention, you see, is that in strictly medical quarrels the State has no right to intervene. I know there are other aspects of this bill with which every decent man must sympathize. The

flood of quackery and medical ignorance about us is sickening to think of. One's first impulse is to get up and scream, saying, 'Why is there not a law to stop it?' One's heart bleeds, one's fingers itch, at the persistent impunity. But so it is with the vileness of our newspapers, with their medical advertisements and other filth; so it is with the rottenness of much of our public life. Yet laws cannot reach such symptoms. Heine said, 'Every nation has the Jews it deserves.' Certainly every nation has the newspapers and the politicians it deserves. A people that love quacks will have them, laws or no laws. Instead of crying out for legal protection, the medical profession ought to educate the people better. They must remember that the aversion which they find in the public, and from which they suffer, has historic roots. The history of medicine is a really hideous history, comparable only with that of priestcraft: Ignorance clad in authority and riding over men's bodies and souls. Let modern medicine dispel all those inherited prejudices by living the historic memories down. It may well be questioned whether a *régime* of license and monopoly, would hasten that even as much as one of freedom and conciliation.

"Above all things, Mr. Chairman, let us not be infected with the Gallic spirit of regulation and 'reglementation,' for their own abstract sakes. Let us not grow hysterical about law-making. Let us not fall in love with enactments and penalties because they are so logical, and sound so pretty, and look so nice on paper. Let us cultivate the robust old Saxon spirit of sensibility and tolerance, toughening ourselves manfully to the sight of much that we abhor, and of still more that we can only imperfectly understand. The death rate is not rising, in spite of all our quackery. That shows that we are not in any crisis of danger, and surely justifies you in letting well enough alone."

Judge Grover, of Canton, of the Boston Metaphysical Society, said the bill was fundamentally wrong in principle, in that it assumes to dictate what class or classes of physicians shall practice and which shall not practice. His society does not champion any one class; it simply desires that justice be done to all. He claimed that the bill was framed in a spirit mingling one-tenth of philanthropy and nine-tenths of self-interest. If passed, it cannot be enforced; it will lead to further fraud and deception. Man's opinion cannot be changed by law, and this is but an effort at tyranny protected by statutes.

A STRANGE HYPNOTIC EXPERIENCE.

While giving, in October last, a series of public lectures upon "Soul Culture," at B——ville, a little station on the U. P. R.R., an incident occurred unlike any I have ever known before, and I have never seen a similar one reported. Its narration may call out others, and thus some light may be thrown upon the subjects of prophecy, prevision, presentiments, and premonitions.

In illustrating my lecture, I had used Psychometry, Telepathy, and Hypnotism, and had developed several young men into fine somnambules. One Saturday evening, having no lecture, several persons had gathered in my room at the hotel, among them five of my subjects. Some experiments were tried, successfully, when it was suggested that I give them a football game, and then one said: "Let us see the game between the E——'s and the K——'s next Saturday." The boys who were my subjects were all familiar with the game, all having played in some club.

I at once put them to sleep and said: "Now you are on the grand stand, looking at the game between the E—— and the K—— clubs. Game has just been called. Watch closely!"

This game was to be played the week following, and, as it was between two excellent clubs, it was well known that it would be an exciting one. The E—— Club was from a neighboring town, and at the beginning "my boys" yelled for E——. They watched the progress of the game, talking about the successes, failures, and tactics of the two clubs; they saw the injuries to different members, and kept the tally as they watched the results. They soon changed their cheers from E—— to K——. Each one saw the game alike, and all joined in conversation, as they would have done had the scene been real. They were fifteen minutes watching what they (when they awoke) and we all supposed to be an imaginary game.

The following Saturday "the boys" and I, accompanied by some of the spectators at the hotel the previous week, went to see the two teams play. Our surprise may be imagined when we saw the game begin and events in it follow the same course as was seen by my somnambules. So exactly was this done that we knew what was coming in every change in the game. The same parties were "knocked out," the ball followed the

same course, and results at the close were the same. Only two points were different, and those any spectator might have overlooked. These were, first, that, while the ball followed the same course and the boys counted the tallies as they saw them made, the umpire called out some of them, and this fact had previously escaped them; and, second, while asleep, one had said: "There's R——; he's got his knee hurt and is in the game no more!" while R—— got his knee hurt a few days before, and was limping about the ground, and did not enter the game. These two facts only heightened our surprise. One young man, who was present at both the *séance* and the game, came to me in great excitement and said: "S—— has the wind knocked out of him, just as the boys saw," and this, early in the game, convinced us all that we were to see it played just as it had been reported a week before.

If anyone desires names and further particulars, I will give them. These questions arise: Do events exist in the Mind (Spirit) world before they occur in the world of sense? Or do they exist in conditions, and, when these are favorable, has the soul of man power to foresee future effects from present causes? I know of many cases where single individuals have foreseen incidents, but this is the only one in which several persons saw the same thing and foretold, minutely, the particulars. Such facts open the door to a deeper vista into the possibilities of the Soul, and, consequently, of human life. Possibly, Whittier spoke scientifically when he said:

"The past and time to be are one,
And both are Now."

H. H. BROWN.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SOME PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS. Issued by authority of a Mystic Order. Cloth, 109 pp., \$1.25. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; The Metaphysical Publishing Company, 465 Fifth Avenue, New York; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.

Among thoughtful people there is a rapidly growing interest in the old Philosophies, and all reliable works bearing upon these themes are eagerly welcomed. The book before us brings a message to every soul, the power and beauty of which is marvelous. Power is the keynote, and one cannot read these remarkable essays without a sense of uplifting by this very power—the power of Beauty, of Art, of Truth, of God.

" You sleep, and the tide of your life goes down—down to the ebb—and you sigh in your dreams ; but Truth never closes her eyes ; she watches through night and day—and she smiles when you sigh—when the sea sighs. . . . When you wake from sleep, you take up the thread and weave it into the warp where it dropped the night before ; if you find it knotted— Alas ! you left it so. When you wake from the ebb-tide of death and open your eyes in the realms of self, you pick up your thread and weave again where you ceased to weave the night before. If knotted— Alas ! you left it so."

These are gems of great beauty, but all through the pages, clear sounding, there rings a stern note of justice, while Conscience holds one firmly in her strong clasp, keeping the head high, even while the heart melts. A wonderful book, which all who love Truth should possess. The temptation to quote further for the benefit of our readers is great, but lack of space forbids.

THE ELIMINATOR ; OR, SKELETON KEYS TO SACERDOTAL SECRETS.

By Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., LL.D. Cloth, 435 pp., \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, Pa.

In writing this book, Mr. Westbrook shows the courage of his convictions. It takes a brave man to stand alone and speak the truth concerning the dogmas of the Church.

His aim is " to combat the policy of suppression and deception, and insist that the whole truth shall be published," and to show that " sacerdotalism is responsible for the fact that it has not been done." Also he undertakes to show that the so-called fall of Adam is a fable, and in four or five chapters he combats the idea of the traditional Jesus.

Throughout the pages he preserves a reverent spirit, seeking only for the truth in the firm conviction that " superstition and falsehood cannot promote a course of right living, which is the object and aim of all true religion."

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE DIVINE KEY OF THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST. By William Eugene Brown. Cloth, 439 pp. 2200 No. 20th St., Phila., Pa.

A BRIEF IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. By A. D. Warner. Paper, 144 pp., 25 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

MERRIE ENGLAND. By Robert Blatchford. Paper, 189 pp., 6 cents ; 25 for \$1.00. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE ARYA PATRIKA. Weekly. 5 rupees per annum. Lahore, India.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Part XXXIII., Vol. XIII., February, 1898. Price, 6 shillings. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London ; Richard Hodgson, Boston, Mass.

THE THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. \$5.00 per annum. Adyar, India.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. \$2.75 per annum ; single copy, 25 cents. London, 26 Charing Cross ; New York, 65 Fifth Avenue.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1898.

No. 2.

THE FALLACY OF VACCINATION.

“Bad begins and worse remains behind.”—HAMLET.

The fourteenth day of May, 1896, was observed at several places in Europe as the centenary of the introduction of vaccination among the resources of the healing art. The event thus commemorated was the performing of the first operation by Edward Jenner upon a young lad named James Phipps with the result of successfully producing the characteristic vesicle of the vaccine disease.

The celebration, however, attracted but little attention; partly because those who credit the utility of the peculiar operation are indifferent to its early history, and partly because the modern notions respecting it are very widely different from those promulgated by Jenner himself. Besides, there is among profounder thinkers and observers a growing conviction that vaccination, so far from being a benefit to mankind, is itself utterly useless as a preventive, irrational and unscientific in theory, and actually the means of disseminating disease afresh where it is performed. Hence, while governments are stepping outside of their legitimate province to enforce the operation, the people who act from better information upon the subject, are steadily becoming adverse.

Several years ago compulsory vaccination was submitted to the voting population of Switzerland by the referendum, and every canton but one gave a majority against it. In other countries the governments act arbitrarily, and have conferred despotic powers upon privileged professional men, and so the practice is enforced without

mercy. Its advocates have taken little pains to convince those who distrust its utility, but instead have resorted to the employment of other and often reprehensible means. Children are excluded from the public schools unless they have been vaccinated, and the attempt is made to worry and coerce the parents and guardians into compliance with the arbitrary condition by prosecutions for truancy. In many instances they have succumbed from a feeling of utter helplessness, precisely as men submit to the bastinado inflicted by Oriental despotism. In other cases, they have followed as in a groove, without considering what was right or wrong, reasonable or fallacious. Advantage has been taken of the prevalent inattention to the matter to foist upon the statutes various health regulations and other requirements, often in flagrant violation of personal rights, and with no adequate justification. Passengers upon ocean steamers are forced to submit to the operation, unvaccinated children are excluded from schools, and persons employed in factories, warehouses, and the civil service are compelled to submit to be vaccinated on penalty of losing their places. Soldiers in the army and seamen in the navy are also obliged to submit as a matter of discipline, as a century ago they were inoculated perforce for small-pox.

Nevertheless, the claims for vaccination have never been demonstrated to be sanctioned by any ascertained law or principle in the medical art. The chief, indeed, the sole argument has been the citing of statistics, more or less perverted, and the inference that because the matter has been made so to appear it must be presumed to be with good reason. Further argument is met by stolid silence, and by an apparent concert of purpose to exclude carefully all discussion of the matter from medical and public journals, and to denounce all who object. When an accused person finds it hard to repel a charge, he frequently seeks to divert attention by vilifying another.

Yet many objections to vaccination have been intelligently made from personal experience and observation, and by persons fully entitled to respectful consideration. They will not always be dismissed by obstinate silence and unworthy innuendoes. Those who object are conscious that they are right, and therefore entitled to be heard. If the public health and safety constitute the supreme law, then a

candid and critical examination of this whole subject is imperatively demanded.

The contaminating of the body of a healthy person by the virus of disease, under any pretext whatever, is unphilosophical, unjustifiable, criminal. The possibilities are that he will not contract a contagious disorder, so long as the standard of health can be maintained. To infect him with distemper on the plea of protecting him is preposterous.

The lymph of a vaccine pustule contains no virtue or quality that will in any way remove the liability to contract small-pox. No one can intelligently deny that it is itself the product of decay of tissue—that it is produced by the decomposition or retrograde metamorphosis of the tissue of the body. It is but a little remove from absolute rottenness. This being the fact, the inserting of such material into the living tissues of another person is a culpable act, and nothing less than the contaminating and infecting of the body of that individual with filthy, loathsome, poisonous material.

In fact, it will be found by careful observation that whenever a vaccinator or corps of vaccinators set out upon a vaccinating crusade, there follows very generally a number of deaths from erysipelas and other maladies which have been induced by the operation, accompanied by suffering of the most heartrending character.

Dr. Hubert Boens, of Belgium, has pushed the matter further, and announced even more alarming discoveries. The appearance and character of vaccine pustules have warranted apprehension that their remoter origin was from an infection more venomous than small-pox. The virus used by the earlier vaccinators had been derived from the diseased teats of cows and heels of horses. The disease in these cases was thought to be spontaneous. It appears, however, that every such case could be traced to a groom or a milker who was suffering from the "bad disease." No heifer or bullock had cow-pox, but only milch-cattle; and then only when the hand of the milker disturbed them. Ricord, the famous specialist of Paris, caused several individuals to be inoculated from the blebs of patients suffering from that complaint. The result was the development of vesicles, scabs, and eschars, easy to be taken for those of vaccine ulceration.

The description of the one would answer for a description of the other. If it be insisted that the virus now used is not of such a character, it may be replied that outbreaks of that disease have repeatedly ensued upon vaccination. Besides, the practice exists of inoculating calves from small-pox vesicles, and huckstering the material thus obtained as vaccine virus.

With these facts in view, it seems almost unnecessary to declare the current notion that vaccination will prevent small-pox, or even mitigate the severity of the attack, to be entirely destitute of foundation. Indeed, every observing person can enumerate examples of vaccinated persons who were afterward taken with the disease. Even young Phipps, whose case furnished the occasion for the late commemorative celebration, was afterward attacked by small-pox in the confluent form. Several others who had been vaccinated for experiment also had the disease at a later period. Jenner carefully kept several such experiences out of sight, actually insisting that facts of this character must be held from the newspapers. In a letter of remonstrance he wrote as follows: "I wish my professional brethren to be slow to publish fatal cases of small-pox after vaccination."

Among our own people in later years this injunction appears to be diligently heeded. Occasionally, however, a death by vaccination is published, and immediately the effort is put forth assiduously to make it to be believed that it was from some other cause. The statistics of small-pox, purporting to distinguish between vaccinated and unvaccinated persons, are too often not quite trustworthy. Many persons who have been vaccinated are falsely reported as unvaccinated. Even when death occurs as the result of vaccination, the truth is concealed and the case represented as scarlet fever, measles, erysipelas, or some "masked" disease, in order to prevent too close questioning.

The failure of vaccination to assure exemption from small-pox has been made a reason or pretext for repetitions of the operation. Nevertheless, the history of the last fifty years affords sufficient evidence to show that even repeated vaccination has no merit. A case came to the knowledge of the writer, some years ago, of a man employed for years in a hospital, who was "successfully vaccinated"

some seven or eight times, and afterward contracted small-pox. Another had been vaccinated in infancy, then vaccinated a second time when he procured employment as a coachman, and a third time upon entering the army; after which he was taken with the disease. Much of the terrible mortality of the prisoners confined at Andersonville during the Civil War was caused by vaccination; and there were several peculiar "epidemics" in both the Federal and Confederate armies, attributable to a similar origin.

Medical men, scholars, and publicists of the highest reputation, concur in their testimony in regard to this subject. Alexander Von Humboldt, in a letter to Mr. Gibbs, president of the Anti-Vaccination League of London, declared emphatically: "I have clearly perceived the progressive, dangerous influence of vaccination in England, France, and Germany."

"While utterly powerless for good," says Alfred Russell Wallace, "vaccination is a certain cause of disease and death in many cases, and is the probable cause of about 10,000 deaths annually, by inoculable diseases of the most terrible and disgusting character."

Francis W. Newman, Herbert Spencer, and others of equal note have borne similar testimony. Besides these are prominent physicians, some of whom have been in charge of small-pox hospitals, where they had abundant means of observing. Several of them freely gave up hundreds of pounds of professional income for the sake of their convictions of duty thus enkindled.

Even to have had small-pox itself affords no safeguard against its recurring. Louis XV. of France contracted the disease by inoculation at the age of sixteen, and died of a second attack at sixty-four. Sir Thomas Watson, author of the standard work on "Medical Practice," makes the following statement: "During an epidemic of small-pox in Scotland, Dr. John Thomson saw, from June, 1818, to December, 1819, five hundred and fifty-six cases. Of these, forty-one took the small-pox the second time, and Dr. Thomson knew of thirty others, making seventy-one in all."

The "London Medical Gazette," of November 6, 1830, contained a letter dated at Cawnpore in India, written by Dr. J. S. Chapman, assistant surgeon to the Eleventh Light Dragoons, having the follow-

ing items: "Small-pox has been playing the very deuce at this station. There appears to be no positive security against the disease, either by vaccination or small-pox inoculation; and I have seen several cases where the patients have caught the small-pox twice, and have each time been severely marked, and in two instances have died of the second attack of small-pox. Certainly by far the greater number of our small-pox cases have occurred in persons vaccinated in India twelve or fifteen years ago." Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, mentions the case of a woman who died from her eighth attack. In the Small-pox Hospital, of London, there were three cases which occurred after a previous attack of the disease, two of which were after both vaccination and small-pox, besides four which came after the patients had small-pox from inoculation.

Epidemics of small-pox are as numerous and as severe as they were one or two centuries ago. It is probably no more possible to avert them than it is to prevent volcanic eruptions, droughts, or devastating storms. One epidemic, however, is never precisely similar to another in manifestation or severity. The type and character are principally determined by the predominating influence in the earth and atmosphere.

Dr. Charles Creighton, of London, writing for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," declares that the total death-rate from small-pox in modern times is almost the same as it was in the Eighteenth Century. Large aggregates collected by experienced statisticians in times preceding the introduction of vaccination exhibit a mortality of 18.8 per cent. Those of later periods show a death-rate of 18.5 per cent., which is hardly a noticeable decrease. "It must be borne in mind," says Dr. Creighton, "that the division into discrete, confluent, and malignant small-pox, is an old one; that a mild type was quite common in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and was then characteristic of whole epidemics, just as in the case of scarlatina; and that the vaccinated are at present liable to be attacked by the confluent and malignant disease, as well as the discrete" (varioid).

Dr. Creighton quotes several tables of statistics, and then remarks: "The official figures for Bavaria are more precise. Among the

24,429 cases of small-pox in vaccinated persons, there were 3,994 deaths, while among the 1,313 unvaccinated cases there were 790 deaths; of the latter no fewer than 743 deaths were infants in their first year. The mortality, both among the vaccinated and the unvaccinated, is always excessive in infancy. Feeble health, as well as non-vaccination is a factor in the very excessive mortality at that tender age."

The statistics show that from 1847 till 1865 three-fourths of the cases of small-pox in England were those of children under five years of age. The Great Epidemic of 1871 was characterized by the change of this disparity from children to persons of mature years. The average number of children continued the same as before, but the enumeration of adults had mounted up to an extraordinary figure.

The Epidemiological Society of London, making an effort to procure the enforcement of vaccination, cited these tables of statistics. A report of the Society accordingly set forth the comparison that, during the twelve years before the passage of the Compulsory Vaccination Act of 1853, there had died of small-pox in England and Wales, no less than 82,825 persons; while for the twelve years immediately ensuing to that period, the number of deaths from that malady was but 47,710—a little more than half.

It appears from these figures that during the twenty-four years enumerated there had died from small-pox in the two countries 130,535 persons. The average fatality from the disease before the enacting of the Compulsory Law was seven per cent. It seems, accordingly, that, despite the enforcing of vaccination, two millions of the population were attacked. Of this number of small-pox patients, eighty-four per cent. had been vaccinated.

The facts hardly verify the assumption that small-pox had been mitigated by the enforcing of the Compulsory Law. In the Census of 1870 there is a table which shows that there was more small-pox in England in 1860 than in 1850, and still more in 1870 than in 1860. Small-pox had become more prevalent since the spread of vaccination; and yet in each year this disease was far less fatal than measles, scarlatina, or consumption.

An examination of the statistics kept in the different cities of the

United States will disclose similar facts. In the seasons when small-pox is epidemic, the deaths from measles invariably exceed those from that disease, while the cases of scarlatina and the deaths from it are far more numerous, sometimes outnumbering thirty to one. If the facts were impartially presented in their true light, and no effort made to create a panic over the few cases of small-pox for the sake of jobs in vaccination, the public attention would be directed to the diseases that were actually sweeping away their victims by the scores and hundreds, rather than to the meagre roll of small-pox cases.

Before the end of the second twelve years indicated in the report of the Epidemiological Society there broke out an epidemic in England severe enough to dampen whatever confidence the representations of the Society might have inspired. During the years 1863, 1864, and 1865, when vaccination had become general and compulsory, small-pox prevailed to an unusual extent in England as well as in Germany, Hungary, France, and Sweden. As an example of its severity, there were 1,346 persons in Upper Bavaria attacked by it in the malignant form, of whom ninety per cent. had been vaccinated.

Never, however, did the faith in vaccination receive so rude a shock as in the Great Small-Pox Epidemic of 1871 and 1872. Every country in Europe was invaded with a severity greater than had ever been witnessed during the three preceding centuries. In England the number of deaths from the disease was increased from 2,620 in 1870 to 23,126 in 1871 and 19,064 in 1872, falling again to 2,634 in 1873. Upon the Continent, particularly in France and Germany, the visitation was even more severe. In Bavaria, for example, with a population vaccinated more than any other in the world, the mortality was greater than in any other country of Northern Europe, except Sweden, which experienced the greatest that had ever been known.

What was even more significant, many vaccinated persons in almost every place were attacked by small-pox before any unvaccinated persons took the disease. These facts are sufficient to overthrow the entire theory of the protective efficacy of vaccination.

During these two years, there were 14,808 persons treated for small-pox in the English hospitals, of whom 11,174 had been vaccinated. Dr. Farr, the Registrar-General, was compelled to acknowl-

edge, however reluctantly, that vaccination did not by any means afford entire immunity against attack, or even against death by small-pox.

Professor William B. Carpenter, the author of the text-books on Physiology, declared in 1882 that he considered the city of Montreal as thoroughly protected by vaccination. A very few years afterward there broke out the most frightful epidemic of small-pox ever known on the Western Continent. The panic was even more dreadful, extending into the United States.

Very similar was the experience in the late epidemic in Chicago. It was enough, we should imagine, to convince everybody except those who will not be persuaded even though one rose from the dead. A physician of the city, who had been a defender of vaccination, told the writer of a family that he had attended professionally at that time. Most of the members had been vaccinated, two of them but a little while before. The small-pox, however, made no discrimination in their favor; those who were vaccinated had it in the confluent form.

Marc d'Espine, the eminent physician of Paris, in a report in the "Echo Medical" of July, 1859, gave a statement of facts occurring under his observation. Enumerating the patients who had been seized with small-pox, he stated that sixty-five per cent. of those who had been vaccinated, and twenty-three per cent. of the unvaccinated had the disease in the malignant form. When, from want of physical energy, the eruption had failed to appear at the surface of the body, fifty-six died out of the hundred who had been vaccinated. Yet, as declared by M. Perrin, of those who had not been vaccinated only eight per cent. died at the Hôtel Dieu.

It is noteworthy that the principal adversaries of vaccination consist of those who had believed in it till the evidence of its utter uselessness and pernicious results compelled them to change their views. Many of them are physicians who have, because of their convictions, given up the lucrative emoluments which are derived from the practice. It was the refusal of one of these, a distinguished practitioner of London, to vaccinate the daughter of Mr. William Tebb, that directed the attention of that gentleman to the subject; and his investigations, supplemented by an excessive persecution with prose-

cutions, led him to undertake the Herculean work of delivering England from the scourge of compulsory vaccination.

Three Parliamentary Commissions have been appointed at different periods, composed of majorities of members favorable to the practice, and the unanswerable evidence that has been produced before them has probably given the obnoxious measure its death-blow. It is certain that many who vaccinate have no faith in the operation, but perform it for the sake of the fee. The men who forego this from conscientious scruples, like Collins, Crookshank, Creighton, and J. J. Garth Wilkinson, are steadily increasing in number. Some of the local officers of towns, as in Leicester and more recently in Gloucester, have abstained from enforcing vaccination, and we witness the gratifying result, that while small-pox ravages the towns where vaccination is general, the visitation in these towns has been no more severe.*

The pernicious consequences also demand notice. The vaccinating of a healthy person is nothing less than the implanting of a noxious element in the body. The success of the operation consists in the producing of actual disease, in bringing about a permanent, unnatural and morbid condition. The person thus contaminated will seldom if ever regain the former integrity of body, but is made liable to a variety of ailments. Such compulsion to contract disease is an outrage analogous in its turpitude to enforced debauchery.

Young children are the principal sufferers from such violation. They cannot resist, and those having charge of them are often unable or too ignorant to do so. They are thus made subject to the evil results all their lives. For example, every fever or other illness that an infant undergoes, leaves its sequels behind. An expert dentist will tell by the condition of the teeth of a lad or lass whether and when there was sickness in infancy. We may be certain, therefore, that a

* Dr. Walter R. Hadener conclusively disposed of the false statements respecting the epidemic of 1895-96 in Gloucester. The first outbreak of small-pox was the case of a vaccinated person; and of the 2,000 who were seized with the malady 1,128 had been vaccinated, of whom 114 died. A hundred had been revaccinated, one of them eight times. Thus two vaccinated persons contracted small-pox to one unvaccinated; while 9,000 children that had not been vaccinated escaped unscathed. At the next municipal election in Gloucester, the opponents of compulsory vaccination carried every ward in the city.

great cause of decay of teeth, characteristic of Americans, may be referred to the disease inflicted in early life by the vaccinator. Besides, there are the multiplex eruptive diseases, the torturous eczemas, and their associates, which so often make life a burden.

Consumption follows in the footsteps of vaccination as directly as an effect ever follows a cause. The vaccine poison being the product of decaying animal tissue and often tuberculous in character, must naturally produce its like wherever it finds the suitable opportunity. In the districts of this country where vaccination is most generally practised, it has been observed that pulmonary disease appears to be a perpetual epidemic. "It is certain," says Copland's Medical Dictionary, "that scrofulous and tubercular diseases have increased since the introduction of cow-pox, and that the vaccine virus favors particularly the prevalence of various forms of scrofula."

Professor Bartlett, of the Medical Department of the University of New York, made the following statement, some years ago: "In 208 children who had been vaccinated 38 died of tubercular consumption, and 170 of other maladies. In 95 who were not vaccinated, 30 only died of consumption, and 65 of other diseases." It is notorious that the mortality in the city of New York from pneumonia and other pulmonary complaints is out of all reasonable proportion; but how far this is from climate, general vaccination, or other specific causes, we leave others to determine.

The "Medical Times and Gazette," of London, for January 1, 1854, as long ago as that period called attention to the fact that consumption had widely spread since the introduction of vaccination. During the ten years preceding, it had slain 68,204 in the metropolis alone. In the twelve years immediately following the enactment of the Compulsory Vaccination Act of 1853, there was an increase of deaths from this complaint to almost 230,000. The Report of the Registrar-General, for 1869, gave the number of deaths at 53,794 from that cause alone.

Other diseases appear to have been induced as well as consumption. St. Gervais, Hufeland, Hertwig, Grisolle, Canstatt, Beduar, enumerate about thirty. That pyæmia and erysipelas should be caused is no matter of wonder; they are the direct harvest from the seed. Dr.

Nittinger, of Stuttgart, asserts that "the membranes, particularly those of the organs of the senses and generation in adults, attest the sufferings and dangers originating in the inoculated kine-pox poison, such as ophthalmia, otorrhœa, fluor albus, prurigo, etc." In response to an invitation from one of the Commissions of the British Parliament, he testified more positively and at greater length. There had resulted, he declares, "an immense degree of sickly sensitiveness of the stomach and intestinal canal, accompanied by open and hidden disturbances in the whole digestive apparatus, namely: diarrhœa, dyspepsia, phthisis dyspeptica, liver and spleen suffering, never known before." There had also become prevalent since 1806 an entirely new disease, the typhus, "which is a mucous fever with ulcerations and pox-eruptions in the abdominal viscera." Croup had become more common and malignant with children, as well as whooping-cough. There had been a monstrous increase in consumptive and hectic diseases, which mostly originate in the digestive apparatus. He also instanced a vast increase of disease among young women of chlorosis and fluor albus since 1822; and affirmed that "our generation has gained a far greater susceptibility to the small-pox poison, which will ravage in the above-mentioned diseased forms of the mucous membrane till the feeding of the poison by vaccination, ordered ever by laws, sanctioned by usage, and held up by the Faculty, is forbidden by severe penalty."

Utterances so sweeping proved too much for the Commission, the members of which were not prepared for such an indictment. Later observation, however, fully verifies them; and the witnesses are an army. Dr. L. H. Borden, of Paterson, remarked the fact that epidemics of small-pox and cholera succeeded one upon the other, as though closely related. Dr. Bakewell testified that leprosy had been transmitted, and Dr. L. S. Ludington, of New Britain, Ct., had a case in his own family.

Cancer may also be communicated. The case of Dr. Barnett, of the city of New York, who was infected fatally in 1895 by the accidental inoculation of carcinous matter, shows conclusively that this is possible. Langenbeck, Lebert, and Follier assert that cancer can be thus transplanted, while Villemin, Cornil, Simon, and others de-

clare the same thing of tubercle. Bovine virus can hardly afford exemption, for our domestic animals have both these diseases.

"I do not believe," says Sir James Y. Simpson, "that either vaccination or drugs can give absolute security against the inroads of small-pox. When every care has been taken, the vaccinated person has been known to be attacked by the disease. In an epidemic such cases are extremely common."

Dr. George Gregory, who was himself physician of the Small-Pox Hospital established in London to test and carry out the theories, absolutely refused to permit his own children to be vaccinated. He also published the following statement in the "Medical Times" of June 1, 1852: "Small-pox does invade the vaccinated, and the extirpation of that dire disease is as distant as when it was first heedlessly, and in my humble judgment, presumptuously anticipated by Jenner." He further declared his conclusions: "The idea of extinguishing the small-pox by vaccination is as absurd as it is chimerical; it is as irrational as it is presumptuous."

In the face of testimonies like these, which are now multiplying on every side, the feeble assertion is sometimes made that the question has been settled long ago and there is no occasion to go over the argument again. In matters of science and the healing-art, there is no such thing as fact absolutely established beyond future investigation. Every position has its beginning from an anterior supposition, and may be superseded by later discovery. It is an undeniable fact that the doctrine of vaccination as a protection against small-pox never underwent a critical scrutiny of the character that would be required in a court of law. Instead, it was assumed upon doubtful and equivocal evidence, and promulgated as proprietary nostrums are to this day thrust upon the notice of the public. It was accepted, as Dr. Creighton aptly remarks, upon terms which will seem incredibly loose to every person who has not already made acquaintance with the standard of logic in the medical profession. Since that, it is taken upon trust, without inquiry, upon the presumption, so often a mistaken one, that a new project, especially if it be a scientific one, had been thoroughly tested and debated on all sides before it received the general assent of its own age. Hence, in relation to the matter, public

sentiment is likely to verify the remark of Rudolf Virchow: "When the public sees a doctrine which has been exhibited to them as certain, established, and claiming universal acceptance, proved to be faulty in its very foundation, or discovered to be wilful and despotic in its essential and chief tendencies, many lose their faith in science."

The actual perils of small-pox have been largely exaggerated. It has always kept within moderate limits of age and place, and extended only by repeated provocation. Even when it prevails, the other zymotic diseases seem almost always to exceed it many fold in intensity and fatality. It does not appear to have prevailed in Europe till it was introduced from Africa, and it was brought into this country simultaneously with the importing of slaves. It seems to have been unknown in England before the seventeenth century, and it has never shown a tendency toward universal infection. It belongs to overcrowded places, and breaks out spontaneously in military camps. Statistical tables show that from 1675 to 1761, its yearly average of deaths was as follows: In London, 7 per cent.; in Edinburgh, 7.6 per cent.; in Paris, 7.2 per cent., and in Berlin, 8.1 per cent. After inoculation for small-pox was introduced the mortality increased to 10 per cent. Since vaccination was adopted, it is 15 per cent. Meanwhile, whatever the epidemic, deaths from zymotic diseases are nowhere materially diminished. As one epidemic ceases another appears, frequently with magnified intensity.

The reason for this undoubtedly exists in the fact that the diseases now called "zymotic" as well as others, have a common beginning. The indicating of them by one name and another is convenient for text-books, medical discussions, and dictionaries, but the distinctions are more or less fanciful, and are often liable to mislead those practitioners who usually accept propositions without investigation or follow routine in their prescribing. Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, the physician-philosopher, accordingly describes the multiplicity of diseases and epidemics as "the mask of a single abnormality of which the 'distinct maladies,' as they are termed, are but symptoms." One form of disease or epidemic passing into another, is, therefore, little else than the effect of some change or modification in external or subjective conditions. Little importance may be attached to the

hypothesis of the specific contagion or infection, further than may be admitted in a judicial inquiry.

Mr. Wolfe, in his treatise on "Zymotic Diseases," mentions an instance in India where small-pox broke out in a region many miles distant from any possible source of contagion. He attributed it to the action of decaying animal matter, and remarks that the same poisonous air will sometimes give one zymotic disease to one member of a family, and another to another, according to the bodily constitution. "An eminent physician once said to me," remarks Mr. Strickland Constable, "that all the zymotic diseases, from nettle-rash to Oriental plague, are probably only varieties of one thing, dovetailing into each other with intimate complexities, like colors."

Dr. Samuel Dickson, the propounder of the Chrono-Thermal theory, explains that when a disease of any peculiar type is present, anything may cause it; a sudden chill, a depressing passion, or even a mechanical injury. Dr. Forbes Winslow also declares that "mental emotion and shock to nerves may cause almost any disease," and adds with disdain, that there are medical men who will assert that no complaint can be caused without some subtle poison to the blood—doubtless, overlooking the fact that every shock or emotion changes the quality of the blood from its effect on the nerves. Dr. Henry Maudesley mentions cases of surgical operations which caused erysipelas. Another operation, he said, produced measles; another, scarlet fever, and another, small-pox. Dr. Carl Both adds his testimony that "We find small-pox among races or nations that use alcohol freely."

The danger of contracting the malady is incident to the plight of the patient, apart from the complaint. The disordered condition of the person affords a nidus or matrix for the reception and incubation of the morbid principle. If he is not already in a bad or depressed condition of health, he is not liable to any malignant or dangerous seizure. The human body in a state of integrity will resist any incursion of disease whatever. We have all observed that the various malignant diseases and epidemics leave many persons unscathed. Typhus, typhoid, intermittent fever, Asiatic cholera, attack only those liable from deterioration of physical stamina, worry, undue fatigue, or

paralyzing terror. Men and women in a cheerful temper of mind, self-possessed, in a fair state of health, neat and orderly in their habits, are protected as by a wall of fire.

Such are the facts in regard to small-pox. Only those will be attacked who are in the way of it; and their liability is not so much from exposure and contact with the patient, or of morbid emanation, as from some ill condition of body. A free contact with atmospheric air is sufficient to render harmless any effluvium from which mischief may be apprehended. When small-pox is epidemic, there may be greater danger; but when it is only sporadic, little special attention is required in the way of precaution.

Health, we may confidently believe, is more contagious than any form of disease, and far more likely to be contracted upon exposure. It inspires us on all sides, and is energetic to repel and overcome every morbid agency. Even contact in friendly social intercourse with persons in health is most salutary. Hygienic agencies, courage, and moral purpose are the best preventives in our possession. There are always persons who are assured against such perils by their vigorous health, or perhaps by idiosyncrasy or mental condition. We need not employ a Satan to cast out Satan, but only the "finger of God."

There are hopeful signs in the sky. The people of Switzerland have rejected Compulsory Vaccination; and every country in Europe and America would probably do the same, if there was opportunity. The British House of Commons has appointed three several Commissions, and the condemnatory evidence has accumulated to sweep away the Great Delusion. It has shown that there were numerous deaths from vaccination, but the facts were carefully suppressed, that horrible diseases have been often imparted, and that vaccination has no warrant in scientific knowledge. Some of the facts disclosed were shocking to every human sensibility. Mary the Magdalen may have been relieved of seven devils, but in the category of vaccination there is a legion of them introduced afresh. The people of the United Kingdom are opposed to vaccination, and in this event the Parliament and Government must respect their wish.

In America is still the protection which does not protect. This disseminating of disease under the pretext of averting it is the cardinal

policy of medical men. Perhaps some continue to believe in the efficacy of the procedure; perhaps professional cupidity has an influence to shape their opinions and action. Enough now to say that error is but for a limited period of time. A better intelligence must yet dissipate the thick vapor and let in the sunlight of the higher truth, the true evangel of healing disease, instead of causing it.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.*

** First President of the first Anti-Vaccination League of America.*

NATURE'S TRINITY:

BRAHMA, VISHNU, AND SIVA.

The Hindu conception of a threefold over-ruling power—a Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer—antedates, by many ages, the Christian Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In its essential significance the Hindu conception is no more a hierarchy composed of three persons than it is an autocratic monster with three heads; though either of these representations might symbolize the underlying truth, and thus present it to the undeveloped mind.

Nature is full of trinities. According to Science all evolution is due to the triple universal base, spirit, matter, and force, which three are always associated during the cycle of manifestation.

In a further development, Nature presents herself in septenaries. Thus we have the three primary colors from which are derived seven. In the constitution of man we have also the three primary divisions referred to by St. Paul, as body, soul, and spirit, from which three a more analytical Philosophy derives seven. But it is with the three-fold division of nature's godhead that we now are chiefly concerned. From a close study of Eastern Philosophy, it would seem that the modern version of a deity composed of three persons, is but a distortion of the broad metaphysical conception of nature's trinity twisted into that limited, material idea of a Godhead.

The old Wisdom Religion, which to-day is so earnestly pushed to the front for investigation, employs many symbols, and works in man-

ifold ways, in order to impart truth to humanity in all its varying stages of evolution. Thus it is able to adapt itself to all ages and races of mankind. Now, this system of knowledge, in its Cosmogony, postulates that this earth, as well as all other planets, planetary chains, and solar systems, was in the beginning created, but not out of nothing. Creation out of nothing is a comparatively modern fallacy, and would have taken no more hold upon the philosophical minds of the more mature ancient races, than it now takes upon the most philosophical and logically developed among present humanity. As primordial matter or the essence of matter, like spirit, is eternal, the beginning referred to as creation, is only the beginning of a new manifestation of what was already in existence. The material universe is spirit, of many gradations, clothed in numberless expressions of form, or combinations of matter.

Since all manifestation is constantly changing, it will be clear that creation, literally speaking, is a never-ceasing process. But with every cyclic manifestation, there is a beginning, which is expressed by the term "creation," which term presupposes a creator.

Now, who or what is the creator of universes and of worlds? Who created this planet upon which we live? To begin at the lowest step, we will say that the creator of this world, as of all worlds, was a centre of force, a unit of consciousness, a spiritual atom of energy, whose latent potentiality, when called forth into a potency, quickened matter into activity, and thus evolution began.

To go back of this process we will postulate that there are collective entities, or hosts of intelligences, whose mission it is to preside over the evolution of matter; and that these world-builders are divided into an almost infinite number of grades and sub-grades, extending on to the great master-builder, the cause of all things, from which emanates both spirit and matter.

To make use of an inadequate simile, we will say that a piece of furniture is "created," and stands before us—a table for example. Now, grades of coarser and finer, or lower and higher workmen have been employed in its creation. The woodcutter hewed the tree; the mill-worker sawed the rough material into planks or boards; the cabinet-maker carried out a certain plan conceived in mind, and gav

a specialized form to the combined pieces of material; the polisher smoothed its surface; then perhaps the artist carried out his design in some fine decoration. Now, back of all these workmen is the spiritual germ by which the tree was produced, which in its turn we can trace back until we reach the cause of all things, the cause of world-builders as well as of the substance of which worlds are made.

The germ of a universe, like the germ of a tree, includes both the power that works and the essence of the matter worked upon; and in the unfolding of this germ sacred hosts of conscious divine powers adjust and control the evolution of a universe, embodying in themselves those manifestations which we recognize as the laws of nature.

It is in this way, says the ancient cosmogony, that the Absolute, or God as an all-pervading, inconceivable principle, is the Creator of all things. It is in this way that Nature in all her departments is incessantly *creating*, incessantly taking up old material and giving birth to new worlds as well as to new manifestations in these worlds; and the term that expresses the working of this first god of nature's trinity is the collective term Creator, or Brahmà.

Now, the next work of nature is to preserve in concrete form that which is already created. We can readily see that in aim and interests the Creator and the preserver are one and the same; that their work is interwoven the one with the other; that the preserver, always proceeding within the limits of the prescribed plan, always maintaining a copy of the form-model, even while pushing onward and upward with his evolutionary intention, is only another kind of creator.

This second god of Nature's trinity presiding over what we call a solid rock, for example, so manipulates the interpenetrating etheric force, which permeates all matter, so works under the laws of attraction and repulsion, as to hold the whirling atoms of the rock duly apart as well as duly near together, for ages upon ages, with little apparent development toward a higher form. Also in the more rapid processes of higher kingdoms, however busily improving in certain details, he ever works to preserve the original sketch of the creative artist. In nature there are no sudden transformations into more progressed forms. Evolution works slowly and carefully. As we see in our own physical body, with the utmost of interior development, the

impress upon its molecules is so gradual that this body is recognizable as the same form, throughout the term of a human life, so well does the preserver identify himself with the creator.

Now, the term Preserver as well as the term Creator, is a collective term signifying innumerable hosts divided into countless grades of workers in all departments of nature; for the Infinite, the Absolute, God, never works without the mediation of fitting agents.

It would seem that the Preserver with his maintaining force might impart so permanent a quality to all manifestation, as to make every created thing immortal; but the time comes, for him as for his predecessor, when he must yield to his successor—when expended energy having reached its high tide begins to ebb, and his work is passed over into the hands of the third God of the trinity, the Destroyer.

Now, since there is no atom, either physical or spiritual, ever *destroyed*, in the strict sense of the word, such work is only the destruction of a certain concrete form, its disintegration, or the change of its particles into other forms; for, on the plane of manifestation, form must ever obtain, whether it be visible or invisible to our present vision. As the Destroyer cannot destroy one form without generating another, he is called also the Regenerator.

Science asserts that it is a necessity of nature to run down. Well, it is equally her necessity to build up again; and the running down or destruction of one form prepares the way for the building up of another. It is thus that the work of this third power of the trinity circles around and touches upon that of the first power, the Creator.

As in mathematics, through any three points not in the same straight line a circle may be drawn, so these three forces, these three classes of collective hosts of sacred workers, proceeding from their three distinct points of intention, may and do combine themselves into a circle of never ceasing activity and thus constitute themselves one grand overruling Godhead.

Death, destruction, or disintegration as every day observed in the world around us, is, then, only a change in modes of life. In what we call a dead human body, an encampment deserted by its general, there is more life than in a so-called living form. There is too much life.

Met

There is life beyond the cohesive power of that body to resist. The hour strikes, the Destroyer brings his life-force so to bear upon the organized mass that the general, the presiding ego, loses his hold over his troops of subordinates, and mutiny, disintegration begins, preparing the way for new creations.

So we see that death is only life, and that every atom, whether appreciable or inappreciable to sense, is a distinct life; and the same invisible lives, the same elements, are used over and over again, as it is said, for the mountain, the daisy, the ant and the elephant, as well as for the building up of a human body.

But we may reasonably ask how this teaching of ancient cosmology bears upon the present everyday life and conduct of humanity, or how, in this utilitarian age, it can be made practical. As our Scriptures tell us, we are made "in the image of God," or, in the language of the Eastern Philosopher, we are of the same essence as the Absolute. Man, the little world, is, within himself, a small copy of the great world external to himself. He, like all manifestations in nature, is made up of the imperishable and the perishable, of that which endures and of that which changes. Potentially, he is possessed of the same powers as exist in the world around him. He himself is a divine trinity, a Creator, a Preserver, and a Destroyer.

Let him, then, if he would be successful in his own kingdom, in the evolution of himself, learn his lessons from nature, fall in line with her plan of operation, proceed in accordance with her methods. This old Philosophy teaches that it is from a study of great things that we learn the nature of small things, and in acquainting ourselves with the processes and economies of God in nature we are coming into a knowledge of the only successful method of harmonious progress in the smaller field of action within ourselves.

If we are Creators, what and how do we create? Like Brahmà, Vishnu, and Siva, we originate nothing. We only employ the forces at our command to work upon that, which, in one form or another, already exists. If we follow nature, we create that which is desirable and requisite for orderly evolution, and we preserve or maintain the integrity of our creation until it has served its whole purpose, until its day is passed; and then we destroy or disintegrate that creation to

make way for a more advanced one, gaining a higher level on our spiral of progress as we transfer our energies to something ever nearer the goal of perfection.

There is no one special day for creation or for preservation or for destruction, but our threefold work, as in nature, proceeds in its three several directions simultaneously, and in a never-ceasing round of activity. We are every moment of our lives triune workers on one or another plane of our complex being. We may accomplish such work physically, mentally, or spiritually; and work on a higher plane always leaves its impress on all lower planes, for mental work is externalized on the physical plane, and spiritual work becomes manifest on both the mental and physical planes, and the higher the plane the greater the result of any certain amount of expended energy.

What should we most desire to create?

We are beyond the animal kingdom; we are responsible beings, with self-consciousness and a free will, with a mind or rational faculty, that links our physical body and animal desires to our immortal spirit, so that evolutionary aid flows in upon us in its three streams, the physical, the mental, and the spiritual. What then should we most desire to create? While we may, and must, work more or less on lower planes, yet our highest desire should be for the attainment of the very highest that is possible to us. Spiritual evolution should be our highest aim; and that would naturally include all that is essential on lower planes.

We should work to create *good character*, which is a part of us that in essence continues throughout all future lives.

Even the savage, as much as he appears to be living wholly on the physical plane, is to a degree developing or creating mental or even spiritual qualities, when, in what is called mere physical courage, he sacrifices his body in warfare for some supposed good to his tribe; for courage of any kind whatever resides in the mind or in the spirit and not in the body. The body has neither courage nor lack of courage; it is simply an instrument for a higher part of man to act through on this plane. Now, this incipient courage of the savage, however misapplied, may for any one of us, in a life of ages ago, have laid the foundation for a courageous character which we now possess; and as we

have now so evolved as to come into a more advanced race, we should so much the more intelligently create noble qualities of heart and sound qualities of head. As is the case in nature, the material for such work is already made to our hand, it is already within us.

(To be continued.)

ONE'S ATMOSPHERE.

It is almost universally conceded that each one carries a certain atmosphere that may be felt by all who come in contact with him; but how that atmosphere is formed and held by each individual is an open question.

"It is his nature" (whatever that word may mean to the speaker), says one. Another, versed in astrology, knows that the stars, at the hour of birth, settled it all. Another has read the arguments in the books on heredity, and believes one may inherit qualities from father or mother or ancestors. A fourth reads history, and knows environment to be the sole cause. Yet a fifth, claiming to be wiser, and broader-minded, believes in the stars, and fleshly ties, and environment, and education, as combining to create the atmosphere surrounding each one.

Accepting fully any of these theories, we must conclude that the individual is largely irresponsible. From him emanates what has been by some of these forces implanted within him. In short, a tide of circumstances first met him; and through his actions thereby forced was created the atmosphere that marks his individuality. If this were the truth—the whole truth—the subject would possess little of interest, and might be at once dismissed.

With our ideas of education, which we have been following and elaborating for centuries, the end has been to discipline the memory and to train the mind to generalizations and classifications that give the student information, poise, and judgment in lines dignified as intellectual.

With the experience gained by training students in language, mathematics, history, etc., progress has been made, so that, as the

years go by, more and more (measuring by the bulk standard) is being added to the curriculum of the college. Classes being graduated to-day show greater proficiency in Latin, Greek, modern languages, mathematics, history, and so on, than classes on whose members degrees were conferred by the same college twenty-five years ago. Professors congratulate themselves on this, and promise in the near future even better things.

It is not the purpose of this paper to belittle or criticise this advance. In its way, it is well enough. A knowledge of Latin can be gained only by the study of Latin, and it is fortunate that the student can now make more rapid progress than formerly. I have referred to our educational system because it is sometimes claimed that our present college system offers the best mental training obtainable. Granting that the college method, in the subjects taught, leads the student as rapidly as he can safely progress in each one of them, still his real power in the world is given tangible expression by his "atmosphere"—and what has college training had to do with that? College has its environment; the student remains within it for four or more years; its impress is not likely to be completely eradicated. Yet, if the student leave the college, holding any of the commonly cited theories to account for one's atmosphere, he is simply adrift in the world of thought. Is there safe anchorage to be found? Let us see.

This subject of one's atmosphere stands forth as a great *is*. It is a mighty reality. Though its creation may be surrounded with mystery, its existence is as real as the noon-day sun. We feel it everywhere in mingling with people; it in some attracts, and in others repels. Recognizing unfavorable atmosphere surrounding a friend or associate, attempts have been made to change it. As a rule, the result of such attempts has been a failure. What is worse, the great majority of the human family, while lamenting that their atmosphere is so-and-so, declare at the same time that they are powerless to change it.

This subject, therefore, has a charm more than sacred to every being; a charm reaching his innermost holy of holies. Let one declare repeatedly and openly as he may his inability to control his own

atmosphere, his whole existence is full of proofs of his attempts to do that very thing. Taking a broad view, in the light of the new metaphysics, mingling the truths of the Eastern philosophy with the more vigorous mentality of the West, must there not be a demonstrable reason for these attempts to overcome, or to lift one's self out of uncongenial atmosphere? Why should the desire to change one's atmosphere enter the mind, suggesting even discipline to that end, if there be no hope of its attainment? Does not the desire, coupled with the attempt to satisfy it, mean something?

Again, some have succeeded in their work. Do we not, all of us, know people whose atmosphere has been wholly changed? Have we not met them with surprise, feeling they were not our former friends, but reincarnations of them? How they succeeded has been vaguely told at best. The investigator listened to their story, but his logic was not satisfied ; so these experiences have brought little truth to the thinking world.

Where is the trouble? Is all real knowledge intuitional? Will the logic of intellect ever refuse light from that source? If so, we must waken a higher guide than intellect to help us on these lines.

That the proposition may be clearly understood, it will be best to state it boldly. It is this: *Man controls absolutely his own atmosphere.* To prove this, we leave the logic of the schools. We must look within. We must enter the throbbing silence of the intuitional. One cannot refuse to do so; because, in the statement of our proposition, it is self-evident that "man" cannot refer to the man as seen in the flesh. It is the great impersonality of one's being; it is his Ego; it is the unseeable; it is the eternal. "Man controls" means, then, that the true ego controls; and, primarily, if the true ego control, the true ego must have knowledge of such power. Knowledge of power must precede the ability to use the power intelligently. If these simple, self-evident statements be true, how little does our conscious self know of the real self within? That, however, we may not stop to consider. The purpose of this paper is to lead the student to know his power, not to marvel why he has not known it before. It is true that many have learned of this power and have resorted to it blindly. They did not *know*; they guessed and hap-

pened to guess well. In this day of advanced thought, however, the student demands demonstration.

Please note, in passing, that one might even have knowledge of his power and yet not exercise it. Knowledge of it gives courage, and yet all the *work* is yet to be done.

You may know you can learn Japanese, because of your acquaintance and discipline in other languages than the one first acquired at your mother's knee; but such knowledge alone does not give you a mastery of even the simplest phrase in Japanese. Reasoning from past experiences in the study of language, you know what the result must be, with faithful work on your part, under the direction of a master in that tongue. All this reasoning is simple as to the learning of a language; now, how far does that reasoning help us in the demonstration attempted? If we can control nothing without full knowledge of the power to control, this knowledge must precede the power.

From whom shall such knowledge be gained? We turn to Eastern philosophy, and read of the marvels done, and being done, by the masters. They are not teachers, and the story of their unfolding is unrevealed. We look about us here, and find some illustrious examples—some noble victories won over conscious self by men who could only see and read the shining lights and signboards appearing to the eye of hope above the limitless pathway of "I can." But they again are confusing and indefinite when attempting to tell the way. They may have some theories; but too often it seems they were led almost blindly. That they nevertheless *won* is something—we must not forget that.

It is evident from what I have herein presented that our proofs are to be found in the realm of the intuitional. How can you know that statements from the intuitional are truths? Your conscious mind demands demonstration. May it not all be found somewhere in the history of progress? Let us note some conditions, states of mind, brought about by causes clearly understood. This may help us.

If ever you were in a railway accident where you suffered a severe shock, have you not noticed that for weeks and months thereafter, upon taking up a newspaper, your eye would quickly fall upon any

item in it referring to a railway disaster, of any nature whatever? It seemed to you that such occurrences were increasing, because you were always reading of them. To-day, however, we know that your eye was directed to the paragraph by the action of the subconscious mind, from a motive in the nature of warning. The shock you had previously received made you for a moment absolutely still. At that instant, the subconscious mind became charged with the one thought of enlightening you whenever it might on that subject; hence the seemingly unconscious action.

Here, then, we find a condition, a state of mind, an atmosphere, has been created. To overcome this atmosphere, one has only to charge the subconscious mind with thoughts of security and peace. This may be accomplished in divers ways; one of the simplest may be to sit alone fifteen minutes each day and hold the thought: "I am under complete protection, and always safe!" Soon the sitter will find his timidity passing away, and the stories of accidents in the newspaper will no longer press themselves upon his attention. In the above case the action which produced the condition was involuntary—the action to change is voluntary and scientific.

Look over your list of friends, for a moment, and select one whom you have known for years who never gives a complete, frank endorsement of another. Though he may speak of marked traits with praise, he invariably insists on adding qualifying phrases by way of criticism. Gradually you have observed that you could not come in his atmosphere without being treated to a budget of criticisms on others. These others might be your friends, or they might be public characters more or less well known. Your friend has learned to pride himself on his wonderful ability to discern faults quickly in those whom he may meet. Soon all his friends know what to expect when they come within his atmosphere. They also find that, within it, they are likely to supplement him on the same lines. They, too, become fault-finders. The effect of this on the principal, who created this atmosphere about himself, is to intensify his bitterness, till even they who once listened willingly now withdraw from an atmosphere that has become too oppressive for them to breathe. No one would think it fair to lay this condition to "the stars," or to "environment."

There is hardly a reader who will not be able to recall the early life of at least one young man whose childhood was spent in poverty, and who, in boyhood, expressed a firm desire to take a college course. If, a little later, that desire became a declared resolve, soon all the avenues opened to the end. That desire and resolve created an atmosphere which attracted the forces necessary to the attainment of the purpose. Many of these young men will tell us that, as long as they were hoping and striving and longing, mountains of difficulty rose before them; but that when they fashioned their hopes into fixed purposes aid came unsought to help them on the way.

With a little reflection, illustrations will present themselves by the score to the reader as to some of the causes that may tend to produce this or that atmosphere. Our argument now forces the conclusion that the atmosphere about us is a product of thought. Thought makes it what it is, and thought alone can change it when it will. Though it be true that conditions are stated, as we have seen, sometimes without purpose of will, and sometimes by purpose half-conscious only, and sometimes by firm resolve, still, the bringing about of an atmosphere is always due to the active working of persistent thought. The atmosphere that marks strong individuality is universally conceded to be the product of the invisible emanation of thought centered on an idea.

Our proposition as to control, therefore, now reduces itself to this: If we know ourselves master of our mental apparatus, we know we can control our thoughts and thus dictate our atmosphere.

It is, however, pertinent here to ask how it is our thoughts often seem to mark out their own course, regardless of our intentions. This assumption is only partly true; still, it is partly true. If one allows others to do his thinking, and is continually moulding over his own thoughts so that they will run smoothly in the grooves that carry the thoughts of his friends, he brings confusion to his mental atmosphere; and he must not be surprised at the result. The mental work, being hap-hazard, may then produce an atmosphere neither contemplated nor desired. We can direct our thoughts if we will; but we cannot direct them if we stop to question whether they are right. That, we must *know*. Doubting disturbs the atmosphere

about us to such an extent as to deprive it of all its attractive force to bring to us the thing we would. Fear or doubt is the mountain in our way; and there is no reason to harbor either in our thoughts for a single moment.

If in silence daily we hold ourselves passive—receptive for the particular good we most desire, we open the way for the creation of the atmosphere that is sought. One must come to these sittings as nearly passive as possible; but, above all, free from doubt.

Let each one know this is the way, just as he knows the course he must pursue to learn a language. This is the way to catch glimpses of your true ego—your great, impersonal and divine selfhood. Your mortal ego—your every-day self—is a product of thought. Allow it to be tossed about in the hurry and rush of business, receiving through the ether the half-expressed thoughts of others, and you have the average business man of the world. Control can never be gained in that way. Your atmosphere, being a product of thought, must receive all its power and force through the creative energy that gives it existence.

If one knows, then, that thought controls atmosphere, and that each individual has the right and power to control his own thoughts, our proposition is proved. Work, in the silence, may be new to some. It seems hardly fair to call passiveness work; and yet work is our only word to signify the path to attainment. To many it will be found serious work to learn to hold themselves passive; so, in the silence, work. The moments spent in this way will do more to advance you to the end than any other thing you can do.

If you have never held yourself thought-less—silent—know that others have done so. Knowing this, know also that what man has done man can do again. Believing this, one may commence his task, and alone, in the silence, wait—wait—wait, until he *knows*.

Then, as knowledge comes, he finds himself attracting spirit forces to his aid. These silent, mysterious, but potent, forces from the Infinite could not reach him before. Now, he has created an atmosphere which permits their entrance within it. They will never desert him if only he keeps his atmosphere true. No great will-power is required to produce the atmosphere one desires, or to keep it thereafter. Will-

ingness that it may come, with the faith and trust that always precede works, is the simple guide. The illumination that follows will be proportioned to the broadness of the work attempted. As one learns more and more of the power of his true ego, he will come to know more and more of the Unity of life. Then he will not have conquered self. He will have simply become acquainted with his own divine selfhood.

FLOYD B. WILSON.

THE DOGMA OF THE INCARNATION.

(II.)

As dogmatic and single-eyed theology has ever missed the triumphant note of human inspiration in the eternally revealed truths of nature, so in its survey of the universal principle of the incarnation it has at once maligned Deity and obfuscated humanity. Unless we can discern a rational principle underlying this doctrine and secure by its promulgation some practical benefit to the race, it were better to abrogate it absolutely and turn to something more mundane. For we must not forget that the idea we are traversing is a universal principle—limited to no clime or place, to no race or religion.

Almost at the dawn of history, as we have seen, the vague notion of an incarnation seizes the dull savage mind, nor has it since ceased to trouble and confuse the entire race.

It has ever been either confusion or inspiration to those who have studied its intimations.

The error of Christianity lay in its exclusive promulgation of a doctrine as *sui generis* which is but borrowed from the general notions of the race. In the days of Jesus, among the Greeks and Romans and Asiatics, the preaching of an incarnate Deity was not only not unpopular, but it was especially attractive to the populace.

Nothing so aroused the curiosity of the pagan crowd as the advertisement of the advent of a new god.

The gods were then supposed to be capable of encasing themselves in human flesh and mingling with the affairs of men.

In the Homeric legends we read how the gods and goddesses thus mingled with warriors on the battle-plains, so that it was quite difficult to trace the distinction between mortals and immortals.

The immortals take sides between the mortal contestants; they shield their *protégés* and pursue their enemies—they even suffer the shock of battle and groan with painful wounds inflicted by earthly warriors. For the slaying of a god was by no means a new conception at the time of the introduction of Christianity.

Diomed, shielded and inspired by Minerva, sought to slay Venus, whom, indeed, he smote through her “ambrosial veil”:

“The sharp spear pierced her palm below the wrist ;
Forth from the wound the immortal current flowed,
Pure ichor—life stream of the blessed gods.”

Thus, wounded and horror-stricken, the goddess fled,

“Weeping with pain, her fair skin soiled with blood.”

The visitations of the gods to earth—even clothed with human flesh—was, indeed, so commonplace as to call for no comment. Paul and Barnabas were acclaimed as gods by the ignorant rabble when they seemed to cure the crippled and diseased in their Asiatic wanderings.

“Immaculate conceptions and celestial descents were so currently received among the ancients that whoever had greatly distinguished himself in the affairs of men was thought to be of supernatural lineage. Gods descended from heaven and were made incarnate in men, and men ascended from earth, and took their seats among the gods, so that these incarnations and apotheoses were fast filling Olympus with divinities.” *

The especial characteristic of the incarnation of Jesus, however, as emphasized in Christian theology, consists in the fact of his being the full and complete manifestation of the Deity, “in whom dwelleth all fullness of the Godhead bodily.” (Paul : Col. 2 : 9.)

It has often been insisted that this unique and complete incarna-

* Doane's “Bible Myths,” p. 112.

tion of Deity in Jesus is the characteristic of the Christian religion, which especially glorifies it, certifies to the genuineness of its divine origin, and establishes its superiority and incontestable authority over all the other religions of the world. But, unfortunately, this convincing characteristic was a marked feature of many of the pagan or ethnic religions, and in the theologic systems of some of them—such as those of Hindostan—it was exalted into as much importance as in the Christian religion.

Thus Thomas Maurice * says:

“ It appears to me that the Hindoos, idolizing some eminent character of antiquity, distinguished in the early annals of their nation by heroic fortitude and exalted piety, have applied to that character those ancient traditional accounts of an *incarnate God*, or, as they not improperly term it, an *Avatar*, which has been delivered down to them from their ancestors, the virtuous Noachidæ, to descend amidst the darkness and ignorance of succeeding ages, at once to instruct and inform mankind. We have the more solid reasons to affirm this of the Avatar of Krishna, because it is allowed to be the most illustrious of them all, since we have learned that, in the seven preceding Avatars [incarnations], the Deity brought only an *ansa*, or portion of his divinity, but in the eighth he descended in all the plenitude of the Godhead and was Vishnu himself in human form.” In other words, as in the Christian theological system Jesus is represented as manifesting the fullness of the invisible Deity bodily, so in the Hindu system Chrishna stands as the full and last manifestation of Vishnu, the Supreme Deity, in human form. Chrishna, therefore, performs in Hindu theology the identical office which Jesus does in the Christian system.

I need not here review the facts which prove that every religion of antiquity was founded on the myth of the miraculous birth of an incarnate deity, whose advent on the earth was accompanied, in almost every particular, by the very phenomena which gathered in legend around the manger-cradle of Jesus.

Even the very title of the Christian Jesus was given to some of the pagan gods incarnate. M. L'Abbe Huc, the French Missionary, says: *

* “ History of Hindostan,” Vol. II., p. 270.

† “ Huc's Travels,” Vol. I., p. 327.

"This idea of redemption by divine incarnation is so general and popular among the Buddhists that, during our travels in upper Asia, we everywhere found it expressed in a neat formula. If we addressed to a Mongol or a Thibetan the question, 'Who is Buddha?' he would immediately reply, 'The Savior of Men.'"

Enough has been said to show that the conception of the incarnation is universal—existing from most primitive times among all peoples and all religions. It suggests a cosmic fact which has been potent in forwarding the progress of the race.

Even at this hour, learned anthropologists are digging up from the very beginnings of human history corroborative proofs of the exaltation of human beings into the conception of exalted deities. Egypt—the land of gods and mysteries—is even now drawing aside the veil of ignorance which for so many centuries has blinded the perception and confounded the understanding of men, and is revealing to us her most sacred deities as mere human beings who lived and fought and died as have the common inhabitants of this planet.

The startling exhumations which have been achieved by M. Amelineau at Ul Uxor have completely revolutionized the age-long notions which scholars have entertained concerning those strange Egyptian gods—Isis, Osiris, Set and Horus. Scholarship has heretofore exhausted its ingenuity to account for the origin of those far-off, mysterious deities, and had reached the comfortable conclusion that they were myths born out of the effects of sun, moon, and stars in human experiences.

Thus Prof. George Rawlinson * says of one of the most mysterious of the Egyptian gods—Ammon—that the title was etymologically interpreted as "the concealed god, and the idea of Ammon was that of a recondite, incomprehensible divinity, remote from man, hidden, mysterious, the proper object of the profoundest reverence. Practically, this idea was too abstract, too high-flown, too metaphysical for ordinary minds to conceive of it; and so Ammon was at an early date conjoined with Ra, the Sun, and worshipped as Ammon-Ra, a very intelligible god, neither more nor less than the physical sun, the source of life and light, 'the lord of existences and the support of all things.'"

* "The Religions of the Ancient World" (Humboldt ed.), p. 4.

Again in similar strain he says: "Osiris was properly a form of Ra. He was the light of the lower world—the sun from the time that he sinks below the horizon in the west to the hour when he reappears above the eastern horizon in the morning."

Thus are all the gods of Egypt resolved into purely mythical characters evolved out of human experiences resulting from the beneficent effects of the solar orbs, all thought of their ever having been realities having long since been banished by all well-informed scholars. The "solar myth" theory has been the universal method of accounting for all the ancient gods in Egypt, India, Chaldea and even Palestine.

"Certain scholars, notably G. W. Cox, and Professor de Gubernatis, as interpreters of the myths of the Indo-European peoples, and Dr. Goldziher, as an interpreter of Hebrew myth and cognate forms, maintain that the names given in the mythopœic age to the sun, the moon, and the changing scenery of the heaven, as the myriad shades and fleeting forms passed over its face, lost their original signification wholly or partially, and came to be regarded as the names of veritable deities and men, whose actions and adventures are the distinguished descriptions of the sweep of the thunder-charged clouds, and of victory of the hero-god over their light-engulfing forces." *

But now comes M. Amelineau and seems to prove that these ancient deities are not mere myths, much less creations of the mind depicting the varying effects of sun and sky, but were in reality human beings who had been exalted into divinities. Thus at the very threshold of history, fully 10,000 years ago, we perceive the notion of the incarnation prevailing as a religious factor. In the exaltation of these men and women into divinities we learn how slight the line of demarcation between the divine and the human was conceived to be in the mind of the ancients. If men could be deified, gods could be humanized; thus was developed the interchange of conditions and attitudes between the great souls of antiquity from heaven to earth, from deity to man.

If M. Amelineau's exhumations are verified, then, we shall no longer think of these far-off gods as mysterious and incomprehensible beings or as wandering images of a "mythopœic age," but as real men

* Clodd's "The Birth and Growth of Myth" (Humboldt ed.), p. 8.

and women who were born, lived, fought, suffered, were married, became exalted, died, and were buried. We shall then once more seek to discover the real activities and careers of these supposed mythical characters, and instead of deciphering their imaginary deeds in the processes of the stars, the shades of the heavens or the fitting transformations of the clouds, we will dig deeper into the long-buried annals of time and read, if possible, in the resurrected and imperishable monuments, the story of their elevation from humble cowherds to kings, and from kings to gods, and thereby learn that fiction may be stranger than the truth itself.

If M. Amelineau's conclusions are correct, they will materially assist us in clarifying the atmosphere, which has been so long thickened by the "incomprehensible and the unintelligible," with which a pompous and authoritative ecclesiasticism has so long surrounded us. For we shall, at the very threshold of human civilization, learn how men created their gods and how we have ever since imitated their methods in the gods whom we have worshipped. If it is unnecessary to call in the sun, moon and stars to account for Isis and Osiris, Horus and Ammon-Ra, it will indicate to us the needlessness of calling in the Jehovistic qualities of the theological heavens to account for Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God.

For the indications of the later scholarship now are that we shall learn that Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Apollo, Mercury and Venus, were all, at one time, really men and women, and that, having lost their human histories, we have left only the legendary tales of their divinitory deeds.

And, following the same method of investigation, scholarship will at length doubtless prove to us that Jesus Christ was indeed a human being like unto all other earthly creatures, but that we have left in our possession chiefly the legends out of which were constructed the myth of his divinity and incarnation, whereas his human history is almost wholly obliterated.

I think, then, we shall be forced to reach the conclusion that the conception of the incarnation among Christians was of a similar origin as has been the notion of incarnations among all religious people.

It grew first out of the desire of the race to exalt and glorify its

leaders. The mass of men are so commonplace, that when, forsooth, one flits across the heavens, of such majestic proportions and royal grandeur as to command the attention and awe of the multitude, they are loath to lower him again to their own humble plane, and insist on his remaining in the heavens among the unapproachable gods. Anon such mortals, whose visitations to this planet were so infrequent and spasmodic, were conceived as springing not from the earth, as arose all human flesh, but as descending from the skies, out of the realms of the invisible, carrying in their bosoms talismans of unparalleled virtue, conquering the elements, subduing mortals, and triumphing over death.

But the absorption of this ethnic and popular notion into a single theology, whereby it has been made to appear that once only in human history did the infinite Deity incarnate and reveal himself in human flesh, has given rise to insoluble problems and to an interminable mass of absurdities.

Mountains of literature have been published in the last eighteen centuries to prove this impossible proposition, and even to-day there are myriads of benighted souls who still entertain the reverent falsehood with devout tenacity.

Now, to realize into what a tangled mass of confusion the theological notion of the incarnation threw the entire Christian world, I will quote a passage from M. Larroque,* a logical Deist, who seeks to disprove the logic of the doctrine of the incarnation: "If Jesus Christ is not God, it is clear that God was not incarnate in his person. Hence it is unnecessary to insist at length on what is impossible and contradictory, viz., that the infinite and perfect essence should be circumscribed and limited in a finite and imperfect essence; in other terms, that the Divinity should be added to the humanity—or, if the expression be preferred, the humanity should be added to the Divinity; or that the same being should be, at the same time, God and man. From the point of view of the dogma of the Incarnation, Christ, as God, is an infinite and perfect spirit; but as man, veritable and complete, he is made of soul and body, finite and imperfect as is everything belong-

* Patrice Larroque : Examen critique des doctrines de la Religion Chrétienne. Quoted by Baring-Gould in "Origin of Religious Beliefs."

ing to our nature. Consequently theology is led to sustain that the human soul of Christ does not comprehend God any better than we do. It follows, that in spite of the intimate union of the two natures, and, on the other side, of the very reason of that union, there is at once, in the same person, two beings, one of whom does not know the other, and in the same individual two distinct personalities, which is downright nonsense."

Now, to this apparently clear and conclusive logic Baring-Gould ("Origin of Religious Beliefs") seeks to present a metaphysical and pseudo-scientific answer in defence of the logical basis of the dogma of the incarnation. He says: "This objection rests on the assumption that the finite and the infinite mutually exclude each other, and that therefore their synthesis is impossible."

He then proceeds to argue that time and space are not entities and not qualities of the Absolute. "It is, perhaps, natural that those who have to struggle incessantly with space and time should deceive themselves as to its nature, and erect what are mere relations into positive existences." "To the Absolute there is no past, no present, no future, or past and future are at once present." "It is not absurd to say . . . that God, in Himself, outside of time and space, should, when entering into relation with man, become subject to those relations, without which he would be incognizable by man." "In Him how many ideas are there? But one—for there is in Him but one eternal fact. But this idea necessarily contains all possibilities. It contains, therefore, the idea of the finite. . . . Thus the idea of God contains eternally the infinite and the finite; the infinite as essence, and the finite as fact."

This is the logical method which this modern "schoolman" employs to overthrow the clean-cut logic of unbiased reason. It sounds like an echo of the Middle Ages, and reveals to us what a jumble of mere words constitute the theological methods of argumentation.

But note the inconsistencies and impossibilities he enumerates in these few sentences in order to maintain the unutterably absurd theological dogma of the incarnation. The Absolute is a Being in whom there is no past, no present, no future. In short, One who holds no relations whatsoever with the manifest cosmos. If He holds no re-

lations with the cosmos, then the cosmos cannot sustain any relations with Him.

But two quantities which are incapable of sustaining any mutual relations are, as to each other, non-existent. Hence to the cosmos, or the universe of relations, the unrelated or the Absolute has no existence.

Again, he says that God, though outside of time and space, should, when entering into relations with man, become subject to those relations.

But if the Absolute, the Unrelated, assume relation to the related, then he ceases to be the unrelated or the Absolute. For he cannot be the Absolute and the limited, the Unrelated and the related, at one and the same time. A contradiction of terms is impossible in reason.

Again, he says that the Infinite has but one idea—but in that idea are included all possibilities. But a better and truer statement would be that the Absolute has no ideas or idea. For an idea is a thought; a thought is a process of thinking; thinking is a comparison of relations. But the unrelated can have no idea of relations—for, if he thinks relation, he must himself be related. In the same manner, to say the one idea of the infinite encompasses the idea of the finite is to say that the infinite must limit itself to the notion of the finite, else it could not comprehend the finite. The circumference can never be or become the arc. While the arc is ever contained in the circumference, by no process of thought can we conceive that the circumference can be wholly contained in the arc. The circumference can, therefore, never conceive of the existence of the arc, for to do so it must become the arc.

I have pursued the dismal nonsense of this logic simply to show the reader to what ridiculous straits a learned and modern philosopher will allow himself to be driven in battling for an effete and unsupportable dogma of antiquity.

Therefore I conclude that the Christian dogma of the incarnation cannot be demonstrated by history, logic, or metaphysics. That one human individual alone has been the incarnation of Deity—the manifest fullness of the godhead bodily—while all the rest of the race have been unaffected by this indwelling power—is incredible. If one hu-

man being is incarnate—all are incarnate. If incarnation is a fact in Nature—then it must be universal. Does the experience of the race suggest this universal fact? How, then, shall we conceive of incarnation?

It is the bodying forth in physical manifestation of the Invisible Spirit of the universe. If this spirit be interpreted as individual, it is conceivable that such a limited spirit might be contained within a limited physical organism.

But this construction of the dogma would at once reduce the supreme and infinite spirit to the confines of physical limitations and convert Him into a personal quantity, subject to all "variableness and shadow of turning."

If there be any incarnation of the Spirit, it must be enjoyed by the whole race—nay, not only by the race, but by the manifest universe, which is, itself, but the outward body functioning the activities which are energized by the universal spirit within.

Any other interpretation of the incarnation becomes unphilosophical and contradictory of the first principles of Nature. For, if Spirit can be contained only in One, or in a few individuals, but not in every member of the race, then they possess qualities which are wholly foreign to the rest of their fellow-creatures. But such unique endowments would be extra-natural and in effect miraculous. Nature cannot entertain a miracle. All is Law, Order, Unfoldment. If, then, there have been certain individuals who in history have manifested powers which appear to be above the common capacities of the race, such qualifications can be nothing more than a higher development of certain capacities which are latent or but partially developed in the bosom of every human being.

In this sense Jesus, Buddha, Quetzalcohuatl, were no more God—in kind—than any other human inhabitant of the planet. Their differentiation is alone in degree. They but possessed more of the universal spirit which abounds in all things and persons than did the ordinary individuals of the race.

This interpretation of the incarnation, instead of demeaning the great World-Avatars, really exalts them, while it at once prophesies higher possible attainments for all mankind.

We are all incarnate children of Deity. Deity is the all-pervasive presence of Being—the principle of Life and Growth—which sustains the visible and invisible universe. Each atom is an incarnate spirit. Every globule of water, and the Titanian motes that dance in the sun-beam, are incarnations of the all-diffusive spirit.

All are but emanations of the universal Luminosity, whose radiance is refracted through them, as the light of the sun breaking through a bank of clouds. The atom contains less of this spiritual potency than a star only because its undeveloped organism makes its receptive capacity the less.

For the same reason there is less of the universal spirit of intelligence and power in the uncrystallized rock than there is in the resplendent diamond—less in lifeless diamond than in throbbing amœba—and less in any of the vertebrates than in man—"infinite in faculty, in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

HENRY FRANK.

MANIFESTATION—AN INQUIRY.

Ye scions of Earth, for Wisdom's bounty prone ;
 Ye men of muscle, strong and worldly grown ;
 Ye poets born, ye doctors, great and small,
 Have ye belief that this one life is all ?
 Would ye have choice to be and live content
 If for a single day you had been sent
 Forth from the bosom of the Living One
 To breathe a few short hours, and then 'twere done ?
 And yet to live is to inhale an air
 With discord burdened, full of doubts and care—
 These, mixed with joy and mirth, in ceaseless din,
 To prove the scheme of life have entered in.

You ask us why—to what great final end
 Does all this strange existence here portend ?
 Why is there day and night, and why revolve
 The planets thus ?—a query hard to solve.
 Why did the manifesto come at all ?
 Why were we born ? and why did Adam fall ?
 And why, indeed, had we not voice in this,
 To ask for birth, or choose forgetfulness ?

Aye, do we not, while breathe we of life's taint
 Feel more than once to enter dire complaint
 Against the law that spoke us into being,
 Nor gave us choice to be, nor eyes for seeing ?
 Mere creatures we—yes, so the word goes out.
 We hug the real, and of the other doubt ;
 We go to war, we long to sail the air,
 Get rich, and have a hoard of wealth to spare.
 All this, so far as men are most concerned,
 Is life. For some 'tis dearly earned—
 Yes, dearly earned by him who sees not God
 In every petal springing from the sod.

Yet are we wise ? What one of us has found
 The aim, the purpose, of this constant round
 Of life and death, of struggle and desire,
 Of heat and cold, of shadow and of fire ?
 What sage—with wisdom be he loaded down—
 Can say why some acquire such great renown,
 While others—worthy souls, perhaps, were they—
 Oblivion find before the close of day ?

Listen ! The prattle of a child, the bird
 That warbles in the glen, the tender word,
 The cooing of a dove, the cricket's sound,
 The shimmering brooklet winding round and round—
 Mere trifles these ; but when you ask us why
 We here exist beneath this vaulted sky,
 Reflect how children live, and grow, and sleep,
 While men of power such restless vigil keep.
 How doth the cricket wheedle out his song ?
 The dove, unlearned in either right or wrong ;
 Seeks but his mate, the wren his downy nest—
 Is there not heaven in each of these expressed ?
 Yea, when thy mood to ask why we are here
 Comes on apace, beware of doubt and fear,
 But fix thine eyes upon the heavens above—
 It were not will that put us here, but Love !

ALWYN M. THURBER.

Whoever, in acting, dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their result, is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters. The truly devoted, for the purification of the heart, perform actions with their bodies, their minds, their understanding, and their senses, putting away all self-interest.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(VII.)

While the entire body constitutes that series of utensils by which life, the artificer, labors, it is within the small region of the cerebrum of the brain that the soul has its headquarters; the mechanical army, the solid phalanxes of the line—the vast and complicated systems of motion, the engineers of the heart, the batteries of breath in the lungs; these all, on the march of duty or in the cantonments of rest and sleep, are in their appointed place, servants and soldiers of the soul, troops and artificers, sappers and miners, under the leadership of their great chief, Consciousness; the captain of their confidence, Intelligence.

Unto him, in his well-walled and guarded tent of the brain, come from time to time reports of his immediate staff. The videttes of sense, riding round the camp or scouting far toward or into the enemy's country of the outer world, now and then bring back tidings of joy or of danger.

Captain though he be of this army, it is only his ministers and courtiers that even his most devoted subjects see. That self-pope in his immaculate vatican, Grand Lama in his unapproachable fastness, sits somewhere in a profound silence, ever enveloped in a stupendous mystery.

The sight of the eye rides up to the portal of this palace, the hearing of the ear, the touch of finger-tips. They can go no further; here, at the door, the gateway and postern, the tidings, whatever they may be, are delivered over to another's keeping; muscles and lenses and tympanum give up their message to the trusted nerves, and, these hurrying in, the inner door swings after them, and none has ever followed.

Yet if we wait, though we never catch even the most fleeting glimpse of the great chief, though his messengers have told us nothing of their tidings, though they all be mute as Death, the closed door of that holy of holies re-opens, and we learn the meaning of the message.

The bold dragoon, Anger, rides wildly up; a moment, and from the soul's precincts comes a guard to wave upon the ramparts the black flag of a frown, or the shotted artillery blazes a fiery curse. The sweet spirit of Joy comes to the portal; an instant, and all at once, from every pinnacle and bastion, tower and turret, flags unfurl and flutter and wave their gladness, and the joy-bells of laughter ring their happiness.

Again, with slow and painful step, a courier, weary and travel-stained, delivers his tidings of sorrow. Look! a tear has stolen forth, and comes down the glaxis of the cheek, silently telling of the sorrow.

Ah, what a vast mystery is within—so sure, so quick, so constant, so able with its wondrous lexicon to translate meanings! What black art has this hidden alchemist, that thus, and thus only, does he tell us of himself?

We know not the method, but only that somehow, somewhere, Consciousness took the wrath, transmuted it into the frown, the joy and changed it into the smile, the sorrow and sent it forth as a tear.

Such being the known facts, is it to be wondered at that men, from time immemorial, have assumed the existence of a substantial entity resident within, a being—a monad, a something, differing wholly in kind from all his surroundings, not only from the material of his citadel, but absolutely from all his servants; not only a little better than his lords, more to be honored than his courtiers, greater far than vassals, retainers, videttes, and couriers, but of an entirely different and superior order—a being who, in himself, willed, chose, decided, changed, directed—a thing in himself, harmonizing, co-ordinating, judging; not brain, but above brain; not mind, but lord of mind; not even man, but the god of man—a soul?

On the basis of the hypothesis of the existence of such an entity within the secret halls of intellect, have grown up the most stupendous systems of error. The devout philosophy which claims for an imaginary power regal rights, must give room to a true government—the divine right of kings—not to a new tyrant, a Cromwell of reason, but to a pure democracy of intellect, built upon inviolable principles, sustained by perfect laws, and in whose august councils none is despot or dictator.

On the despotic basis, untenable except by the crudest faith or the most foolish sentiment, has infidelity thriven and the agnostic flourished, and a host of mystic "isms" swarmed into the gap of negation: to fill that horrid void which mentality, no less than physics, has been said to abhor.

Of late years much has been said by psychologists, who seek by physiology to reconcile spirit to matter, Aristotelian thinkers who do not, will not, or cannot think except in segments, that thought is a mode of molecular motion of gray matter.

It is this, and, to thinkers of great-circle thoughts, vastly more than this. The writing before me, the printed page before you—that may be compared to the memory that stores and co-ordinates impression and reflection. But the ink itself is a matter of form, now nothing but that. But before the form there was motion, of hand and pen, muscle and nerve; the type-setter's activity, and the movement from font to stick, and stick to press; and also those tiny, stupendous cycles of speed of that vast world within, between the cells of the cortices. So motion conveys thought, but it is not itself thought.

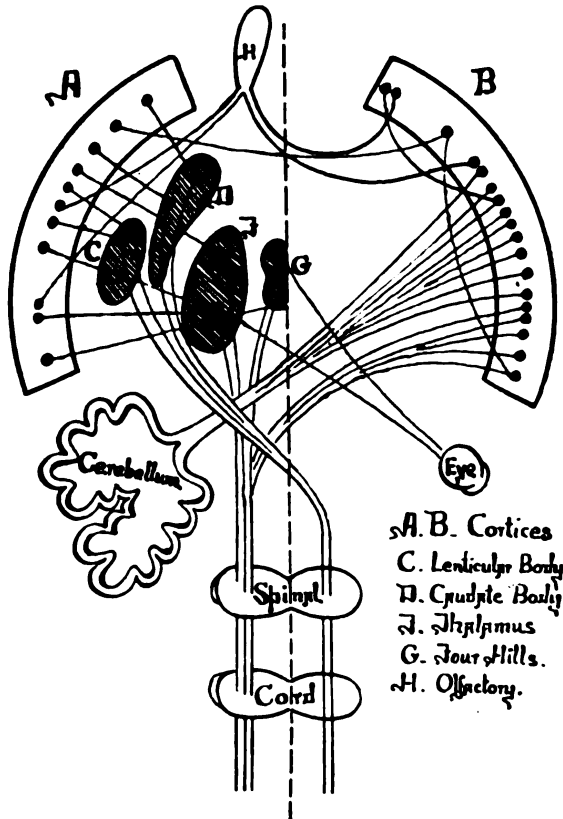
The design of the pattern of a viable organism is always the necessary sequence of the life-habits of all ante-natal influences, to be modified, maybe, in the individual, that the character of the unit of being may so impress itself upon the nature of the race that the race itself shall be changed, greatly or infinitesimally, by the unit's existence.

This principle is true for all races and all units of being, including the entire cosmos as a mechanism, and, at the same time, an actual vitality, and including also the Supreme Being as a unit initiating and immanent in all forms of life.

As the light arises out of the not-light, out of the darkness, so feeling arises out of the not-feeling. As the flint and steel, stricken, evolve a new and totally different order, so by certain (as yet practically undemonstrated) reactions, that which we call the matter of the brain, acted upon by influence of motion, and impelled by some function of volition, whether automatic and habitual, sub-conscious or conscious, evolved, each exactly proportional to the influences, its product of mentality.

The light is a very common and hackneyed symbol of life. But it

is not in a way of poetic imagery that it is now instanced. As a figure of rhetoric it has served the unbeliever's purpose well, for, surely, when the light is blown out its existence has finally ceased, and through such a simile negation has ample proof. Not so do I consider the figure of the light. Photography illustrates amply the truth; the sun-ray, or an instantaneous flash-light, produces upon a sensitized plate, blank before exposure, an impression. That impression may



THE LOOM OF THOUGHT.

be evanescent, or may become permanent by the developing and fixing solutions.

It is thus within the material brain. As on the chemical plate no addition was made to the matter, but only a change in its arrangement, so in the brain nothing happens by which matter can be said, in the remotest manner, to affect itself or give rise to thought (as mate-

rialists claim), but it can be said only that a function of volition, influence of sight, sound—sense in some shape—another's thought, or our own antecedent thought, has joined a function of Action to a function of Relation, and impressed itself, as form in form, upon the sensitized molecules of gray matter.

As fire is produced by a lens, even by a lens of ice, so life, so feeling, so thought utilizes matter and motion.

In the diagram entitled "The Loom of Thought" is depicted in outline an ideal chart or projection of the general process by which sensation is taken into the organized mechanism and conveyed to its appropriate locality.

Motor-tracks, voluntary and involuntary, connect the brain with the appendages of action; tracks called sensory convey the tidings of sensation by the outward sense—the physical apparatus that reaps the grain and grinds it, and delivers it, fully prepared, upon the festive board of soul—and other tracts, called commissural, give and send messages hither and thither to centres of volition or action within the precincts of the brain itself.

Some of the perceptive centres have been located with approximate accuracy; the visual centre, the auditory, the visual and auditory centres for verbal expression, and the motor-centres for both written and articulate language. The general locations of the yet unfocussed faculties have also been mapped out, and are indicated with sufficient correctness upon phrenological diagrams or busts.

Tracts connect and ramify to and from the cerebellum, the medulla of the spinal cord, between cortices, and to and from the several organs of the brain known as the lenticular body, the caudate body, the thalamuses and the four hills.

Sensations and memories are the warp and woof out of which the plain fabric of feeling is woven. This prerogative we share in somewhat higher degree for the most part, but in lower degree in some parts, with the animal of all orders. It is only when we consciously adorn and ornament the woven fabric of feeling that the difference is in kind and not degree—here, only, that man rises to the level of his Godlikeness.

This nervous machine is kept in operation by the other machine—

the circulation of the blood—quite as wonderful, and nearly as complex, but wholly subordinate to the former.

It is for the behoof of the mind manufacturer that all the grosser bodily functions are performed—to make soul and to perpetuate it. For this the sower sows the grain, for this the furnace-fires of vitality are fed by food, to drive the unerring piston of the strong heart-pump, that in and through each chink and crevice of the brain-structure shall penetrate the life-essence, pouring round all—lubricating, sustaining, and vivifying—the bright arterial blood.

Mr. Froude says: “When natural causes are liable to be set aside and neutralized by what is called volition, science is out of place.”

When volition becomes the equivalent of caprice this is true; but the volition of the Universe is as incapable of vacillation as either mathematics or mechanics.

Cosmic volition *chooses*, but always inerrantly, always well, always rightly, always perfectly. This volition, unconscious in all inanimate nature, follows the light blindly, never erring. The same volition grows penumbral in the brute and in natural man, and rises only to its true condition of Godliness in the new man—capable of choosing, conscious, wise, purposeful, intelligent.

When you find science amazed and confounded, at the utmost length of its tether, straining for cause in the field of physical relations, and unable to find it, baffled and discomfited, disdaining freedom and mocking at the liberator, know that here stands, not chance, but a new order of certainty; not physics, but metaphysics; not the hypothesis, but the new truth.

Volition is in gravitation. It is in the stars and in the sun, our own star. These are the centres of volitional influence of the universe; these the gray cells of the Almighty Intellect.

Volition is that in the nucleus and nucleolus of the seed which determines the shape, odor, and color of the bloom, and the shape, odor, taste, and efficiency of the fruit, and is that in beast and man from the natal cell to the last effort of will, judgment, or emotion which goes to the making of the character, whereby becoming, out of the elements of being, forms new being continually; but always out of the constant elements of being.

Do not say that with man, the man of flesh and bones and blood, even with the man of nerves and brain-power, even with the man of mentality, Nature has exhausted her far-reaching and immaculate powers. I tell you the man spiritual is of a diviner order than the man mental. That mighty thing in and of the Universe by which the sun-rays are translated into grass, and the grass into flesh, and the flesh into brain, and the brain into thought, and the thought into spirit, this is that volition which was in the bosom of the Father "before the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth and the worlds were made."

This, at its highest, is the function performed behind the veil of Isis in those wonderful cortices of brain. If we knew how the work was done there we should know the secret of the universe. There—in those black dots of the diagram—the work of translation is done, the seeming translated into the real, things of space into things of spirit, the corruptible puts on incorruption—a stone greater than that of Rosetta or Canopus.

These things are hid from the wise and prudent, but are revealed unto babes; we know the way of truth only as it has been and is revealed through personality, by the man of truth; but the fact of truth is for the finding of all, the result in himself is attainable to everyone who wills.

The exact work in the economy of the brain of the organs known as the lenticular and caudate bodies, the four hills and the thalamus, is as yet unknown; but the best modern opinion is that between them is divided the higher duties of the individual—a board of commissioners preserving order, counting ballots, certifying elections. Somewhere here, doubtless, is the storehouse of memories, the granary of habits, inherited and acquired; and here, probably in the caudate or lenticular body, the faculty of co-ordination of ideas which we know as Consciousness has his presidential chair.

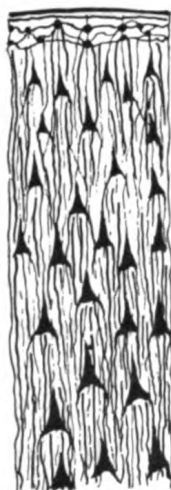
Memories, habits, and sensations are the material out of which feelings are made: ideas are developed out of feelings, and thoughts are the result of the reactions of feeling. Soul is the sum of all sentient symbols; the brain is a parable of this reality, the body an allegory of the divinity within. Soul is not the unknown and hypothetical en-

tity, nor is it the form of expression, but is always the determinant of that form.

Consciousness is attention, and attention means capacity, and capacity teaches the necessity of experience, and experience is profitable; for it is the advice of the Infinite to the immortal.

When the eye is single for the light the whole body becomes full of light; full of music when the ear attunes itself to harmony. The old "phrenology," full of errors and unwarrantable assumptions, is giving room to a genuine science of psychology. We know that the brain is not a single organ, but a vast congeries of organs, amazingly intricate, amazingly perfect, adaptable to conditions and acting separately or jointly as circumstances demand.

Let the sight of one eye be destroyed or impaired, forthwith the strength of the other leaps to the rescue. Both eyes gone, the ear and the touch cry out in unison, "We come !" and these good allies, as if



SECTION OF CORTEX OF THE BRAIN.

they truly felt a profound sense of responsibility, unite their forces to the aid of the enfeebled body—a vicarious atonement.

"I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

A wonderful mechanism is the brain, this moist, convoluted mass 75 per cent. water, 12 per cent. fatty substance, 7 per cent. albuminous, and 6 per cent. salts, myriads of white fibres, interlacing, con-

ducting everywhere, and among them the sapient gray cells of thought. "When those went these went; and when those stood these stood; and when those were lifted up from the earth the wheels were lifted up over against them, for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."

It is thus that science speaks its latest word, and thus that thousands of years ago the word of truth was spoken in the vision of Ezekiel.

HUDOR GENONE.

SOPHISTS, SOCRATES, AND "BEING."

(XXVII—*Continued.*)

Prodikos, a contemporary Sophist, has become known to posterity in the proverb: "As wise as Predikos." He was a teacher of ethics. To him is attributed the story of Herakles meeting on the road, in the disguise of two women, Pleasure and Duty, the latter of whom he chooses. It is difficult, says John Owen, "in the Bible itself to find a teaching of a sublimer or more distinctly ethical character." I must pass by it here, as it does not strictly belong to the leading idea of this series of essays. I mention the story in order to remark that the devotee to Being will choose Duty rather than Pleasure when the question of ethics arises. In Duty he will find Pleasure. The story itself will be found in any mythology.

The Sophists contributed negatively much to a truer study of Being by their iconoclastic work; but, aside from the deeper thought that lies in Protagoras's sentence, they did not build up any more than other iconoclasts. Negativity is not a solid basis. It is method and no more. From the rhetoric of the Sophists I now turn to the dialectics of Socrates. The first is a luxury, the latter a necessity of human reason and a potent instrument.

The new philosophical principle appears in the personal character of Socrates (469-399 B.C.). His philosophy is his mode of acting. His life and doctrine cannot be separated. He recognizes the truth of man as the measure of all things, but to him it is man as universal, as

thinking, as rational. He is himself a proof of his philosophy, for he became what he was by himself alone, and he worked to help other men to "become themselves"; his art or philosophy was that of a man "helper in births." As such he stands alone in history. He stands also alone as a model exemplifying the force of character to combine and harmonize the most contradictory and incongruous elements to an harmonious whole. He died a martyr to his doctrines and became a sacrifice on the altar of the New. He was not an Athenian, nor a Greek, but a cosmopolitan, a man-symbol of Being.

The Socratic *daimon* proves him an idealist. Possibly it is an expression of the Greek belief in a good or lucky genius; but most likely, and that is the modern idea, it is simply a pronounced subjectivity. It is a common thing that profound reflection and great intensity of mind will produce such effects. Such a *daimon* is an illusion as far as objective existence is concerned, if we by objectivity understand a material form. It was his *alter ego* or higher Personal * distinct from himself, distinct till at-oned with the real man. Hegel's interpretation is as follows:

"The genius of Socrates is not Socrates himself, not his opinions and conviction, but an oracle, which, however, is not external, but is subjective, his oracle. It bore the form of a knowledge which was directly associated with a condition of unconsciousness; it was a knowledge which may also appear under other conditions as a magnetic state. It may happen that at death, in illness and catalepsy, men know about circumstances future and present, which, in the understood relations of things, are altogether unknown. These are facts, which are usually rudely denied.

In other words, it was Thought, or Being manifested in Thought, which spoke in Socrates and speaks in every idealist. That something which really exists is Spirit, or 'the thinking principle.' Olympiodorus said that the *daimon* was Socrates' conscience. Socrates himself does nowhere speak of a genius or a demon, but always of a *daimonic something*,† viz., a voice, an inner life, etc. He was an

* Not individuality.

† The reader of course understands that here is no talk about a demon, but of a *daimon*.

idealist in the true sense, in the antique sense of the word idea. The idealist is more than anybody else the spiritual representative of Being on earth; and he is always related to Being through his self, or *daimon*. The "I am, that I am," or the "I will be, that I will be," is he himself. His Ego and the *extra*-Ego are one. Socrates obeyed his *daimon*, for he had attained for himself the recognition that the human mind inevitably, on account of its constitution, finds itself involved in self-contradictions whenever it ventures to speculate upon the esoteric nature of Being. He dropped speculation as a source of information, and fell back upon the Inner Life. And he always tried to force his pupils to the same method, or, rather, by a skilfully arranged conversation, he made them see that speculation is not the true man's way to Being.

Socrates called his process Dialectics. Xenophon tells us in the *Memorabilia* that Socrates said that "*dialectic* was so called because it is an inquiry pursued by persons who take counsel together, separating the subjects considered according to their kind. He held, accordingly, that men should try to be well prepared for such a process, and should pursue it with diligence. By this means he thought they would become good men, fitted for responsible offices of command and truly *dialectical*." Around this word *dialectic* turns all in Socrates' method. The word means originally to distinguish, to pick out, and to combine—namely, thoughts. In our every-day parlance we would say that the word meant simply to reason, to rationalize, an activity of the mind whereby it dissolves thoughts and recombines them according to the constitution of the mind. And so far the definition is correct enough, but the word meant more to Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and Hegel, who all needed the word, and in whose philosophy it plays such an important part.

Socrates declared that "Dialectic is the nature of things," and in that maxim there is an admirable foundation-stone for Idealism. It declares that human reason lies in the nature of things, is, or contains, the plan of the universe, and is identical with divine reason. Curiously enough, one of the Schoolmen, Berengarius, said, "God is a dialectician." It is hardly necessary at this day to defend the Socratic dictum. All who have risen to Intelligence know its truth, and the whole

of our new Metaphysics in this country is based upon it. Like Socrates, the moderns have abandoned physical research and confine themselves to mental philosophy, the origin and power of thought and knowledge. The object is to concentrate men's attention on themselves and by introspection to realize that Mind is the all. Introspection is the direct way to Truth. Part of Socrates' dialectics was his doctrine of *nescience*. Starting with the senses and their deceptions, he readily came to the statement that by means of them we cannot know, and that that which they do teach is their own limitations and incapacity to go beyond themselves. Experimentally, by way of the senses, we very soon run up against a stone wall, but Mind can go beyond. Socrates tells us that he inquired into the physical growth and decay of animals, but with the sceptical result that he did not know whether growth depended upon eating or drinking; he also investigated ordinary ideas of number, and confessed that he could not understand how one and one make two. (Wonder if the reader knows!)

In the Socratic method and the procedure to throw the student upon "know thyself," we are reminded of Buddha, who also strove to lead his hearers to enlightenment of self, an enlightenment calculated to lead to a Nirvana of the senses, and a nihilism of all egotism—a know-nothing—which at the same time is the door to *chit-sat-ananda*. Such is always the course of Idealism. On one side it is sceptical and doubtful of the senses; on the other it opens up the true reality—which cannot be expressed in words. Socrates formulated this matter in his well-known dictum: "Virtue is knowledge." By conduct he would enter the kingdom of Truth, not by mere knowledge. In our own day, as in the days of Socrates, we must use his own proverb and say: "Many are the wand bearers, few are the mystics." Few idealists of to-day enter Idealism by conduct; most come there by vain imaginings, and, of course, find only disappointment.

All subsequent mental activity of Greece has henceforth a direct or indirect relation to the Socratic problem.

"The transcendentalism of the Platonists; the Dialectic, the stress on induction, the versatility of Aristotle; the Hedonism of the Epicureans; the absolute morality of the Stoics, no less than the

negation of Pyrrhon and Timon; the probabilism of the Akademy; the suspense of Ainesidemos and Sextos Empiricos, are all so many ramifications of Socratic teaching or emanations of the Socratic spirit." *

Cicero made this famous statement (Tusc. V., 4, 10): "Socrates called philosophy down from the heavens to earth, and introduced it into the cities and houses of men, compelling men to inquire concerning life and morals, and things good and evil." It is this Socratic attitude which the modern teachers of Being must assume if they would succeed. We are done with systems, dogmas, and abstractions. We want a simpler philosophy, one which suits the market-place as well as the highest intellect, and one that is practicable. We shall not get it till we attain a full understanding of the nescience of mere intellect, and come to an open and honest relation to our *daimon*, which is Thought, Intelligence, in man. To the first we attain by dialectics as understood by Socrates; to the second by Virtue. The Greek people come to such a maturity in Socrates. We may well expect to come to it by our own mature efforts; thus we shall "fulfil the law of our being."

Picus Mirandola has summed up the Socratic question and Idealism in these words: *Qui se cognoscit, omnia in se cognoscit.*

"Who knows himself, knows all things in himself."

In Socrates we have Being represented as the world of Thought, and a free expression of Thought under the form of morality. He is not a free expression of Thought who merely wills and does that which is right, but he is who has the consciousness of what he is doing. It is this consciousness which is the form of Being represented by Socrates. Socrates, however, is not the only expression. Greek society at his time gave other proof of its freedom and its office as the revealer of Being. In art, such as that of Pheidias (born about 500 B.C.) and his pupils, we find it manifested. Greece at this time does not merely view Being through one window of its body—beauty, but through the entire nature of man. Its wisdom is of a practical character; it in-

* Evenings with the Skeptics; or, Free Discussion on Free Thinkers, by John Owen. London, 1881, Vol. I., p. 252.

cludes virtue, viz., manliness and womanliness. Pheidias presented to the world the highest conception of this idea in his famous Athene, the goddess of Mind. With him and his pupils the number of heroic figures was but small, but many were those of Athene and of Aphrodite Urania, "the heavenly goddess," the feminine principle of the universe. It is at this time that the Greek attains full mastery. Sculpture represents spirit completely blended with outer material form. And Greek art represented, above all things, "pure beauty"; viz., it was not mixed with passions or accidental feelings in untrue blendings. Greek balance or harmony was freedom, was a manifestation of Being, and in art the correspondent form to Socratic wisdom in philosophy. Like the Greek philosopher, so the Greek sculptor of the perfect form of the human body descended to the quiet place of his own soul, and there he found the universe reflected. From the microcosmic wellspring arose Athene, apparently a veritable material, but really in the warmth of human ideal passion, and as a creation, not as an instinct.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(VI.)

THE COURTSHIP.

"One sunny day in April there was a small, unpretentious funeral—a young widow burying her husband. She was a sweet-faced, yellow-haired girl. I liked her appearance. She came to her husband's grave every Sunday, bringing a few flowers; nothing expensive, just a bunch of pansies, or a rose or two, and, as soon as she could find them, wild flowers from the prairie. Usually she came on foot, and would seem tired, for it was a long walk. I went home with her one day to see. I suppose she couldn't afford the car-fare. She lived with her mother, and they seemed to be alone in the world. The older woman sewed, and the younger gave music lessons and helped about the sewing. There are so many music teachers—almost more teachers than scholars—that I think they saw hard times.

"In May there was a funeral from the boulevard—sixty carriages; I counted them, for somehow I felt interested in that funeral from the first. And flowers—you should have seen them! There was an arch you could walk under; and a gate ajar you could walk through; and pillows enough to cover the grave; and roses and lilies by the bushel! A man of about thirty-five was burying his wife. The next day he was there in his carriage, and the next, and the next. He seemed to take a little comfort in rearranging the flowers and bringing fresh ones. Sunday he brought nearly a bushel of roses, which he arranged on the grave. While he was doing it, my sweet-faced girl and her mother came with a little bunch of wild-flowers for their grave. The two graves were just across the path from each other, only a few feet apart. The women lingered longer than the man. As they turned to go, they noticed the newly made, rose-covered grave, and paused before it.

"The next Sunday the girl was there first, and she sat down by the grave and talked to her husband in a way that would have brought tears to the eyes of anything but a ghost. I never could see why they do it, but a great many people will talk to a dead body as if it could hear—if they think there is no one around! It seemed to comfort her. While she was talking, the man came with his roses. The coachman took the dried ones away in a basket, and the man arranged the fresh flowers. As soon as the girl noticed him she went home. The next Sunday they both came earlier—with the idea of being out of each other's way, I thought. And the next Sunday both tried coming late, and after that they just seemed to come when it happened, and sometimes met and sometimes not. I had fallen into the habit of loitering over that way every Sunday afternoon. They never said anything to each other, but whichever stayed the later always looked at the other's grave. One Sunday the man did not come, but the carriage appeared with a ten-year-old boy in charge of the roses. As he sprang out of the carriage and passed her, he dropped some of the roses without knowing it. She watched him as he tried to arrange the flowers on the grave.

" 'Here are your roses,' she said, enjoying their sweetness for a moment.

“ ‘Don’t you want them?’ he asked. ‘Mama has so many, I am sure she wouldn’t miss those, and your grave needs them,’ he added, with the brutal frankness of a child.

“ ‘Is it your mother’s grave?’

“ ‘Yes; but I can’t get the roses right. John says they are not the way papa has them; but he is so stupid he can’t show me how. My papa has gone to Buffalo, but he will be back before next Sunday,’ the boy chattered on, glad to find someone to talk with.

“ ‘I have seen it so often, I know how your papa likes to have it,’ she replied. ‘I’ll come and help you’; and so the two worked together and arranged flowers on both the graves. The next Sunday the man was there. As she stepped into the path to go home, he lifted his hat and spoke to her for the first time.

“ ‘Thank you for your help last Sunday. My boy told me.’

“ ‘You are welcome,’ she answered, gravely, and passed on.

“The next Sunday she did not come, nor the next; but the third Sunday she came again, looking pale and tired. She brought a few sprays of the early golden-rod. The man lingered until after she started, and then stepped into his carriage and told the coachman to follow her at a distance. Evidently he wanted to see where she lived. That week they put up the monument at his wife’s grave, and the man was down every day. We’ll go over and take a look at it some time; according to my notion, it is as fine as anything here. The next Sunday, early, I was loitering around the gate, when I saw the man. I followed along, and what was my surprise to see the girl by her husband’s grave, weeping bitterly. He saw her before I did, and stopped the carriage and got out and walked, telling the coachman that he would attend to the roses later. He went to his wife’s grave and looked at the beautiful monument a few moments, but the weeping girl across the path seemed to annoy him. At last he walked over and stood beside her.

“ ‘Why do you cry? It will not help him—or you.’

“ ‘I know—but life is so hard without him. Sometimes I can’t help crying. He was good, and I loved him. I know it is well with him. It is for myself that I am crying.’

“ ‘I see. A case of self-pity. Is that always the way of it, if we

were only honest enough to own it? Do we weep for ourselves instead of for the dead?’

“ ‘Yes, that is it,’ she replied, more calmly. ‘I found that out weeks ago. It is myself that I am sorry for, now. At first I was sorry for Charlie, to think that he had missed so much of life—that he had to die young when he would have liked to live. But now—he is used to the new life, and he is happier than he would be here. Now I am not grieving for Charlie, but for myself. You have put up that beautiful monument for yourself—not for her!’

“ ‘I wonder if that is true?’ he said, musingly. ‘I supposed I was putting it up for her!’

“ ‘You are putting it up for yourself, that you may show all the world how you loved her. And I—I was crying because I have nothing to bring to show my love for Charlie but those poor little flowers that will fade in an hour. That marble will tell of your love for centuries to come. And I cannot have even a stone at my Charlie’s grave. It is hard, very hard.’ She was weeping again, but more quietly. There was a silence of some moments.

“ ‘If it is, as you say, only for ourselves that we bring flowers and put up monuments, doesn’t that fact help us to bear it when we can’t do those things?’ he asked. ‘How much harder it would be if you thought he was grieving as you are over the lack of a stone.’

“ ‘He knows that I would if I could! He knows I love him, and that I have not forgotten and never will forget. But it is hard to have his friends think that I neglect him. It is almost more than I can bear. If his mother had not owned a lot here, he would have had to be down there among the single graves, and it seems as if that I could not have borne.’

“ They talked awhile longer, then the coachman drove up, saying the horses wouldn’t stand. The girl walked away and did not come again for three weeks, but the man came every Sunday and put roses on her Charlie’s grave. The fourth Sunday she came and saw the faded roses on both graves. In a few moments the man appeared and brought her a bunch of beautiful roses.

“ ‘My wife would gladly share her roses with you to help ease a heartache,’ he said.

“ ‘Thank you; it is kindly meant, I am sure, and I accept. But they are not *my* roses, and you will not think me ungrateful if I ask you not to bring me any more.’

“ ‘You are not speaking from the heart now. You are thinking of mere conventionalities.’

“ ‘Perhaps; we are so much the slave of conventionalities that we hardly know how we would act, were we free. But—I cannot continue to accept your roses.’

“ ‘If my wife were here, she would give them to you. She was a beautiful, noble woman—as good as she was beautiful, which is not always the case. The earth has contained but few who were her equal.’

“ ‘Then your marble yonder tells the truth?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘I am glad. It is too beautiful to be a lie.’

“She did not come again until the next spring, but the man drove out every Sunday with roses for his wife’s grave. It was a beautiful June morning when I saw them together again. They were standing in the gravelled path, and he was talking.

“ ‘They are not forgotten. They will never be forgotten. We shall never cease to love them; but they are of the past. The future is ours. Let us spend it together. To some it might seem strange that I ask you here; but here was where we first met, and here it was that our hearts turned toward each other for sympathy in our grief. We have mourned together. But now let us put aside sorrow, and try to find peace and joy. My darling, I love you dearly! Will you be my wife? I think if our dead could speak they would bid us be happy.’ He held out his hands, and she put hers in them, silently, and they walked away together.”

“And were happy ever after, as the story-books say?”

“I think they are happy. I made up my mind I should go to the wedding, but, as they didn’t send me an invitation, I had quite a time to find out when it was to be. However, I went; it was in the little church she attended. I also went to the big reception held afterward. And what do you suppose he gave her for one of the wedding presents?”

“I don’t know. And yet—perhaps I could guess! They do such

strange things in the cemetery. Perhaps it was a monument for her husband's grave!"

"Exactly. We will go over and look at it some day. Probably you knew him."

"I did. I have recognized him—but we never knew that he found his wife in the cemetery. I went to that reception—but I didn't see you there."

"I suppose not. It is a busy day down at the club, to-day, so nearly all the ghosts will be in. It will be a good time for you to be introduced, and then you will not be so lonesome. I think we'd better go down, don't you?"

"Perhaps so. I am in no hurry, but if you want to go I'll go with you."

"We will go. It is time you were introduced and given a number."

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

(To be continued.)

THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION.

The existence of the soul is an essential condition of reincarnation; nay, of all religions. For, if there is no soul, it is of no use to believe in God or the future state. Krishna reasons in the "Gita" that "If the soul is in the now, it must ever be; for, whatever is, can neither come from or to nothing." He says, "The philosophers, who understand the causes and effects of things, have always asserted and proved this fact from their experience." This argument of the great Indian patriarch is too well proved by physical science to admit of any doubt. Mr. Stallo, in his "Modern Concepts of Physics," says the same thing, *i. e.*, "Nothing can come from or to nothing." It is, in fact, one of the most important principles of philosophy, both oriental and occidental. Why should we go to others? We can think for ourselves. Our ideas can be perpetuated by process of impression, and can therefore descend to thousands of generations. Such being the nature of ideas, can it be that the soul which originates them will come to nothing?

If there be no soul in pre-existence somewhere in the boundless empire of nature, it cannot come into existence. This is a fundamental principle of philosophy and experience. If there is no oil in one grain of sand, it cannot be got from ten thousand grains. There is oil in one grain of sesamum, so when thousands are brought together and compressed, they yield oil. There was a vital atom before in the Empire of Nature, so it has come into existence and is variously manifested on the earth. Hence, the pre-existence and post-existence of the soul defy a rational doubt, and the soul is therefore eternal. Being eternal, it must live in some or other state, and its change of states is what is called transmigration.

Now, there is nothing more apparent to the inquisitive eye than the ceaseless changeability of all things around us. The plants of the wet season spring up, grow, fade, decay, and die away. Animals begin their existence from a microscopic germ in the ova, develop, come out into visible life, further grow, attain highest development, decline, decay and finally pass away from sight. All these changes do not take place abruptly, but very gradually and imperceptibly. We cannot say when the plant grows or the animal develops. But in all this going out and coming in of material particles, it is also equally manifest that the animals themselves remain just the same and maintain their own entities. Nothing is either lessened or increased. When such is the universal phenomenon in the whole material world without a single exception, can we say that the soul alone comes from or to nothing? No; on the contrary, this interminable assumption of forms of material things is a glaring fact and living lesson to teach us that we also assume innumerable forms by the same laws of the kingdom of God that operate so evidently before our eyes. It is an old saying that has even found a place in the Bible, that there is nothing new under heaven. Hamilton eloquently describes that there is no new quantum of existence added to or taken away from the existing things. And all now firmly believe and prove from nature that the quantity of existence is constant. All science is based upon it. The moment you advance the idea that new matter can spring into existence, science, reasoning, and experience fall to the ground. All the superstructure of modern science is raised on the foundation

principle of the constancy of existence. You can refer to various books on the philosophy of science. You know them better than I. Hence, we have come into present existence, because we were existent in some or other mode of life before, and this is what is meant by the transmigration of souls.

It is evident to all observers that whenever we want to exert our powers either in speculative matters or in practical affairs, we need the presence of organs. If there is no eye, surely we cannot see. If I have no fingers I cannot write. Take away certain parts of the brain and I cease to think. A man without hands cannot work. In short, for our working we must have all organs in perfect adaptability to our wants. But all these organs constitute what we call the body. Hence, if the soul is a thinking and acting being, it must have some kind of organism. Some men think that, since we can reflect after having gained a few ideas and improve upon them by means of reflection, we do not require the accompaniment of the body. This argument is put forward by Butler, in his "Analogy." But it is quite wrong. We see that unless new ideas are obtained from the treasury of nature, there can be no improvement. A certain number will no doubt produce a great many permutations, but not without a limit. So the eternal progress, which is claimed on this argument, is impossible. This fact is so manifest to the reader of philosophy that I do not care to dwell upon it any longer. Hence, if we are to progress—and by progress we mean progress in knowledge—we must have organs and senses to gain new ideas, the increased stock of which alone means progress in knowledge. But if we get organs in after life, we, in fact, incarnate, or, in other words, we are reborn.

In the world we generally see that virtue suffers and vice triumphs. The terrible sufferings of the Hindus under the Mahommedan tyranny still cry for redress. If all this goes for nothing, it is useless to talk of God or religion in the world. Also, we have seen that, whether we act or suffer, we must have organs as the media of perception. The great Krishna says that the soul alone and by itself is incapable of acting or suffering. Neither a weapon can scathe it, nor fire can burn it; neither water can dissolve it nor the wind can dry it.

As we believe the soul to be a vital atom, which becomes sensitive

to pleasure or pain when united with material atoms, we have no doubt that if we have to suffer or enjoy, we must have organs, which is the same as to assert our rebirth. Hence, God cannot give us rewards and punishments without putting us into some kind of body. If there be no body given us in future, his moral law will be a dead letter to a thinking man. It is the non-acceptance of our rebirth that has given rise to the denial of God's existence. The necessity of the body for the fulfillment of God's decree at the day of judgment is recognized by the Christians and Mahommedans in their doctrine of resurrection, according to which not only the soul will reappear after death at certain unknown time, but the physical body will rise in whole and sound state from the sepulchre at the summons of an angel. According to this doctrine, the organs of the body will vegetate from its remains. It says that after the Divine judgment is passed, mankind will march off with their new bodies into either eternal paradise or eternal hell. The idea is so deeply rooted in the minds of Mahommedans that they will not suffer their dead to be burnt, lest at the day of judgment their souls should be left unprovided with bodies and so disqualified for entry into their destined paradise. Also, since the present body must dissolve and rise in resurrection, the new body, which the Christian or Mahommedan gets in resurrection, must, *ceteris paribus*, dissolve, being made of the same or similar materials. It is the law of God that the material atoms must constantly undergo change. Therefore the new body, made up of the material atoms, must change in obedience to God's law. Hence there will be many resurrections and not one, which is the transmigration of souls.

We all know that no action is taken without producing some kind of effect in the physical world, and when we see no effect, it is owing to some counteracting circumstances. What we sow in the field we reap in the harvest. Wheat produces wheat, grain produces grain. Now, the same is true also of the mental world. If a man lives in bad company who express bad thoughts, he thinks evil. Metaphysics teaches us that our mind faithfully records the images of things about us, which are ideas, either good or evil. I ask if this generation of ideas, that is, if evil ideas produce evil ideas and good ideas produce good ideas, is to end at death, and if the effect of those ideas are to

have no occasions to manifest themselves? No; they must be furnished with organs to reap the fruit of their working. Hence, by the law of causation, we must have some kind of body to realize the effects of our thoughts and actions, and this is as good a proof of rebirth as anything can be.

As it has been proved above that the presence of some kind of body is essential for the enjoyment or suffering of the soul, which can only be the consequence of the justice of God in our trial, we cannot understand how people can prove the justice of God without providing him with means of executing it. We have already said that things both spiritual and physical are not affected by others not in their atomic state. Consequently God must incarnate us. Let it be known that to believe in an unjust God is only to hide atheism in the heart. If there is a God, he must be just, and most equitably just. Those who believe in a single birth cannot prove the equitable justice of God. It is no use to say that whatever God does is just. When learned men show justice in their life, how can we admit that God, who is the source of knowledge, and from whom our progenitors sucked the sweet milk of knowledge, does not practice justice, and is a mere toy of caprice? Ponder well on the justice of God and the nature of the soul, and you will come to the same conclusion—that we must pass from life to life, which is nothing but the transmigration of the soul.

It is the doctrine of an eternal hell that started the idea of a single birth. But it is irrevocably refuted by the thinking Christians themselves. Is it a merciful God who sends us to the everlasting fire of hell on the commission of a single sin, and even that in the state of our ignorance? Men give to criminals on earth a chance to rectify themselves. What government is there that does not liberate its paltry felons? The Christians and Moslems do not understand the meaning of mercy, when they attribute it to God. Its meaning, as understood by the vulgar among them, is the forgiveness of sins. According to them, man is by nature sinful, and it is utterly futile to look to works for salvation; they therefore imagine that, if a man believes in their religious teachers—Christ of the Christians, and Mohamet of the Moslems—he will be saved, despite his whole life of sin. As, for instance, if a Mahomedan murders millions of non-Mahomedans

and firmly believes in the mission of Mohamet, he is sure to go to paradise. In like manner, the blood of Jesus washes away the sins of all the Christians. The hell of the Christians and Moslems is for the enemies of their faith. If these believers get any punishment at all, it is temporary and of very light nature. They are to be soon pardoned at last. This is what they understand by mercy.

As these religions are all sectarian and make light of other dispensations, their selfish injunctions are the results of ignorance and worldliness. Their bigotry never allows them to see that, if their dogmas be taken to be true, God will be merciful to a small sect and cruel to a very large portion of mankind. And as what is great is only counted, and what is small is left out of calculation, the great quality of cruelty will be predicated of God; for his mercy is overwhelmed with cruelty.

With reference to the question under discussion, God's eternal condemnation of the greatest part of mankind without listening to their petition, is exceedingly cruel. If a man who turns a deaf ear to the supplications of another is considered to be cruel and unmerciful by all, how can God, who disregards appeals, be merciful?

Again, no two persons are exactly alike in anything. One man is more truthful or more sinful than another. One man speaks more lies in a day than another. A schoolmaster does not sin in lying so frequently as a tradesman. A gambler cannot be so holy as a priest. How, then, can they all be condemned to burn forever in hell? There are degrees in their virtue and vice. If God punishes them alike, he is frightfully cruel and worse than Satan himself. Even the barbarians punish their criminals eye for eye and limb for limb, but the God of the Christians and Moslems confounds degrees of crime and punishes all with equal severity. He is, therefore, more barbarous than barbarians. But as God cannot be so, this conception of the Christians and Moslems is entirely wrong. It can never form a permanent belief of a true religion.

The merciful God punishes his children, listens to their appeals for repentance, liberates them, and out of his parental fondness always gives them chance to better themselves. He thus pardons, and he is thus merciful. In familiar language, we may say that he allows his

children to "try their luck" as many times as they like, and thus punishes them with mercy. They commit sins which demand death, but he gives them life. This continual gift of life, which is the fountain of happiness, gives rise to the series of rebirths. Hence, the theory of rebirth is consistent with the mercy of God.

If the soul has no freedom of action, it is useless to say that we are responsible agents. A few short years of life followed by an eternity of punishment or enjoyment is no liberty of the soul. And those who talk of it do not go to the bottom of the matter. The soul is eternally free, and must, therefore, incarnate innumerable times. Dr. Calderwood says, "'The will is free,' 'the soul is free,' and 'the person is free,' with their correlative negations, are, on either side, only three forms of expressing the same thing." The Christians and Moslems say that after the death of a person the soul is either with the dead body or in some place which they do not know. Now, both of these suppositions are wrong. The dead man's soul leaves his body. If the soul is with the body, the body is not dead. If the soul is somewhere and is not allowed to go away, it is confined. Hence, the suppositions of the Christians and Moslems with regard to the post-existence of the soul are ridiculously erroneous. The height of absurdity is increased by their believing in the day of resurrection, when the corpses of all men will rise with their souls. Now, neither Christ nor Mohamet knew of the time of resurrection. Hence, these religious sects increase the confinement of souls to an indeterminate period of time. Contrast with this imprisonment of souls their liberty to assume the forms they entitle themselves to according to the doctrine of reincarnation.

"Why are we on the earth? We did not ask to be placed there, we did not express a wish to be born. If we had been consulted, we should probably have objected to coming into this world at all, or, at least, we should have wished to appear there at some other epoch. We should probably have asked to be permitted to sojourn in some other planet than the earth. Our globe is, indeed, a very disagreeable habitation. In consequence of its inclination on its axis, the climate is very unpleasantly distributed. Either we must succumb to cold, if we are not artificially protected against it, or we must be terribly incommoded

by heat. Regarded from the moral point of view, the conditions of humanity are very sad. Evil predominates in the world; vice is held almost everywhere in honor, and virtue is so ill-treated that to be honest is, in this life, to be tolerably certain of evil fortune. Our affections are causes of anguish and tears. If, for a while, we enjoy the happiness of paternity, of love, of friendship, it is only to see the objects of our love torn from us by death, or separated from us by the accidents of a miserable life. The organs given us to be exercised in this life are heavy, coarse, subject to maladies. We are nailed to the earth, and our heavy mass can be moved only by fatiguing exertion. If there are men of powerful organization, gifted with a good constitution and robust health, how many are there who are infirm, idiots, deaf and dumb, blind from their birth, rickety and mad? My brother is handsome and well-made, and I am ugly, feeble, rickety, and hump-backed; nevertheless we are both sons of the same mother. So some are born in opulence, others in the most hideous destitution. Why am I not a prince and a great lord, instead of being a poor toiler of the rebellious and ungrateful earth? Why was I born in Europe, and in France, where, by means of art and civilization, life is rendered easy and endurable, instead of being born under the burning skies of the tropics, where, with a bestial snout, a black and oily skin and woolly hair, I should have been exposed to the double torments of a deadly climate and social barbarism? Why is not one of the unfortunate African negroes in my place, comfortable and well-off? We have done nothing, he and I, that our respective places on the earth should have been assigned to us. I have not merited the favor, he has not incurred the disgrace. What is the cause of this unequal division of frightful evils which fall heavily upon certain persons, and spare others? How have they who live in happy countries deserved this partiality of fate, while so many of their brethren are suffering and weeping in other regions of the world?

“ Certain men are endowed with all the gifts of the intellect; others, on the contrary, are devoid of intelligence, penetration, and memory. They stumble at every step in the difficult journey of life. Their narrow minds and their incomplete faculties expose them to every kind of failure and misfortune. They cannot succeed in anything, and des-

tiny seems to select them for the chosen victims of its most fatal blows. There are beings whose whole life, from birth to death, is a prolonged cry of suffering and despair. What crime have they committed? Why are they upon the earth? They have not asked to be born, and if they had been free, they would have entreated that this bitter cup might be removed from their lips. They are here below in spite of themselves, against their will. This is so true that some, in an excess of despair, sever the thread of their own life. They tear themselves away with their own hands from an existence which terrible suffering has rendered insupportable to them.

“God would be unjust and wicked to impose so miserable a life upon beings who have done nothing to incur it, and who have not solicited it. But God is neither unjust nor wicked; the opposite qualities are the attributes of His perfect presence. Consequently the presence of man on certain portions of the earth, and the unequal distribution of evil over our globe, are not to be explained. If any of my readers can show me a doctrine, a philosophy, a religion by which these difficulties can be resolved, I will tear up this book, and confess myself vanquished.

“If, on the contrary, you admit the plurality of human existences and *reincarnations*, that is to say, the passage of the same soul into several different bodies, everything is easily explained. Our presence in certain portions of the globe is no longer the effect of a caprice of fate, or the result of chance; it is simply a station of the long journey which we are taking throughout the worlds.”—Dr. Louis Figuier’s “*Day After Death*,” Chapter 15, pages 202-205.

“We think, with Jean Reynaud, that the complete remembrance of our previous existences will return to the soul when it shall inhabit the ethereal regions, the sojourn of the superhuman beings.”—“*Day After Death*,” page 244.

MRS. CHARLES L. HOWARD.

(*To be continued.*)

Inspiration may be defined to be subjective certitude that cannot be accounted for by reasonings or analyzings.—*New Lacon*.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

ASTROLOGICAL INDICATION OF FUTURE EVENTS.

Interest in the subject of Astrology as a science by which events may be foretold with some degree of accuracy has received considerable of an impetus in this country during the past two years. It is the common thing for those who have been "educated" (with the Occult left out of the Curriculum) to jeer at things not down in the "regular" course as having no foundation in fact; and Astrology has not escaped the general condemnation. A *good thing*, however, cannot be permanently put down by a *bad opinion*; nor can that which is wrong live without cultivation or endure by belief alone.

The attitude we take in such matters is that an unbiassed intellect may safely examine any theory, and that the true merits of the thing will then be demonstrated. Let unqualified condemnation follow actual disproof, only, and the way to deeper learning will still lay open to us.

In the August, 1897, number of this magazine we published an article from the pen of Mr. Julius Erickson, entitled "An Astrological Prediction on President McKinley's Administration." It was based upon the relative positions of the planets at the time of the administering of the Oath of Office to President McKinley, March 4, 1897. Some radical predictions were made of future action and results, which no one could then foresee by any ordinary means. A copy of the paper was filed in the Copyright Office in Washington, on March 8, 1897, causing the prediction to stand absolutely upon its own merits. A few of the predictions made are substantially as follows:

"We are to have an American policy abroad, and the President will soon let the world know just how we stand on protecting American citizens. Spain and all other nations may profit by the prediction."

"Martial men and martial affairs will take a prominent place during the next four years. The army and navy will be increased."

"Grave questions must be settled this year, and the spirit of doubt and uncertainty will, for a time, permeate the air."

"Some national military academy or school will suffer from fire, explosion, or collapse; this will no doubt cause investigation by the authorities, for life is threatened. This accident will be accompanied by some strange history or circumstance in connection."

"The President, before spring's balmy days are gone, will be harassed, thwarted, and perhaps threatened by powerful opponents; but he stands like the pyramids against the assaults of his foes."

"The affliction of the Sun to the Moon denotes appropriations of money for military and naval affairs."

"We shall meet with rebuff or treachery from some foreign power."

"If Congress is in session during the winter of 1898, extraordinary excitement will attend its deliberations."

"The sixth house rules the Navy. Jupiter, its ruling planet, is retrograde, unfortunately weak and badly afflicted; this is ominous of evil, and we shall suffer a loss in some way in that direction."

"The Ship of State sails o'er rough seas, but a good, cool, wise man is at the helm and he holds the ship true."

"These four years will make an impress on history's page not soon forgotten; for two things are clearly indicated: the proud, haughty sons of Castile and Leon, once rulers of a mighty empire, have turned their faces to the setting sun, and as it goes down in all its glory it carries with it the memories of a great past; for Spain's monarchy is threatened, and she sinks beneath the heavy hand of fate."

This article also contains many other predictions for the period of four years, some of which have already been fulfilled, and others, perhaps, are yet to occur.*

One feature of this Horoscope, not before mentioned, is so clearly indicative of what has occurred as to be worthy of note here; viz., By Astrological calculation, the sign Gemini rules the United States. Now, in this Horoscope, Gemini occupies the twelfth house, which is the house of "treachery, secret enmity, prisons," etc. Posited in Gemini ($17^{\circ} 32'$) is Neptune, ruler of the Ocean, and, in some particulars, signifying the Navy.

*A few copies of the August, 1897, number of this Magazine, containing Mr. Erickson's article, are on hand and may be obtained for 25 cents each.

in conjunction with Mars, the planet of war, violence, fire, explosives, and implements of destruction. The ruling planet of Gemini is Mercury, which is posited in Aquarius, in the eighth house (known as the house of Death), disposed of by Saturn, and applying to close aspect with Mars. This, then, is the successive reading of the qualities of Sign, House, Planets, and Aspects: Sign, Gemini, signifying the United States. Houses (twelfth and eighth), signifying Secret Enemies, Treachery, Death. Planets Neptune, Mars, signifying Ocean, Navy, and War, in the Aspect of Conjunction; and Mercury, signifying the United States, trine of Mars, signifying War.

The planet Mercury also represents Intellect, and Mars represents Will; the aspect of Trine is good, in its influence, and, although it occurs between houses of treachery and death, it may mean no more than what has already occurred in the "Maine" incident.

All the ancient works on Astrology give practically the same reading from these aspects, etc., and they seem to read altogether too close to the events that have already transpired to be passed by without notice. Such knowledge, if possible to obtain, must become of great value in the management of the affairs both of men and of nations.

The portrait of Swami Abhedananda, which we reproduced in the March number of this magazine, may be had in a beautiful photograph, from Mr. H. J. Van Haagen, of 1267 Broadway, New York City, who now owns the portrait and controls its sale, both wholesale and retail.

The Swami's face is an unusual one, and so fine a reproduction is well worth preserving. We advise all interested persons to secure a copy while it may be had.

Be able to be alone.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The foretelling of the weather was an exact science in Ancient Egypt.

The era of competition is ended. The era of combination has opened. All business is concentrating. In this massing of capital there is coming to be an absolute domination over the wage-earner and the interests of the people at large, over the life of the State itself.—*Rev. Heber Newton.*

A MODERN INQUISITION.

Ever since the days of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, Massachusetts has assumed to be in the van of the various States and sections in progress, freedom, and toleration. But "eternal vigilance" is the price of continued liberty, for new and subtle forms of tyranny are ever seeking instalment.

A bill has been formulated which the General Court is to be asked to pass into a law, making it a crime to heal disease, unless it be done through one limited legal monopoly. The penalty for this terrible crime of healing is to be "a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$500 for each offence, or by imprisonment in jail for three months, or both." Thus, for a good deed, educated Christian men and saintly women are to be thrown into prison with common felons. The assumption is, that here in Massachusetts people have no right to choose their own method of relief, or that they are so ignorant that the State must do it for them.

The medical profession has in its ranks hundreds of noble, progressive, and tolerant men, who cannot in any way be held responsible for such an attempted imposition of mental and moral slavery as the State Board proposes, and it is believed that many of them will disavow all connection with and indorsement of it. It involves no question between therapeutic systems, but is a menace to the most sacred and fundamental principles of personal liberty. Regarding malpractice and the assumption of medical titles, there is already ample protection against all false pretence.

Any craft that is so endangered by the progress of Truth that it must coerce the public, evidently is not willing to rest upon its own merits for patronage. One religious sect might as well ask the State to enforce its creed, and to cast into prison all who did not avow it, as for one medical system to ask for legislation to force unwilling people to support it exclusively. The spirit of such a law would be exactly in the line of the old-time "blue laws" and the whipping of Quakers.

Materia medica has never claimed to be an exact science. It lacks the exact elements of mechanical surgery, and is admittedly experimental and empirical, and constantly shifting its methods and conclusions. The writer of this article is only an independent seeker of the truth. He is

not a practitioner, and therefore has no professional or pecuniary interest in this matter; but, as an application of the higher philosophy has, without the shadow of doubt, added ten years to his life, he has a near and real sense of what should be everyone's privilege. He has many friends in the medical profession whom he highly esteems, and under certain conditions he would employ some of them, but he believes that every one of them would have the relation between physician and patient voluntary, rather than forced by the State, with the prison as an alternative.

The true province of legislation is to protect the liberty of the people rather than to take it away. While the writer is not a Christian Scientist, in the specific sense of that term, he believes that the State has no more right to interfere with the religious faith of that denomination than to enter their homes and confiscate their goods.

But there is a scientific as well as a religious aspect to this question. Psychological and metaphysical laws are exact, and are available and applicable in their own place and scope. To approach human ills from the inner, subtle, and real causative side is something which the average medical practitioner knows little about. How could he, when he has given the subject no systematic study?

Any fair-minded person must see at a glance that, unless different systems and philosophies are allowed to stand upon merit alone, all evolutionary progress must cease. The very principles of constitutional democracy presuppose that citizens are not imbeciles, but they are to have a free individual choice in all those deeper things which pertain to their religious, ethical, social, and physical welfare.

Can the law force any man to think exactly in the same ruts as his neighbor, and imprison him if he does not? Millions have poured out their blood on battle-fields or been burned at the stake on issues far less vital and sacred than the one in question.

There is no purpose in this communication to condemn one system or extol another, for the principles outlined are back of all systems. It may safely be assumed that the medical profession in general will not sustain the State Board in the extreme and unconstitutional course which they propose. The latter, having had a taste of rule in the limited monopoly of the past, now wish to advance and make it unlimited.

Under the inquisition of Torquemada, in the fifteenth century, the

bodies of men were conscientiously tortured for the laudable purpose of saving their souls. It is now proposed to torture their souls (which are the real men) in order to save their bodies. Which is the worst? One occurred in a dark period of the world's history; the other is advocated for the apex of the nineteenth century.—*Henry Wood, in the Boston Evening Transcript.*

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES AND THE MEDICAL BILL.

Electrifying as are the courage and chivalry of William James's stand for the despised of the regulars, his position is really not in advance of his time. It is the most respectable and eminent faculty from whose association he steps manfully out—for he is a regularly diplomaed doctor himself, it seems—that are behind the times, as such authoritative bodies usually are. Professor James demonstrates this from history in his logical, soundly psychological, fearless protest against the bill proposing restrictive legislation in regard to the cure of disease. He is simply uttering with conviction and authority the thoughts and beliefs of thousands of modern men and women, both within and without the medical profession. Every physician knows in his own practice the therapeutic value of personality; and, however hedged in by professional training and interest, recognizes the justice and logic of this point in Professor James's argument: "If some fatality were laid on us whereby one type of practitioner must perforce be singled out for license, and all other types stamped out, I should unhesitatingly vote to license the Harvard Medical School type, for it lies in the spirit of science to correct its own mistakes in the end; and I should hope that, little by little, though with infinite slowness, many of the things well known outside of the medical school, but not known there at present, might possibly be rediscovered by one adventurous spirit or another inside, and finally accrete with the final body of doctrine. Even mind-cure methods might eventually be resurrected in this way. But, thank heaven, no such fatal necessity of giving exclusive license to one type of mind now weighs upon this Legislature. Our State needs the assistance of every type of mind, academic or non-academic, of which she possesses specimens."

It would indeed be a "fatal necessity" by which should devolve upon

a legislature the duty of licensing people's minds! The non-academic type of mind, in a large sense, existed as Abraham Lincoln. Yet Lincoln inevitably and naturally understood the management of human movements which others had to arrive at by mental processes following the shock of disaster in the war. It has always been the non-academic type of mind which has led in enlargements of freedom, since the first steps in empirical healing took place beside the poor of Bethesda, or when the leper pressed too close to an unlicensed healer for obedience to the restrictive medical laws of Jerusalem, nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

Professor James spoke a truth, which all doctors also understand, in saying that a large part of the present mind-cure movement "is religious, or quasi-religious," and the academic mind naturally hangs back from learning of the flesh from the soul; and Browning's well-known dictum is not academic. But the core of the whole argument is in the statement that in this purely medical question the General Court, "not being a well-spring and source of medical virtue, must remain strictly neutral, under penalty of making the confusion worse." That there is confusion in these days, when the human mind is in a tumult between old faiths and new, cannot be denied. Quacks and humbugs are plentiful, but they are not to be stamped out by a law which would seek to hamper honest and successful practitioners of the mind-cure in its various phases. Many such practitioners would pay the full penalty of disobeying such a law, if it were made, with a serenity which would astonish the legislators and the doctors. They have "eliminated fear." It would surprise this Commonwealth to see sons and daughters of her oldest families calmly defying any such law if it were made. It would be interesting reading—a list of the people who practice or profess the mind-cure in Boston and vicinity. There are thousands of them whose names would make legislators pause—names of people as well known as those of Dr. James, and Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Mills—but in departments of life and where they do not feel called upon to "speak up in meeting" for their faith, but are content to be so well represented by so cultivated and fearless a spokesman as Dr. James, who, by the way, touched even finer issues as an orator yesterday than when he served the city at the unveiling of the Shaw monument of another more concrete struggle in the cause of freedom.—*Boston Evening Transcript, Editorial, March 3, 1898.*

ANALYSIS OF A WAKING DREAM.

I awake with a start and a feeling of having been called, combined with the mysterious, repressed expectancy of knowledge, hitherto obscure, about to be revealed. I open my eyes, and, spread out before me, boundlessly enveloping all material things, is a vast plain of endless white, neither adorned nor marred by projection or inequality. On this plain or screen is the following described picture: Nearly in the centre are two dark spots; surrounding these, with the spots for an axis, are circles, some large and some small, made with dotted lines. Starting from the dark spots are two straight lines, which join above in the dim and misty distance, and merge into the soft yellow light of a star, which sometimes shines with a clear, steady light, often with a hazy obscurity, and then, again, with its light lost in clouds of formless *things*—things of huge and awful shapes that are broken into feathery bits of vanishing clouds as they cross the face of the star.

With the vision—a vision of spiritual reality in a world of gross materiality—comes its meaning: Truth in an atmosphere of error.

Knowing that dreams, either of our sleeping or waking moments, are not the disordered fancies of an irresponsible mind, I trace the vision to the causes that brought it from its world of chaotic obscurity into tangible reality. Within the last year I had read the "Ice Desert," by Jules Verne. In it are described the movements of two men who seek the North Pole, and their intense astonishment, when nearly there, to find new and strange footsteps of other men. They walk for days, and then come upon the mysterious footsteps again; but, upon closer examination, they find that these are *their own*, for they have been travelling in a circle! These were the circles of the vision! I had that day attended a service in a Roman Catholic church, and had been deeply impressed with the beauty of its symbolic mysticism. One small green light on an altar had cast its fascinating power over me. To the exclusion of all other lights, this one asserted itself, and beckoned and called, as, half veiled in the clouds of incense, it mingled with the music and became a part of the prayers, and also a part of my mind. This explains the star of Light.

A conversation recently held, in which the subjective and objective mind had been discussed, was the link binding together these two incongruous pictures. Reasoning upon the subject, objectiveness would have said, "You cannot combine them; they must stand alone;" but Reason was asleep. They hovered in chaotic confusion on the threshold of consciousness; but, before they vanished, Reason awoke, caught them, and said, "This is what I have longed to know."

With the vision came its meaning. I am one of the dark spots fixed in objective materialism. The far-off star is the Infinite Truth, in the Infinite Beyond, and the line is the path that leads to it. The second spot represents anyone who is *en rapport* with me through the brotherhood of the same thoughts, and who has the same lofty ideal in view. Seeking to find the endless Truth by following the straight line, with no guide or chart except what exists in ourselves, we travel in circles.

The subjective mind starts forth on its quest, and the objective mind is, for the time being, non-existent; just as the man who, starting to reach a given point, travels in a circle and is, for the time being, on the circumference of the circle instead of being at the starting-point. The greater our efforts to reach a higher plane, the greater will be our development. Growth is never attained by inaction, although its efforts may not always be apparent. Our knowledge and exaltation of mind will increase with the number and size of our circling, restless thoughts. Aim high, even though the most supreme struggle reaches far short of the magic ideal star, and you grow weary of wandering in the seemingly fruitless circles! The circles are there; they are our very own, made so by our insatiable searchings, and they are constructed out of the experiences and aspirations of the soul. The waves, and paths, and circles, of other minds seeking to reach the Star of Light, cross and overlap our sphere, but never interfere with it. The higher our thoughts, the greater the number of sympathetic souls we shall meet. We can have no sympathy with the man of low aims and thoughts, because he never leaves his objective point, and no undulating wave from his mind can sweep the circles of our highest thoughts. These struggles and strivings, even though they end in present defeat, will elevate us far above the minds of those who are content to take things as they seem, and will make us as much superior to them as the man who has travelled the

world over is, in experience, to him who has never left his native village. One is fitted to become a companion of the wise and noble, while the other will be unable, for long years, to enter the royal courts.

We can never go beyond or outside of ourselves. Man's unattained ideal is ever beyond his grasp. He cannot even create that ideal, but must form it from what is in himself; must evolve its greatness from the soul-germ implanted within; must see it rise in one effort of strength and Truth from seemingly unimportant combinations. He must watch it fade and wane until, with a courage and perseverance born of conviction, and a patience the outgrowth of hope, he can bask in the strength and purity of its unfading light. All the manifestations of Spiritism, Thought Transference, etc., are the wanderings of our undefined hopes, and the offspring of our latent and undeveloped thoughts.

With this explanation, phantasms of the dead are quite possible: The soul departs into another sphere, but the circling, subjective thoughts, like an aroma, remain with us for a definite time, until crossed and re-crossed by the ever-advancing waves of man's unrest.

Our objective minds do not see the objective bodies of our departed friends, for the *soul never returns*. In the upward path there is no retrogression. But, paradoxical as it may sound, *we do see them*. To our subjective minds, souls and their thoughts are material. They pass in waves and undulations before and around us. If the ever-increasing circles of our searchings lead us into their range before they are destroyed, we see them as Phantasms of the dead. In the same way, the advancing waves of Thought project upon the plastic receptivity of our subjective entity, the forms of our absent friends. We cannot deny that the reflection seen in the glass is less real or true than the object itself.

We cross our circles, see our own footsteps, and think we have discovered something new, but we fail to realize the unlimited powers of the subjective mind, which never forgets an impression once made upon it. Rightly developed, we can have revealed to us, through it, hidden knowledge and unknown joys, and become partakers of the mysteries of the unseen but real world, the world that exists within us, not outside.

Back of or beyond our own selves, our own knowledge, our own souls, we do not know, we cannot pass. We float upon the Ocean of Infinity, but we can never leave or pass beyond it.

Apart from every other soul, aside from all other considerations, irrespective of the ties that bind us to materiality, we stand alone, the criterion of our innermost thoughts, the judge of our own actions, the Nemesis of our own fates, the salvation of our own futures.

This is no deprivation, no limitation, if we understand ourselves and the latent and wonderful power of the Divine soul that is our Self.

ELLA WALTON.

The senses and organs are esteemed great, but the thinking self is greater than they. The discriminating principle is greater than the thinking self, and that which is greater than the discriminating principle is He. Thus knowing what is greater than the discriminating principle and strengthening the lower by the Higher Self, do thou of mighty arms slay this foe which is formed from desire and is difficult to seize.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts (*or chambers*) of the belly.—*Proverbs* xviii. 8.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY. By Alfred B. Westrup. 192 pp. F. E. Leonard, Minneapolis, Minn.

This work is an investigation into the nature and office of money. All the facts and theories that have a bearing on the subject are herein treated, and the author aims to show the "errors and fallacies that are accountable for the prevailing unsound notions and the apparently inextricable confusion that characterize the subject and are responsible for the existing absurd money system."

The title is significant and points to a new way to solve this much-vexed question.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH. By Harriet B. Bradbury. Cloth, 103 pp. The Philosophical Publishing Co., 19 Blagden St., Boston.

The author's aim in this little book, is to reconcile scientific and religious thought on the subject of the different schools of healing, and "to make plain to both intellectual and spiritual faculties, the reasonableness of faith in God and dependence upon the divine strength in all the concerns of human life." As an introduction to more extensive works on this important subject, it will find its place and prove its value.

STIRPICULTURE : OR THE IMPROVEMENT OF OFFSPRING THROUGH WISER GENERATION. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. Cloth, 192 pp., \$1.00. M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York, and L. N. Fowler, & Co., London.

The object of this book is the discussion of subjects bearing upon evolution and human progress—an attempt to arouse a greater thoughtfulness in the minds of the men and women of the present time, upon a subject so vital to the improvement of the race that none should be indifferent to it. Works of this kind must bear good fruit.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE PEOPLE OR THE POLITICIAN? By R. L. Taylor. Paper, 60 pp., 10 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

GIRARD'S WILL AND GIRARD COLLEGE THEOLOGY. By Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., LL.D. Cloth, 183 pp. Published by the Author, 1707 Oxford Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESIDENT JOHN SMITH. THE STORY OF A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION. By Frederick U. Adams. Paper, 290 pp., 10 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE ARENA for April, presents its usual interesting reading. Chief among the articles are : Abraham Lincoln : A Study from Life, by Henry C. Whitney—The Relation of Art to Morality, by Marie C. Remick—America a Power, by Stinson Jarvis—The Way Upward, by Hon. George Fred. Williams—Brookline : A Model Town under the Referendum, by B. O. Flower—Three Epochs of Democracy and Three Men, by John Clark Ridpath, and others of equal attraction. \$2.50 per annum, 25 cents single copy. The Arena Co., Copley Square, Boston.

DIE UEBERSINNLICHE WELT. Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Okkultismus. Organ der "Wissenschaftlichen Vereinigung Sphinx in Berlin."

Herausgegeben und redigirt von Max Rahn. Preis halbjährlich pränumerando zahlbar 4 M. und 15 Pf. Portozuschlag für das Inland.—Für das Ausland 5 M. und 30 Pf. Portozuschlag.—Einzelhefte 80 Pf. Berlin, N. Eberswalder Strasse 16.

THE BRAHMAVÂDIN. Monthly. \$2.00 per annum, 15 cents single copy Triplicane, Madras, India. T. E. Comba, 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE ARYA PATRIKA. Weekly. 5 rupees per annum. Lahore, India.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT. Monthly. Subscription in America \$1.50. Published by W. H. Terry, Austral Buildings, Collins Street, East. Melbourne, Australia.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly. \$1.00 per annum, 10 cents single copy. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

LIGHT. Weekly. 10s. 10d. per annum. United States \$2.70. 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 3.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN CONTEMPORARY INDIA.

India—that land whose early history and civilization are shrouded in the hazy mists of the world's morn, where history's voice is drowned in the intermingling echoes of myth and legend; that land whose star-eyed philosophy sought to peer into the Arcana of Destiny and read the riddle of existence long before the pyramids threw a shadow by the banks of the classic Nile; that land whose archives are hoary with the rime of centuries untold—it is meet that the world should gather in her titanic temples to learn the lessons of her modern sages.

The historic parallel affords peculiar delight to the mind of the student when the resemblances are carried out to the minutest detail. Such a parallel cannot be ignored in the development of religious thought in America and India. Having mentioned the similarity we must leave the reader to follow and apply it for himself.

The present is always a natural growth from the past. It is necessary to take a brief retrospect. Hinduism is all-tolerant and pliable. Her only dogmas are the infallibility of the Vedas and caste separation, the latter necessarily implying the privileges of the Brahmans, or priestly caste. Hence Hinduism remained on amicable terms with the doctrines of Buddhism until Buddha proclaimed the equality of mankind and denied the necessity of priests. Then the conflict came, and the older religion of the soil triumphed, and Buddhism was practically rooted out of the land of its birth.

Hinduism's next conflict was waged against the warlike zealots

of Mohammed, who sought to carve the red borders of their faith with a dripping sword; the sword was parried, and Hinduism rose more invulnerable still. But there were those within the camp of Hinduism who had learned her lesson of pliability so well that they could not help imbibing some of the rigid monotheism of Mohammedanism and some of the fraternal spirit of Buddhism. There were numerous spasmodic efforts to reconcile those contending elements on the ground of their common principles. The time was not yet ripe for such a consummation and those efforts were still-born. Finally England brought civilization and Christianity to the shores of the Orient, and this last religion now entered the lists against the older inheritors of the soil. England likewise brought with her the educational and literary heritage of Europe. It was not long before these heterogeneous influences brought forth fruit.

Ram Mohun Roy, Hinduist, born in 1774, was, at an early age, sent to the Mohammedan school at Patna to learn Arabic and Persian. His constant association there with the rigid monotheism of the Mohammedans resulted, at the age of sixteen, in his drawing up a protest against Hindu idolatry.

"After my father's death in 1803," he himself wrote in a letter, "I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness. The ground which I took in all my controversies was not that of opposition to Brahmanism, but to a perversion of it; and I endeavored to show that the idolatry of the Brahmins was contrary to the practice of their ancestors and the principles of ancient books and authorities which they professed to revere and obey."

He thereafter set about the study of all the principal religions with zeal and energy. He was the first earnest investigator in the science of comparative theology. Disinherited by his father, he had to accept a humble situation, and for several years give up the propagation of his doctrine. That doctrine was drawn entirely from the Vedas, and so the Brahmo Somaj, "The Society of God," which he afterward formed, was really only a Hindu sect. Nevertheless, his extreme liberality of thought is well illustrated by the publication of his work on "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness," in which he pays a high tribute to the moral value of Jesus's teaching. At the same time he unhesitatingly rejects the di-

vinity of Jesus. It is interesting to note that he converted Rev. W. Adams, a Baptist missionary, to Unitarianism.

In 1830 the Bramo Somaj dedicated its first meeting-house. The deed of gift says:

"No sermon, preaching, discourse, prayer, or hymn is to be delivered, made, or used in such worship but such as have the tendency to the promotion of charity, morality, piety, benevolence, virtue, and the strengthening of the bonds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds."

Shortly after the dedication Roy, the founder, went to England and died there.

Having lost its leader, the Brahmo Somaj almost shared the fate of its predecessors. It was just on the point of expiring when new life was instilled into it by the advent of Nath Tagore. This young man practically took the place which Roy had left vacant; but after a determined revival the Society still claimed only about 1,000 adherents.

In 1847 a crisis came, which threatened for a time to scatter the band of reformers.

It has been said that everything and anything may be proved from the Bible. The same thing is true of the Veda. Nath Tagore and some of the more liberal of the Bramoists found a few statements in the Veda which they called in question. As yet they did not doubt for a moment the infallibility of the Veda, but they commissioned four scholars to visit Benares, the only place where a complete and authentic copy of the Veda is to be found, and make a perfect transcript of that, hoping that the difficulties would be removed by recourse to the original manuscripts. But, alas! they finally had to come to the saddening conviction that, side by side with the most sublime precepts, were to be found passages which gave rein to the grossest superstition. What was to be done? Despite the protests and threats of fathers, the tears of mothers, and the imprecations of priests, that band of heroic reformers courageously threw the theory of the Veda's inspiration overboard, and now a great gulf was fixed between the Bramo Somaj and Hinduism.

Their new organization was founded upon the unity and personality of God and the immortality of the soul. Up to this time

caste distinctions had always been observed in their religious meetings. Having taken one step, they took a second bolder than the last, and the institution of caste also was relegated to the sepulchre of discarded faith. How much this meant to these Hindus we can hardly imagine, but we have a faint conception of the sacrifice made for conviction by Nath Tagore, when, in 1861, he allowed the marriage of his daughter to be celebrated without the idolatrous rites prescribed by Hinduism. Indian law recognized only native marriages; and how few men and women there are even in free America who would place themselves in such a compromising position for the sake of principle!

The result of such earnestness of conviction was soon manifest. Educated Hindus began to gather round them from all parts of the country. About this time Keshub Chunder Sen threw in his lot with the Bramoists, and, going farther than the simple rejection of caste, he actually sat at meat with those of inferior caste, an action which made him an alien in his own family, deprived him of all legal rights, and consigned him to the degraded herd of outcasts, the lowest stratum of Indian society.

But the sympathy which was shown for him in his so-called disgrace brought into prominence the facts, that Buddha and his disciples had not lived in vain, that contact with European civilization was not without its effect, that in the great Chinese wall that had been built up around Indian society a breach had been made, and that the hordes who are still pouring through threaten to overwhelm the religion which has stood invulnerable against the shock of fire and sword as long as history has been known. These great scandals culminated when Sen officiated at the marriage of a young widow to a man of a different caste, "and introduced the unheard-of innovation that the consent of the woman had been freely given before God the all-powerful," and the whole party, without respect to caste, sat down to the same meal.

The Society took advantage of the excitement caused by this incident to approach the British government, and after several attempts succeeded in legalizing native marriages which were not accompanied with the Hindu ceremonies. No sooner was that ac-

complished than with heart and soul they threw themselves into the struggle against premature marriages, that is, marriages of children of from five to fifteen years of age. To do this more aggressively the Somaj founded the Indian Reform Society, open to all natives without distinction of race or creed.

The Bramoists early recognized that the true ideal of religion was to be attained by practical brother-helping as well as by preaching and praying. The results achieved by the reform organization are too varied and too numerous to be detailed here. They were in the front of all reform; built several colleges—more especially are their women's colleges a praiseworthy enterprise; they flooded India with literature; and many converts—considering the circumstances and sacrifices of conversion—flocked to their society. Their Sunday services were conducted in a simple, sincere manner. Selections were read from the Bible, from the Veda, or from the Koran, according to taste. Says Sen of their meeting-place:

No man or inferior being shall be worshipped as identical with God, and no hymn or prayer shall be chanted unto or in the name of any except God. No carved or painted image, no external symbol which has been or may hereafter be used by any sect for the purpose of worship, or the remembrance of a particular event, shall be preserved here. No creature shall be sacrificed here. No created being or object that has been or may hereafter be worshipped by any sect shall be ridiculed or condemned in the course of divine service conducted here. No book shall be acknowledged or revered as the infallible word of God, yet no book believed to be infallible by any sect shall be ridiculed or condemned. No sect shall be vilified, ridiculed, or hated. Divine service shall be conducted here in such a spirit and manner as may enable all men and women, irrespective of distinctions of caste, color, and condition, to unite in one family, eschew all manner of error and sin, and advance in wisdom, faith, and righteousness.

Several times there has been a marked tendency to fall back into Hindu mysticism, but this has been partially or completely overcome, and the Bramo Somaj of to-day represents that there are two genuine scriptures given by God:

The wisdom, the power, the goodness of God are written in letters of gold upon the face of the universe: we know God by the study of his works. In the second place, all fundamental truths are met with in the spiritual constitution of man, as self-evident convictions.

The God of Brahmoism is the ultimate being who is both just and merciful, and who never makes himself man by assuming the

human form, though his divinity dwells in all men. Thus Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, and all great religious reformers have rendered eminent service to their fellows, and possess a claim upon the love and gratitude of all. They were neither absolutely holy nor infallible, they were gifted, good *men*.

Brahmoism recognizes four kinds of duty:

(1) Duty toward God—faith, love, worship, the practice of virtue, etc.

(2) Duty of love and benevolence to our fellow-men.

(3) Duty to ourselves to preserve health and pursue knowledge, holiness, etc.

(4) Duty of humane and kind treatment of the inferior animals.

Brahmoism took from Hinduism its tolerance, from Buddhism its gentleness and love of humanity, from Christianity the fatherhood of God, and built up a new edifice unique in the history of India.

Nor is Brahmoism the only liberal church of India. "For," writes Sir Richard Temple, "ramifications of this sect and kindred sects moving in a parallel direction have spread through the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay."

Buddhism grappled with Hinduism and was vanquished; Mohammedanism entered the lists and retired unsuccessful; Christianity and Brahmoism have now challenged the old faith to a new combat, and what will be the result? For Christianity the outlook has long been anything but encouraging. Missionaries have even returned home declaring that they had "carried coals to Newcastle." When the missionaries talked of the incarnation of God in Christ, of the mystery of the Trinity, of the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, the *orthodox* Hindus were scarcely willing to exchange their own beliefs for unfamiliar and analogous ones; while those Hindus who had broken away from the traditions of their religion, who had rejected a plurality of Gods, and who disbelieved the infallibility of the Veda were hardly to be expected to embrace a system which meant, from their point of view, a return to superstition and credulity.

The only part of Christianity which has made the faintest impression on Hinduism is its moral and humanitarian aspects. These

are only represented by the liberal church—by Brahmoism with a local name.

“We have not now a doubt,” says Mozoomdar, “in our minds that the religion of the Bramo Somaj will be the religion of India, yea, of the whole world, and that those who really care for God, for piety, for purity, for human brotherhood, for salvation and for eternal life, will have in one way or another, under one name or another, to accept the faith and the spirit that a merciful God is pouring into the constitution of our church.”

From the English *Baptist Observer* I quote the following: “One distinguishing feature between Christianity and all other religions is that it tends to elevate woman, while the other religions, *which are from Satan*, tend to degrade her.”

Is such Christianity superior to the Bramo Somaj?

The morning has dawned when the study of comparative theology is showing how all men have trod the path of gradual revelation, and students are constantly asking, “How should men, they who live in different parts, in differing ages, and unskilled in arts write such agreeing truths?” The veil has been slowly lifted from the past, and the sources of *all* religions and mythologies have been revealed in one common centre. Comparative theology has opened up a great sepulchre into which the world is ruthlessly pouring her old sectarian conceits and provincial prejudices. One solitary God-inspired religion, one final revelation, one only little ark of safety in which God’s goodness and truth could be found! Strange infatuations!—they are all being wrapped in the charitable obscurity of the tomb; and the Christian, along with his so-called *heathen* brothers, after eighteen centuries of time, begins to discover what the seer of Galilee meant when he declared: “They shall all come from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, and shall sit down together in the kingdom of heaven.”

For a long time the reformers have been breaking with ruthless energy the idols of humanity; sentiment and imagination have wept bitter tears at the open graves of their cherished ideals. From their exalted pinnacles many notions wrapped around by the heartstrings of devotees have been necessarily wrenched down. And now the cruel work is almost complete, the demolishing process is almost

over, and once more the sweet twin sisters of Sentiment and Adoration have driven the tears from their eyes, and hand-in-hand have set about the peopling of the new heaven with brighter creatures and more worshipful ideals, clothed in more brilliant garments of glory than the most imaginative have ever dreamed of, which yet have passed through the gates of reason in their ascent to the pinnacle of adoration; and the prophets at the new shrine, whose elements are yet as old as humanity, though separated by oceans, join their hearts in reverent adoration before "Our Father," and join their hands and all their energies,

"To hunt the tiger of oppression out
From office, and to spread the divine faith
Like calming oil on all the troubled creeds,
And fill out the hollows between wave and wave;
To nurse my children on the milk of truth,
And alchemize old hates into the gold of love."

REV. ANDREW W. CROSS.

Imperfection and evil are unavoidable in all derived existence. Yet they are full of utility. They certainly enable us to obtain the necessary experience and discipline for becoming more worthy. In this way they are beneficial and a part of the Divine purpose. The child that never stumbled never learned to walk. The errors of the man of business are his monitors to direct him in the way of prosperity. Our own sins and misdoing are essential in an analogous way to our correction and future good conduct. The individual, however, who chooses to continue in these faults and evil conditions, thereby thwarts their beneficial objects. His shortcomings become turpitude. All such, turning their back to the Right, will be certain to "eat the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices."—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

Things temporal are sweeter in the expectation; things eternal are sweeter in the fruition. The first shows thy hope; the other crowns it. It is a vain journey whose end shows less pleasure than the way.—*Quarles.*

If a man wishes to put himself down effectually and thoroughly for this world and the next, let him persist in the endeavor to put down somebody else. The experiment has never failed, and never will.—*New Lacon.*

THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION.

(II.)

If there are no reincarnations, if our actual existence is, as modern philosophy and the ordinary creeds maintain it to be, a solitary fact not to be repeated, it follows that the soul must be formed at the same time as the body, and that at each birth of a human being, a new soul must be created to animate the body. We would ask, then, why are not these souls of the same type? Why, when all human bodies are alike, is there so great a diversity in souls, that is to say, in the intellectual and moral faculties which constitute them? We would ask why natural tendencies are so diverse and so strongly marked, that they frequently resist all the efforts of education to reform, or repress them, or to direct them into any other line? Whence come those instincts of vice and virtue which are to be observed in children, those instincts of pride or baseness, which are often seen in such striking contrast with the social position of their families? Why do some children delight in the contemplation of pain, and take pleasure in tormenting animals, while others are vehemently moved, turn pale, and tremble at the sight or even the thought of a living creature's pain? Why, if the soul in all men be cast in the same mould, does not education produce an identical effect upon young people? Two brothers follow the same classes at the same school, they have the same master, and the same examples are before their eyes. Nevertheless, the one profits to the utmost by the lessons which he receives, and in manners, education, and conduct, he is irreproachable. His brother, on the contrary, remains ignorant and uncouth. If the same seed sown in these two souls has produced such different fruit, must it not be that the soil which has received the seed, i.e., the soul, is different in the case of each?

“Natural dispositions, vocations, manifest themselves from the earliest period of life. This extreme diversity in natural aptitudes would not exist if souls were all created of the same type. The bodies of animals, the human body, the leaves of trees, are fabricated after the same type, because we can observe but few and slight differences

among them. The skeleton of one man is always like the skeleton of another man; the heart, the stomach, the ribs, the intestines are formed alike in every man. It is otherwise with souls; they differ considerably in individuals. We hear it said every day that such a child has a taste for arithmetic, a second for music, a third for drawing. In the cases of others, evil, violent, even criminal instincts are remarked, and these dispositions break out in the earliest years of life.

“That these natural aptitudes are carried to a very high degree and unusual extent, we have celebrated examples recorded in history, and frequently cited. We have Pascal, at twelve years old, discovering the greater portion of plane geometry; and without having been taught anything whatever of arithmetic, drawing all the figures of the first book of Euclid’s geometry on the floor of his room, exactly estimating the mathematical relations of all these figures to one another; that is to say, constructing descriptive geometry for himself. We have the shepherd, Mangiamelo, calculating as an arithmetical machine at five years old. We have Mozart executing a sonata with his four-years-old fingers and composing an opera at eight. We have Theresa Milanello playing the violin with such art and skill, at four years old, that Baillot said that she must have played the violin before she was born. We have Rembrandt drawing like a master of the art, before he could read, etc., etc.

“Everyone remembers these examples, but it must be borne in mind that they do not constitute exceptions. They only represent a general fact, which in these particular cases was so prominent as to attract public attention. . . .

“The predominance of particular faculties in certain children is not to be explained according to the common philosophy which discerns the creation of a new soul in the birth of every infant. They are, on the contrary, easily explicable according to the doctrine of reincarnations, indeed they are no more than a corollary of that doctrine. Everything is comprehensible if a life, anterior to the present, be admitted. The individual brings to his life here the intuition which is the result of the knowledge he has acquired during his first existence. . . .

“ It will be objected to this, that it is strange that aptitude and faculties should be the resultant of a prior existence, of which we have, nevertheless, no recollection. We reply to this objection that it is quite possible to lose all remembrance of events which have happened, and yet to preserve certain faculties of the soul which are independent of particular and concrete facts, especially when these faculties are powerful. We constantly see old men who have lost all recollection of the events of their life, who no longer know anything of the history of their time, nor, indeed, of their own history, but who, nevertheless, have not lost their faculties or aptitudes. Linnæus, in his old age, took pleasure in reading his own works, but forgot that he was their author, and frequently exclaimed, ‘ How interesting! How beautiful! I wish I had written that!’ . . .

“ In short, the various aptitudes, the natural faculties, the vocations of human beings, are easily explained by the doctrine of transmigration of souls. If we reject this system, we must charge God with injustice, because we must believe that He has granted to certain men useful faculties which He has refused to others, and made an unequal distribution of intelligence and morality, these foundations of the conduct and direction of life.

“ This reasoning appears to us to be beyond attack, for it does not rest upon an hypothesis, but upon a fact; namely, the inequality of the faculties among men, and of their intelligence and morality. This fact, inexplicable by any theory of any received philosophy, is only to be explained by the doctrine of reincarnations, and forms the basis of our reasoning.” (Dr. L. Figuier’s “ Day After Death,” pages 212-218.)

Dr. Louis Figuier further says that “ it will be objected to our doctrine that the reincarnation of souls is not a new idea; it is, on the contrary, an idea as old as humanity itself. It is the metempsychosis which from the Indians passed to the Egyptians, from the Egyptians to the Greeks, and which was afterwards professed by the Druids.

“ The metempsychosis is, in fact, the most ancient of philosophical conceptions; it is the first theory imagined by men, in order to explain the origin and the destiny of our race. . . . An idea does

not pass down from age to age, and find acceptance during five or six centuries, by the picked men of successive generations, unless it rests upon some serious foundation. . . . The first observers, and the Oriental philosophers in particular, who are the most ancient thinkers of all whose writings we possess, had not, like us, their minds warped, prejudiced, turned aside by routine, or trammelled by the words of teachers. They were placed very close to nature, and they beheld its realities, without any preconceived ideas, derived from education in particular schools. We cannot, therefore, but applaud ourselves when we find that the logical deduction of our ideas has led us back to the antique conception of Indian wisdom. . . .

“The Indian philosophers, the Egyptians, and the Greeks, who inherited the maxims of Pythagoras, admitted that the soul, on leaving a human body, enters into that of an animal to undergo punishment.

“We shall . . . show . . . how popular the metempsychosis was among the peoples of antiquity, in Europe as well as in Asia.

“The most ancient known book is that of the Vedas, which contains the religious principles of the Indians or Hindus. In this code of the primary religions of Asia, . . . the soul . . . performed a series of transmigrations and journeys, in various places, in different worlds, and passed through the bodies of several different animals. . . . The book of the Vedas says, very distinctly, that the animal, as well as the man, has the right of passing to other worlds as a recompense for his good work. The Oriental wisdom felt none of that uncalled-for contempt for animals which is characteristic of modern philosophy and religion.

“The Egyptians having borrowed this doctrine from the Hindus, made it the basis of their religious worship. Herodotus informs us that, according to the Egyptians, the human soul, on issuing from a completely decomposed body, enters into that of some animal.”

The Romans burned corpses, so that the soul, resuming its liberty, might immediately re-enter nature.

The most ancient and remarkable of the Greek philosophers, Pythagoras, found out the doctrine of the metempsychosis in his

travels in Egypt. He adopted it in his school, and the whole of the Greek philosophy held, with Pythagoras, that the souls of the wicked pass into the bodies of animals. Hence the abstinence from flesh meat prescribed by Pythagoras to his disciples, a precept which he also derived from Egypt, where respect for animals was due to the general persuasion that the bodies of beasts were tenanted by human souls, and that consequently by ill-treating animals one ran the risk of injuring one's own ancestors. Empedocles, the philosopher, adopted the Pythagorean system. He says, in lines quoted by Clement of Alexandria :

“ I, too, have been a young maiden,
A tree, a bird, a mute fish in the seas.”

Plato, the most illustrious of the philosophers of Greece, accords a large place to the views of Pythagoras, even amid his most sublime conceptions of the soul, and of immortality. He held that the human soul passes into the body of animals in expiation of its crimes. Plato said that on earth we remember what we have done during our previous existences, and that to learn is to remember one's self.

Plotinus, the commentator of Plato, says, concerning the doctrine of the transmigration of souls,—

“ It is a dogma recognized from the utmost antiquity, that if the soul commits errors it is condemned to expiate them by undergoing punishment in the shades, and then it passes into new bodies to begin its trials over again.” *

Every one knows that among our own ancestors, and the Druids or high priests of the Gauls, the metempsychosis was held almost in the same sense as among the Egyptians and the Greeks. It is, so to speak, a national faith to us, for it has been held in honor, its dogmas have flourished, in the same countries in which we now dwell. (Dr. L. Figuier's “ Day After Death,” pages 245-252.)

In the world vice often tramples upon virtue. Turn to history and you will find the hordes of barbarians or religionists hacking and hewing the weak inhabitants of rich countries. The reader of the Roman history is aware of the dreadful devastations committed by

* This passage proves that the ancients held sojourn of the soul in hell to be temporary only.

Attila, the King of the Huns. "It is a saying worthy of the ferocious pride of Attila, that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod." Mahomet II. enslaved and put to death thousands of inhabitants of Constantinople on its capture; 60,000 people were taken captive from St. Sophia alone. There are no words to express the infamy and horror these barbarians then committed in the name of religion. When the Christian Spaniards conquered Peru "the lands, the persons of the conquered races were parcelled out and appropriated by the victors as the legitimate spoils of victory; and outrages were perpetrated every day, at the contemplation of which humanity shudders. . . . Not unfrequently, says an unsuspecting witness, I have seen the Spaniards, long after the conquest, amuse themselves by hunting down the natives with bloodhounds for mere sport, or in order to train their dogs to the game! The most unbounded scope was given to licentiousness." (Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," pages 224-225.) The Indian history repeats the same black tale. On Nadir's capture of Delhi, "the slaughter raged from sunrise till the day was far advanced, and was attended with all the horror that could be inspired by rapine, lust, and thirst for vengeance. The city was set on fire in several places, and was soon involved in one scene of destruction, blood, and terror." (Elphinstone.)

Reader, do not think that vice has stopped short here. It is only a small drop from the immense ocean of slaughter committed by conquest. Besides, there are murders of untold vice, too numerous to mention here. Custom burnt thousands of Indian women on the pyre of their deceased consorts and killed innumerable girls at their very birth. The altar of religion is ever reeking with innocent blood. The tyrant imagination preys upon the souls of many a weak mind. Avarice, revenge, passion, jealousy, ambition, and wantonness daily slaughter the innocent, whose still voice is heard by God only.

Thus we see that virtue and innocence are always put down by vice and wickedness. This state of things is incompatible with the equitable laws of the benign and most holy Infinite Wisdom. We see around us that whenever an anomaly occurs in the regulation of Nature, it is soon checked from further propagation, and thus order,

harmony, purity, and beauty are always maintained in the most agreeable perfection. Things disappear when they fall into disorder, which is unnatural. Animals cease to exist when they are overcome by disease, which is the violation of the laws of nature. It is right, too; for, if these things be allowed to continue, the heavenly empire of nature will be an abominable abode of suffering and sorrow. But this is opposed to the object of creation, which is the happiness of all individual creatures. Now, it is quite plain that no deformity is greater than vice. Look at the appearance of vicious persons. How haggard, grim, unsightly, disgusting, and saddening it is! Who would like to stay with a person drunk and raving? But who will not like to talk with a healthy and amiable person, whose face is sparkling with the bloom of youth? Physical and moral health, strength, and beauty constitute virtue, and their absence and shortcoming vice. As God's commandments or laws of nature are constantly restoring order and removing anomalies in the heaven of His kingdom, and as the uniformity and continuity of the laws of nature are proved beyond doubt by science and philosophy, it is certain that the apparent ascendancy of vice will be put down in the long run, and virtue will shine forth in all its glory.

But if there be no reincarnation which bestows rewards and punishments on the works of persons, the wicked are certainly in advantage. The eternal hell and heaven of the Christians and Moslems are proved to be mere conjectures, which, when reasoned out to their legitimate conclusions, attribute injustice, cruelty, and ignorance to the all-just, all-merciful, all-wise God, which is absurd. Hence, rebirth alone establishes the triumph of virtue over vice, and enables man to shake off the vices and defects which he contracts in his ignorance, and lands him on the shore of progress and perfection. This is corroborated in the plainest words by M. Andre Pezzani, who says: "Previously gained experience, the energies which he has acquired, help him in the new strife, but in a latent way of which he is unconscious, for the imperfect soul undergoes these reincarnations in order to develop its previously manifested qualities, and to strip itself of those vices and defects which oppose themselves to the law of its ascension." ("Pluralités des Existences de l'Âme," page 405.)

The physical conditions of terrestrial life are detestable. Man is a martyr, exposed to every sort of suffering, owing partly to the defective organization of his body, incessantly menaced with danger from external causes, dreading the extremes of heat and cold; weak and ailing, coming into the world naked and without any natural defence against the influence of climate. If, in one portion of Europe and in America, the progress of civilization has secured comfort for the rich, what are the sufferings of the poor in those very same countries ! Life is perpetual suffering to the greater number of the men who inhabit the insalubrious regions of Asia, Africa, and Oceania. . . . The conditions of human existence are as evil from the moral as from the physical point of view. It is granted that here below happiness is impossible, the earth is a valley of tears. Yes, man has no destiny here but suffering. He suffers in his affections, and in his unfulfilled desires, in the aspiration and impulses of his soul, continually thrust back, baffled, beaten down by insurmountable obstacles and resistance. Happiness is a forbidden condition. The few agreeable sensations which we experience, now and then, are expiated by the bitterest grief. We have affections, that we may lose and mourn their dearest objects; we have fathers, mothers, children, that we may see them die.

It is impossible that a state so abnormal can be a definitive condition. Order, harmony, equilibrium reign throughout the physical world, and it must be that the same are to be found again in the moral world.

Descartes and Leibnitz have demonstrated that the human understanding possesses ideas called innate, that is to say, ideas which we bring with us to our birth. This fact is certain. In our time, the Scotch philosopher, Dugald Stewart has put Descartes's theory into a more precise form, by proving that the only real innate idea, that which has universal existence in the human mind after death, is the idea, or the principle of causality—a principle which makes us say and think that there is no effect without cause, which is the beginning of reason.

Innate ideas and the principle of causality are explained very simply by the doctrine of the plurality of existences; they are, indeed,

merely deductions from that doctrine. A man's soul, having already existed, either in the body of an animal or that of another man, has preserved the trace of the impressions received during that existence. It has lost, it is true, the recollection of actions performed during its first incarnation, but the abstract principle of causality, being independent of the particular facts, being only the general result of the practice of life, must remain in the soul at its second incarnation. (See Dr. Louis Figuier's "Day After Death," pages 221-222.)

The innate ideas, or the ideas acquired in our previous existence, satisfactorily explain our natural delight in all that is instinct with life; because our latent impressions of former associations are then awakened by the presence of animals and trees, the associates of our previous existence, in explaining which the received dogma of single life most miserably fails. We are again supported here by Dr. Louis Figuier, who says, "We have a sort of remembrance in our seeing a hidden world in the hours of solitary contemplation; and in our unconscious love of the vegetable world, our original country." ("Day After Death," page 223.)

If we are born here but once, if our association with the body occurs but once, we may well suppose that we are the product of chance, and not of design. It is the peculiarity of chance that it does not repeat its work. Two trains collide but once by chance; but they often and often cross by design. In like manner, our appearance but once is as well the occurrence of chance. But, in the repetition of facts, the keen eye of philosophy has caught the glimpses of design interwoven in the texture of the material world. Therefore the repetition of the facts of our life, which is another name of the phenomena of rebirth, establishes the operation of design and consequently the existence of God. When the great philosophers calmly contemplated the working of Nature, they came across the plurality of man's existences, as is amply proved from the long quotations given above. Let, therefore, prejudice and bigotry, ingrained in us by the early teachings of religious sects, depart from our minds before the matured meditations of cosmopolitan philosophers.

MRS. CHARLES L. HOWARD.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Nothing is more characteristic of our age than the emphasis or importance given to an influence which is the most fruitful of results—that principle known as *Power*.

In the physical world, the Creator has demonstrated the great law of interdependence. Nothing can live of itself, nothing is purposeless. Everything has its mission, and a failure of one function means decrease of activity to all the others.

It is the aim of inventors to exceed the product of the latest invention in their device, and their success depends upon the accomplishment of this endeavor. Fame is yesterday's estimate of the achievement of the previous day; to-morrow may bring forth a greater.

As a man must follow the course of the sun to be able to cast a shadow, so the worker in the nineteenth century must give close regard to his relations with the highest luminaries of intelligence, if he would leave the impress of his life upon the records of time.

"Mankind," says Dr. Kerner, "is bound up in an eternal connection with nature."

It is perhaps the most universal of all errors to imagine that we have no physical kinship with purely earthly conditions; that those elements out of which we were made, and to which we will eventually return, exercise no influence upon our natures during our sojourn in this sphere.

If, for reasons of his own, the divine Sculptor wrought His masterpiece out of the same elements from which He constructed the earth and stamped the completed work with His image, shall we, who have been thus exalted, fail to appreciate the fact that our mortal and immortal natures were designed to co-operate in the production of the harmonious or ideal being?

If we regard our bodies as the tenements of our higher natures, then it is most essential that we give due thought to their culture and perfection; that we may attain the natural flexibility and expansiveness which are needful to make them a suitable storehouse

for vigorous mental and moral gifts, that here **they** may find that quality of shelter and entertainment which are necessary to their perfect development. It requires strength to support weight, and energy is a pre-requisite to progress. A feeble physical structure will not long endure the ceaseless activity of an alert mind, rebellious nerves often undermine and wreck the brilliant intellect—the brain becomes tenantless and the world has lost a power.

Shall we overlook that principle of architecture which claims width of base to be the prime essential to height in a column? Shall we neglect the foundation of the structure in our impatience to be known of men, and be content with less than all that is attainable, in a world full to overflowing with materials for the creation of the truly beautiful, and the directions for their use? Ah! that with the poet we might all believe:

“New endless growth surrounds on every side,
Such as we deemed not earth could ever bear.”

The value of power comes through the exercise of the best directed energy in the interest of universal good. Explosives are not more disastrous in their effects than the misuse of authority or the emphasis of false doctrines by those who are able to control and influence the minds of others. A distorted or pessimistic view of our existence is the canker-worm which reduces the fragrance, color, and the beauty of life to ashes! On the other hand, belief in the eventual realization of our fondest desires will stimulate the weakest among us to a degree of effort which will assert itself despite the most violent opposition, and become a potent factor in the accomplishment of the hitherto impossible.

Beauty is the standard by which we measure man's æsthetic nature; it is the loftiest and supremest expression of the best and highest in the human.

Like truth, it is an ideal with a living support, and, treated separately, must be considered under the head of Inductive Science.

Psychology claims that it is closely related to intellectuality, as there is a wide agreement among men as to what is beautiful and what is not; further asserting that among æsthetic effects must be

reckoned only such as are pleasing in themselves, apart from all recognition of utility of possession or of ulterior gratification of any kind whatever.

The degree of influence exercised by this Goddess ranges from the most meagre form of admiration to that boundlessness of rapture which drugs the senses into oblivion of all else; and it is not too much to claim that the ability to perceive and appreciate the beautiful may be considered a determinative feature of one's being; an invariable index to character.

To the classifier this is indeed a golden era; since, no sooner is a unique thought born or an old one rehabilitated than a new science springs up ready to stand for its expression. And "he is a wise man in his generation" who can keep pace with the multitudinous representatives of the endless forms of mental and moral activity in our day. No wonder that encyclopedias have to be renewed oftener than wall-paper!

As a whole, the allotment of distinct domains to the various phases of concept and precept is a favorable indication, as it suggests a general interest in and close investigation of those lines of thought, which afford in return the richest intellectual nourishment. Only universal demand begets such energetic and enthusiastic response.

Again, multiplex individuality seeks expression in multiplexity of theory, and fortunately the space required for the investigation and demonstration of each of these is not in this limited planet, but in a mental realm which cannot be overcrowded; where there is always standing—and for that matter, comfortable lounging—room for the latest disciple or new-comer.

It is this very hospitality which invites the curious, and natures which are abnormally susceptible to the newest idea, visit in turn each shrine, paying temporary tribute to the ruler therein, proving that there are fluctuating standards of beauty. How clearly this is illustrated in the matter of modes or so-called styles which rule autocratically for a season. Unlike many other things, distance fails to lend enchantment here, and Dame Fashion to-day points with the finger of scorn and ridicule to a plate, which, in its time, held captive

both the common sense and the good taste of its devotees; and notwithstanding the fact that it was a recognized violation of every rule of symmetry and proportion, the world adopted it and called it beautiful.

We have said that beauty was listed among the departments of Inductive Science. The law governing here is influence, or that which is the result of condition, environment, or affinity.

It would be absurd to attempt an analysis of men or attributes without giving due consideration to surroundings, or those modifiers of nature which are constantly operating upon mind and matter. Occult Science revels in these mines of speculation or conjecture, and whenever a fragment of circumstantial rock reveals a minute particle of the precious ore of Truth, the miner is amply repaid for his laborious struggle in search of it.

The power of beauty is coequal with the power of Truth, and nothing which lacks this essential principle of perpetuity can endure. To lay hold upon it requires "a mind nimble and versatile enough to discern resemblances in things, and yet steady enough to distinguish the subtle differences in them: endowed with the zeal to seek, patience to doubt, love of meditation, slowness of assertion, and readiness to reconsider." "It is the unseen and spiritual in us which determines the outward and actual."

It is the mission of Art to represent beauty under the restraint of form; the mission of music to voice the soul's aspiration in rapturous melody, and the mission of literature to give utterance to those higher or basic truths which are the direct inspiration of the artist and musician. They are the authorized agents of ideal beauty, and united they form a glorious trinity of influences which govern and develop the best in man.

Appreciation in art is the recognition, not only of the work of an artist, but also of the aim and aspiration which prompted it. Since any worthy accomplishment is the result of conscientious labor, the fruitage of much sowing, a true estimate of its value can only be obtained through a knowledge of the effort expended in its production. Hence the power of beauty is limited to the breadth of conception of those who come in contact with it. Capacity is au

element of the moral world, and to grow in spirit requires constant exercise of our spiritual being; "we are all as finite as our desires."

Shall it be said of us that, through indifference or ignorance, we have failed to contribute our proportion of impulse to the cause of ideal concept and precept? Shall we, through destructive rather than constructive criticism, retard the progress and development of the various forms of beauty in the world?

Or shall we, through individual sympathy and a broad, intelligent interest in human endeavor and growth, give to each toiler in the "World Beautiful" our most heartfelt approval and our best wishes for success; by surrounding them with those Edenic conditions and ideal relations which are essential to natures susceptible to the loftiest aspirations and the achievement of highest results?

In return we shall receive the reward promised to those who "freely give," namely, that enlargement of the soul, that boundlessness of conception which recognizes no restraint or limit in "The Power of the Beautiful;" which requires infinity to contain it and all eternity for the adequate exercise of its influences and the development of its possibilities.

MARIA WEED.

The progress of religious belief from a less to a more enlightened stage is carried on apparently by a series of waves of thought, which sweep over the minds of men at distant intervals. There are periods of comparative calm and stagnation, and then times of gradual swelling and upheaving of the deep, till some great billow slowly rears its crest above the surface, higher and still higher, to the last; when, with a mighty convulsion amid foam and spray and noise of many waters, it topples over and bursts in thunder up the beach, bearing the flood-line higher than it had ever reached before. A great national reformation has been accomplished.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

Eternity is not one whole somewhat, and Time another whole somewhat. Eternity, therefore, is not in one place and Time in another; but they are merely aspects of one whole system and order.—*H. K. Jones, M.D.*

When the cause is just, even the small will conquer the great.—*Sophocles.*

ACROSS THE SILENCE.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

Two bright youthful figures stood in the foreground of a lovely landscape. The forms were those of Imagination and Faith; the landscape represented the plain of Life, with the Mountains of Mystery on the far horizon. But young Imagination and her sister knew them by no name; they traversed, slowly and singing, the stretches of sunny fields, stooping now and then to pick some bright-hued poppy or waving fern. "How lovely the plain is here," Faith exclaimed, as she walked with her companion in happy converse or congenial play.

"Yes," answered Imagination, "and it is fairer still farther on." But as the days passed Imagination began to wonder what should be the goal of her wanderings, and as the fields became less fair, Faith grew moody and silent. And they came among people who were not happy, and heard some preach this doctrine and some that. Some made them angry, with their narrow creed and hateful cruelty to all who would not follow them; others, again, made them feel that nothing mattered, and said boldly that there was no land beyond those mountains toward which they were all travelling; some even asserted that behind those mighty mountains lay the Sea of Unbroken Silence.

Yet Faith and Imagination went on. They became more sad as time passed; and at last they no longer listened to any teacher, but turned to help all those who were tired and sad, like themselves, and that gave them a happy consolation for their own sorrows and doubts. And many were cheered by their sympathy.

One day Faith said, "Let us try to be like the Jesus of Nazareth—as He really must have been—and not mind if He be God or man. If we do His works and try to enter into His spirit, we shall find much comfort."

"And whether there be a God or not—let us pity our fellows;

if there is no God and no hereafter, then they need our sympathy the more," added Imagination, earnestly. "Shall we go on to the mountains?"

"Surely," answered Faith, eagerly; "then we shall see if there is a pass or not; and if there is a pass, where it will lead."

One day at sunset Imagination looked up from tending a sick soul, to find herself at the foot of a high mountain range, looming dark and mist-wreathed before her. And as she stood, a feeling of fear of she knew not what, pressed upon her; wistfully she watched the afterglow of the sunken sun behind her, and her usual light cheerfulness gave place to dark forebodings. But she roused herself.

"Nay," said Faith, "the mountains must be crossed, if we would reach the land beyond, and they are not so very high, after all. Perchance, at sunrise we shall see more clearly and discover some hidden path." Thus she comforted her sister. But all the next day they were looking for that road and found it not. At last, when it was late in the afternoon, they descried a narrow defile between two black walls of rock—it was but a crevice, and would admit only one person at a time.

So Faith went first and Imagination followed. Imagination shuddered. "Oh, I had once thought the plain so fair and made sure the mountain path would lead me over glorious heights whence I might view the promised brightness beyond! and now I find a narrow and gloomy pass, with none to guide. Shall I return? The plain at least is not lonely;" and she retraced her steps to the opening, but stood still in awed astonishment as she beheld the land she had just traversed—for it was no longer a smiling plain, but a wilderness devoid of beauty, from which rose only the dark mist of remembered joys, now turned into regret and sorrow. She sighed and shivered. No, not there would she find the peace and gladness and knowledge of which she was ever in quest.

"Then I will go on," she said, mournfully, and turned again into the narrow pass. But soon the length of the journey began to tell upon them, and their tired feet found the stony road steep and difficult. It was a bitter disappointment to find it hard and dark, when they had pictured it easy and sunny. But the plain no longer at-

tracted, and as they toiled on Imagination told herself that soon must come the opening of the pass, giving her a distant glimpse of the smiling beauty of the land she sought.

Faith grew very faint, but she was ever gentle and steadfast in her purpose, being cheered by Imagination's vivid descriptions of the light and peace on the other side. But the path became more and more narrow, till at last the bare mountains seemed to meet over their heads and they had little daylight to guide them. Then, one day, when they were wearily resting on some fallen rocks, Faith suddenly sprang up, and, shading her eyes, peered eagerly into the gloomy defile they had yet to traverse.

"Methought I saw a figure moving there," she said, pointing into the obscurity. Imagination's face brightened.

"Dear sister, it may be so, let us hurry on. But I fear," she said, slowly, "thou wert deceived, it may have been but a rock of lighter hue."

"Nay, but I feel I was right! Oh, let us hasten on, and if perchance there be any one in this place, we will ask if we are on the right road."

"Nay, better, let us ask if there is any road here, and what manner of wilderness lies beyond this fearful defile. It may be even worse than this, it may indeed be the Sea of Silence;" and Imagination shuddered.

"Nay, sister," chided Faith, "you are gloomy to-day; I have more hope. Cheer up your spirit; for surely, the place beyond *cannot* be worse than this."

"We only *think*, Faith, we do not *know*," answered the other, slowly, gazing before her with dreamy eyes.

"Nevertheless, let us proceed," said Faith, gently. They went on again, hardly speaking, for they needed all their breath for the difficult road, on which they could make but slow progress, and they had to be very careful not to tread on loose stones, and thus fall into pits and half-dug wells.

Suddenly the passage made a sharp turn, and before their astonished eyes the pass grew lighter, and there stood the figure of a woman—no longer young, but tall and majestic. Serene was her face, stern,

also, but not unkind, as she gazed at them without either surprise or delight. As the pass was wider here, Faith and Imagination entwined their arms and moved, half joyfully, half awed, toward the woman who stood facing them.

"So you have come thus far," said Reason, quietly considering the faces of the sisters. "I have been long expecting you, and began to fear you had stayed on the plain."

"Yes, we have come," said Faith, "for we felt sure there must be the promised land beyond. Will you not show us the nearest way from here?"

"There is no nearest way," answered Reason; "you can only get to the land of Perfect Peace and Knowledge by coming across the Plain of Life and through this pass of Logic between these Mountains of Mystery. This pass I have to guard and to help on all whom I may meet in it. God has given me that work to do."

"And who is God?" asked Imagination. "Is He the spirit of whom we were told as children, that He loves the good and hates the wicked; and that those who do not believe as the churches demand are lost?"

Reason looked at Imagination's troubled and quivering face. "Nay, my child, He is not such as you have heard Him described—only a few know His nature; and those who teach that He is an avenging fiend have not read His works aright."

"Ay," said Faith, "I feel that if there is a God He cannot be what most men think Him."

"I *know* He is not," said Reason, quietly. "But come, the path will be easier now, and we can go together, and I will tell you, not what I feel or think, but what I *know* about God;" and Reason took her place between the sisters and they walked on swiftly. Now neither of the travellers felt weary or depressed; they had found Reason, with her calm eyes and steady voice. And Reason told them what she knew about the mountain and the defile.

"But is there no other way across these mountains? Can one not climb some path to their tops, under the light of the sun?"

"Nay, there is but this one road. You might scale the mountain side, but you could never reach the summit, for the hard, rare air

would kill you. Logic's path is the only one you can traverse and keep alive, dear Faith."

"But tell us about God."

"God is the all-pervading Spirit; He is Truth, and He is Love. Therefore, He is the Father of all spirits; of all items of Truth; of all sparks of Love. What He endows with His Spirit He never destroys, for His Spirit is Life. The laws He made He does not efface.

"Among men, those who realize more fully how unlimited, how spiritual is God—nay, that He is Spirit, and spirit pervades all things—have a more true ideal. They see in all men a part of God's spirit, in all life a part of God's life. But the Christians have thought of God only in one limited form; and as the Maker of one narrow creed. They mistake—for Truth cannot be bound by any one creed. All men are God's children. He loves them all alike, good and evil; but He alters not His laws of consequence or cause and effect, to help one and punish another. He will judge them by no string of words, but by their thoughts and their deeds—by the way in which they have worked the works of the man, much filled with His spirit, whom some have called God Himself, incarnate in one human form."

"Then He is not angry with those who have been taught to think Him what He is not?"

"Angry?" Reason smiled. "God feels no anger. He mourns not, even; for He knows all will one day become wise, as He intended them to be, and sends me to show them a broader road; but sometimes they make themselves blind; they will not see me, and till they see me I cannot help them."

"Then there is no ugly place called Hell?" asked Imagination.

"Yes, but there is," answered Reason, slowly, "both on earth and in the after-life—but no Hell of God's making. Hell is the state of mind men suffer from if they do wrong; and it is a house of remorse and penitence that may prove the gateway to progress and peace. But, remember, it is not God's will that any should suffer there."

"Can a man come out of hell?"

"Yes, Imagination, he can, and ascend to highest heaven when he has learned his lesson and thirsts for higher things——"

"Then I do not think that hell is so bad as men think."

"It is a bad place—but need not be an abiding place for any soul who wishes to progress, and of course it is not a place of physical anguish; far less is it a torture designed by God for His spirits who are weak and wilful and do not see Him as they should. God will have all pure and all perfect, and to that end are all His laws, and all punishment is quite impersonal and merely another side to action, and remedial in its effects if the soul so wills it. As the soul sows, so it reaps."

"How great is God!" said Faith, in a low tone.

"And how much, much more glorious than I can conceive of!" whispered Imagination.

As they walked on and conversed they began to love Reason very much, and asked if their roads were likely to part soon. "No," said Reason, "I shall not leave you now until we arrive Home."

"Home?" asked Imagination.

"Yes, I said Home," answered Reason, solemnly; "Home, where there is perfect peace, perfect understanding, and perfect love—Heaven itself."

Faith and Imagination veiled their faces and held Reason's hands tightly, as a vast, limitless, and horizonless universe opened before them, all beauty, all light and harmony; but Reason gazed calmly into the eyes of her fellow angels and commended the sisters to their care.

And as the three spirits entered the sphere of Home, a voice breathed forth, more gently and sweetly than the evening zephyr on a southern shore, these words: "God is Spirit; and they that worship, must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." And "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

"Come," said an angel, taking Faith by the hand, "come and see the many idols of thy heart, which thou didst worship in ignorance; God did treasure them up, and now thou canst lay them at His feet."

"Behold, O Imagination," said a beautiful spirit, "thy half-formed ideals, and what thou didst think to have lost forever. God has made them perfect."

"God is love," sang the fairest angel. "Behold all ye have loved; depart from truth no more—but do together the works of God, for that is Heaven."

H. EDITH GRAY.

GIVE ME THE LIGHT.

The world is full of new and startling thought ;
 Is full of isms and creeds, from East to West ;
 And unto all of them my soul goes out,
 To new and old, with never-ending quest.
 For Truth and Peace I seek, but find no rest.
 There are so many paths lead to and fro
 That I fall back and sob, "I do not know."
 I only pray, "O, Lord God Infinite,
 Give me the light."

One says, "The spirits of the dead are here ;"
 And one, "We cycle on from life to life."
 One says that, "Faith will free the soul from fear,
 The body from disease, the world from strife."
 Another says, "The earth's a hollow sphere."
 Another that, "The Universe is rife
 With a continuous entity, and we
 Are merely links in one Infinity."
 There are so many paths lead to and fro,
 I only fall and sob, "I do not know."
 I only pray, "O, Lord God Infinite,
 Give me the light."

My soul goes out to all who seek to find
 New Truth—which is the old but stated o'er ;
 To all who struggle in this march of mind
 In new and trackless regions to explore ;
 Who strive to reach new depths and mysteries,
 New mountain-tops of thought and unknown seas.
 I know the world has risen by such as these.
 Unto each new explorer I cry, "Hail!"
 And "Brother!" but my spirits sometimes quail,
 With such a labyrinth and such a maze
 Of theories, new and old, before my gaze.
 I stand confused and know not where to go.
 There are so many paths lead to and fro,
 That I fall down and sob, "I do not know."
 I only pray, "O, Lord God Infinite,
 Give me the light."

J. A. EDGERTON.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(VII.)

GHOSTLY DIFFICULTIES.

"There are several ways of getting from Oakwoods to the library which is the headquarters for the club," remarked the Cemetery Ghost. "If we want to ride we can take the train or a cable car. but I prefer walking. We have no muscles to get tired, and we could start out and walk around the earth, if we chose."

"Walk around the earth!"

"Yes."

"The very thought of it tires me."

"Exactly—tires your imagination! Remember that there is nothing else about you to get tired."

"Possibly a tired imagination may be as serious a matter for a ghost to contend with, as tired muscles and nerves are for a person who wears a body."

"Perhaps! But it should be easy to overcome a tired imagination when one knows that is all there is of it."

"I acknowledge that it should be—but is it?"

"The cars are apt to be too crowded for the comfort of ghosts—unless one rides on top! I do that quite frequently; it is better than being walked over and sat upon, and the women carry so many parasols nowadays that a ghost is in constant danger of being speared. I don't get used to it! Long as I have lived in Shadowland, I still object to such experiences."

"So do I. The day of my funeral, just after I left the cemetery, I was run over, and by my own carriage, too! They were waiting for some one at the corner. Of course John wouldn't have done it if he had known! I was standing in front of the horses, looking right at him, and I forgot for a moment that he couldn't see me. It almost seemed as if the horses did see me! John had to touch them with a whip before they would start, and then they snorted and swerved to one side, and the front wheel struck the curbstone, nearly

upsetting the carriage. Before I knew it I was under the horses' feet, and it really seemed as if every bone in my body was breaking. It was some little time before I could get my wits together enough to remember that I had left all my bones back in the cemetery, and had none with me to break. My sister was shocked. She thought the coachman must be drunk. And of course it was unusually dreadful of him to be drunk the day I was buried! I felt sorry for John. I don't think he was ever drunk in his life."

"Here we are at the cemetery gate. Which way shall we go? Through the park and down Drexel Boulevard, past your house?"

"I would rather not. Isn't there another pleasant route? That is a familiar carriage drive, and I don't feel like walking over it now."

"There are a dozen routes. I strike new streets almost every time I go down. How would you like to go over to the lake shore and follow that?"

"Can we? There are so many car tracks, a stray engine will be sure to take us unawares."

"We can look out for that."

The two ghosts sauntered slowly out of the cemetery, finding themselves, as is always the case with the invisibles, obliged to give all of the sidewalk and to dodge all of the teams.

"I don't like this at all!" said the New Ghost. "We ought to have a sidewalk of our own. The visibles positively crowd us right into the street among the horses and bicycles. They will not give an inch."

"That is why secluded streets are the most popular with ghosts. The Experimenter says the proper way for us to do is to build imaginary sidewalks ten to twenty feet above the real ones, and walk on them."

"Up in the air?"

"Certainly."

"And walk above people's heads?"

"Even so."

"Can he do it?"

" Yes."

" Can you? "

" No; I haven't made much of a success of it."

" Why? "

" Because I lack will power, I suppose. That is what the Experimenter says—and imagination! I was one of those practical folks, and it takes me a long time to get over it."

" Walk on an imaginary sidewalk in the air! And you say he can do it! "

" Yes; but he doesn't even need an imaginary sidewalk. He can walk up to a cloud and sit down on one corner of it. As we are lighter than the air, it is a solid to us, and if we only think so, we can make our way through it, or walk on it, as we choose. The Philosopher says that the ether filling all space beyond the earth's atmosphere must be a solid to us, and he thinks we ought to be able to make our way through that."

" Then we could visit the moon and the planets! I have always wanted to do that ! I 'd like to know whether those big hollows on the moon contain water, and I 'd like to get to the top of those high mountains. The scenery on the moon must be very picturesque. When my business matters get settled here I believe I'll take a trip to the moon. I think I would enjoy it better than sitting on tombstones and watching funerals as you do."

" But there are a few little drawbacks to a trip to the moon—the distance, for instance."

" It is quite a way to walk ! When I was a boy, I believe they called it 240,000 miles to the moon, and the sun was 95,000,000 of miles away. But the astronomers have figured both distances down a good deal since then. As we ghosts do not need air to breathe, the lack of an atmosphere at the moon wouldn't make any difference to us. Don't you want to go? "

" No; thank you! The earth is good enough for me. Even the Experimenter has not been any farther up than a high cloud. You see none of us know just what would happen to us, when we got beyond the earth's atmosphere. It may be that the pressure of the air is necessary for the preservation of this ghostly body of

ours. We don't know how that is. It may be that when we got out into the ether our particles would float apart from each other, like a gas, and we might lose even this farce of a body. So far, no ghost has felt like trying the experiment; but if you are bound to go, very likely you can find some venturesome spirit at the club that will go with you. The rest of us will stay on earth and wish you good luck in navigating space."

They were crossing a business street. While attempting to dodge the heavy wheels of a coal wagon the New Ghost found himself in front of a cable car which had just started up. Confused at suddenly finding himself in so perplexing a situation, he obeyed his first impulse and jumped to one side, regardless of the fact that it brought him directly in front of a street watering cart which had just turned the corner. He had no time to make another escape before the heavy wheels were upon him. The Cemetery Ghost stepped across the street with an ease born of experience, and turned to watch his unfortunate companion, whom he was unable to assist even by advice. He leaned against a lamp post to escape the crowd who would dodge that—but not a ghost.

"I feel as if I was drenched," said the New Ghost, trying to shake himself, "but I suppose I am not. Probably I went between the molecules of those drops of water, the same as I do when I go through a door or a stone wall. It is convenient sometimes to have the ability to penetrate matter. It is also convenient to be able to get up and walk after one has been run over, and not have to wait for a doctor to set bones. And if one must have a barrel of water thrown over him it is a convenience to not be wet by it. But, take it on the whole, when I am crossing a busy corner like this I think a body that people could see would be a greater convenience! I don't see but this corner is just as bad as the down-town crossings, where policemen are stationed."

"You will not have so much trouble if you will only learn to remember that you must do all the dodging. The police never help us ghosts, even if we are in the most crowded part of the city. They are as blind to the invisibles as other people. We might have crossed elsewhere, but I forgot your inexperience."

"If I had known that things are as they are, I should certainly have kept my body! A man without a body is at a serious disadvantage—in Chicago."

The ghosts slowly sauntered through Jackson Park, remarking upon the personal appearance of the Goddess of Liberty, looking at the buildings, and speaking of the changes which had occurred since the White City stood there in all of its beauty.

"Some ghosts spend a good deal of time at the museum attending the lectures and looking at the crowds and the curiosities, but it is too gloomy for me! I like blue sky and sunshine and clouds over my head; and I would rather look at live flowers and birds than at dried or stuffed ones. I prefer the cemetery."

"How still the lake is to-day; I have seldom seen it so quiet. Not a ripple disturbs its surface. It makes one think of a sea of glass. Those boats out there with sails flapping will hardly be able to get in until a breeze comes up."

"We might walk out there and board one—shall we?"

"What! walk on the water?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course we ought to be able to, if we can walk on air!"

"So we could start out and walk across Lake Michigan, could we?"

"Certainly."

"It seems as if I should get my feet wet."

"Come down to the beach and try it. There are no waves to-day. You will never have a better time to learn. You know you really have no feet that are substantial enough to get wet."

"I never supposed water was so hard! It is just as solid as ice or a stone sidewalk. But I don't care to go where it is too deep; I might slip through an air-hole or something that corresponds to it in Shadowland, and I fear I shouldn't know how to swim without my body. I believe I prefer solid earth—even if one does have to dodge."

"There is hardly anyone on the beach. We will follow that awhile. Did you enjoy visiting your relatives?"

"No; I utterly failed to make them see me or understand me.

Things are all in a tangle. The worst of it is, I don't know how to help straighten the tangle out."

"All we ghosts can do is to look on."

"I may have to look on and see somebody hung for murdering me—when I did it myself!"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes."

"An unpleasant prospect, certainly!"

"When I saw you at my funeral I didn't understand the situation. The doctor knew from the first that I was poisoned, and it has not occurred to him that I did it myself. He put the matter in the hands of a private detective two hours after he found me dead. The detective advised him to say nothing until after the funeral, for they didn't know whom to suspect. They waited and watched, and now both are positive that they know exactly who murdered me."

"Indeed! Can they get proof enough to make mischief?"

"That is what they are trying to do. The doctor lies awake nights studying on it—he thinks it is his duty. And the detective is laying all manner of cunning plans to entrap the one they suspect."

"And who is it?"

"The butler."

"I don't wonder the situation makes you feel uncomfortable. Very often when people step out secretly they leave trouble behind. What evidence can they get against the butler?"

"Nothing but circumstantial of course. I took \$5,000 in gold from the bank about two weeks before my death. They have found that the butler has possession of that \$5,000 and is about to marry and buy himself a home with it. They think he stole it and poisoned me to conceal the theft. They are hunting the city over to find out where he bought that poison. As I bought it myself in Detroit, they are not likely to succeed."

"How did the man come by your money?"

"It was his."

"Can he prove it?"

"I don't know. He inherited \$4,000 from his father, which I

had invested for him, and the other \$1,000 was wages due him. There ought to be something among my papers to show the transaction, but I am not sure that there is."

"Have they arrested the butler?"

"Not yet."

"Perhaps they never will."

"I hope they will not—but they probably will! Do I see a ghost up there by Douglas's Monument? A shadowy figure seems to be looking across the water!"

"Probably. Shall we go up and see?"

"Yes; I wouldn't object to resting a few moments."

"How earth habits do cling! In spite of the fact that there is nothing about us to get tired we imagine we are 'tired almost to death,' as we used to say when we lived in bodies."

"I am tired. I know I am. You can't argue me out of it. I haven't walked so much for a number of years. And besides, this vapory body I am living in now is a new piece of mechanism that I am not used to! If I could only go to sleep, perhaps I might get rested."

"Ghosts do not sleep."

"So I conclude from my own experience, but it seems as if we might learn how."

"Perhaps we might, but the most of us are afraid to try it. If we went to sleep we might never wake up. We might never be able to find ourselves again. We are so thin and vapory that it seems as if there is nothing to hold us together but will power, and if we should lose consciousness in sleep we don't know what might happen to us."

"So there are some things which ghosts fear?"

"Yes; several things. We are all a little afraid of fire. The Chemist says we are more like some of the invisible gases than anything else he knows about; and so many gases burn or explode when brought into contact with fire that we like to keep at a safe distance. We are waiting until some ghost wants to commit suicide. Then we will persuade him to walk into a fire. Perhaps he will come out unharmed, but we don't know. I never heard of a ghost that

was willing to try the experiment. That is the Weather Prophet by the monument. He has some curious ideas."

"Why do you call him the Weather Prophet?"

"We are too near for an explanation; he would hear—as shades hear. I will introduce you."

The Weather Prophet was leaning against the monument, gazing intently at the sky.

"No. 85," said the Cemetery Ghost, courteously, "this is the Drexel Boulevard Shade who came over a couple of weeks ago—perhaps you remember?"

"Yes; the millionaire. I remember reading about you in the papers. They called it 'heart failure,' I believe."

"It was—of a certain kind."

"What is the weather likely to be?" inquired the Cemetery Ghost.

"There is a storm brooding, a terrible storm! An unusual amount of suffering in the city is causing black clouds of despair to hover like a pall between us and the azure depths of space which men call the blue sky. Do you see them?" asked the Weather Prophet, extending a ghostly hand to the northwest.

"No."

"Here are clouds of hatred coming from the criminal district—they are black, with an occasional gleam of dark red, like the fires of hell! Despair and hatred are drifting swiftly toward each other; they will soon meet, and then woe will befall the city! Do you not see them, those heavy, dark clouds, freighted with the evil thoughts of men?"

"I see nothing but blue sky, with a few fleecy-white clouds floating over the lake," replied the Cemetery Ghost.

"It is strange, strange, that you see things only as the living do. Shadowland is a new world to me. What I dreamed of while in the body, I can see now. Those white clouds formed of good-will, and noble aspirations, and prayer—clouds freighted with love, must come quickly and fill the sky, and dissolve the fierce clouds of despair and hatred, or the city will be destroyed! Such a hurricane as Chicago has not known within the century will sweep across the surrounding

prairies. Buildings will be wrecked, lives lost, and I can see the angry waters of the lake dashing through the streets ! The destruction will be terrible if help does not come soon ! See the gray clouds of sorrow and the brown fumes of anger rising from that desolate part of the city, where women weep and children starve ! Will no one extend a helping hand to these sufferers, and cause them to send forth grateful, loving thoughts ! O, if men on earth but knew the power they have over the elements ! If they could but see what I see ! The breath of the hurricane is but the breath of man's evil passions ! If no evil thoughts ascended to the sky to create discord among the elements the rain would descend as gently as dew, and refresh the earth, instead of coming down in torrents, which ravage it. Nature undisturbed works peacefully and silently, while the discordant passions of men are disturbing forces which nature cannot readily subdue. But see ! Help comes ! Once more the city will be saved. Do you see ? ”

“ Where ? ”

“ See that white cloud rising like a white-winged angel of peace and filling the space between the dark clouds of despair and hatred ! See how at its approach they shrivel up and disappear ! Some one has done a good deed in the dark district, and many hearts are filled with gratitude and love. That love which is strong enough to prompt to action for the good of the race, is a universal solvent, in which anger, hatred, and all evil passions disappear. A new chemical combination results, which tends to produce harmony. Again I say, even the elements are subject to the will of man—if he but knew it ! ”

“ Don't some of the orientals claim the power to make it rain ? ”

The question was unheeded.

“ Furious storms are caused by the clashing of evil thoughts ! If men would but fill the whole atmosphere of the earth with kind and loving thoughts, they could destroy even the cyclone before it was born. The war of passions causes the war of the elements. But men are blind and cannot see,—will not see ! I told of these things while I was living in the body, but no one listened ; no one believed ! Men called me an enthusiast, a fanatic. That is their usual way of treating those who can see more clearly than themselves. Because, forsooth,

I was one of the bearers of a new interpretation of the invisible forces by which the universe is governed, an unpleasing interpretation to many, I must of necessity be a fool ! But the dreamer whom his own generation casts out, and calls fool, is often revered as a genius by the next generation. Many can follow; but few can break the paths and lead ! What the visibles still under bondage to the physical nature denominate folly and madness should be plain to the invisibles, who have cast off flesh and its burdens—is plain to those who are not earth-bound ! This conflict of the passions in the clouds is highly interesting to me, and should be to you.”

Without giving further heed to his visitors, the Weather Prophet walked to the top of the monument, in order to obtain a better view of the sky. The New Ghost regarded the accomplishment of this feat with curiosity.

“ So that is what you call walking on air, is it ? ” he inquired.

“ Something near it. But probably he would like the place to himself just now. Perhaps it will be as well for us to go on—if you are not too tired.”

“ I had forgotten all about being tired. Is he always like that ? ” inquired the New Ghost, as they continued their walk.

“ No; he is hardly ever twice alike, and so some ghosts find him exceedingly interesting. He can walk up a monument or the side of a house, or any perpendicular wall, in a most dignified manner, but he can't walk up the air as the Experimenter does.”

“ What is the difference ? ”

“ All the difference between something and nothing. I can walk up a low tombstone myself—if I just know there is something solid to press my toes against, I can get up all right. But the minute I try to walk on the air I slip right back to earth. The Experimenter says I must imagine I am climbing invisible stairs—but it won't work ! Down I go ! ”

“ Curious.”

“ And the last time I saw the Weather Prophet try, he couldn't do much better.”

“ I should think he would be anxious to learn, so as to go up and visit the clouds.”

"I presume he is practising. He went up the monument steadier than usual."

"How did he come by that name?"

"We called him the Weather Prophet because he is always studying the clouds, and knows more about Chicago weather—which, perhaps, you remember, is an uncertain quantity—than any one else. signal station man can't begin to equal him! I never knew the Weather Prophet to make a mistake on Chicago weather. If he says it will rain, it rains! If he had told us that hurricane was really coming, It should have taken the first train out of the city to get away from it."

"Any man or ghost who can foretell Chicago weather with certainty must be superior to his race."

"If you care to cultivate his acquaintance you will usually find him somewhere along the lake shore—where land and water meet! He hardly ever visits the club, and is called unsocial, but I like him pretty well."

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

NATURE'S TRINITY.

(II.)

We all constantly employ a certain amount of energy to some purpose, however trivial it may be. If that purpose is not noble, we have only to transfer that energy to something more worthy, which may always be found by searching for it.

When the body of a man or of an animal is deserted by its tenant, then nature's Creator identifies himself with the Destroyer and gradually removes the energy from that form which has served its whole purpose, and transfers it to some other centre or centres, as the nucleus or nuclei of a new form or forms, or as accretions to already-existing forms. In a similar way, we may take any dead and useless quality within ourselves and transfer its energy to something more desirable. Let us take, for example, a warlike, retaliative disposition, which exists individually before it can be manifested nationally, and let each member of humanity transfer its energy to the building up

of a disposition for conciliation. Were this done, no such thing as war could exist on the face of the earth; and we should thus have employed our creative powers to a high purpose. There may have been a time in our development when the animal method of warfare to gain our supposed rights was consistent with our status as barbaric humanity, but it is so no longer. The most undeveloped among us deplore it. The most advanced fully realize its mistake and its horrors.

Jesus told us to resist not evil. Did any of us ever think how much energy we every day misapply in resisting evil, in being offended or indignant with others—to say nothing of positive anger and retaliation—when the woe is only to him *by whom* offenses come?

A wise teacher has told us that when brought face to face with what we call evil we are to resist by not resisting; and can we not see that when we confront evil with a tranquil and passionless disapproval that yet takes no outward action, we are meeting it with a destructive battery of dynamic spiritual energy that must work for the highest good of all concerned? We have thereby created a Christ-like quality from the essence of the dead, old, warlike propensity which, as destroyer, we have now disintegrated.

When Saul of Tarsus transferred his vital energy from deeds of slaughter and persecution against Christianity to noble teaching and example on its behalf, he generated for himself such character as led to what we call saintship. Our highest work of creation must be on the spiritual plane—the field of our highest desires and aspirations; and such work is sure to externalize itself, first on the mental, and then on the physical plane. What we desire we think about; and what we think about is photographed in our physical body and its environment, and forms the basis of our outward acts. But although the mind is a tool of the spirit, yet it reacts upon the spirit, and, as our present development is more mental than spiritual, our creative work lies greatly on the mental plane, there ruling over our lower desires and our physical life. If we apply that colorless spiritual energy called will to the formulating and controlling of our thoughts, we shall have reason to marvel at the wondrous work we shall accomplish for ourselves—a work that shall extend both down-

ward and upward, attracting to us a response from higher realms whose avenues are now closed to us, as well as bringing about a transformation on lower planes.

How rich a kingdom, then, is our mind, how potent in result the very least of our efforts therein! And this mind is always with us. One of the world's greatest dramatic geniuses once remarked that so much valuable time could be saved by having something important to think about; and she not only gave utterance to this sentiment, but she applied it practically in her efforts toward ideal perfection in her line of art, with astonishing results.

It is for us to lend our thoughts, our creative tools, to that which is important instead of wasting them upon trivialities.

As the Logos, the spoken word, the creative power of divine will and ideation, calls worlds and systems of worlds into existence and form, so the self-same powers within us, derived from the great universal source, may speak into existence whatsoever we desire; and just in proportion as we unfold our divine possibilities shall we advance toward this creative godhood.

Although desire lies back of will, yet it is paradoxically said that we may will that which we do not desire; that is, the higher part of us may desire and will that which our lower self does not desire and has no power to will.

Now, this contradiction of our two natures as emphasized in asceticism, if it leads to nothing beyond, is of little service in spiritual evolution. But if it is accompanied by an effort to convert low desires into high desires and low thought into high thought, then coercion, which is only the first step of the ladder, will lead to regeneration. It is well known that the mind, like the body, is a thing of habit, and the establishment of fixed habit is brought about by repetition in the one direction, even though at first it may be forced and in opposition to some other habit. Nature on every plane has a tendency to repeat itself. If our body has once lent itself to a certain act, it is naturally inclined to repeat that act, and with every repetition it becomes more strongly bent in the given direction. The innumerable aggregated lives, or centres of consciousness, of which the human body is composed, readily learn all the lessons taught them by their

commander, the mind in dominion over them. It is then for the mind to create good habits, not only in its own realm, but also in the body under its charge.

It is made clear in occult research that thought, with its dynamic potency, can restore disturbed equilibrium to the physical body—can so change the vibration of its molecules that soundness and health replace disease. Not only may this be accomplished by will and intention, but, with no effort directed to that aim, the body *must* in condition and quality, to some degree, correspond to the mind in dominion over it. Impressions made even unconsciously upon the particles of the human body may change their very texture. The fire of a noble habit of thought may refine them, just as the grosser material heat may bring about different states of matter, as, for instance, by changing water into steam.

It is said that there are certain human beings now living upon this earth, whose advancement in purity of desire and thought is such that they naturally—that is, in accordance with law—clothe themselves with a body composed of a higher grade of matter than we, in our present stage of development, can well conceive of—matter that is tenuous, highly electric, and even luminous, matter whose vibrations exceed those of our gross bodies as those of the violet ray of the solar spectrum exceed those of the red ray. We of the lesser development, with our bodies of slower vibrations, are down on the lowest step of the ladder, on a level with the red ray, while they are up on the seventh step, the grade of the violet ray, or perhaps have mounted many another and higher seven—or even seventy times seven, for the sevens of nature are countless—and are now on a level with some ultra ray that baffles our utmost powers of conception.

How did they come by such a development? They worked for it. It is not, however, to be supposed that their aim was to change the texture of their physical bodies, but that such a change was an incidental and orderly result of their spiritual and mental unfoldment; and such result teaches us that we have not yet learned the alphabet of even that science which reveals the mysteries of physical nature, though our present attention is fixed so exclusively upon this lower plane.

That cathode rays of electricity reach a sensitized plate by penetrating what we have hitherto called an opaque body, proves a fact in strict harmony with the teaching of Eastern science, that the solidity of matter, even on our gross plane, obtains only relatively to our sense-perception. We all know that a sensitized plate receives impressions too fine for a human organism; and the satisfactory reports from the many existing mechanical aids to sense-perception should intimate to us how much concerning matter we have yet to discover when our perceptions, through high unfoldment, shall have become finer, and our outlook broader and higher.

Then, the persistent efforts of that intuitive worker, J. W. Keely, in his manipulations of inter-atomic force, prove the truth of the assertion that it is *sound*, the word, the logos, that is the magic wand of the creator to marshal into form the atoms under his command, as well as to preserve or to destroy that form. The building of the universe results from the vibrations of spiritual force upon primordial matter; and it is by different degrees of sympathetic vibratory force that molecules are attracted together, and held duly apart in concrete form, as well as disunited to the destruction of that form. The three-fold god thus personates the one law whose opposite effects are attraction and repulsion, or the one force whose opposite directions are centripetal and centrifugal. It is upon nature's method of sympathetic vibration in what we call sound that Keely is working his marvels, disintegrating matter when his vibratory force is beyond the power of molecular cohesion.

His experiments in liberating the appallingly tremendous potency in even one drop of water suggest that we, in our coming development, perhaps millions of ages hence, may have full control of this force of nature's gods.

Do not these first faint glimpses into an unknown region, these marvellous possibilities of matter when under the control of knowledge, prove inferentially that we have before us a long series of object-lessons in matter?—and that, if our evolution in this line is cut short by the close of this one life, such waste of energy is contrary to nature's operations in any other of her known departments? The conservation of force recognized by science demands that we return to

the plane of matter again and again until our efforts on this plane have ripened into result and reached one ultimate aim in a full knowledge and control of matter, to say nothing of any higher application of our powers. Thus matter alone, manifestation on the lowest plane of nature, demands our return from a quiescent state, so far as matter is concerned, to this field, in order to exhaust for us all its possibilities, to say nothing of those higher developments that are brought about by our struggles and contentions with matter and its concomitants.

But, while we are waiting or perhaps working to become three-fold gods on the lowest plane of nature, we lose sight of the fact that the shortest road to such divinity is through a higher development. A spiritual unfoldment leads us back of external manifestation into the realm of causation, where governing law is so revealed to us, and where our discernment and our controlling powers so ripen, that we become familiar with the secret springs of physical action as our least important knowledge, and thus become gods over the material plane.

If, however, our motive in seeking a high development is only to gain power on a low plane, then we shall find ourselves greatly hindered in our progress; for such a course is not in accordance with the order of the divine plan for our ultimate perfection. The three-fold endeavor of Evolution is to fit us to become perfected immortal beings. That is the whole meaning of life, or it has no meaning. Our success, then, lies in co-operating with Evolution, in working with nature.

The only question is, how to do it. It is done by means of true spiritual alchemy, by turning baser metals into gold, by converting low desires into high desires, and low thought into high thought, by letting the god, the divine within us, work on nature's plan, for nature is God.

Let us, then, disintegrate old forms, remove centres of force to another point in space, that they may clothe themselves in higher expressions of our thought and desire; for even our thought and desire take form, however ethereal, in the world around us.

Now, it is possible for us practically so to work upon ourselves, that is, for the higher part of us so to work upon the lower, as to

enlarge our field of action and purify our methods—to raise our efforts to a higher plane in the given line. We may, for example, convert a greed for gold and worldly possessions into a desire for mental and spiritual acquirements, not only for ourselves, but also for others; and personal ambition into a desire for the advancement of our race, or even of the whole human family; and a spirit of rivalry, or desire for self-success, we may change into a desire for the success of others; and a spirit of cruelty may be transformed into heroic endurance of suffering for the good of others.

All the vices are due only to misplaced centres of force, to force manipulated by egotism instead of by altruism, to creation in a mistaken direction. The whole trend of human evolution teaches us that individualism, or egotism, is stagnation. We all can observe that the very moment one turns his energies away from self and works for the good of others, he rises higher in the scale of being.

We may safely conjecture that the greed and cruelty of the animal kingdom, which is so dark and painful a problem to the sympathetic soul, is—since all is working for good—wisely ordered to establish that very individualism which culminates in self-conscious humanity. But the aim is now reached, the end is attained. Man is, at the present period, even, over-conscious that he is apart from his fellows, and it but remains for him to become conscious of the broader and higher truth, that though divided for a certain development, yet he is not separated from them. Their career is his career; their aim is his aim. With a realization of this high truth, man will naturally turn his creative energies into a nobler channel. The field of egotism is narrow and barren of essential result, while that of altruism reaches out and embraces first the neighbor, then the nation, then the race, then all humanity, then the lower kingdoms, and finally every atom in the whole universe, which needs the godlike impress of man to aid it forward on its evolutionary journey.

We are now only just beginning to learn our true relation and duty toward our fellow-beings; but in the ages to come, when we shall have become a united, consolidated body, each working for the good of all, we shall naturally include in our efforts all the kingdoms below us. Our younger brothers, the animals, will then have no

reason to fear that the hand of man will ever be raised against them. All sentient creatures will then be aided by us to live out their short term of existence in that joyousness and freedom which conduces to a higher development. The vegetable world will suffer no wanton or selfish injury or destruction at our hands, but its activity and advance will be to us a part of the great universal progress whose advance ranks we are at last worthy to lead. Even the towering mountain, standing so firm upon its solid base, and the great body of water rhythmically moving in an ordained bed, and the solid walls of silent rock, all of which now seem to us so fixed and changeless, shall, under the stimulus of our collective thought, of our advanced vibratory impress, evolve more rapidly from their low order of consciousness to one that is higher in the cosmic scale.

Thus we, the lowest of us, when we shall have sufficiently unfolded our threefold deific powers within ourselves, shall become elected gods of the great cosmos, world-builders—Creators, Preservers, and Destroyers, in the vast field of nature all around us.

M. J. BARNETT.

RESULTS.

Life holds a value, not for what it *is*, alone,—
 But more for what it may be. Most famed results
 Spring out of greater sought for. Of all the insults
 Flung into a new day's face, the very boldest grown,—
 Is this:—"Be like the other." Why not let the Known
 Presage a *brighter* morrow?—For a wiser cult
 Gives milk to babes, but for a grown man's food consults
 The universe. Why we, when childish days have flown,
 Short-syllabled, should speak as in Life's youth, is strange,—
 For manhood craves an outlet for a larger heart,
 In language cloth'd with finer grace. A broader range
 Must open, for to do as well, to-day, our part,
 As yesterday, we must do *better*. At the start,
 Our hands and hearts were those of children. Lo, the change!

KATHERINE B. HUSTON.

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM.

(II.)

It was accounted in the philosophy of the ancients as unlawful to deal with spiritual truth except by means of the symbol. According to Porphyry, "the ancients were willing to conceal God and divine virtues by sensible figures, and by those things which are visible, yet signifying invisible things." For instance, the world, sun, hope, eternity, were represented by round things; the heavens by a circle, a segment of which indicated the moon; while pyramids and obelisks were dedicated to fire, and cylindrical forms to the earth.

Thus, aside from their structural simplicity, there is to be observed in them that near cognation of form to idea so apparent in the wealth of spiritual suggestion afforded by a proper appreciation of the two symbols already discussed; for as the circle of Being represents primordial spirit in activity, the circumference of which is all-inclusive, so does the sun symbol express all the life of external nature, and is therefore a constituent part of the auxiliary planetary characters, in condition and degree according to their status as generators of the cosmic life-forces.

And so, abiding within the bounds of this symbol, as previously instanced, is found the Moon (☾), who reflects the Divine light of the Creative principle.

As with its prototype in the visible heavens, in her approach to the solar conjunction, so with the moon or soul of the human ego: it grows larger and larger in its circle of motion until it has accomplished the at-one-ment by absorption into the Sun or the very centre of pure Spirit (☉). "When this union takes place, there is no longer need of an initiator. . . . Wherefore, as with the planets, so with the Microcosm. They who are nearest Divinity need no moon. But so long as they have night—so long, that is, as any part of the soul remains unilluminated, and her memory or percep-

tion obscure—so long the mirror of the angel continues to reflect the sun to the soul.” *

Therefore, he who would attain to regeneration must first heed the scriptural injunction, and trample under foot the moon or the sensual soul of his being.

These digressions into subsidiary channels are deemed pertinent to a clearer apprehension of the basic beauties of astrological symbolism. Indeed, so singularly suggestive of the spiritual principles involved in this language of the archetypal world, that any serious examination of it must necessarily lead to a closer familiarity with the idioms of Being itself.

Physical expression at best reveals but a shadow of the truth, for being circumscribed in capacity it can deal only with limited conceptions. The symbol, on the other hand, leads one into the infinitude of the eternal Silence, in which alone the Good may be perceived and its wisdom understood, and wherein principle and manifestation are to be viewed as isonomic facts in the consummation of the Divine plan.

The celestial philosophy recognizes four specific channels, or planes of activity, in the processes of cosmic ideation, portrayed symbolically by the Cross (+); a closer examination of which will enable us the more thoroughly to understand the real character and significance of these constitutive factors in their various combinations.

Though monadic life comprehends a trinity of spirit, soul, and body—the triadic forces in the sphere of generation—its projection into corporeal conditions on the objective plane is accomplished only through a coalition with predetermined intelligibility, or mind, thus constituting four elements of manifestation, mystically understood as stability, motion, intelligence, and consciousness.

These four divisions of elemental activities—which, by the way, should not be confounded with their physical prototypes—are cosmically embodied in the fixed stars which compose the twelve constellations of the zodiac, and answer to the four wards of the stellar key (☒), designated in astrology, respectively, as the earthy, watery, fiery, and airy trigons, and alchemically expressed as salt, sulphur, mercury, and azoth.

* “The Perfect Way.”

It is through the functions of these astral energies in the Macrocosm that the life emanations are individualized into essential and distinctive qualities, and simultaneously converted into intelligent attributes through the seven celestial agencies which represent the creative principles in the individual forms of objective life.

As expressed by a hermetic writer—"A human being, made up in physical form of seven primary elements, each derived from a kingdom in Nature, involves in his organism a representative feature of the intelligence which prevails in each kingdom. . . . He is thus from the beginning of his physical life a creature of the stars, and, to a certain extent, a concretion of sidereal influences flowing into his corporeal and physical constitution."

Pursuant to the mystical maxim that "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first," we are led primarily to a consideration of the Saturn principle as the spiritual representative of the fourth element—consciousness—in the generative spheres of the Universal Cosmos.

Not that this element in any wise claims real priority, for all forces in these alchemical processes are obviously coëqual and interdependent in their essentialities, and therefore neither may assume precedence over any one of the others. This order is adopted wholly by reason of his fancied prominence as the most important of the superior planets in the astrology of the ancients, in which he was assigned chief dominion over the principality of Time in the objective realm.

In this restricted sense his potentialities are subservient to the bounds of limitation, and are symbolically represented in connection with mundane operations as Matter in dominance over Spirit, or the soul principle suspended from the cross of Materialism (✝).

This seemingly malevolent tendency is plainly perceptible to the astral physicist when this planet is found weak or debilitated in the governance of a nativity, in which case he conduces to envy and malice, selfishness and miserliness, and all such terrestrial drawbacks as serve to fetter the soul in its effort to express the godhead inherent within it.

The individual thus astrally constituted is destined to labor in an atmosphere where the sunlight of a holy faith seldom penetrates.

and the inner voice becomes but a smothered echo in comparison to the resonant harmonies which pervade the psychic atmosphere of his more fortunate brother.

Is it any wonder that under these enforced limitations there should result those disparities in the moral economy which our courts of justice (?) sagaciously denominate crime, and make amenable to the dispensations of a questionable jurisprudence?

Moral responsibility cannot be measured by legal tribunals, nor can arbitrary punishment ever prove a prophylactic against moral wrong-doing. One must penetrate to the chamber of hidden causes, pore over the mystic tomes arranged on its shelves, and study therein the hieroglyphs of occult law, before one can hope to translate intelligently the mandates of the spoken Word.

A broader and more universal perception of these basic principles in the human economy would incline the human heart to a broader charity, and to a more philanthropic view of the supposed shortcomings of the fellow man who is thus forced to grope his way to the measure of a discordant strain. It remains for Astrology as a factor in the science of stirpiculture sooner or later to bring home to the thinking mind the absurdity and falsehood of a problem in human ethics which involves in its statement the presumption of inequality. This, however, is irrelevant to the matter in hand.

Subjectively considered, we find in the Saturn symbol a purport apparently at variance with the above interpretation; for, spiritually, it represents the World (+) of Soul (☽)—the fourfold glyph surmounting the crescent—wherein his is the formative essence which corresponds to Intelligibility, by and through which, in relation to Time and Space, arise the corporeal conditions of form and figure, thereby effecting a perfect correlation between the noumenal and phenomenal planes.

For which reason, in the procession of the gods, he is designated as the astral deity who presides over the Holy Triad of manifestation, and astrologically is accorded the rulership of the airy triplicity, or the celestial sphere in which are polarized the activities essential to mundane consciousness.

In our relationship to fundamental law, this element, when har-

moniously adjusted in the microcosmic organism, superinduces to gravity, decorum, contemplation, spirituality, and sublimity.

For example, in the geniture of the mystic Swedenborg, he was dignified as his ruling planet in the just and airy sign Libra—the scales, or Balance—in that quarter of the natal figure whose magnetic activities impel to mental discipline, philosophy, and religion, and was additionally strengthened by a favorable conciliation with the Sun in his house of life, in the airy-metaphysical sign Aquarius.

A student of astrology would quickly discern in these testimonies functional attributes capable of attaining to a spiritual ultimate beyond the reach of the ordinary developed ego.

In these two aspects of the one symbol are observed the exigencies of the duality of Being as concerns one of its ramifications, and the resultant attributes on the two planes of consciousness, energizing on the one the more material qualities, and sensitizing on the other the elements of the purely spiritual type.

But it naturally follows, that as in evolutionary law the higher must ultimately dominate the lower, so are the grosser elements ever susceptible of transmutation into the more etherealized and sublimated forces.

Thus Saturn, from a physical standpoint tends to contract the magnetic activities and crystallize the finer forces, thereby producing on the human sounding-board a repressed, dissonant, and selfish strain; but his conjuncture with the more concordant elements may convert the music into a subdued harmony, whose soul centres vibrate more in unison with that Nature whose diapason is ever in accord with the good of humanity.

This differentiation in the primary effluences brings under notice the symbol of Jupiter, to whom is allotted dominion over the third class of the tetradic hypostases—intelligence—functions through which the life-consciousness, as determined by form and figure, is stimulated into the more sensitive elements of True-Being; or the Intellectual essence, in contradistinction to the Intelligible activities.

As regards the dual phases of the Saturn and Jupiter principles alluded to above, suffice it to say that the one stands related to the other as gestation is to generation, or affirmation to confirmation. It

will be observed that in the Jupiter symbol the crescent and the cross have exchanged places. Inherent Intelligibility, subsisting in the World of Soul (୧), has thus become quickened into instinctive attributes, intellectually cognized through the vehicular activities of Jupiter, significant of the Soul of the World (୨).

The following excerpt from the ancient MS. previously quoted, clearly illustrates the astrological distinction accorded these two arbiters:

“Jupiter (tin) is nothing but the centre of Saturn (lead) manifested; for in Jupiter, which is the next planet under Saturn, the contemplative influence begins to be active, which causeth such a bright light, and such a lively stirring brightness in Jupiter, for he is the first active planet wherein the joy of the contemplative faculty is manifested, which it sets forward for action, and descends from Saturn to Jupiter. Jupiter, then, as we have said, is the first *active* planet, for in him that which first begins to break out into action was formerly conceived in Saturn. . . . Therefore, did the wise men attribute to *Saturn* all scholars and philosophers, as also all priests and hermits, all melancholy and reserved persons, who love a solitary and retired life, and who are always full of thoughts, and are more disposed to contemplation than to action. On the contrary, to *Jupiter* all statesmen, magistrates, and tradesmen, who use their heads more than their hearts, and who are always busied in outward mechanical actions, and not in the inward profound speculations of the mind; and truly all professed mechanical arts were found out first by the speculation of the mind, for they are but the inventions of contemplative spirits, so that the statesman receives his politics from the philosopher, the one finding, and the other executing, so that contemplation still *precedes* action, as Saturn is before Jupiter in the heavens, even as thoughts are conceived in the mind prior to the action of speech.”

These deductions are certainly in line with the metaphysical suggestions involved in our discussion, and they emphasize the fact that the science of astrology rests upon no arbitrary or conjectural basis.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

INTERPRETATION OF PSYCHIC ACTION.

We give, this month, several accounts of experiences which illustrate various phases of those subtle powers of the mind now commonly spoken of as "psychic."

The very large number of similar experiences which are received from nearly every part of our country, and, to a considerable extent, from European countries as well, indicates a quite general awakening of these powers, or faculties; for it is but a few years since the least mention of the possibility of such powers existing, was, in most circles, derided as evidence of unsound reasoning faculties.

While in this day evidences are too strong, clear, and numerous, to be relegated entirely to the insane pavilion, yet, the subject is so new, and its operative action so little understood, that it requires careful thought in determining the nature of the action under examination.

That a certain individual experiences something new to him, and unknown to the school in which he has been educated, does not prove either that it is inexplicable, or that the explanation given by another is necessarily correct.

Psychic action is extremely subtle in all its operations, and cannot be accurately judged by the senses, or by any process of reasoning that involves the modes of action that relate to sensation. Therein lies both the difficulty and the danger to one who, for the first time, undertakes to satisfy himself as to the causes and reasons for the phenomena just recognized. If he trusts his ordinary senses at all, he is misled as to the nature of what has transpired, and inevitably forms conclusions which are wrong, no matter how plausible they may seem either to himself or others; while, if he rejects sense-evidence, without having acquired sufficient knowledge of his psychic faculties, he is at sea without a compass, and drifts helplessly with the tide of the first explanation offered.

Psychic action is just as easy to interpret and understand as conscious mental operations or physical action, if it is approached rightly and examined under its own laws. To do this, we must first leave behind us all direct sense-action, as out of the realm of our present observations. Next, it must be remembered that the different laws necessitate correspondingly different judgment, based upon higher and finer activities involved in the new experience.

The main difficulty which each one meets with in interpretation of unfamiliar phenomena, lies in the perhaps natural tendency to judge by previous experience, and possibly sometimes with a hope that the new experience may substantiate some previously formed theory; therefore, prejudice and personal opinions must go overboard at once.

All psychic action belongs to the realm of mind or soul, and these are not subject to any of the limits of body or senses. Recognition of this one fact alone will do much to remove the prejudice held against the range of powers of the psychic faculties.

When the fact is recognized that two people, whose physical mechanisms were a hundred miles apart at the time of the experience, have exchanged ideas on a given topic, it is common to hear quite conflicting opinions about how it occurred. One insists that his brother *came to him*, or appeared in the particular physical location where *his* body then was; and his evidence is, that "he saw his brother"! and Where, if not *there*? Another *knows* he "left his body" and *went somewhere*, and actually saw the material things present with his psychic conferee. Yet another is firmly convinced that some spirit-being brought information to him, at the place where he then held the idea of himself as definitely located in a physical body. Experience usually shows that it is difficult to get any one of these to yield a point on his opinion, and make a fair examination of the facts; yet it is probable that each one is wrong in his conclusions. But, if each would set aside the factor of "limitation" in the action of mind, understanding that it is absolutely free of all bodily restraints, he may see that *location* is not a factor, and *time* is unknown in the soul's operations; consequently, each is present in every place where his consciousness thinks and recognizes itself or others, and that it is, after all, a matter of change of consciousness rather than of time or location.

The same unlimited freedom applies to every phase of mental action,

and to every psychic faculty; hence, a state of consciousness may present itself, be presented, or appear before another either as an object or a person; as an act or an actor; and the deluded (because ignorant) mind of the beholder may give color to the action, shape to the object, or individuality to the seeming person, according to his own subconscious inclinations, while he *seems to be* simply looking on and observing what another is doing. Psychic action is usually recognized in sense-judgment as inverted. There are a thousand and one ways in which the deluded sense-reasoner may be psychically deceived, even while he is observing actual phenomena which are of the greatest moment for him to understand.

The unlimited freedom of the soul, and of the psychic faculties of mind is the key to such knowledge.

TELEPATHY THROUGH LOVE.

"During the course of my ministry, and especially of recent years, I have been moved to certain actions for which there seemed no reason, and which I only performed under the influence of a sudden impulse," writes Ian Maclaren in the *Independent*. "As often as I yielded to this inward guidance, and before the issue was determined, my mind had a sense of relief and satisfaction; and in all distinct and important cases my course was in the end most fully justified.

"It was my privilege, before I came to Sefton Park Church, to serve as colleague with a venerable minister, to whom I was sincerely attached, and who showed me much kindness. We both felt the separation keenly, and kept up a constant correspondence, while this good and affectionate man followed my work with spiritual interest and constant prayer. When news came one day that he was dangerously ill, it was natural that his friend should be gravely concerned, and, as the days of anxiety grew, that the matter should take firm hold of the mind. It was a great relief to learn, toward the end of the week, that the sickness had abated; and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery, the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fail, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and I became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger, and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened, and took hold of me that he was dying, and that I would never see him again; till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and, by and by, that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt;

so, having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. On arrival, I rode rapidly to the well-known house, and was in no way astonished that the servant who opened the door should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not now weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

“ ‘He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is—dying now.’ No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me, and I held my reverend father’s hand till he fell asleep, in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but, as we believed, recognized me and was content. My night’s journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by spiritual influence.”

“Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and was very busy when my mind became distracted, and I could not think out my sermon. Some short time before, a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from dissension in his congregation, and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the case till I seemed in the midst of the circumstances as if I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose, and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day’s duty for my brother. Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation, and compose a letter as best one could till the question of date arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire, and set to work again; but all day I was haunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstances, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day; and it was my date. My course was perfectly plain, and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my first letter.”

LETTERS.

Butte, Montana, March 24, 1898.

TO LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

Dear Sir : Your explanation of dreams in your journal, vol. vii. No. 1, December, 1897, is good. I must ask you to be kind enough to read (publish if you wish) the following dream, that did come true, as one of the mysteries of dream psychology :

“On the eighth day of June, 1886, I had a dream. I had been ill with

a fever, and sleepless with pain the preceding night. Toward morning I fell asleep for a minute. During that brief sleep I thought I received a letter containing a check for four hundred dollars. The letter and check were from a lawyer of a neighboring city, seventy-five miles distant. I, or my mind, recognized the check as one of a well-known banking house of that city. I recognized the handwriting of the lawyer, which was well known to me. I knew the import of the contents of the letter, though I did not afterward recall the reading of the letter as one reads a letter when awake; I saw clearly the figures denoting the amount for which the check was drawn, and knew why it was sent. I at once awoke and muttered to myself, "that's pretty good," then tried to rest and sleep again, and thought no more, at the time, about the dream. In the morning, after rising and partly dressing, and while resting in my chair, a neighbor's little girl, Miss C—— Y——, now living here, came in to inquire after me. I asked her to go to the office to get my mail, but had no thought of the dream. She returned with several letters and some papers. Glancing at the former I, at first, took one to be a returned letter, as I thought I had seen it before, but at once I saw it was not "returned," and, on the corner of the envelope, I recognized the office-stamp of the lawyer referred to in my dream. The dream at once recurred to me, and I said to the little girl at my elbow, "Hello, C——, I've got a check in this letter for four hundred dollars, now see if I haven't." Thereupon, opening the letter, I found the check for the exact sum. I was not expecting the check, nor a letter from the lawyer. The following are the pre-existing facts leading up to the letter and check : Ten years before, I had placed in the hands of this lawyer a note of hand for a certain sum bearing interest until paid. The party giving the note was a mine-owner of unproductive mines. He had never been able to pay, and the note had long been outlawed. For a number of years I had given up expectation of payment, and for probably two years I had not thought of it. But the miner finally made sale of a mine for the sum of ten thousand dollars. The lawyer, aforesaid, transacted the business for him, and managed to collect the outlawed note and interest. I had not been informed of the sale, nor of the likelihood of it; so that there were no notices calculated to bring the matter to my mind previous to the dream. But had I known that the sale was to take place, and that my note would be collected, I could not have guessed, it is likely, within one hundred dollars of the amount I might receive. For, to be exact, the note was for two hundred and fifty dollars, and the interest, together with the principal, amounted to about seven hundred and fifty dollars. The lawyer said in his letter that he retained a good fee for himself. I do not now know how much he collected. At the hour of my dream the letter containing the check was at a mailing station fifty miles distant, and midway between the mailing office and the receiving office. I at once wrote to my lawyer acknowledging receipt and telling him of my dream. This dream was clearly a prevision. In the dream, the letter as to its

general contents, the envelope, the stamps, and peculiar marks, the color of the check peculiar to the bank issuing it, and the exact figures, were as really seen as a few hours later were the real letter and check. I do not know that my mind left its natural dwelling-place in the brain cells in that moment of sleep and entered a mail sack at a station fifty miles distant, and there saw the letter and its contents and nothing more. I likewise reject the idea of any "spiritual agent" outside of myself presenting the matter to me in the form of receiving the letter and check before actually receiving them. The idea that the mind of the lawyer communicated with my mind in that instant of sleep the intelligence of the letter and its contents is too vague and fanciful. If the Universe is an ethereal ocean of live intelligence of all things, enveloping all things, with here and there minute islands of Forms, where the conscious element of individual being localizes and develops, becomes capable of growth and cultivation, at some moment in the soul's existence, when physical being has least restraint upon it, it, the mental soul, may strike in intellectual sympathy with the Ethereal Whole, the All Intelligence, and have prophetic vision, at least, of that which is near to it and its own. This fancy may be as fanciful, though not as vague, as the third rejection above, but after long study and many exclusions, it is the only theory that offers to my mind any explanation of such dream previsions."

L. E. HOLMES, M.D.

U. S. Arsenal, Augusta, Ga., February 1, 1898.

MR. LEANDER E. WHIPPLE.

Dear Sir : On the 27th ultimo, an old lady and gentleman were sitting at their fireside conversing, when the lady, on looking out of the window, saw approaching the house two men carrying what seemed to be a medium-sized box between them. She could even see the burnished handles in the bright moonlight. Calling her husband, he, too, saw the same picture, and, thinking it was his boy coming home with a visitor, they both went to the door to receive them. On stepping out on the front porch, both saw the men and box standing a little distance from the corner of the house under a large, old cedar tree. The lady, thinking it was her son, called to him by name, and suddenly, as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, both men and box disappeared, and the cedar tree shook as if it had been struck by a whirlwind. The parties in connection with this strange occurrence are close friends of mine, and strictly reliable. The old gentleman up to this time was a confirmed sceptic, sneering at anything touching on the supernatural, but this strange scene has made such an impression on him that he is now convinced of the existence of living forces beyond the vale of earthly environment. Although I am not far advanced in the study of the occult, my theory in this connection is, that this strange appearance is a reactionary presentation of a similar scene enacted by those two men when on the material plane, and reproduced under favorable conditions on the spiritual, or ethereal, plane.

Respectfully, P. J. FORD.

The life of Arthur Frazier, one of the crew of the Eliza S. Foster, the fisherman recently in from the Grand Banks, was saved by a dream.

One day when he was out in a dory there was a strong northwest wind, and a heavy fog shut down, and hid his ship from view. He was making for the vessel with a load of fish when a heavy sea boarded his dory, carrying away one of his oars, and nearly making his boat unseaworthy. This left him in a helpless condition, and he was at the mercy of the wind and waves. He yelled at the top of his voice. The men on board heard his cries, but could not see him, or understand what he said. They could hear him as his voice grew weaker and fainter, till nothing could be heard but the mournful wind whistling through the rigging. He did not return that night, and the wind blew almost a gale.

In the morning the wind was strong, and the fog hung low. No sign of Frazier could be seen. There was a large fleet of vessels from different parts of the world—France, Portugal, Ireland, and America—and, when Frazier failed to return members of his crew went among the nearby ones and reported a man lost. Not one had heard from him. At about noon the sun came out and pushed the clouds of fog away, but the wind held to the same point.

The Foster hoisted the flag to half-mast to give notice to the fleet of a missing man. The custom is in such cases that, should the man be on any other of the fleet, an answer of flag at half-mast is given. No answer came all the afternoon, the flag still held that position, and the wind kept up at almost a gale. That night passed, no Frazier appeared, and, during the night, the wind shifted two points to southward.

Next morning it was back to northwest again. Frazier was given up as lost. It was supposed that the dory was capsized when his calls were heard, so the men resumed work, with a feeling of sorrow, for Frazier was the life of the crew, and kept them in constant laughter.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as the cook was scanning the horizon with a glass, he noticed a black speck in the ocean. He told the captain and crew, and asked them to look. They did so. One man said it was a whale, another thought it was a ship, and so on. The cook and John White, who were the close friends of Frazier, believed it must be he, and proposed to lower a boat and go to meet him.

Both men had had an odd dream the night before. The cook dreamed that Frazier had lost an oar, and that the wind had borne him away, and he said he was called out of a sound sleep by Frazier, who said: "Don't give me up. I'm beating back." White said his dream was that Frazier had broken his right arm and could use only one oar; that he was alive and hungry in mid-ocean. Both men, on comparing notes, found that they were awakened on the same instant by Frazier calling them and telling them, "For heaven's sake, take a dory and come to leeward!"

When they saw this speck on the ocean, they lowered a dory, in spite of the jeers of some others of the crew, and put off. They rowed in the

direction of the dot, and soon were out of sight themselves, for a heavy fog had shut from view the ship, but not the little tattered sail ahead. At 6 o'clock they reached a boat that was beating against the wind, and, sure enough, it was Frazier. He was in the stern, using the oar as a tiller. It was just as they had dreamed. He had but one oar, and his arm was disabled from a blow received in fitting the main boom.

He was in a frightful condition. He didn't appear to notice the boat till they were within a few hundred yards of him. Then White yelled to Frazier, and the latter fainted away with joy. His boat began drifting, and the other oar went over the rail. It was quite a race, but the rescuers soon overtook the dory, and took the man to their own boat, and, letting the other dory go to sea, they made for the ship.

That night there was intense excitement aboard ship. There were three men missing now. Fog-horns were blown and bells rung till a late hour, and then, as if the last hope for their return had been given up, the noise all died away. The trio in the boat, who had neared the ship, now could hear the talking on board, but they could not make themselves heard against the wind. All night long did they beat their way against the wind, their only hope being to hold the same position till daybreak.

As the day dawned, the fog having lifted, they were surprised to find that they had passed the ship, and were about three miles to windward, but the fleet was in sight. There was no difficulty in getting back to the ship, where they were taken aboard. Frazier was nearly exhausted for want of food and water.

Old sailors say that not one man in 10,000 would have had presence of mind to beat against the wind in such a case with no compass aboard.—*Boston Journal*.

THE FAMED ELIXIR.*

"Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim"—Byron sang of the mortal, but we sing of the immortal—Byron spake of man, but we talk of the god.

In the veins of earth's subjects there runs a liquid called blood, through those of the Olympians gushed a fluid called ichor.

When Solomon founded his temple, at the innermost shrine were whispered secrets, and the never-dying echo of the whisper has struck softly on the ear of the incarnate nineteenth century.

Since man caught at life, as its own object; since the mortal discovered the god; since the creatures realized the inward creator; since humanity was found drowned in immortality—from the knowledge of the fact that eternity out-distances time, man has taken the kingdom of the stars with the stormy challenge of his eyes, while his feet sank ankle deep in the ex-

* Copyright, 1898, by D. P. Hatch, of Los Angeles, Cal. All rights reserved. By permission from advanced sheets of "Some More Philosophy of the Hermetics."

crescence of earth. Man demands, and in the very helplessness of his cry there is a ring of authority which calls for a responsive yea from the heart of Being itself.

Man has outdone the beast in beastliness, whereby Olympic Zeus has discovered in him a rival formidable. Man's potency to vie with the devil implies capacity to compete with a god.

But the famed Elixir ! The dream of dreams !

The Moslem faces Mecca, the Jew Jerusalem; Eldorado is painted on the sunset sky, and the miscalled atheist dips himself in the limpid stream of the Sierra. Hope, with her six heads and twelve feet, who sits on the rock of Scylla, is watching still, and the corpses of the shipwrecked float faces upward on the sea.

An endless siege means victory. Faith prolonged brings the mountain to Mohammed, and the stars out of space to the children of earth; aye, more, man wrests immortality from the grim grip of mortality, and takes the crest of Olympus by storm. The holy Mount is not limited to the twelve originals. With the gods man becomes one, for their food is ambrosia and their drink is elixir.

But why these metaphors and similes? Can you not use plain Saxon, you ask; can you not lay bare the heart of truth that we may see it beat? We answer yes, and no. He that hath eyes to see will see, but it requires a trained lens. The sailor can distinguish a sail from a patch of cloud, when the landsman is blind. The heart of truth is so subtle and refined, so microscopic in construction, so far-reaching in vibration, so invisible to the eye of sense, so palpable to the eye of mind, so electric, so calm, that he only, who responds to its thrill, can read its meaning. We might tell you in gross words what the elixir is, and you would bandage your eyes in horror, and stop your ears in disgust. We might explain to you the chemistry of being, and you would seek your closet to pray for our benighted souls. We must touch you with gloved hands, for you suspect leprosy; we must use a poet's vocabulary, for you fear obscenity; we must come to you steeped in incense, for your nostrils scent decay; we must insulate truth under guise of a harmless snake—though it in no other sense resembles a dove—for you dread inoculation. Should we speak plain words, you would translate them into your own soul's language, which grossness we desire to avoid. So we wrap the white nakedness of Truth in veils, the first, the second, the third, lest you mistake a virgin for a harlot.

Have you observed the bounding step of youth, the exuberance of life, and the preponderance of motion over rest. Dawn swallows night for its breakfast, and youth makes a light meal of death. But why? Mark you these words: Virginity is insatiate, and life is its pabulum. Virginity is creative, and, like Saturn, devours its own children. Virginity knows naught of age, but has unconsciously or consciously the grasp on "The One Thing." Virginity is never dwarfed by habit, but sees with

keen eyes the thing it would capture, though it zigzags in the chase. The virgin bathes herself in the dew and drinks at the fountain spring; she has strange gifts, her sight is clairvoyant, her touch heals the sick. But the virgin who conceives a Christ is pure, not alone in body, but in heart. Her thought is on the plane of life; she walks on the mountain ridges, and avoids the valley of death. Thus we speak—interpret you who can.

The soul has wings, but, when man clips, Psyche drags her plumes. Wait !! the plumes will grow again. Bury the shears in damp earth, and let them rust. Psyche comes with the birds and bees, and sucks the nipples of the plants; Psyche bathes with Diana in the running brook, and poises on wing near the bosom of earth; she trades love glances with Cupid, and kneels at the shrine of Urania Venus.

The soul is prolific, and when it moulds in matter its fingers are dainty.

But the famed elixir! You accuse us of evading. Let us reiterate a few plain words. Be assured that as certainly as you have the potentiality of the devil in you, you also have the capacity of the god.

The pairs are but two poles of being, and when Lucifer left heaven he fell far. Descent implies a height to scale, but where is the ladder of Jacob which the angels walk up and down? Take a lesson from the spider; her resource is in herself. From her innermost recesses of being she finds substance for prolongation of her life through the building of snares; she spins the fairy web, which bleaches in the sun to a thing of art. She bridges space with exudation of herself, and swings back and forth in the air on the materialized essence of her own being. Do you take the hint? Can you not build the fairy house of self out of self's exuberance? To conserve and transform the life essence of a soul, virgin in intent, is to store the famed elixir in the holy of holies, where only the poet-priest may enter.

The fruits of a virgin soil are beyond compare. Have you ever dreamed of Eden, where flowers were rank, and earth teemed with life; where to wish was to be, and to will was to do? Have you heard of a Paradise where the air swarmed with houris, and the sea with nymphs; of Eldorado, whose voluptuous luxury knew no profanation of plow or harrow, but whose spontaneous verdure was but the natural outcome of a conserved and transformed energy? Have you read of men who revived others with their touch; men whom time passed over, and who gave up life with the glow of youth still on their cheeks after centuries of living? Or have you reversely, in the shadow of a shaft which rose in cold scorn at the head of a tomb, shivered and dreamed of the sterile soil where Adam and Eve wandered after the gates were guarded by the angel with the flaming sword? Have you thought of an inferno pictured by a Dante, who dipped his pen in blood? Have you conjured a death valley which spread its skeletons at the very foot of a Sierra, whose fern-covered niches were watered by perpetual springs?

Ah ! the shaft which marks a mortal's grave cuts the sun in twain, and

draws a band of black across heaven's bosom, that outlasts the mourner's crêpe.

Remember in self are seeds of life and death; the crop will prove the planting.

Would you have perfumed flowers on the tree of life, rather than a fruit that another eats, cut off the opening buds; they will grow again, again, again, in their ceaseless effort to fruit; and the air will be redolent with perfume, while the eye of man gloats on beauty, and Psyche eats the pollen and drinks the dew.



BOOK REVIEWS.

THEOSOPHY APPLIED. Four Lectures. By Lilian Edger, M.A. Boards, 134 pp. The "Theosophist" Office, Adyar, Madras, India.

This little volume embodies four lectures delivered by Miss Edger before the Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras, at their Twenty-second Annual Convention. The themes are : The practical applications of Theosophy to Religion—To the Home—To Society—To the State, and teem with metaphysical thought. The intelligent reader will find much in these practical discourses to interest and inspire.

VICTOR SERENUS. A Story of the Pauline Era. By Henry Wood. Cloth, 502 pp., \$1.50. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

When the spiritual insight, philosophy, and wealth of imagination of such a mind as Henry Wood's is employed in the creation of a work of fiction like this, the interest is certainly well assured. Paul of Tarsus, with his wonderful experiences, is always a figure of prominent interest. His character is here delineated with such power and grace of imagery, that the reader is carried along fascinated to the end.

With unimportant exceptions, Paul is the only historic character, and the various dramatic and psychological situations which are depicted during his unique development, are remarkable. Victor Serenus, and the other personalities that are employed, are representative characters.

The pages are replete with a penetrative impressive thought, and abound in helpful ideals.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF DRIFTWOOD. By Mrs. Jenness Miller. Cloth, 323 pp. Jenness Miller Publications, Washington, D.C.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., LL.B. Cloth, 152 pp., 60 cents. The Metaphysical Pub. Co., 465 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE BIBLE—Whence and What. By Richard B. Westbrook, D.D., LL.B. Cloth, 232 pp., \$1.00. The Metaphysical Pub. Co., 465 Fifth Ave., New York.

VEDĀNTA PHILOSOPHY. By James E. Phillips. Paper, 16 pp., price three-pence. J. E. Phillips, 34 Solon Road, Brixton, S. W., London.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

JULY—AUGUST, 1898.

No. 4.

THE MEMORY OF PAST BIRTHS.

When reincarnation is spoken of, one question is invariably raised—If I have lived before, why do I not remember it? The defenders of reincarnation almost invariably evade this question, or give vague and unsatisfactory answers; so that, while almost every one who once grasps the thought of successive lives on earth feels strongly inclined to adopt it, still this one point has remained a stumbling-block, and in all the years reincarnation has been talked of nothing definite or to the point has been said as to this really vital question.

The idea of reincarnation came to the Western world only a few years ago. It was first clearly presented in an attractive and sympathetic form in the "Fragments of Occult Truth" which Mme. Blavatsky published some sixteen or seventeen years back in the *Theosophist*.

The idea in the "Fragments" was this: To understand our lives, to know what lies before us after death and what lay behind us, before birth, we must begin by a better understanding of ourselves. We are not body only, but soul and spirit as well—the soul half earthly, half heavenly; the spirit, as yet, almost unknown to us.

The soul is everything between the body and the spirit—the passions, as well as the pure will; the desires, as well as the love of beauty, and truth, and goodness. To the lower half of the soul the "Fragments" gave the name: the Body of Desire, while its higher half was called the Mind.

The soul is drawn downward toward the body by the Body of

Desire, and then the animal in us comes out and fills our lives with passions and appetites. The soul is drawn upward toward the spirit by its higher part; then genius, and power, and beauty, and faith are developed—the true qualities of human life. In the fullness of time, death comes. What happens then? or, first, what has happened at the moment of death?

First, the body has been separated from the soul; the body, with all that network of instinctive and elemental powers in it, which built it up and carried on its work during life, and which now pulls it to pieces again, in dissolution. But, when the body is laid aside, the soul is not all pure, any more than it was a day, a month or a year before, while its life still lasted on earth. The soul has its worse half still clinging to it, passions, pictures of lust and appetite, unsatisfied longings for sensuous things, and the sins of malice, selfishness and self-love, which make up so much of ordinary human life.

The soul is, as it were, surfeited with these passions—clogged like a heavy feeder after too rich a meal. It cannot rise at once to spiritual life. Almost immediately after physical death the soul comes to itself, rid of its pains and sickness, and with a feeling of lightness and vigor, resembling the vigor of keen health and high spirits. The vesture of mortality has been laid aside, but there is often no clear consciousness that death has actually taken place, and this only comes after repeated attempts to talk to the living people so recently left, who are still vividly present to the person just dead.

But this vivid touch with earthly life lasts for a few hours only, or a few days at most; then the scenery round the soul begins to change, the passions and desires begin to assert themselves and gradually work themselves out through a period of purification, which is at the root of the teaching of Purgatory. The spirit draws the soul toward its strong, pure life; but the soul, overburdened with passions, cannot at first respond. It must gradually put off the earthly desires, and, apparently, is still in contact with the living world, in the sense that it has a consciousness of the nearness of living people. And the "Fragments" suggested that any strong bond of affection toward people still in the world would keep the soul of the dead person close to them, and CONSCIOUS OF them; and, so far as it lay in

the power of the soul, it would help and protect the living who were left behind.

Then, in the course of days, or months, or years, according to the strength of its earthly desires, the soul shakes itself free from its bondage and puts off the Body of Desire. The passions become latent and are as seeds in the dried and withered flower. The higher part of the soul is drawn back into the spirit, and the radiant power and strong, pure will of the spirit pour into it, and breathe new life and vigor into the soul's dreams of beauty, inspirations of goodness and strivings after truth. That is the soul's great holiday, and day of refreshment, when all the pains of this our mortal life are laid aside.

And the "Fragments" further suggest that, as our spirits are far more intimately united than our bodies, so the souls of those who are truly bound together are keenly conscious of that bond and union, in the great rest they enter into, when the Body of Desire is put away. To that rest of the soul, the "Fragments" gave the name of Devachan, a Tibetan word meaning the "Blissful," and one well known in the books of the northern Buddhists. It was the idea of Devachan more than any other teaching which made the fortune of the "Fragments of Occult Truth." There was something in this teaching, at once so reasonable and so sublime, so unlike the material heavens of the churches, with their gold and stones, their trees and rivers, and yet something so satisfying to our best aspirations that one could not help believing that something like it must be the truth.

The spirit in us, standing close to divinity, has a power, and immortal youth; an eternal vigor, that is the very heart of joy; and a wide and sweeping knowledge that almost reaches omniscience. As the soul puts away its garment of desires it rises up to union with the spirit in Devachan, the Blissful, and is thrilled through and through with the spirit's exultant and immortal youth. All that the soul had in it, of beauty, and truth, and goodness, is kindled into rich and vigorous life; all aspirations are satisfied; all hopes of heaven are fulfilled; all dreams of joy are more than realized.

Then the soul bathes in the waters of life, and is strengthened and refreshed. As the measure of its aspiration, so is the measure of

its reward; every hope in it, every seed of hope, blossoms out into a perfect flower, under the sunlight of the spirit and its vivifying rays. And as the souls of men are of every different measure of aspiration, so is the Blissful Rest different for each. Every soul forms its own Devachan, through its own powers and energies, reinforced and strengthened by the energies of the spirit. And that life in Devachan is the soul's great opportunity to rise to new aspirations, to receive new seeds of beauty and joy, which shall in their turn blossom in the time to come. Drawn thus close to the spirit, the soul shares the spirit's greater life and receives the seeds of hope, the ideals of future growth, which are to guide and stimulate it when it returns again to this earthly life.

But the soul does not only receive from the spirit, it also gives to the spirit; brings to it the harvest of its best hours in life; the knowledge it has won; the sense of the beauty of the world; the sense of human life, with its loves and its efforts; the sense of toil well done, of difficulties overcome. For if the spirit soars angelic above our life it is thereby cut off from many a secret that every mortal knows; and these are the messages it learns from the soul in return for the power and peace it breathes over the soul in paradise.

That paradise of peace and power may last as long as a full human life; it may last thrice as long; no years are given for us to measure it by, but it will not end until there has come fullness of refreshing and a rest from the memory of human ills.

The radiance of rest becomes slowly quiescent; the overshadowing light and power of the spirit become dim in the soul which has drowsed itself with peace, and as the spirit draws away, the breath of the returning earth begins to stir and move in these seeds of desire which were left when the flower of the last earth life withered.

Gradually the earth's vitality works in these germs of desire, of passion, of lust, of selfishness and self-love till the soul is once more tinged and colored with them, and, like drawing to like, enters once more the confines of the earth. There its affinities draw it to that land, and class, and family whose life is most in harmony with its own nature; and, uniting itself to the body of an unborn child, it presently passes again through the gates of birth. The first seeds of

earthly things to come to full life in it are the elemental and simple powers that man shares with the animals, almost with the plants. Then, gradually, the more human side of the soul, the passions as well as the understanding, come to their growth, and a full return to human life is once more made. Then come childhood and youth; and then once more, age and death.

The "Fragments of Occult Truth," and the additions made to them afterward, did a great deal more than merely sketch this course of a single human life, a single cycle of rebirth. They carried the teaching on and applied it to the whole of human history, even supplying chapters which we have no knowledge of, yet which seem to have a certain rightness and reasonableness, which we are greatly inclined to admit.

It was said that the whole development of humanity had been nothing but the repeated rebirths of the same human souls; that we, who now live and breathe the vital airs, are the same men and women who lived through the Middle Ages, the days of chivalry and religious zeal, in France, in Spain, in Italy, in England; that we are the same men and women who peopled heathen Germany, and Scandinavia, and Russia in the days of Thor, and Odin, and Perun; that we ourselves, and no others, saw the fall of the Roman Republic, the degeneracy of Greece, the last days of the Jewish nation, and had, perhaps, a part in the great transition that passed from Judea to the Greek and Roman worlds; that we ourselves played a part in the growth of Greece, and Rome, in the glad old strenuous days of inspiration and liberty; that we have opened our eyes to the daylight, in Assyria and Iran, in more ancient India, and Egypt, and Chaldea; and in older days, to us very dim and mysterious, but bright enough, and real enough, while we actually lived them.

Instead of going back, as I have done, the "Fragments of Occult Truth" began at the utmost horizon of the past and came down to our own days, outlining no less than four great races, before our own epoch, and the race which now inhabits the earth. The first two races were dim and shadowy as forgotten dreams, but growing gradually more gross and material as the long ages went on. Finally, with the third race, came such material life as we ourselves are used

to, though much, even in our purely animal nature, has been steadily modified and changed. Of this third race, we were told, there are hardly more than a few fragments left, and those debased to the utmost limit of degeneration.

The fourth race, whose memory is still held in the story of Atlantis, the vanished continent now hidden beneath the waves, sent out many races, whose descendants, mingled with offshoots of the earlier third race, inhabit the lands and continents we know. From the mingling of the third and fourth races came the fifth, our present humanity—the strong, progressive members of the race. Of pure remnants of the fourth race there were, we were told, a few still to be found among the inland Chinamen, who, with the flat-headed aborigines of Australia, were relics and vestiges of a vanished past.

The third race had natures hardly yet fashioned to the mould of humanity as we know it; with them instinct had not yet become passion, nor had the almost automatic acts of animal life yet fully changed to conscious reason. They were blameless, because they had not reached any keen sense of responsibility, or even of their own individual lives.

The fourth race developed a strong individualism, and with it gained great power over nature: a conquest of material forces, the metals, the powers of wood and stone, of iron and silver and gold. With these material surroundings came a hardening of the inner nature also, and the faults of selfishness, of cruelty, of ambition. And so the fourth race fell, and Atlantis sank in the ocean.

Then came the fifth race, with its task, to rise again from materialism; to hold the consciousness of the fourth race and the sense of individual life, but without cruelty or too keen self-love; to regain the innocence of the third race, without its ignorance, and to add new powers and perfections undreamed of in the earlier world. In that fifth race is our own place, and that destiny is being unfolded among us.

To the fifth race are to follow others, each adding something new and excellent, until mankind is perfected; and when this cycle of life is ended, and this earth of ours is ended with it, there are other greater cycles and nobler worlds on which we, the self-same souls, are destined to find our fuller growth, our larger joy.

Thus the "Fragments" suggested to us our place in a great and orderly development, all the races of our planet filling parts in the same scheme, each supplementing the others and bringing some power, or skill, or knowledge, or instinct to the total sum, which without it would have been by that much deficient.

Each of us, we were told, had passed through every race, and time and clime; we were the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Indians; we were the ancient Romans, the Greeks, the men of the Dark Ages, of the Renaissance, of modern days. And thus, once more, we were brought to the question: If we really had such ripe and abundant experience, how is it that we remember of it not a single fragment; not one colored patch of the Nile, or the Euphrates; not a single Atlantean day; no memory of Babylon, or the Khalifs, or Chivalry?

This question was answered in a sense, but the answer was not satisfactory, or, at any rate, it had nothing like the clearness and definiteness which won such instant recognition for the teachings of the "Fragments," especially when they appeared in a volume, with many additions, as "Esoteric Buddhism." Still, in this great and wonderful scheme of the races there was much to commend itself very strongly, even though it could hardly be verified or proved in any positive way.

There was, first of all, in proof of our identity with the men of those old races, our keen interest and understanding of their works and ways; the infinite patience, the infinite eagerness, with which we strive to decipher every fragmentary sign and inscription they have left; and the fact, too, that we can decipher these old sign-pictures, though they seem obscure as the riddles of the gods. Everything in the life of all races and all times is vividly akin to us; even the holiday crowds in the museums are constantly bearing witness to our affinity with the days and the lands that are dead.

Then again, the scheme of the "Fragments" made more intelligible the lingering presence of low and abject races among us, like the Bushmen, the Veddahs, or the Australians. These are the dwellings of belated souls, laggards in the race, who have yet certain lessons to learn, that nothing but the wild life of these wanderers could teach them. And when the laggards have learned their lesson the belated

laggards will assuredly disappear. As there are souls in all stages of growth, as souls are many-sided things, so must there be many races of many kinds—white and yellow, red and black—to give them the scope and opportunity they require. And we never can tell how lately we ourselves inhabited other colored skins. So we should be very tolerant in this matter of color.

Once more, we find that the races supplement each other in a marvelous way; that the work of the temple-builders of Egypt was carried on, and perfected, not in Egypt, but in Greece; that the chants of the Persian fire-worshippers have won a new life on the lips of Christian choirs; that the thoughts of the old Indian sages were caught up, and given a beauty and lived grace, by Pythagoras and Plato; that the work of Praxiteles and Apelles was handed down to Raphael and Titian; that Michael Angelo is the kin of Phidias; that Euripides wrote for Racine; that Æschylus was the prophecy of Shakespeare. And that, in one and all, there was something added; a new development; a fresh unfolding of the leaves of the flower of humanity, that, like the blue champaka, shall one day bloom in Paradise. So all races supplement each other; none has a perfect gift; but each lends aid to every other. In this way, too, we see how wise it is to look on the whole human race as but one great assemblage of souls, ever perfecting the great, mysterious work.

There is for the whole race and for each of us a certain path to be trod; a certain large and perfect growth to be reached; a gradual development, through endless change. And it follows, in the simplest way, that the position of any one on the great path depends very definitely on the distance he has already travelled; if he has gone so far, in the days that are dead, he is now at such a place; if he has lagged, he is further back; the strenuous and courageous are further in advance. So, where we shall be to-morrow, a year hence, or ten years hence, depends on where we are to-day, and whether we still keep moving. And we see, very clearly, that races and men get on by their own works, and not by the works of others; every one must do his own walking on the world's great way; there is no such thing as hiring substitutes. So that we may say of the life of any one, that his position is pretty strictly and justly due to his own walking

in bygone days, and that his position to-morrow will depend on the use he makes of to-day. We build our own lives; we are our own fortunes; we weave our destinies for ourselves. This is the law of Karma.

There are parts of this great law of Karma that we should like to linger over; above all, the matter of sex, and the great question of poverty and riches. Of the first, the teachers of the "Fragments" suggest that all souls, to gain perfect experience, must live the life of both the sexes; just as each of us must in every life inherit childhood, youth and maturity; just as each of us must taste both birth and death. As to poverty and riches, the question is too large to touch on here; but we may rest assured that here, too, essential justice is done.

We should try to see the matter in this light: There is but one great assembly of human souls; all are alive at this moment; none of them are belated, and caught in the net of bygone ages; all are present in the life of to-day. But of these, a quarter, perhaps, are now embodied on the earth; three-fourths are hidden in the heavens, in the paradise of peace, or in the dim halls of desire, through which men's souls pass on their back and forth from outward life.

And this same assembly of souls was present through all the yesterdays of the world, and will be present in every to-morrow. Our life is one great life, of which we are all parts; time is our pathway, and the whole earth our inheritance.

Yet that question obstinately recurs: If I, who move and live in the world to-day, who get such sincere satisfaction out of life and all experiences, have indeed passed through so rich and varied days and years and lives, why does no memory of it all remain? Why can I not recall how I tilted in the lists in mediæval days; how I prayed in Gothic cathedrals; how I hunted the deer through gloomy Germanic forests; how I shouted for Cæsar or Brutus in the Forum; how I saw the plays of Sophocles, and heard old Homer sing? What has become of my lotus garlands of Egypt, my part in the old temple processions on the Nile, my share in the sermons of Gautama, or the caves of Ellora and Elephanta? If I, indeed, and no other, moved in the days of Atlantis, where the seas now roll, or in yet older lands, where the sand-storms sweep over desert Tarim and Gobi; if I shared

the fate of dim, gigantic races, before Atlantis was, why can I not recall a day of it? Why is my memory as empty of purple hours as a beggar's cloak in the rain?

What said the "Fragments"? Well, they answered something like this: The memories of all those past births are still in your possession, every one of them; but they are hid and carefully packed away in remote corners of your being, whither you hardly find your way, even in dreams. But when the day of attainment dawns for you, those memories shall be yours; at the end of the way you will be able to look back to all past stages of your journey.

Well, that was satisfactory enough in a way; and yet, with all that, pretty unsatisfying. We do not feel like waiting for the day of our attainment, at the end, perhaps, of the seventh race; we should like to realize a little of all that great wealth of ours; like the Friend from India, on whom every one was pressing hundred-dollar checks, we feel as though we should like a quarter in hard cash, on account.

This is clearly the most interesting point of the whole question: The memory of past births; and we should like to learn something more definite about it. Now, as it happens, there is a good deal that may be learned. All the world, including even the Christian world at one time, has held to this great teaching of Reincarnation, and all the world has run up against this fascinating and exasperating question of lost memory. It has been thought out in India, in Egypt, in Greece, in Italy. And I think I shall be doing a good work in bringing together the chief passages that bear on the subject, from the Upanishads, from Buddha, from Plato, from Synesias, from Virgil. They have all had something to say; and it has generally been well worth saying.

I shall add the testimony of the living to the witness of the dead; we may be lesser than the admired sages; but we have this advantage, that we are here, at the moment, and hold the stage in the present hour. Though that thought of the ever-living assembly of souls, one-fourth manifest on earth, three-fourths hidden, yet none the less living, in the heavens, should warn us against speaking slightly of the dead.

Let me anticipate for a moment, and say that to our question,

Why do we not remember our past births? we shall get this answer uniformly from the ages—A good many do and always have remembered.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. A. S.

CHRISTIANITY AND REINCARNATION.

Within the church, among the ministers that preach God's word, there is a strong feeling against the doctrine of reincarnation. Many men who speak from the pulpit believe that a man who accepts reincarnation is as far from salvation as the man who denies God, absolutely. But let me say unto those men that there is no incompatibility between a belief in God and a belief in reincarnation. The Bible which is their law, their all, has within its covers, the strongest argument, the strongest proof in favor of incarnation.

One and all, we have come to believe with Wallace and Darwin in evolution; the proofs that the life of the nineteenth century is envolved from a lower life are incontrovertible.

If we accept physical evolution why must we not also accept spiritual evolution? If one is true, the other must also be true. It would be as impossible for the soul of the nineteenth-century man to have occupied the body of that first life as it will be impossible for the soul of this body to enter, without improvement, into the body that will exist in the next life. As there must have been a succession of improved forms, in an ascending scale, to bring man to his present perfectness of form, so must there have been a succession of incarnations, to make the soul that knows God, a fit soul for its improved temple.

One of Christianity's ablest teachers, Butler, says that "our present state is as different from our state in the womb as two states of the same being could well be," and then reasons that if our state in the womb is so different from our present state, there must be a future state as different from our present as our present is from the past.

He proves a future life by analogy, but is not his argument of a

future existence equally strong as to a past life? And if there has been one past life is it not reasonable to believe in still other existence?

Hartmann, Schlegel, Emerson, Disraeli and others argue in favor of reincarnation, but we need not their words if we but listen to the spirit within. But we refuse to harken unto the voice of our soul that has travelled far and which yet has far to go. Its passing through the thousands of cycles that has brought it to its present state of perfection is nothing to us. Its voice, when it speaks, we treat as a dream; as a vision; an illusion. Listen to that voice when it speaks, question it, remember its answer. We have the proof of a former existence in ourselves. Have you not been questioned about something that you have never studied in this life, and given an answer correct and true, and yet startling to you so that you stood dazed and wondering how that answer came so glibly to your lips? The subject was new to you, yet you knew it and you knew not how nor why. May it not have been that the soul in a previous life had learned, and in this existence remembered?

Have you not visited a place never before visited in this life and felt that you had been there before? Have you not heard music, a new composition, yet recognized in it a melody of cycles and cycles ago, mellow with the ripeness of a great age and soft and entrancing with the mysterious spirituality of another life?

These visions, these flashes into the other lives prove the doctrine of reincarnation. The life of Christ also proves it.

Reincarnation is to me an absolute certainty; and yet, despite the fact that many preachers say a man cannot be a Christian and believe in reincarnation, I *am* a Christian. The two beliefs are like the waters of two small streams that unite and form a noble river: united they are a perfect religion—the one the nobler, the truer and the better for the other.

I believe in reincarnation and I believe in the Creed. I believe in God the Father, in the Son, in the Holy Ghost. But, I believe in God as the spirit of good, the all-powerful, all-seeing ever-present and absolute. I believe in Christ as the earthly manifestation of the Spirit of God. I believe in the Holy Ghost as the spirit of God that was manifest in Christ.

In the son of David who was the son of God—through the immaculate conception—I see the absolute union of reincarnation and Christianity. The birth of Christ is the foundation of Christianity; the birth of Christ is the proof of reincarnation. If this is true, Christianity and reincarnation cannot be incompatible.

To those that accept the Bible without question, who accept seeming contradictions and inconsistencies without cavil; whose faith only sees in the seeming faults the mistakes of man in recording the works and commands of God, these can only be brought to believe in the compatibility of Christianity and Reincarnation through this book in which their spiritual life exists.

To them we say, "in the Bible is the absolute proof of reincarnation." It tells that God promised to send his Son. He did send his Son; that Son existed before he came; when he came he was in a form different from the form he wore on earth; he died but he lived again, which is the third incarnation; he is to come again, and who is it that believes that he will come as he came the first time? When he comes it will be the fourth incarnation. Here are three incarnations and a fourth to come. As we are of God, as our soul is an emanation of God, a part of the father, as much as the Son was; are we not then creatures of many incarnations and are we not promised another life which will be a reincarnation?

With Christ's life, with God's promises, with the evidence furnished by the Bible can we believe other than that the true key to the life that is past, the life that is, and the life to come, is reincarnation? From all this it would appear that Christianity and Reincarnation are the heart and the soul of religion, and so, thoroughly compatible.

E. W. KEELY.

Man at his best should possess a character which combines Intelligence and Piety. The highest type of being is a man wise and good. He attains this moral and intellectual altitude by rectitude of purpose and intelligence of mind. Thus equipped with moral and mental qualities, his duty is to aim at social improvement by the discipline of the family. Should his circle widen, the same principles will be found helpful to uphold and improve the government of the country, and perhaps in the fullness of time the leading of the world to obedience and the return of the happier period.—*Confucius*.

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM.

(CONCLUDED.)

The symbolical significance attaching to these two superior planets is consentient with that accorded them in the old mythological systems. The Greeks, in their portrayal of Kronos (or Saturn) as an emanation from Ouranos (the infinite), undoubtedly meant a depiction of the elementary processes we have touched upon. This seems to be proved in his subsequent dethronement by Jupiter, of whom he was the putative parent—clearly an illustration of the sequential value the one bears the other in the planetary procession.

This achievement, so vividly allegorized in their epics, constituted Jupiter the tutelar genius who presided over the destinies of both mortals and immortals, from the Olympian heights, “bestowing clemency and pacifying justice.” And so is he regarded in the stellar science, symbolizing the unfoldment of the contemplative qualities inherent in the Saturn principle.

To extend the analogy to an astrological application, Saturn, as the representative of contemplative Thought, as the generator of Time, and the ruler of the sphere in which primordial substance assumes form and figure, is granted regency over the *framework* of the Universe, as well as the anatomy or bony structure of the human body. On the other hand, Jupiter, as the offspring of the Intelligible Essence, idealizes these formative attributes into the elements of Wisdom, thereby exerting a majestic and judicial authority over the resultant transmutations.

The ascription to Jupiter of the fatherhood of the gods was but a recognition of him as a personified attribute of the Deity; the intellectual essence through which are blended the qualities of prudence and equity. He therefore stands astrologically related to the body politic in an adjudicative capacity, and holds dominion over the arterial system of the physical body.

Homogeneous with the primal trinity which constitutes the basis of the astral symbolism, is the triadic character of the deific orders in

the mythologies of the East; as, for example, the triunity of the Hindu philosophy, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—the creator, preserver, and destroyer; or, metaphysically, considered as substance, energy, and dissolution. The local triad at Thebes included Amen-Ra, Mut, and Chous; while identical with the characteristics embodied in these are those recognized in the more universal worship of Osiris, Isis, and Horus in the Egyptian cosmology.

That Osiris was typical of the sun is evidenced in their belief that his soul was in some way allied to the sacred bull Apis, a theory evolved from the fact that at that period of time this luminary entered the sign Taurus (the Bull) of the zodiac at the vernal equinox, then the beginning of the solar year.

Being thus recognized as the regenerator of nature, analogically Osiris was revered as emblematical of the sun principle in the sphere of manifestation, and so understood by the initiated as the “source of all”; hence, symbolized by the circle of pure spirit.

It is interesting to note that Plutarch speaks of the sacred bull as having a crescent on its right side. Remember that Eve (the moon) was extracted from the side of Adam (the sun). And so do we find the lunar orb typified in Isis, the spouse of Osiris, and represented as “crowned with a sun disc, surmounted by a throne enclosed between horns.” In astrology the moon is exalted in Taurus (♉), whose symbol agrees strictly with this representation. She it is who is the soul or reflection of Osiris, identified with the sacred bull, and revealed through the crescent on its side.

As regards Horus, the child, or third of this mythological triad, it is sufficient to know that he was represented as the God of Silence, typical of substance in its static condition, astrologically symbolized in the Cross.

According to Pierret, “The numberless gods of the Pantheon are but manifestations of the One Being in his various capacities.” To which Mariette Bey subscribes:—“The one result is that, according to the Egyptians, the universe was God himself, and that Pantheism formed the foundations of their religions.”

Viewing these subjects purely from a historical and speculative standpoint, neither of these writers seemed to realize that in these

polytheistic doctrines reposed the grand principles of genetic law, thus personified that they might appeal the more promptly to the limited capacities of a fanciful and credulous constituency. The innumerable deities which followed were but the primal triad differentiated into inferior personifications, yet united by collateral ties that were but symbolical of the numerous types and emotions attendant upon the transformative processes of evolutionary life.

To quote from Basilides, the heretic:—"There is a Supreme God, by name Abraxas, which the Greeks call *Nous*. From this emanated the Word; from the Word, Providence; from Providence, Virtue and Wisdom (Saturn and Jupiter?); from these two again, Virtues, Principalities, and Powers (planets?) were made; thence infinite productions and emissions of angels (constellations?)."

In this interpretation one need not slight the fact that prior to the projection of these ministerial forces, is the Incomprehensible Idea itself, the Spiritual Sun, in whom subsist the procreative providences as expressed through the executive functions of the solar luminary.

Obviously, to view these cosmogonic fables in other than a metaphysical sense, is but to deny to them their legitimate value as classical factors in the celestial philosophy.

Let us suggest, in passing, that our modern religious cults are still in a measure consecrated to this system of worship, though perhaps all unconsciously. That Jesus the Christ as distinguished from Jesus the man is qualitative of Divine Spirit, is scarcely a question for dispute; though the ordinary creedal enthusiast, with his supine inattention toward matters of this character, would doubtless object most strenuously to the imputation that his devotion to this principle partakes largely of sun worship.

We think this assertion can be amply verified.

Through the astronomical law of precession, the vernal equinoctial point at the beginning of the Christian Era had retrograded from Taurus into Aries, the Ram of the zodiac; hence, this animal, suspended from the Cross, became an object for sanctification, because the sun-god in his entry therein had completed his annual revolution and was then stationary at the intersection or cross-

ification of the ecliptic with the equator (+) for the period of three days, after which he began his ascension into north declination. Subsequently the lamb was replaced by a human figure, perhaps as being more congruous to the purposes of allegory.

In this light the crucifixion of Christ upon the Cross is emblematical of a principle in the metaphysics of Being, as portrayed in the stellar science by an orbital point in the pathway of the Sun, of whom the Nazarene was made the archetype. The sun was known in the Algonquin tongue as Gheezes. It is also pertinent to add in this connection that the zodiacal sign Aries rules over Palestine, the locale of the crucifixion.

This is but the relationship of the Cross to our later churchology, though in reality it far antedates the Christian religion, being utilized in the demiurgic philosophy as a symbol of emanation, expressive of the fourfold operation of that universal law whose ordinances are similitudinary in every department of nature.

An examination of the hieratic writings of the ancient Egyptians discloses the use of the astral symbol in the elucidation of the spiritual mysteries. Their importance is also instanced in their use of them for the purposes of condensation in the demotic or more popular expression of thought. Dr. Young, in speaking of euchorial names, says: "They exhibit also unequivocal traces of a kind of syllabic writing, in which the names of some of the deities seem to have been principally employed in order to compose that of the individual concerned: thus it appears that wherever M and N occur, either together or separated by a vowel, the symbol of the god Ammon or Amun (Jupiter) is almost universally employed." He quotes as an example, Amenothès, written with the symbol of Jupiter, followed by *othes*.

We come next to a consideration of Mars, the ruler of the second division of the magical Tetrad—Motion—astrologically embodied in the watery triplicity. At first thought, there is an apparent anomalism in the assignment of a fiery planet to the governance of this trigon. In alchemic terminology, however, the explanation is found in the correspondence of this element to sulphur, the *energy* inherent in all forms of intelligence; therefore, Mars stands dynamically re-

lated to the substance of Motion, in which sense the elemental character of this triplicity is to be interpreted.

Thus, Mars, as the principle of Energy in the septenary formula, imparts the fixity needful to a perfect expression of the primordial Will. His is the cohesiveness which gives to Power and Creation their relativity. Accordingly, when potent and well conciliated in a nativity, he contributes the determination and energy necessary to the attainment of purpose. But when inharmoniously related to the other elements in the sidereal organism, these activities are physicalized into the more impulsive instincts which constitute the animal soul, or the seat of Desire, wherein the spirit is subordinated to the gratifications of the senses.

And such is the character of the Mars Symbol (♂)—the material transcending the spiritual.

But, consistent with progressional law, these grosser, and therefore impermanent, elements—impermanent in so far as they relate to their perverted activities on the physical plane—are convertible into the more refined properties of Venus, the magnetic centre through which is generated the sublimated essences of pure spirit. She is the ruler of the first of the tetradic forces, stability, the fundamental power in which subsists the quality of Divine Love.

In the science of Being this is but another term for the unifying principle through which the complexities of nature are correlated and synthesized into a spiritual recognition of the Whole; a *processus* which brings the circle above the cross, as represented in the symbol of this planet (♀).

It will be observed in this method of treatment that the planets stand apparently related to each other in a dual capacity; Saturn and Jupiter—Thought and Wisdom, constituting twin relevancies in the spheres of generation, as do Mars and Venus—Will and Affection, each vested with the animating potency of the Sun, and reflected into mundane channels through the mediating influence of the Moon. And while their respective symbols signify a duality in operation, they likewise indicate a fourfoldness in constitution.

This with the exception of Mercury, the habitude of the mind, or the intelligence of the human soul, whose symbol carries with it a

triple significance. As the mind appropriates into itself all that which is assimilative, so do we find in the Mercury symbol (☿) a combination of all the glyphs which represent the perfect trinity of spirit, soul, and matter, the integral essentialities which constitute the allness of Being.

Esoterically it symbolizes the mediation of the soul or perceptive qualities—shown in the elevation of the crescent—as a guiding influence to the spirit, ever destined to encounter incumbrances in its material struggles toward idealization. This consummation is realized only through the intentional activities cognized as spiritual Understanding, with which Mercury is astrologically identified.

Therefore, the mental trend of the individual is determined by the affections of this planet in the horoscope; for, through his constant proximity to the Sun, or vivifying principle, he becomes the translator of light from those arbiters with whom he is most intimately conciliated. Accordingly, he was designated in the philosophy of the ancients as the “Messenger of the gods,” by no means an arbitrary appellation.

It was in consideration of the manifold virtues contained in these astral principles that the Pythagoreans accounted the number seven as the *vehiculum* of man's life. The immortal Bard touched upon the gist of this philosophy in his “Seven Ages,” which accords with the Ptolemaic divisions of the life span, in which the first four years is ruled by the quadrennial period of the Moon, representing the incompact and formative processes belonging to incipency; the succeeding ten years is the Mercury period, wherein the rational part of the soul begins to attract unto itself the seeds of Understanding; this is followed by the Venus period of eight years, in which the clearer intellect unites itself with the generative principles of Love; then comes the rule of the Sun, agreeing with his periodical revolution of nineteen years, and showing the attainment of man to the full majesty of his powers. Mars governs the next fifteen years, showing the correlation of life's purposes. The fruition comes in the reign of Jupiter, which conforms to his astronomical period of twelve years, after which the reflective age of Saturn carries the human ego back into the bosom of Time.

Before beginning this *aperçu* to a close, a few hints on the predictive part of astrology will perhaps not be amiss.

In a universe governed by the determinating principle of harmony, no entity could become individualized with the breath of independent life except through an essential correspondency with the parts of the Whole. The planetary complexion of the heavens at the birth of an individual may, therefore, be accepted as a correct measurement of his psychical value in the universal economy; for, logically, the magnetic operations in the ambient must coördinate in degree with their similitudes in the interdepending organism.

In this recognition of specific values attaching to every organized expression of Being, one has opened the way to a clearer apprehension of the real purport of the planets as adjuvant factors in the analyses of remote conditions in the life of an individual unit.

It is the woeful misconception of the inductive principles underlying this branch of the astral science, which has earned for it the charge of empiricism and irrationality.

Man, as a sidereally constituted individual, or human atom, is a spiritual centre of energy, a dynamo of psychic activities, involuntarily expressed through his attractions, and evolutionally, by his impulses. These processes are no more nor less than the operations of that law of self-adjustment, which the classes decry as fatalism, but which is more philosophically defined in the Hermetic writings as Destiny, "the executive instrument of Necessity." For an emanation projected from out a condition of latency into the provinces of active Being, necessarily assumes the attitude of aspiration as the order of its attraction back to the seat of its geneses. This is but an act of expediency, demanded by the exigencies of Divine Justice, which can be subserved only through the providential attributes of Necessity.

Therefore, conceding, through the known laws of correspondences, that the positions of the planets at the physical birth of a human being are indicative of certain magnetic points in his psychical constitution, it should be comparatively easy to predicate the possibility of disturbances in the correlative part of the executive economy when these vibratory centres are unduly excited through certain degrees of

refrangibility in the planetary rays; for these are but the ever-recurring polarizations incidental to the unfoldment of the individual.

While it is acknowledged by physical science that the qualities of the vibrations peculiar to each of the planets correspond respectively to each of the seven prismatic colors, psychic investigators have discovered a rationalistic correspondence between them and the human emotions. The red of Desire is but the Mars principle in activity, conducing to anger and passion; the green of Benevolence is the predominance of the Luna element, begetting charitable impulses when excited in the horoscope; while the blue of Saturn tranquillizes the passions. In this chemistry of the soul and its relationship to the "All" lies the secret of the influences arising through planetary interaction.

It is the province of judicial astrology to determine the times of these operations in the horoscope, and to interpret through the philosophy of its tenets their spiritual as well as worldly significance.

"What wonder, then, that we a science scan,
Which, tracing nature, analyzes man;
Whether we view him placed in joy or woe;
Whether trace earth or search her depths below;
Whether we contemplate the glorious Sun,
The circling planets or the changeful Moon;—
In all, th' Almighty Architect we mark,
Clear, though mysterious, luminous, though dark!"

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

All nature is Divine utterance. In the beginning it is all with God and in God. There was no primal matter outside of Him of which He fabricated the material world. It is all *out*-birth, adumbration of the Divine energies—of the Divine thought and the Divine will. And therefore the so-called Creation, the genesis of Nature, the production of the universe, is a perpetually fresh evolution of the Central Energy of the universe—the utterance of the Immanent Superessential Cause, manifest as the powers of life and the motions of the world. And for that this cause is *Eternal Same*, and nature the effect; the different must endure forever with sempiternal time; and creation must be coeval, coexistent and coeternal with the Creator, and cannot be predicated as an act instituted and accomplished in ages gone by.—*H. K. Jones, M. D.*

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(VIII.)

THE HARDEST WORK IN THE UNIVERSE!

"Isn't this about where the anarchists used to form their processions and make their speeches?" asked the New Ghost, as the two shades sauntered slowly across the short grass of the park, avoiding the paths which were filled with the visibles, hurrying by to catch a coming or departing train as if their lives depended upon their success.

"I don't remember about processions, but this is where the anarchists used to hold meetings and make public speeches. About every opinion ever held by a mortal has been given publicity here."

"The air must be full of strange ideas, unless the lake breezes blow them away and scatter them over the world. Is there another spot on the shores of Lake Michigan where so many scenes of varied interest have been presented to the beholders? The life of the city centres here and Chicago is cosmopolitan."

"One may sit on a bench and see much of the life of the visibles without stirring from one's seat. All races, all peoples, meet here by the lake, and all languages representing all ideas known to man may be heard in this park. It is a favorite resort for many of the invisibles, who enjoy watching the hurrying crowds. But life here is artificial. Most of people wear masks. I prefer the cemetery."

"I have seen masks worn in the cemetery."

"But not so often! Many people are unmasked at a funeral who never unmask at any other time. There is a friend of mine sitting on that empty bench. Suppose we walk that way. I would like to hear the Shadowland news."

"Some visibles are walking toward that same bench. They will sit down on your friend!"

"He sees us and is coming this way. It is fortunate for us ghosts that in some places the visibles are not allowed to walk on the grass, or

they wouldn't leave us an inch of footing on the face of the earth!"

"The visibles are certainly very inconsiderate in regard to such matters."

"Good morning, No. 128. Permit me to introduce the Drexel Boulevard ghost who was buried at Oakwoods the day you were down last. What is the news?"

"Which news?"

"Shadowland news."

"Nothing special, unless it is an unusual number of new arrivals."

"Have you seen the cemetery ghosts from Rosehill or Graceland lately?"

"I was out at Rosehill yesterday. I never saw a ghost so blue as that fellow out there! I believe if he knew how, he would commit suicide over again."

"Suggest that he try fire."

"No; I wouldn't advise any ghost to commit suicide until he knows what comes next."

"Nor I; but what is the matter?"

"He can't find his wife or children and it works on his mind."

"Where are they?" inquired the New Ghost.

"That is a question ghosts are no more able to settle than men. You see he killed them in a fit of desperation."

"Killed them!"

"Yes; and he was not a bad man either."

"Are actions judged by a different standard of morals in Shadowland?"

"Not necessarily. I think you will say as we do that he was unfortunate rather than wicked. He was a good mechanic, but he couldn't get work. He tried and tried. They were buying a cottage on monthly payments. That had to go; and then the furniture went a piece at a time to buy food. His wife did sewing until from overwork and the lack of nourishing food she was taken ill. And then—it is a sad story—he couldn't get money enough to buy the medicine the doctor ordered for her. And so, after his credit was all gone at the groceries, and he had walked the streets of the city a week looking for work and only earned 25 cents, he went back to the

little room they had moved into, took his revolver and shot his wife and their two little girls who were on the bed beside her—and then himself! He loved them too dearly to see them starve, he says. Some people may call that a curious kind of love, but I think I can understand it.”

“I don’t blame him,” said the Cemetery Ghost.

“Nor I,” remarked the New Ghost. “I don’t think any one should be blamed for coming to Shadowland.”

“Perhaps not—except the criminal ghosts.”

“Who are they?”

“Oh, the robbers, and murderers, and criminals of all sorts, who killed themselves to avoid the consequences of their crimes on earth.”

“But you do not call the Rosehill Ghost a criminal.”

“No; we consider the motive that prompted the action. He did what he thought was the best he could do for wife and children. There was no selfishness in his act. He found himself in a dreadful situation. Those he loved were suffering for the necessities of life, which he was unable to provide for them. His friends had been generous, but they, too, were having a hard struggle to live. He felt that he had no right to ask them to take bread from their own mouths to give to him any longer. It was a terrible situation for any man. He took what seemed to him the best way out of it. He had come to the conclusion that there was no room in the world for him and his family. They would leave it—together! But now he finds himself separated from them and he is heartbroken.”

“But if murder doesn’t make a man a criminal in Shadowland what does?”

“A selfish motive put into action to the detriment of others. People who commit suicide to escape punishment for the crimes they have committed on earth are criminals here just as they were there,” replied No. 128.

“It is a matter of personal character everywhere, among both visibles and invisibles,” remarked the Cemetery Ghost. “I sometimes wonder if that is the whole purpose of the universe—to form character.”

"I should be inclined to call destroying the body of another an action to that person's detriment," observed the New Ghost.

"That may be," answered No. 128. "But if the destroyer is doing what he considers right and best for the person destroyed, and is acting from an unselfish motive, Shadowland does not feel called upon to condemn him."

"Then selfishness is the crime of crimes, is it?" asked the New Ghost.

"That individual who thinks he is the hinge of the universe is out of place everywhere. The only fit home for him would be an uninhabited, isolated star," added the Cemetery Ghost.

"Shadowland is not much fonder of self-centred characters than is the earth. Those who consider the interests of others are better citizens for both countries," continued No. 128. "You remember in the frontier wars with the Indians many a loving husband and father who fought to protect his home and in vain, saved the last bullets for wife and child that he might not see them fall into the hands of an enemy who would kill by slow torture. Do you condemn those men?"

"No."

"Our friend at Rosehill was similarly situated. His beloved were in the hands of a pitiless enemy—starvation. A cruel, merciless enemy, whom hundreds, yes, thousands, find themselves unable to conquer. Starvation is slow torture. He saved them. Do you condemn him?"

"Starvation in a land of plenty is unnecessary."

"Should be unnecessary. Quite true. But it is a hard and unwelcome fact that men, women and children do starve right here in America. And others—hundreds of them—give up the battle with an enemy they are unable to overcome and forsake the world which refuses them food. Did you know that there were 6,600 suicides reported in the United States last year?"

"No."

"It is a fact."

"That there were 6,600 people who decided that life was not worth living?"

"Not at all. Under suitable conditions everybody would find life worth living. Life is interesting. Life is beautiful. We all enjoyed it. But conditions are such under the present competitive system of society that the sustaining of life is rendered impossible among an increasingly large number."

"If that be true, it is a powerful arraignment of the present social system."

"It is true. The world is richer than it ever was before. Everything that human beings need or want can be produced or manufactured more easily and more abundantly than ever before in the world's written history. And yet the number of families which suffer for the necessities of life through no fault of their own is yearly increasing. I believe that the lack of money or its equivalent—the inability to make a comfortable living and share in the benefits of civilization—is the cause of most suicides. How was it with you? The papers reported you as a millionaire. But I saw afterward that you had met with heavy losses and your fortune was not so large as was expected. In fact, if some mining stock had not taken a sudden boom there would have been only enough to pay debts and funeral expenses."

"Did my mining stock take a boom?"

"Yes."

"If I had only known!"

"Perhaps if you had known you wouldn't have taken the trip to Shadowland."

"Perhaps not!"

"That goes to prove my case that the lack of money is at the bottom of most suicides. And you were not in the clutches of starvation, either!"

"I wonder which stock it is? How can I find out?"

"I don't know. You might spend a month in a newspaper office watching the files, and then no one would read the paper you wanted to look at, when it is a back number."

"But you haven't told me the Shadowland news yet," remarked the Cemetery Ghost, who was not fond of long discussions in which he had no part.

Don't know that there is any of much importance. No one has seen anything of No. 4 for a month. His friends think he has gone on. There have been several new arrivals; the sailor has brought in three. Water seems to be the favorite route just now. Perhaps we are through with the epidemic of revolvers and poison."

"Water is usually a favorite route in Summer."

"But you should have seen the class in gymnastics the other day! We asked the Experimenter to build us an imaginary sidewalk down State street—it is always so crowded—and from the court house over here to the new library building. So he started out of the Washington street entrance and walked up in the air, as if on invisible steps, to the height of about 20 feet, marked out a platform and told us to come. Some of us managed to struggle up there, and some of us fell back every time we tried. So we decided to go to the nearest elevated station to practice and start from the high wooden platform which the visibles use. The Experimenter and the Professor walked off of the platform and I followed next, looking at their heads, and not thinking much about my feet or of the crowd on the street below me. I walked as much as half a block, when all of a sudden I looked down. You don't know how it feels to see yourself up in the air over people's heads without any visible means of support. If I had been wearing a body I should have thought my heart had gone into my boots. It sank as lead—and so did I! Down I went as swiftly as an arrow! 'And you should have seen the others! Some of them slipped down to the ground the moment they stepped off of the platform.' Others struggled along a few feet and then dropped like bullets. Three who were getting on finely a few feet behind me looked around wildly when I so suddenly disappeared. On reaching the same place, they hesitated a moment and then plunged down as if they had walked off of a precipice! No. 131, who was an athlete and a fine swimmer among the visibles, threw out his arms, plunged off the platform and swam—actually swam through the air! It looked as easy as it looks for a fish to swim in water! He says it is a glorious sensation! And he can float! He swam up to a cloud and floated down like a bird."

"I believe I will go up to Rosehill," said the Cemetery Ghost,

"if you will take charge of our new friend here. Introduce him to the Experimenter as soon as convenient, and if there is a chance perhaps it would be well for him to get his number to-day, so we will know what to call him."

"O, he will probably be dubbed the Millionaire. I suppose you will not object," continued No. 128 turning to the Drexel Boulevard shade. "Not that it will make the slightest difference if you do, for that is what you will be called."

"Then I may as well make a virtue of necessity and accept the name—but I don't like it! Why do we not keep our own names that we had on earth?"

"The most of us prefer to have our names buried with our bodies. An earth name would serve to recall the earth life, and its incidents, and might enable all Shadowland to learn our past history, which some of us would prefer to have forgotten. Remember that all the inhabitants of Shadowland are persons whose earth history ended in a tragedy! Here comes No. 33. Ask him why people commit suicide."

"They are having an animated discussion over yonder on the increase of happiness among the visibles, provided the distribution of wealth was equalized. Why are you not there?" inquired No. 33 sinking wearily down on one end of the bench.

"For the simple reason that I find it impossible to be in more than one place at once."

"Money won't make folks happy! I had oceans of it—more than I knew what to do with!"

"Money alone may not be sufficient to make people happy. But it is equally true that the lack of it will make them miserable—in the present artificial state of society. You had too much! More than enough is almost as bad as less than enough. The distribution of wealth should be equalized. One should not be permitted to revel in oceans of it, while another starves for lack of a reasonable amount. If you had less money there would have been an incentive to work; life would have had more interest and you would probably be stirring around among the visibles now. If I had a little more, I should be wearing a body, instead of trying to learn how to get on without one.

"I shouldn't have enjoyed work; I was too tired."

"Aren't you rested yet?"

"No; I never expect to be."

"Never is a long time. Come and join the class in gymnastics."

"The very sight of the Experimenter tires me! He is too energetic. He is always busy, always doing something! I can understand why the visibles work, when it is work or starve. But why should invisibles exert themselves?"

"You will find out after you have been over here a few months. You will be more tired of doing nothing but watch waves twenty-four hours in a day, than you ever were of exerting yourself."

"Watching waves is a fascinating employment. The first day or two I thought I should like it for at least a century. But after a week I concluded it was work to keep track of all those big waves and little wavelets, and it wore upon me. They mix themselves up so; and then there are the white caps! I stopped. I was born tired—constitutionally tired."

"Shadowland will cure you, even if you are like that Englishman who committed suicide because he was tired of buttoning and unbuttoning his clothes."

"I was tired of eating three meals a day; it was too monotonous."

"And I was tired of living three days without a meal. That was too monotonous."

"What are you arguing about?" inquired a newcomer who had glided up behind them unobserved.

"We are not arguing, but merely expressing our sentiments."

"Same thing. Arguing does as well as anything else to fill up the time while we wait until our turn comes to move on. 'When a man is weary with playing his part he may be comforted by remembering that the door is open,' one of the visibles called a philosopher says; but that doesn't apply to Shadowland. We ghosts are not able to find the door opening into the next life. Shadowland is a vast and airy prison. Though its walls are invisible we are unable to escape."

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

(To be continued.)

THE SAN GRAEL.

(Tribute to the pen of Mary H. Ford.)

Oh, Cristos, by thy wounded side,
 That paid the debt of love,
 Down through the ages,
 By Mystics and Sages
 Have rung the chimes from above;
 Mortal come higher,
 By Water and Fire,
 By blood from the soul of the world,
 Evil forsaking, 'tis thine for taking
 'Till banners of God are unfurled.

Oh, Cristos! Mystic of the years,
 Deep in thy mission to man,
 None can atone,
 Who stand alone,
 But must close with God in the van;
 The quiet hushing,
 Then rosy flushing,
 The cup will be given to thee.
 Caught to the throne, where God reigns alone,
 From all carnal life ever free.

Oh, Cristos! Knights will yet be born,
 Whose shield no stain can mar;
 No castle grand,
 In any land
 Can keep the Grael afar;—
 Then shall be given,
 Out of each Heaven,
 'Till Death no power can yield
 The truth hid for ages, by Mystics and Sages
 The Rose on the Cross concealed.

Oh, Cristos! To thee homage turns,
 And zeal for duties flow,
 Man's deeds, he earns,
 Love's incense burns,
 Not on clay altars below;
 Pureness of heart
 Must form a part,
 Whose hand would e'er hold the Grael.
 To foe and to friend, love without end
 Naught else, the truth will reveal.

ABBIE W. GOULD.

SON KLEON THE HINDU.

Son Kleon, the son of Mong La Soo, a Raja of wealth and influence, had his birth in India at the beginning of the tenth century of the Christian era, a time in the history of that land when Buddhism as a distinctive religion (so called) was there already in its decline.

Though we speak of him as having had his "birth" ought we not rather to say, a "reincarnation" of his soul life or entity from a former embodiment whose condition and environments were totally different? Who can give answer? The question of the eternity of the Soul, past as well as present and future, if occult or mystical, is still held to be an open one by many philosophic religionists of the present day not only in India but in this and other lands. But in giving the story of this young Hindu it is the plain fact of actual experience in a life all too short indeed, with which we have to do, and not to solve questions or to explain related conditions.

Buddhism, from its earliest conception by its founder and teacher, as merely a system of ethics having to do with man's elevation in the present life through a righteousness wholly within, dependent upon himself and not upon external or divine aid, after passing through numberless changes and modifications, and after endless divisions of opposing sects, had come, during the fifteen hundred years of its sway or influence in India, in the higher if not the most logical aspect of its teaching and practice, to be the exaltation and worship of Buddha himself as an incarnation of Vishnu the supreme God of the Brahmins. So that Gautama, the humble and devout teacher and reformer of the ancient Brahminical religion with all its ritualisms and multiplied deities, he, who had everywhere taught that man was sufficient unto himself to attain to righteousness and peace, needing neither God or prayer or Priest, had in these latter centuries come to be regarded by the multitudes as one more God for worship, before whom sacrifices were offered and to whom prayer was made, and by the ignorant taled forth in endless repetitions with beads upon a string

or ground out for hours from a mill. That system which at first repudiated any office-work of Priesthood came to be overrun with sacred orders of Mendicant Monks, to whom in the name of religious devotion the people were made to render homage and to pay tribute.

But while it was true at this time that Buddhism was in a transition state, and divided into numberless sects, the teachings and practices of some of which were puerile and even grossly profligate, there still remained among the higher conservative classes the more or less sincere and devout worship of the Supreme Buddha. To this class belonged the family of our young Hindu, Son Kleon. Taught in his youth to regard the vast temples as holy places, to bow in worship before the image of Gautama, and to regard the Monks of the Monasteries everywhere as called to holy living and teaching, he grew to manhood sincere in the endeavor of his worship. Yet, as the years grew on, and life advanced into a thoughtful maturity, he became more and more restless and unsatisfied, until, at the age of twenty years we find him questioning and skeptical, painfully alive to the inconsistencies of the existing order of things, and thoughtfully critical as to the realities in the religion he professed.

With a nature so constituted he could never rest satisfied until he had investigated the historical source of a religion so long dominant, and had known its doctrine as taught by its founder and could thereby test its practices as witnessed in daily life. In so doing we behold in this young Hindu, not merely a thirst of the mind or intellect after knowledge for its own sake, but the longing desire of a sincere and devout soul after righteousness, spiritual light, and salvation.

Therefore he sought diligently the origin and teachings of Buddhism in its sacred scriptures; but he became lost in the labyrinth of their subdivisions, commentaries, and further commentaries. All of these emanating from man alone, having and claiming no divine authority, he found incapable of shedding any real light upon the origin and destiny of the soul of man; they left him only buried in the deeper darkness of a bewildering night. But with a nature inspired by a soul longing for truth and light, he would not, and did not long remain in a condition of apathy and inaction.

Finding no help in the teachings and practices of the religion of

his youth, his inquiry was by certain circumstances and influences turned into new channels of investigation.

How are we to account for this hungering and thirsting after a true knowledge, a true righteousness, and a true salvation, on the part of a soul born into, and subject to the binding influences of a native traditional false religion, unless indeed we admit the possibility of a spiritual and divine light having shone within it in a former, even if a remote existence in the body? And this is to recognize the eternity of spirit, past as well as present and future—a divine emanation, unborn, uncreated, held only to a limited and transient captivity by physical conditions and temporary environments.

Is the subject mystical and the question transcendental? Then let the wise investigate and give answer. It is not the province of the writer to speculate upon the occult, but to record actual experiences. What we do certainly find in the present life of Son Kleon is a pressing, a persistent seeking after the knowledge of the true God, and of his relations to his creature, man.

To our young Hindu seeker these themes remained ever personal and vital. Buddhism, although in a certain sense a reformation of and opposed to Brahminism, had in some of its features much in common with it. Therefore, especially in these later centuries in India, with all its subdivisions of sects, a change to the more ancient forms of Hindu beliefs and worship would not be considered as apostasy. We thus find our young Hindu diligently seeking to find the truth by careful and laborious study of the Brahminical literature. But again, as before in Buddhism, he became staggered by the vastness and complexity of its teachings, its system of traditions of the Gods, its dogmas and ritualisms.

In order to better understand their inner meaning, and especially as to what they taught concerning the origin and ultimate destiny of the human soul, he came to Kardetha, the venerable and learned Brahmin whose knowledge and authority was like unto that of a prophet taught of God, and reverently besought light.

“Venerable Father,” he said, “tell me concerning the origin and destiny of the human soul, for I have long sought for light and peace and have found them not? Some have said that after man’s demise

the existence of the soul continues, and yet they conflict in their opinion or doctrines; others have said that death ends all. Tell me if thou knowest what is the truth?"

"O my son," replied the venerable Brahmin, "while I commend thy thoughtfulness, thou hast introduced a difficult subject. If thou hadst asked me concerning life and duty, man's obligations to his fellow-man and his relations to the Gods in acts of worship, I might have given thee instructions from the rising of the sun until the shades of night. But concerning the soul, even the Gods are nearly silent, and human wisdom can offer little more than opinion or conjecture. Yet, since thou seekest it, such light as has fallen to me I will give thee, that thou mayest weigh it well, and so judge for thyself. The soul of man is that entity of his being that has its emanation from Brahma, the source of all life and being. The soul, having thus its origin in the divine, is unborn, undying, unchangeable. It is not injured by any hurt that the body may receive, but is answerable to God always for all its acquirements; it must render account to him for all its failures, and in all existences it is made liable to rewards and penalties. Whatever befalls it in its transmigrations, be they many or few, the soul can find its ultimate bliss only when through right being and right knowledge, it attains again to the divine absorption."

While these comments of the learned Brahmin gave stimulus to thought and led to long and searching introspection, they offered to Son Kleon no comfort and no hope; with the learned teacher's added instructions concerning present life and duty, and the accumulation of merits through the agency of many prayers and fastings, he was already familiar. These he had practiced, and, in the later years, during his earnest quest after longed-for righteousness and peace, he had performed many long and painful pilgrimages to sacred and distant cities and rivers. While in the performance of such duties he found a sort of temporary satisfaction to his conscience; there was no permanent relief to his soul, and no real light as to its present peace or eternal destiny.

But the parting instructions of the learned Brahmin were that he should study carefully the writings of the Rig Veda. "My Son, in

the multitude of the psalms of our devout Rishi, there may be found something of profit for you as for every seeker and worshiper," said the master.

To this counsel he gave heed; and in slowly and painstakingly feeling his way through the clouds of superstitions and fables, in seeking unflinching through the attributes and office-works of its multitudinous deities for a true Monotheism and a revelation by which man might be guided in seeking a release from the thralldom of sin, he found a ray of light that shone from some of these hymns, and his inner thought and imagination became thoroughly aroused and enlisted.

While in these devout hymns of worship he found the recognition of many Gods, Gods of various attributes and names—in fact, a God for every law and phenomenon of nature, and for almost every phase of human experience—yet there was in some of them the central idea of One eternal and supreme Creator and Ruler. To him it was as though these ancient poets, in their hymns of praise and prayer to the Gods, were, like himself, struggling after the apprehension of a dimly perceived because a half-forgotten truth. In them the memory and worship of the One only true God had become so mingled with and perverted by human imaginations that there remained no definite knowledge. There was instead a picturesque devout phantasm that the imagination sought to interpret and to make real through the physical senses.

Of all the thousand hymns of the Vedas two here quoted especially claimed the attention of Son Kleon, and reveal to us the progress of his knowledge toward the true light. The first one is a recognition of a supreme God under his name Varuna, and offers him homage and worship as the Creator. The other addressed to the same Deity, regarded as Saviour, is plainly the prayer of the penitent under a conviction of sin and needing a salvation:

I.

HYMN TO VARUNA THE CREATOR.

Truly admirable for grandeur are the works of Him who has separated the two worlds and has fixed their vast extent.

Of Him who has set in motion the high and sublime firmament.
Who has spread out the heavens upon the earth beneath, these
heavens and this earth which reach so far.

It is the King Varuna, the Almighty, who has traced out to the
Sun the broad path he is to follow.

He has put strength into the horse, milk into the cow, intellect
into the heart of man.

The winds are thy breath, O Varuna, which roars in the atmos-
phere as the ox in the meadow.

Between the earth and the sublime heaven above, all things,
O Varuna, are thy creation.

II.

A PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

I ask thee, O Varuna, because I wish to know my faults.

I come to thee, I question thee, who knowest all things.

All the Sages with one voice said to me, "Varuna is angry with
thee."

Tell me, O Lord, O infallible One, and I will then lay my homage
at thy feet. Free me from the bondage of my sin.

Do not sever the thread of the prayer that I am weaving.

Do not deliver me over to the deaths which strike all who commit
crime.

Send me not into the gloomy regions far from the light.

It must be remembered that it is the religious life of Son Kleon
that we are considering, not his secular or incidental life. If we were
to study this latter, the causes would appear which rendered it as
before mentioned, a short one. Disease early fastened itself upon
him and at twenty-five years of age we see him face to face with
death, the universal enemy of man. We have no word but death for
that mysterious transformation wherein there is apparent victory of
adverse powers over the body, but whereby the soul is made free to
enter the realm of new discoveries and new experiences.

In view of this religious life of Son Kleon, why, never having

heard of the Christian's God and the Christian's Saviour—why was this Hindu not satisfied to attain through the “four noble paths of righteousness” the Buddhist Nirvana—the acme of holy endeavor? Or why, under the light that shone brightest and clearest in the Brahminical theologies, was he not satisfied to come to that high test attainment of the devout and sanctified—the re-absorption of his being into Brahma the divine and the eternal? We find that even this highest conception of the Brahminical doctrine of eternal bliss came short of his longing and his faith; and yet at the end his longing and his faith were satisfied.

Are we then to understand the possibility of the soul's attainment to salvation through a process of spiritual enlightenment wholly within itself, and independent of the Christian's revelation from God? Or are we, in the experience of this Hindu seeker, to recognize the effort of a soul, looking and reaching backward through the dim mists of many intervening transmigrations to some earlier incarnation, some far-away life on earth in which to his Soul-life, the undying Karma, had come a clearer revelation, a more definite knowledge of God, and the eternal destiny of Man?

If in the latter alternative of our dual question we enter into the realm of the supernatural and the mystical, we do no violence to thought, we antagonize no settled convictions. In a realm debarred to experience, where even inspired vision has been permitted on rare occasions to obtain but a transient glimpse, imagination may freely enter and become inquisitive. But, if in the realm of the spiritual and the supernatural our guesses and theories are vague and unsatisfactory, facts in human life are definite and reliable.

Returning then to the religious experience of Son Kleon, we find, as his life draws to a close, a rapid clearing of his spiritual vision. By whatever source or process it has come, truth has now illuminated his soul and given it peace. Not truth revealed to his mental understanding in any precise form of literal statement, but truth apprehended through a spiritual, divine enlightenment, giving to him all-sufficient knowledge of the true God, a satisfying assurance of salvation, and the eternal life.

ALLEN R. DARROW.

THE ETERNAL LIFE.

An illustration of the narrowest imaginable standard of life is furnished by the individual who thinks only of the amount of personal gratification the present moment can be made to afford: e. g., the habitual drunkard, the reckless sensualist.

His thought, which embraces but a single instant, even of his own career, in a personal sense, denotes an essentially animal type of life. Even on the lowest distinctly human plane, the individual who considers simply his own interests, usually looks ahead and takes into account, in some measure, at least, the probable result of his immediate action in its bearing on his future comfort and happiness. The most intelligent and cultured person may think only of his own wants and his own advancement, planning and scheming to achieve what seems likely to afford the greatest amount of personal gratification, either at present or in the future. His thought of life expresses but one dimension—length. He may be strictly honest, honorable and even charitable, in a narrow sense, often finding his own pleasure enhanced by giving; but always acting, primarily, with a view to increasing his own happiness and perpetuating his narrow, personal interests, either in this or some other world. The salvation of the old theology was essentially of this everlasting, temporal sort (paradoxical as such an association of terms may seem to those who have become accustomed to regard everlasting and eternal as synonymous). It considered the welfare of the individual apart from that of the race. But such a salvation is clearly illogical. It only takes into account the linear aspect of life. The temporal conception, even though predominating in the race-thought at present, is, after all, elementary. Time suggests but one dimension—length, and any conception which confines the extent of life to time is, therefore, of an elementary order.

It is surpassed by a conception recognizing breadth as well as length of life; including other individuals—family, friends, the nation, the race, within its scope. In the latter thought, personal

considerations are subordinated to the interests and well-being of a larger circle of individuals. Each personal life constitutes a segment of this circle. By searching deep enough beneath any surface indication of life we may find elements of the heroic and the tragic. Their presence suggest that a recognition of breadth, as well as length of life, is deep-seated in the race-consciousness. Great breadth of thought leads to an utter abandonment of the personal attitude. It enables us to reach out beyond the restricted limits of personality and grasp a larger life, never fearing the loss of identity; for we are then conscious of possessing a larger selfhood.

According to an ancient Roman legend, a yawning chasm opened in the Forum, which the soothsayers declared could only be closed through the sacrifice of Rome's choicest possession. Thereupon the noble Curtius mounted his horse and rode headlong into the abyss, which immediately closed over him. Innumerable heroes have sacrificed their personal lives for family or country. Hosts of martyrs have given their bodies to be burned, rather than surrender allegiance to principle. Among the lower animals, birds and even insects, instances of self-sacrifice are by no means rare. The mother has frequently been known to deliberately give her life to save the young offspring. In certain tropical species of ants, the warriors commonly sacrifice their lives to protect the colony from harm.

The universal instinct which prompts self-sacrifice, self-immolation, is certainly significant. It does not result from mere blind, mad recklessness, yielding to the impulse of self-destruction, annihilation. It does not indicate an abandonment of common sense or reason, but an acknowledgement of the supremacy of a higher element in one nature, a more trustworthy guide which transcends reason. In its most crucial experiences, the soul trusts intuition implicitly, to lead it in the direction of the highest good.

But, even the very broadest conception of life does not satisfy the soul's supreme desire. The eternal life is not only linear; not only broad; it is also deep. It extends equally in all directions. A perfect centre and three dimensions, or modes of extension must be included in its symbol of expression; and these requirements are met with in the sphere alone. The point, the line, the surface are all

found in the sphere. It typifies the world, nature's most complete expression.

Truly, man (as a physical phenomenon) is "as the grass of the field." Human life is cheap, indeed. Looking backward over a past of almost inconceivable duration, one is profoundly impressed by the spectacle of countless myriads of lives, flashing into view and disappearing again from sight, like an endless shower of meteors. Even on this insignificant planet armies of human beings are hurried from sight daily, by war, famine, pestilence, accident and their own folly and recklessness. From such a sweeping survey human beings might almost be accounted as valueless as the ants we heedlessly crush under foot at every step.

Are these fleeting phenomena all there is of life? Are they not, rather, scintillating sparks, thrown off by our deeper, universal life as it moves majestically on through eternity, altogether unperceived by the materialistic vision? Are they not, in the deepest sense, expressions of a universal self underlying and manifesting itself in all appearances?

As the perennial plant sends up fresh shoots, in the spring, which grow and flourish, and die at the approach of winter, so the unseen, the real life, manifests itself in these myriad finite apparitions.

Who, in attempting to sound the depths of consciousness, has ever found a bottom to mark the limit of that life he has been accustomed to regard as distinctively his own? And who, after such an attempt, has not been profoundly impressed with a sense of the unlimitedness and the unfathomableness of consciousness? Why, then, should we seek to restrict the scope of our selfhood? What province in the boundless realm of mind can we, as individuals, properly designate as the exclusive domain of any merely personal self? After all, what do we mean by "self"? How varied are the expressions with which we have associated this term, even within the brief period of our remembrance? At one time we may have used it to designate a frail, material body, subject to disease and external forces; at another, a free, spiritual being, conscious that life transcends the plane of phenomena. For what reality, then, does the term stand? Who can comprehend its full meaning?

These fragmentary, finite lives you and I claim as our own pecul-

iar possessions represent incidents or moments in the life of a common, deeper self. No finite thought of self can more than faintly reflect the infinite self. We are frequently conscious of a power which invades the domain of our finite thought from some undiscovered, unexplored region of our being, and assumes control of our lower faculties. We may, at any time, rise to a plane of consciousness where our commoner experiences are transcended. And, by relinquishing our previous standard of selfhood and accepting a more perfect one, we have satisfactory evidence of a deeper self within. For the higher type of selfhood to which we aspire and which we may attain to is, really, as much ours as the one we have heretofore entertained.

As we awaken, by degrees, to a larger consciousness, we become aware that not alone that fraction of past experience we have been wont to distinguish as peculiarly our own, because we remember it as such, is ours, but that all experience, under whatever conditions of life and through however apparently independent external forms it is manifested, is bound together in the life of one self. Verily, in the deepest sense, that self is ours.

Every one is conscious of a self in which his separate, personal experiences are unified, so that he knows them to spring from a single source. Waking and sleeping, he preserves his identity from day to day and from year to year. But, if we readily associate expressions separated in time with one self, it is equally true that we may assume a broader basis, by extending our thought, so that it shall associate expressions, separated in space, with one self.

Jesus's thought of self embraced all mankind. He said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. Abide in me, and I in you." Paul declared that we are "all members of one body." But Jesus's thought was deep and vital, as well as broad; intensive as well as extensive. Herein it surpassed the thought of all other great seers. No thought is perfectly harmonious unless it is poised at an absolute centre, which makes it one with the thought of the Supreme Being. Jesus could say, unreservedly: "I and my Father are one." For His thought was in perfect accord with the Divine consciousness.

One may be sympathetic, charitable, public-spirited and even

philanthropic, without being conscious of the deeper meaning of life. Emotional intensity is superficial, not deep. Joy and sorrow meet in the profoundest depths of consciousness. The deepest sorrow does not call forth tears, nor the highest joy exultation. It is the finite in us that weeps and exults, while the infinite remains unmoved; not from stoical indifference, but because of that perfect poise which enables it to appreciate life in its ultimate significance, without stopping to dwell on each trivial incident. In this way, we may stand outside our finite lives and view them comprehensively.

The phenomenal aspect of life—the sparks issuing from real life—so dazzles us that it is with the utmost difficulty that we become acquainted with our deeper self, the self of more than personal significance. No general appreciation of the eternity of life is possible until educational methods are adopted, calculated to develop the expansive power latent within every individual. The life and teaching of Jesus must remain an enigma, both to the students of human nature and practical economists, until this highest attribute of life is taken into account.

Jesus *never established a reform or social institution* of any description. He recognized the expansiveness of the eternal conception of life—its power to manifest itself by extending in every direction. Mere reform, as an end in itself, is superficial. It is the reaching out of society to extend its opportunities and better its conditions. But it does not contain the germ of the eternal, the expansive life.

As the germ of the eternal life unfolds, it incidentally brings the most desirable achievements aimed at by reform methods. It contains the potency, not only of reform, but of far more than social reform—of a complete metamorphosis of humanity. Although Jesus instituted no reforms, established no economic system, yet within a comparatively brief period, the expansive quality of the type of life which he manifested in a supreme degree, yielded the fruits of reform in more abundant measure than any specific reform which has ever been inaugurated. “A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.”

Jesus did not even seek to prolong his earthy career until the precepts he had been inculcating on his disciples had become more

firmly established in their lives, as the spirit of prudence and policy, which too often dictates the course of our moral and religious endeavours, would have suggested. How easy it would have been for him, instead of encountering the opposition of the Jews by publicly teaching in Judea, to have retired to some less frequented locality, where, unmolested by his enemies, he could have instructed his disciples more fully in all things relating to the kingdom of heaven, he sought to establish and have gathered together a large body of sympathizers to perpetuate his work! But, no; his uncompromising attitude in the face not alone of personal peril, but, apparently, of imminent danger to the new movement, not yet securely established, was the crowning manifestation, in all the ages, of the eternal quality of life. An evasion of this issue would have been a practical denial of his faith in the potency of the eternal type of life. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."

Material phenomena are symbols of spiritual experience. We are acquainted with matter in solid, liquid and gaseous states. When any solid substance is exposed to a definite degree of heat, it is reduced to a liquid. Likewise, when the temperature rises to a definite point, still higher, the liquid becomes a volatile gas. Through the influence of heat, ice is converted into water, and water into steam. In the solid state it is characterized by rigidity. This form corresponds to the cold, crystallized, materialistic, selfish, exclusive, personal type of life, which seeks, by contracting, to hold its own at all odds, and refrains from giving itself out or relinquishing its selfish life, for fear of losing something it deems its inherent, rightful possession. In the liquid state it is characterized by mobility, tendency to relax, spread out and extend superficially, thereby parting with specific distinctions of form. This form corresponds to the broad, mutual, inclusive, social type of life, which reaches out and sacrifices itself for the common good, never fearing the effacement of individuality, or the loss of its own peculiar rights and prerogatives.

In the vaporous state, it exhibits qualities of expansion and freedom of motion in all directions. It escapes from confinement by bursting asunder the bonds that restrain it. This form corresponds

to the spontaneous, eternal life of the spirit, which transcends finite limitations and knows absolute freedom alone.

As caloric, the source of heat is latent in all material substances, so the power of love is latent in the soul, and only awaits an opportunity to come forth into manifestation and free the soul from bondage to low ideals. The principle of love thaws the ice of selfishness, materialism, dogmatism and finite misconception.

But man can only realize his highest estate when love is deep enough to evoke a soul-consciousness, which transfigures humanity with divinity. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Embracing the eternal conception of life frequently leads to experiences quite unlike the ones we have been taught to desire and hope for. "The Kingdom of Heaven" brings peace; but it is inward, not outward peace. Jesus declared that he came "not to send peace, but a sword"; that the principle of the eternal life would divide families, turn friends into enemies, and bring persecution, even, in many cases, to the "killing of the body." Many anticipate very different results to follow their acceptance of the metaphysical principle, to-day. True, one may realize physical health, material prosperity, a degree of happiness and a certain peace of mind, without encountering these experiences, which, from a finite point of view, seem so undesirable. But, to realize the eternity of life, one must be willing to part with ease, material success, friendships, even physical existence, if need be.

Jesus's proclamation of the eternal standard of life was the boldest, most radical step in human progress; so radical, in fact, that, even now, the world does not comprehend its full purport. The supposition that he intended to establish, as a general standard for humanity, a type of life so thoroughly subversive of all previous theories and practices, seems utterly absurd to most persons. They think of his life as a solitary instance, an abstract ideal, not as a concrete example of the normal human type of expression.

Principle may be made to subserve selfish, personal ends. But the eternal life, manifested by Jesus and his early followers cannot be

realized in this manner. One must ignore personal considerations and lose one's self in the infinite life of absolute unselfishness. The mere realization of health and happiness, indeed, marks a step toward the eternal life; but it is not enough. The highest joy and satisfaction are only attainable through a soul-consciousness which recognizes none but the universal standard of selfhood.

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

IN ABSENCE.

Though far my mortal hands to-day,
 My spirit hands are still in thine;
 More potent than the subtlest wine
 Their heaven-born pulses play.
 About thy drooping brow they lie
 Life's rhythmic current to sustain,
 Transmuting thy dark bitter pain
 To peace and harmony.
 Their strength becomes thy very own.
 Through thy soul's depths thou feelst it now.
 O far am I! but surely thou
 Must know thou'rt not alone.

MARY PEABODY.

Drudgery is the gray Angel of Success. The main secret of any success we may hope to rejoice in, is in that angel's keeping.—*Wm. C. Gannett.*

A man comes into possession of creative power by uniting his own mind with the Universal Mind, and he who succeeds in doing so will be in possession of the highest possible wisdom.—*Paracelsus.*

Not he who distrusts the methods of reason, but he who follows every line of investigation, finds at last all lines melt into transcendent beauty, all fade into the hallowed mystery that is pervaded by the peace of God.—*Jenken L. Jones.*

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—*Goethe.*

Mankind are always happier for having been happy. So that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—*Sidney Smith.*

THE HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In beginning the work of this department in *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE* we wish to emphasize the ideas expressed in the opening numbers of *Pearls*, and again to declare our desire to meet the requirements of the family and the home, in the development of plain, practical teaching of a sound character in the line of metaphysical philosophy, which brings so much of real value to human life. That this teaching must bear good fruit, is the conviction that animates our purpose and gives to our thought the enthusiasm necessary to success.

The material which has been prepared in advance for *Pearls* will be used here, and we hope for the active coöperation of all interested readers to make this department equal to a whole magazine. The appreciation we have received for the work done in *Pearls* emboldens us to count upon success in making this change, and we trust that because of it *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE* will be received with an added warmth to its usual welcome.

FINDINGS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

(A Series of Letters to a Thoughtful Friend.)

LETTER I.

AUGUST 16, 1897.

"THE WILDERNESS."

Dear Comrade: You take my breath with your question. I wish honest Thoreau or Socrates or ancient Pythagoras were about! But, on second thoughts, let us get to business, for I think I can answer somewhat, and perhaps you will compare your findings with mine, and we shall both know more in the end.

There's need of honest comparison so that Universal issues may be reached. Courage, then! for brave thoughts and precious journeys through deep waters. Here are my conclusions, in answer to yours of the 10th:

1st. In regard to Individuality and the Will. This is explainable only through other explanation. Here are facts: All individuals aspire, all have form and all have life. Being, therefore, is cast forth with the Impulse of Aspiration, into a changing ocean of free atoms and into an ocean of Vitality; the one giving to it *form* and the other, life. But what is this *Being*? I may term it the "I." But what *is* the I?

First, we must find a principle characteristic of the I. This is growth. If you look into the world of life you can discern no growth that did not arise from some kind of seed. Seed-life is a Universal fiat. The I, then, is a germ sent forth by a Creator for long journeys into Freedom.

Not only does the material self come from the unfoldment of a seed, but the mental self arises from the germs of Suggestion. The soul also arises from the germ of Aspiring Impulse. The I, it is inferred, is a germ cast forth from spirit into free conditions, for development.

Freedom, with growth, gives scope for the Suggestion of Will; and will creates the character, which, in turn, when grasped, becomes an individuality.

Soul, which is suggested by the seed-I (in its development) concentrates the Impulse of Aspiration and turns toward its Whole. For soul is of the realm of Spirit. Being a part with Spirit, it is attracted to its Whole.

This attraction, also, is *spiritual*, for it deals with that which is spiritual. This attraction, it is, that I call the Aspiring *Impulse*.

Aspiration is not a material or mental product. Aspiration exists.

And to place this existence, we accord it to the realm which we call spiritual, because there is nothing material or mental in it. There is nothing either material or mental about a principle. We call it spiritual.

Soul aspires to Spirit. But *Matter*, to which the germ-I is also attached, *leans* toward matter, of which it is a part, so that the Universal principle of Growth, which is applied to the germ-I, evolves two roots: that which runs to Matter, and that which runs toward Spirit. Soul rises toward Spirit; matter flows toward matter, and the spiritual seed becomes divided in character, yet is *one*, and subject throughout to the same Universal laws. Like a plant, the "I" roots in matter, breathes in spirit and fruits in Paradise.

And what then? And what for? Imagination peers into the dark, but in the dark are the beginnings.

Your next inquiry is, as to the nature of pain. Now pain, in the physical realm, is conflict. By analogy, in the mental world, it is also conflict. But to the aspiring Soul, no pain exists because it breathes of that in which lies no pain.

Matter molded by the nutrient principle of *Growth* is whole; not so molded, it is subject to pain. But change is a characteristic of all forms, no matter how controlled. And disappearance is also a characteristic of form life. Pain belongs to the Province of *Equipment*; Spirit, to the Province of *PERFECTION*—because there is no waste.

That which will always apply to the two lower realms, will never apply to Universal Principle, which is of the Spirit or Origin, and does not die.

Pain belongs to individuals that have conscious life—in their growing efforts through space.

Next, Emotions:

Emotions are the disturbances of thoughts, and either bless or destroy. The principle of Balance is a World principle and controls the thought-world as well as the vital and visible worlds. Do not neglect this—the same principles that work this matter also work through mental operation; and every explanation is bound to be so far scientific, or else worthless.

Thoughts are alive. We can cast Thoughts, or see what Thought we *desire* to see, and we are often unwary, going into mischievous touch with wrong thoughts. All action has a tendency to repeat itself. Images, also, have this tendency of repetition, on the principle of the easiest action; and this, on account of the increased sensibility. Association, also, bears a part.

As Sensation (which is created by change in the body) will produce change in the mind, so change in the mind will effect change in

Next

the body. But neither sensation nor emotion is characteristic of the soul. The soul adds, without waste, and by perfect accumulation of *conscious* Knowledge of the Spiritual life, makes a perfect Power and permits the I to come into its Kingdom, after slipping off its material sheaths; and, if the life is rational, matter is always slipped off at the moment when there is no use for it.

But to go back to Emotion. There *may* be emotion of the mind without the accompaniment of bodily emotion (subjective sensation) and there may be physical or bodily emotion without the accompaniment of mental emotion.

Here you have the audacity (because it is natural to you) to ask "*Why* Creation ever should have been made at all!"

Being so shut in by my own half-blindness, I have not seen trustfully; but I have made a trustful observation. Reason is everywhere. Reason is spiritual. Reason is a Universal Principle. Reason, then, will live and we may trust it.

Now, I have never observed any result but that held in it a reason. Can mortal live on earth and see far into heaven? But I have eyes to see what is to be seen, and judging from the little, I infer the great. Looking at the part—one sees the Whole. Principle is yet principle. Faith is the effect of Knowledge gained at first, through reason. I have faith to feel that there is as much back of Creation as there is in it; for no result is more than its Impulse. Honey is not greater than the bee.

One thing is certain, that the *mental* faculties and life are not the end or aim of existence. They are necessary means to great results. Mind is a phenomenon and cannot last, because phenomena do not endure, a fact which you know.

Mind is mortal-made, and for the sake of equipment for spiritual *consciousness*. Born of the Universe, the *I* created a method of procedure which is like the method of the Universe. There was no other way. The principles of life experiences are the epitome of the principles of the Universe. There *is* safety in the Universe!

Trust it.

Your friend,

MARION HUNT.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 12, 1897.

Mr. Leander E. Whipple:

Dear Sir.—As a student of numbers I was very much interested in the article written by Mr. Hazelrigg in the Holiday edition of your magazine, giving the value of the letters of the English alphabet. I applied it at once to the word "Jesus" with the result of the number

13, and to "Christ" the number 10. Now, could you tell us the meaning of 13? Is it your opinion, that it is not merely superstition, if we refer to it as an attribute of ill omen? I have met many persons who thought that as Jesus was the 13th, the apostles being twelve, the former number was the inherence of bad things, or, rather, "unfortunate," in a *worldly* sense. It would be very interesting to many of your readers to hear of your ideas in this respect.

$$\begin{array}{r} J \ 1 \times 5 = 5 \\ E \ 5 \times 4 = 20 \\ S \ 3 \times 3 = 9 \\ U \ 6 \times 2 = 12 \\ S \ 3 \times 1 = 3 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$49 = 4 + 9 = 13$$

Do you think that because so many people concentrate their thoughts upon the number 13 as foreboding "bad luck," it derives that quality?

ERNST BENNINGHOVEN.

PATIENCE AND LOVE.

Dear friend, when thou and I are gone
 Beyond earth's weary labor,
 When small shall be our need of grace
 From comrade or from neighbor,
 Past all the strife, the toil, the care,
 And done with all the sighing,
 What tender truth shall we have gained,
 Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
 Will tell our merits over,
 And eyes too swift one's faults to see
 Shall no defect discover.

Dear friend, perchance both thou and I,
 Ere love is past forgiving,
 Should take this earnest lesson home—
 Be patient with the living.

'Tis easy to be gentle when death's silence
 Shames our clamor,
 And easy to discern the best
 Through memory's mystic glamour.

But wise it were for thee and me,
 Ere love is past forgiving,
 To take this tender lesson home—
 Be patient with the living.

—Selected.

HAROLD AND ALICE.

"I would speak, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid."

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

A light snow was falling, the first of a long-delayed winter, and with it came that strangely solemn stillness, that dulling of the great city's turmoil which the snowfall brings. In higher latitudes there is a crispness, a frosty, tonic quality in the air not to be found in our mighty city by the sea. Few New Yorkers, in walking through a storm, find the pleasure which those accustomed to Nature's rougher moods experience; and so, at eleven o'clock in the evening, two friends walking up Fifth avenue, just above Madison square, found themselves almost the only pedestrians. The shorter of the two, an elderly man, well muffled in his fur-lined coat, was speaking with the impressiveness of one who desires to convince an unresponsive listener.

"What more could you ask, what more could any one wish?" he was saying. "She is handsome, although, with a sensible man like you, that is a secondary matter; she is clever, has infinite tact, an income sufficient for her own wants; she is of a suitable age for you and, best of all, my dear Rodney," here he laid his hand impressively on his companion's arm, "the influence of her family connection is simply enormous. With that backing your political aspirations could be realized beyond a peradventure."

Rodney gave his broad shoulders a slightly impatient shrug, as if to shake off the snow.

"Why is it that one's friends are always so much more anxious to have a match concluded than those supposed to be most interested?" he asked. "I grant that all that you have said is true, but, even if the lady were willing, and I am by no means certain that she would be, I am contented enough as I am. Why rush into new relations, always more or less problematic as to their resultant happiness?"

"But you are not happy, Rodney. You never have been the same man since Alice died. No"—as Rodney was about to interrupt

him—"I know that such ideal happiness as was yours with her is not to be hoped for twice in a man's life, but you might find a large measure of content with such a wife as Mrs. Eliot. As to her refusing you, that is all nonsense—just your modesty, my dear fellow. I'll wager that all of her friends have held up before her the advantages of the match with quite as much persistence as I have done with you, and I *know* that she likes you immensely."

"Good night, Bronson," said the other abruptly, pausing at the steps of a wide brownstone house, whose ugly simplicity had been disguised by none of those modern devices invented of late by conscience-stricken architects to palliate their æsthetic crimes of twenty years ago. "I will see you again in a few days. Thanks for your kindly interest."

"Good night, old fellow," returned the other. "Ponder well over the wisdom I have imparted to you."

The vestibule door was not yet fastened and as Rodney pushed it open and drew out his latch key, he said, half aloud, "Bronson means well, but it isn't fair to Mrs. Eliot that she should be thus discussed until I have made up my own mind." He fitted the key into the lock. Before he could turn it the door was opened by a middle-aged manservant who stepped deferentially aside with a low "Good evening, sir."

"You need not have waited up for me, Joseph," said Rodney kindly, allowing the man to divest him of his great coat and hat. "You may go to bed now; I shall not need you to-night."

The man bowed respectfully. "You will find everything ready for you in your room, sir," he said, in the carefully neutral monotone of a well-trained servant. His eyes followed his master, as the latter mounted the stairs, with a dog-like devotion in their expression which lighted up momentarily his correct, blank face.

Rodney went up slowly to the front room on the second floor. This apartment, spacious and handsome, like the rest of the house, was somewhat worn and faded in its appointments. For ten years the furniture, excepting a few necessary repairs, had remained without alteration or improvement. Nothing had been changed, nothing added to the room since his dead wife had been carried from it. It

was brightly lighted and a glowing fire in the open grate, toward which his easy chair had been invitingly drawn, gave an air of comfort and welcome to its solitude. As he approached the fire a black collie rose stiffly from the rug where he had been sleeping and raised his dim eyes lovingly to his master's face.

"Poor Jack, poor Jack," caressing the dog's gray muzzle. "It is getting harder all the time to welcome master as you used to. Yes," as the dog once more stretched himself out by the fire, "it won't be long before I lose my poor, old companion," he went on musingly to himself, "and some time old Joseph will go, too, and I shall be quite, quite alone."

His thoughts returned to the subject of his late conversation with Bronson—their gracious hostess of that evening. No doubt she was in every respect suited to him. She was charming, too. How brilliantly handsome she had looked that night and how well she had talked, not in the lecturing, didactic manner which so many bright women have, but easily, cleverly, responsively. It would be a great help to him in the political career which he had mapped out to have such a wife, a woman of tact and charm and of influence as well. In spite of what he had said to Bronson he knew, too, that he had but to ask. He rested his handsome head against the chair back and his eyes sought the portrait above the mantel—a life-size portrait of a beautiful woman. The great eyes, singularly luminous, seemed to meet his gaze. There was something so instinct with life and character in the frail figure and spiritual face that a stranger in looking at it could not but feel that it must have been a perfect likeness. A different woman, very different in every respect from the much-admired Mrs. Eliot, a woman on whose pure brow and in whose clear eyes the light of another world seemed already to shine. There was something so keenly, pathetically sweet in her smile that one's throat involuntarily contracted as one gazed on it.

"Alice, Alice," murmured Rodney, softly, "Oh, if I could know what you know now—if you could tell me, if your angel hand might lead me! How strange; how cruel a thing to have for years a love that enfolds, that penetrates, that follows one everywhere, never weary, never faltering, and then—all at once—a blank—it

is gone, and nothing remains. In vain we gaze into the blackness beyond—no sign comes. In vain we call—only the echo of our own voice comes back.” He was silent, and, in his fancy, the soft gray eyes of the picture smiled on him more and more tenderly. The old dog stirred uneasily on the rug—a breath of cold air lifted the down-dropping lock on Rodney’s forehead, as if in light caress. Jack growled and raised his head. His dim eyes looked beyond his master. He gave a whine of joyful recognition, but was too feeble to rise again. A sensation of cold enveloped Rodney, and he rose to draw closer the heavy curtains. He wandered aimlessly, forlornly, about the room, now and then touching with caressing hand some object that had belonged to Alice. He paused before her bookcase and took out one volume after another, running his fingers lightly over the covers, idly fluttering the leaves. Here was the “Intimations of Immortality,” which, as if in prescience, she had read so often in her last days. As he turned the pages a paper fluttered from between them. He stooped to pick it up, wondering that he had not found it before. It was a letter to him in Alice’s handwriting, dated but a few hours before her death. As he read, his eyes filled, sobs convulsed his throat. She had known a long time that she could not live, she, the timorous, sensitive spirit, from whom they had conspired so carefully to guard that knowledge. She had known, and she had borne it alone, her grief, and, in anticipation, his own.

“I have tried to speak to you about it, my Harold,” she wrote, “but my courage is so weak and I need it all to face the inevitable separation. The sight of your grief would unnerve me. There is so much I long to say to you, dear, but I dare not. I will write it for you to read after I am gone. It will be a message to you from another world.

“My poor jealous heart, weak in its human love, fails me as I think that some time another may fill your heart, your home. When my spirit is freed from these limitations—when for me, time, or space, or earthly ties are not—I pray that then my soul will rejoice in your happiness and welfare, no matter how obtained. And if now I cannot say to you, ‘Be happy in another woman’s love,’ rest assured,

Harold, that all my wishes, all my hopes are for whatever is best for you. You are young; perhaps a long path lies before you. I would not condemn you to lifelong loneliness, if I could, and yet"—

The letter broke off abruptly. Rodney comprehended it all. In her mortal weakness she had been obliged to stop, hoping to finish it later, but her time on earth had been even shorter than she had anticipated and she had gone from him without a farewell, without a sign, passing away gently in her sleep. He fell on his knees and stretched out his hands to the pale figure above the mantel.

"Alice, Alice," he sobbed, "do you hear me, do you know my heart? I swear that nothing, in this world or another shall come between us. Never, never!" And again the cold air, gentle as a sigh, stirred the locks upon his brow.

WINIFRED JOHNES.

Who gives, with love, from out his treasure's store
For every gift shall be enriched the more.

Think not to fathom God with finite mind,
The spirit only can the spirit find.

—*Corie Davis.*

No person can be truly understood by another except through the medium of sympathy.—*J. Stuart Blackie.*

Freedom is possible only to the free man—the moral being, capable of discerning right and able to choose and obey it.—*R. Heber Newton.*

Do to another what you would that he should do to you, and do not to another what you would not that it should be done to you. Thou needest but this law, for it is the foundation of all law.—*Kon-futsi.*

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

—*George Herbert.*

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.

—*Goethe.*

He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity and end by loving himself better than all.

COLERIDGE.

Pure spirit has no personality, but exists impersonal in, and as, God.—*Paracelsus.*

MEDITATION.

We know there is one law in all the universe. One life pervades all things. The life that throbs in the quickening pulses of man is not other than the life that trembles in the radiant sunbeam. The life that animates the growing plant is not unlike the life that weds inanimate atoms. To live the life universal is to become one with the universe. To become one with the universe is to enter into a knowledge of Supreme Mind. To know the Mind is to know life eternal. In the knowledge of the universal we all become as one. If we absorb thy essence, O Mind Eternal, as frail plants drink in the essence of sun and soil and air, we know as they become like unto these elements we shall become like unto thee. To accord with the Supreme Will is to become conscious of the highest powers. The Will of the Universe is Universal Good. The Will of the Universe is Universal Harmony. We desire to so live in act, in thought, in mutual relations, that we ourselves shall manifest the fruits of goodness and inspire the love of the good and the true in others. Amen.

REV. HENRY FRANK.

The natural process of thy growth from day to day
 Must all thy nature change; 'tis God's lawful way.
 New forms of thought and feeling shall the old efface,
 New hopes and new desires the thwarted ones replace.
 To newer uses must our natures bend,
With every hour some change begins, some change must end.

—*Corie Davis.*

A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object between them and the sun, and whoso journeys toward the sun journeys toward that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus, men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.—*Emerson.*

He who thinks many things disperses his power in many directions; he who thinks only one thing is powerful.—*Franz Hartmann.*

We are impatient only when we forget the Infinite patience.—*Jenken L. Jones.*

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleased too little or too much;
 At every trifle, scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride or little sense.
 —*Pope.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME WORK.

In April last we began the publication of *Pearls*, for the purpose of supplying a lighter grade of material for the young and for home development, in connection with the substantial work being carried on through the columns of *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*.

The general business depression attendant upon the development of war proceedings, which came upon us before a good start could be made with *Pearls*, and which has become a marked influence against the circulation of literature not dealing with the war or its problems, has rendered it impracticable to continue this new periodical at this time, because its pecuniary support cannot be counted on as sufficient, until conditions change. At the same time the "need" to which we then responded still exists; therefore we have decided to incorporate that line of work with the purposes of *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE*, and will hereafter conduct a department known as "The Home Circle," which will be practically an open column, and will deal, in the lighter and more directly practical ways, with the metaphysical aspects of all phases of life.

The same standard of excellence as has heretofore prevailed will be maintained in the other departments, and we believe the addition of this practical department will be welcomed by all our readers.

The business stagnation in all book and publishing houses and departments outside of war matters has rendered it advisable to partly yield to the circumstances of the temporarily reduced pecuniary support; therefore we issue the magazine for July and August as one number and will combine the September and October in the next number, to appear October 1st.

Subscribers will receive the full number of copies for which they

have paid, the subscription extending over two months more time to allow for the combination. By that time we trust business will have revived sufficiently to allow of the usual monthly output.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, as our readers in general understand, is conducted for educational purposes in advanced thought, for which it was founded. It has, from the first, been maintained and circulated considerably in advance of its pecuniary returns, thereby becoming partly a charitable publication; and while its publishers are willing to do all that is possible themselves, and always donate a considerable amount monthly that a larger number of copies may be circulated, still the financial co-operation of all readers who appreciate the work that is being effected through the teachings, is needed in order to maintain its standard and circulate the usual quantity without a heavier loss than can be maintained. Even if you drop a dollar or two from some common channel of life, *don't forget your magazine*, which will be sure to bring you real satisfaction in many ways more substantial than some of the common acts which require your money.

Subscribers to *Pearls*, of record to date, will be transferred to the list of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, in which they will receive the literary material which had been gathered and prepared for use in *Pearls*. Any who may not be satisfied with this plan will receive other adjustment by addressing the publishers. The issue of *Pearls* ceased with the June number.

The Home Circle Department of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE will be under the supervision of Mrs. Elizabeth Francis Stephenson, the former editor of *Pearls*, whose work on the latter publication has received marked recognition. We believe this arrangement will prove satisfactory to all classes of readers, and confidently look for good results.

PHASES OF OCCULTISM.

Everybody within the limits of the civilized world, "from China to Peru" and elsewhere, is interested in that range of subjects which are classed under the head of occultism. In ages past this interest has been sporadic, appearing and then disappearing, assuming one shape in one generation—as, for example, in Paracelsus, Dr. Dee, Mesmer—

and another shape at a later time, as for instance in the witchcraft which was not confined to Massachusetts by any means, but exploited itself in odd corners of the globe.

In these latter days the whole matter has assumed a very serious shape, and for the first time in history the people—and the most thoughtful of the people, by the way—have been asking themselves whether or not there was some truth hidden under the heap of rubbish, and whether or not this modicum of truth might not be treated to a severe investigation and made of some practical use.

At any rate, we have gotten well over our ridicule. The man who sneers at the possibilities which are hinted at is himself sneered at in return. Ridicule, which twenty or thirty years ago was rampant, has bitten its own lips and will hereafter maintain a respectful silence. Science shrugged its shoulders erstwhile and brusquely relegated spiritualism and the mind cure and Christian science and the claims of theosophy to the pit of superstition. It would not tolerate even the serious mention of such subjects, and carried its prejudices, the product of its self-conceit, so far that the plain facts of hypnotism were denied, and both the Paris school and the Nancy school were thought to represent a sort of popular aberration of mind.

ACTUAL FACTS BEHIND THEORIES.

It was discovered, however, that these new theories had behind them a vast quantity of actual facts, which could neither be denied or ignored; that there was no use in blindfolding one's self and declaring that nothing was visible. Some form of occultism was spreading among all classes with great rapidity and exercising an amazing amount of influence. You found spiritualism, for example, in a large number of households where its presence could not be even suspected.

Belief in it was not confined to the poor and illiterate, for it had found its way among the finest scholars of the age—men who knew how to weigh evidence and were not likely to be deceived by false testimony. It was also discovered that in some odd way it had crept into the churches, and, though never spoken of openly, was quietly and unobtrusively accepted. It was changing the outlook, the spiritual outlook, of multitudes, making them more cheerful under the burdens of life and more serene and resigned under its bereavements. Moreover, it was welcome, in part at least, in the highest social circles, and we began to hear queer rumors that even Queen Victoria and certain members of her family had had some experiences which were at once startling and convincing, and that among the nobility and royalties of the Continent it was no strange thing to find men and women

who were confident that the two worlds are close enough together to allow communications to pass either way or both ways.

CHANGE OF SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE.

All this gave us pause. The thing had grown so big that no one could help seeing it, and it was exercising such an influence that it was full time to give it a very careful examination and find out if it had a scientific and philosophic basis, or was simply a fog bank, which the strong north wind of common sense would blow away.

So great is the change in our scientific attitude that when Dr. K. M. Bucke made some bold suggestions at a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, at Montreal, the members listened not only respectfully, but attentively, for the subject had clearly assumed large proportions, and had come to be worth looking into. When he said, "So-called telepathy and clairvoyance seem to be specimens of nascent faculties, and I place in the same class the phenomena of what is often named spiritualism," hardly a single man shrugged his shoulders or lifted his eyebrows. The jibes and jeers have all gone into the background, and it is frankly admitted by every thoughtful man that there is something behind these expositions of power which is not fraudulent and which is worth examining.

Dr. Bucke went so far as to declare that "the labors of the Society for Psychical Research have made it plain that these phenomena really exist," and he then added, with a kind of sublime audacity, which only the scientific world can appreciate, that "a study of the case of Mrs. Piper and that of Mary J. Fancher, of Brooklyn, would compel any unprejudiced person to make the same admission." He went still further, saying:—"Many more or less perfect examples of this new faculty exist in the world to-day, and it has been my privilege to know personally and to have an opportunity of studying several men and women who have possessed it." Then he predicted that "in the course of a few more milleniums there should be born from the present human race a type of man possessing this higher consciousness."

GROWTH OF INTEREST IN OCCULTISM.

All this seems very strange, but it shows that the world has at last become intensely and seriously interested in these more or less occult matters. Dr. Bucke was quite right in his cautious conclusion that, "whether any given faculty, such as one of those now alluded to, shall grow, become common, and finally universal, or wither and disappear, will depend upon the general laws of natural selection and upon whether the possession of the nascent faculty is advantageous or not

to the individual and to the race." That is undoubtedly a fair statement of the case.

The history of the evolution of psychology is somewhat dramatic. When, in the forties, the Fox sisters startled us with their table tips and uncanny noises we felt that our belief in immortality had been brought close to the verge of sacrilege. The argument against such doings, such riotous, boisterous and apparently ridiculous doings, was strong enough to be convincing to the majority of the "lookers on in Vienna." Can the people on the other side have lost all their common sense, and if they have not, would they use such base means of communicating with their friends here? The logic of the situation was irresistible, and a jeering shout of disgust went up all over the land.

But the rappings did not cease; on the contrary, they were everlastingly persistent. Like Banquo's ghost, they would not "down." A few believed, but the great majority laughed the whole thing to scorn. Some said it was all a humbug; others declared that there might be a scintilla of truth in it, but it was so mixed with fraud that it was not worth the trouble of a second thought; while still others insisted that it was a sporadic exhibition of power which would soon disappear.

SEQUENCES OF TABLE TIPPING.

Now, from that very odd beginning, what tremendous results have come! On that slender foundation what a stately structure has been erected! We are surprised, we are amazed, but there must have been some vitality in that seed corn to produce such a crop of healthful, helpful and encouraging theories.

Table tipping was the rage, the craze, for well nigh twenty years. It was said of Mr. Home that he was lifted up to the ceiling, carried out through one window and brought back through another, and we can all remember incidents, perhaps, in our personal experience equally confusing.

Then it all died out. It had evidently accomplished its mission. It was the protoplasm, which at first exhibited the crudest form of being, but was to be gradually changed by the uplifting process of evolution. We heard next of what were called "mediums," people who went into some kind of trance, and gave messages from the departed. Without doubt, some of these mediums were either self-deceived or consciously deceptive. They practiced on the credulity of the bereaved. But underneath all fraud was a residue of fact which could not easily be accounted for. Revelations were sometimes made which shook us badly, and we felt that in some way or other the angels had been whispering to us. The spiritualists were themselves very stupid and

very foolish. They did not protect their organization against the most patent humbugs, but by their neglect to expose, practically encouraged them. That was their fatal mistake, and they have never recovered from it. They should have been the first to clear themselves from the suspicion of fraud, but they did nothing of the kind, and outsiders were both indignant and disgusted.

There are very few mediums nowadays. They have mostly disappeared. The law of evolution was working rapidly, and pretty soon another change was made and another phase of the subject was presented. The old crudity passed away and the new theory was more symmetrical, more worthy of our attention and more nearly in the shape of a philosophy. We had the mental cure and the Christian scientists at the front, and they were worth listening to, for they had something to say. The physicians had taught us that the condition of the body decides the condition of the mind; that a bodily ailment will weaken the mind and produce moral results. We were filled with that idea, and therefore we swallowed drugs *ad libitum*.

These good folk came and told us that the condition of the mind decides the condition of the body; that a mental ailment produces a bodily ailment, and that what we want in order to be healthy is, not a powerful dose of medicine, but a powerful idea.

"Don't go to the chemist," they said, "but go to yourself. It is faith that makes us whole or hale and strong."

SOMETHING PRACTICAL EVOLVED.

Well, we began to see that there was something in the discovery and that it could be put to practical use. The body of believers grew, and at the present writing they are to be found everywhere. There is a voluminous literature on the subject, and as a general thing it has an uplifting tendency. It is so encouraging to be told that you have a brain anyway, and still more so to be assured that if you will keep your brain straight your body will not grow crooked.

What have helped very greatly to bring about these changes and to compel the public to give their serious attention to these matters are the two Societies for Psychical Research, the one in England and the other in the United States. The one in London was founded in 1882 and was under the leadership of Professor Henry Sedgwick. That society saw that in the rubbish there was something too valuable to lose sight of. It sifted the facts which came to it from all quarters of the globe, and did it with a thoroughness which was merciless and relentless. Two years later, in 1884, a similar society was formed in

Boston, Mass., under the leadership of Mr. Hodgson, and it has done its work with sternness and persistency.

Now it is declared by both of these societies that the theory of humbug must be laid aside and that there is enough in spiritualism to claim the respectful attention of the world. If human testimony is worth anything at all, there are well-proven facts enough to make the possibility of communication between the two worlds well nigh certain, and those who believe in that possibility have a sound scientific basis on which to build their faith.—*New York Herald*, March 27, 1898.

Spirit passes into the body and out of it, like a breath of air passing through the strings of an æolian harp. If we succeed in binding it there, we will create a source of undying harmony, and create an immortal being. But to bind spirit we must be able to bind thought. Man is a materialized thought; he is what he thinks. To change his nature from the mortal to the immortal state he must change his mode of thinking; he must cease to hold fast in his thoughts to that which is illusory and perishing, and hold on to that which is eternal.—*Paracelsus*.

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, "What have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? and whose soul have I now—that of a child, or of a young man, or of a feeble woman, or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast?"—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Straightway, then, practice saying to every harsh appearance, Thou art an appearance and not at all the thing thou appearest to be. Then examine it and prove it by the rules you have, but first and above all by this, whether it concern something that is in our own power, or something that is not in our own power. And if the latter, then be the thought at hand: *It is nothing to Me*.—*Epictetus*.

The smallest roadside pool has its water from Heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom as well as the great ocean. Even so the humblest man or woman can live splendidly.—*Wm. C. Gannett*.

To unduly magnify and enjoy the common little things of life is the felicitous illusion of superior minds. To pine for distant, extraordinary things is the wretched illusion of inferior minds. The greatest minds of all see everything as it is, and value it at its true worth, and stand firmly poised and self-sufficing.—*W. R. Alger*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SEMA-KANDA: Threshold Memories. By Coulson Turnbull. Cloth, 254 pp., \$1.25. Purdy Publishing Co., McVicker's Building, Chicago,

A rather fascinating occult study, written by Mr. Turnbull while travelling through the East. His inspirations are said to have been caught while in the silent solitude of the Himalayas, and amid the mysterious Egyptian Pyramids. The local color is not wanting when Roman scenery is described, and the early chapters are well in keeping with the accepted traditions and investigations of modern researches. It is full of master thoughts and sweetly inspiring truth. It is a book to please the truth-student, whatever his domain of study, occult, metaphysical, or ethical.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL. Third Series. By Lilian Whiting. Cloth, 245 pp., \$1.00. White and gold, \$1.25. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Those who are familiar with Lilian Whiting's writings will welcome with pleasure the third series of *The World Beautiful*. To students of psychic phenomena it is very interesting reading. One finds here the same delightful style that always lends such a charm to this author's ennobling and uplifting thought. She teaches a practical philosophy that must be as a strong arm to those who are seeking the light.

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. Cloth, 190 pp., \$1.00. The Vir Publishing Co., 469 Hale Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

The design of this book is to impart important personal information in a pure way. The author's aim in undertaking this delicate and difficult task is to place in the hands of the parents and guardians a book that they can safely intrust to their young sons when the mind begins to question the origin of life and being. Works of this kind should be welcomed by all pure-minded persons as tending to advance purity in its highest phases, and serving as guides in the education of future generations on these most vital points.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HUMANITY AND THE MAN. By Wm. Sharpe, M.D. Paper, 29 pp., 25 cents. H. A. Copley, Canning Town, E. London.

THE LAW OF VIBRATIONS. By T. J. Shelton. Paper, 104 pp., 25 cents. Little Rock, Ark.

IDEALS FOR INVALIDS. With Formulas for Treating. By Mary Robbins Mead. Paper, 42 pp., 25 cents. Published by the Author, Watkins, N. Y.

REMEDIES OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. By Hannah More Kohaus. Paper, 55 pp., 40 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago.

MEATLESS DISHES. Paper, 15 pp., 10 cents. Published by Chicago Vegetarian, McVicker's Building, Chicago.

THE SONG OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. Poem by Nellie E. Dashiell. Heavy paper covers, illustrated. The Coming Light Publishing Co., 621 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 5.

THE VORTEX OF NATURE.

It was a favorite idea of the ancient world that the earth was first inhabited by ethereal spirits who, being overcome by its material attractions, were sucked down into the whirlpool of existence, and, becoming incarnate, finally gave birth to the human race. Various legends as to this supposed event were current, and some of them have been preserved to the present day, particularly among Buddhist peoples. In his "Sacred Books of Ceylon," Upham refers to the Buddhist legend that the first human beings were spirits who lost their perfections by eating all sorts of food and by covetousness. According to the teaching of Lamaism, a form of Buddhism, current among the Kalmucks of Central Asia, certain divine beings called Tingheris, were driven from heaven for misconduct, and subsequently installed themselves on our globe. For a long time these spirits retained their divine qualities. They possessed wings, lived to the good old age of eighty thousand years, and had no occasion for food. But one fatal day a certain fruit, as white and sweet as sugar, appeared on the earth, and the Tingheris, being tempted to partake of it, at once lost their divine perfection. Their wings fell off, they felt the pangs of hunger, and the duration of their lives sank to ten thousand years. Moreover, their faces lost their original brilliancy and their stature decreased. Other calamities quickly followed, and the legend states that the spirits gradually sank lower and lower, until they finally reached the condition of man as he now exists. There is a curious analogy between the Buddhist story and the

reference to the early history, as given in the Hebrew Scriptures, of the Adamic race, which appears to be identifiable with the "Sons of God," who "saw the daughters of men that they were fair." But the Lamaic tradition goes on to relate that ultimately all men will regain their perfections after the appearance of one of the holy Bourkhans—divinities that occasionally descend upon earth to preach repentance—who, when questioned as to the cause of his great stature and beauty, will reply that he had "become perfect by virtue, through having conquered all his passions, and by having refrained from sin and bloodshed."

The doctrine of the *descent and ascent of souls*, of which the Kalmuck legend is a re-echo, is said by Layard, in his "Worship of Mithra," to have formed the foundation of the teaching in the ancient mysteries. It was thought that the soul, after having once been drawn down into the path of generation, was compelled to trace the "cycle of existence" until it had lost all marks of the impurity arising from its contact with matter. In the course of its wanderings it had to pass through various animal forms, and this transmigration appears to have been regarded as a kind of purgatory, the suffering endured in the course of it having an expiatory effect, and rendering the soul fitted to return to the abode of eternal felicity. The body was considered the prison-house—if not the tomb—of the soul, and in the mysteries men were taught how to overcome their physical desires, and thus to regain, by a spiritual rebirth, the soul's lost estate. Ideas similar to these are at the basis of Buddhism, as taught by the Enlightened One, its founder, Gautama, although not discoverable in the Christianized Buddhism of Japan. It is true that the Master denied that the human body is inhabited by a soul entity, but the doctrine of Karma requires the existence of something, be it called soul or spirit, to which the Karma can unite, and, therefore, of an essence which preserves personal identity. This is spoken of as a "distant ray" of the pure spirit or Atman, the eternal mind, which, in association with the equally eternal matter, "manifest themselves in the various ways in which we observe them, for the working out of a final end."

This final end is the attainment of Nirvâna, which Koeppen

shows to be, according to the views of modern Buddhist scholars, "a return into the universal soul, rising into the abstract Monos, divinity, the primeval Buddha." Nevertheless, this doctrine must in some way be reconcilable with the existence of the highest Buddha world, where dwell the perfected beings, that alone escapes destruction at the end of each Kalpa, the periods into which the "age of the gods," or the existence of creation, is divided. The cosmical ideas of Buddhism are undoubtedly allied to those of Brahmaism, and are therefore indirectly traceable to the doctrine of divine emanations, which, under one aspect or another, was entertained by nearly all the civilized peoples of antiquity. According to that dogma, the life of man is a spark from the divine flame, to which it will be reunited after it is delivered from "the degrading and polluting influence of material objects." The body itself was looked upon as the chief source of the degradation, a notion which, notwithstanding the evils attendant on the immoderate gratification of the lower appetites, shows how wide of the truth were the speculations of ancient philosophy. The doctrine of emanation had for an offshoot that of the transmigration of souls; and Buddhism, as appears from the legend of Samgha-Rokchita given by Burnouf in his "History of Indian Buddhism," taught that a man's Karma might compel him to pass through even the lowest stage of existence, that of material bodies. Hindoism distinctly affirms that if a person loses human birth he has to pass, in an ascending scale, through all inferior creatures before he can again be born in human form.

The outward flow of life and its ultimate return to its primal source, which is supposed by the remarkable cosmical theory above referred to, is a strictly vortical movement, and it is analogous to the facts on which is based the modern scientific theory of evolution. This theory teaches that, by a process of differentiation and integration, the nebulous matter, the condensation of which gave rise to the solar systems spread throughout the Universe, was derived from the primeval homogeneous fluid. Many of the nebulae now existing are evidently vortex masses, and Helmholtz proved by mathematical investigation that if vortical motion were set up in a frictionless fluid such motion would continue forever. This reasoning has been applied

by Lord Kelvin and others to account for the origin of molecular matter, which will, according to that theory, consist of vortices in perpetual motion. All things in physical nature, from the greatest to the smallest, may be regarded, therefore, as exhibiting some phase or other of the concentrative vortex whirl, unless it presents a phase of the return motion which is its complementary. All vortex motion is dual, giving an ascent as well as a descent, or an outward movement following on the inward movement by which it is initiated. We see this in the tiny whirls which agitate the water near the banks of streams, as in the Maelström of the Norwegian coast, which, in popular imagination, engulfs the largest ships, to cast them up again when crushed and broken to pieces. The Great Ocean is thought to exhibit on a gigantic scale the same form of motion, which is repeated in the cyclones and anti-cyclones that disturb the earth's atmosphere, in response to similar movements in the atmosphere of the sun. Although the sun is autogenetic, that is, self-acting, it is intimately connected with the other parts of the Universe, and its vortex motion may, therefore, be regarded as an expression of the general vortical movement which pervades the whole of Nature. The initial motion was propagated from centre to centre, not as simple undulations or vibrations, but as vortices, as supposed by the theory of Descartes; and it is reproduced in the movements of a molecular system no less than in a system of planets.

In the dual motion of the vortex in air or water, we have a physical illustration of the ancient notion above referred to, of the descent and ascent of souls, which had so powerful an influence over the ancient mind. It is, indeed, the actual process by which Nature has worked out her design in the development of man from the moner, if the teachings of Evolutional philosophy are true. Every stage of this progress is marked by increased concentricity of motion, which is impressed on the organic structure, giving it greater and greater complexity. The process did not cease even on the appearance of man; as out of lower races higher races emerge, exhibiting modifications which point to a gradual perfecting of the human organism, attended with an ever-increasing complexity of cerebral structure, and a correlative heightening of its functional activity, to reveal itself in

greater and more widely extended mental activity and spiritual progress. That cerebral action, and therefore the mental action which accompanies it, is vortical, has not yet come to be recognized. But if we consider the nature of the changes undergone by the protoplasm, which form the substantial basis of life, we shall have no difficulty in admitting it to be so. Dr. Michael Foster, the distinguished English physiologist, speaks of protoplasm as being in a state of incessant change, much as a fountain is the expression of an incessant replacement of water, which he terms *metabolism*. This, he describes, as consisting, "on the one hand, of a downward series of changes (*Katabolic* changes), a stair of many steps, in which more complex bodies are broken down, with the setting free of energy, into simpler and simpler waste bodies; and, on the other hand, of an upward series of changes (*Anabolic* changes), also a stair of many steps by which the dead food . . . is, with the further assumption of energy, built up into more and more complicated bodies." This is practically a statement of the digestive process which goes on in the intestinal apparatus, and evidently this is vortical in its action. The stomach possesses three sets of muscles, each having its special work to perform, and all working at the same time. One set of muscles first shorten by contraction and then lengthen again, and in so doing throw the food received into the stomach from right to left. The second set of muscles act at right angles to the first, and by their contraction and expansion keep the food moving up and down. By the action of the third set the food is kept in constant motion, so that by the compound movement of the various muscles engaged, the food, while it is being dissolved by the digestive fluid or gastric juice, is thoroughly mixed up, until it forms a kind of paste, to which the name of *chyme* is given. A similar process is in operation while the chyme is being turned into chyle, and so on until it finally appears as blood. The intestinal apparatus is the seat of most of the changes the food thus goes through, and the muscle of which the intestines are composed is of the non-striated kind, which, owing to its peculiar structure, has the double property of constriction and impulsion, giving a kind of undulatory movement, which carries the contents slowly but surely forward to the conclusion of the digestive process.

In this the food is not only broken down, as in katabolism, but its anabolic changes fit it, by the complete blending of its ingredients, for replacing the worn-out material of the organism, and for being taken up into the living protoplasm of the structure. Any portion of it not fitted for this purpose is placed aside and is finally expelled from the system as useless.

In this process of digestion there is the action of analysis and discrimination, followed by assimilation of the products after they have acquired the proper rearrangement in a higher synthesis. The operation is thus analogous to the mental process which attends the development of the intellect. Impressions are received from the external world through the organs of special sense, and when they reach their nerve-termini, at the cerebral centres established for their reception, they give rise to certain sensations. These sensations, when they are due to impressions derived from a particular object, are united in the *commune sensorium*, where they give an image of the object, which afterward can always be recognized by its agreement with the image of it retained in the memory.

This is supposed to be the full extent of animal consciousness—that is the “knowing together” of sensations referable to a common object—and therefore animal imagination is limited to reproducing what has been actually experienced through sensation and in relation to particular objects. Wonderful as is the acuteness of the senses of smell and hearing in animals, the sensation is always associated with past particular experiences which do not give rise to what are termed “general ideas.” Thus sounds, and also sights, which animals cannot place cause fright, as we see in the shying of a horse at an unfamiliar object.

It is different with man, who is never afraid of any fresh object, unless it be in motion, when he is afraid, not of the object itself, but of what he thinks it can do to him. The savage, even, soon learns, however, both to recognize unfamiliar objects and to class them with others having analogous qualities, and quickly provides them with appropriate names. Names, as expressive of qualities, are general ideas, and these are formed in the mind by a digestive process similar in operation to that of the intestinal apparatus. The brain is thus a

mental vortex into which impressions derived from various sources are brought together, and, after being separated from the particular objects to which they belong, are rearranged, all those that are alike forming a class to which a common name is applied. This name is the expression of a general idea, and is ever afterward used to denote sensations which belong to the particular class which it denotes. The names for colors furnish familiar illustrations of this principle. Blue, for instance, does not belong to any object in particular, and yet it may be applied to every particular object which is distinguishable as blue from others of another color. This faculty of generalizing can be carried to any extent and accounts for the mental development man has acquired. It is due entirely to the "isolation" of the qualities of objects by a process of mental analysis and their building up again into new formations. This mental "digestion" is thus analogous to the physical digestion, whose aim is to furnish blood for the reformation of the organic tissues when they are in need of renewal. And such is the effect produced by the mental vortex. Ideas as well as molecular formations may become worn out, and, indeed, the mind is being continually renewed from youth to age. The earliest generalizations formed by the youthful mind are found to be too contracted and they have to be discarded for wider ones; just as words, if they cannot take on a wider significance than was applied to them originally, have to give place to other words of greater plasticity, or of fresh growth. Language itself is one of the most striking examples of the vortex action which pervades Nature. The English language has been submitted to a process of breaking to pieces in which it has lost most of its grammatical terminations, and has become generally reduced to much the same simple condition, notwithstanding its erratic spelling and pronunciation, as the Chinese, which is supposed to represent the earliest form of structural arrangement. And yet, by the acquisition of fresh words from foreign languages and by the blending together of old and new materials, the English language has become the best fitted of any form of speech for the service of mankind, and it bids fair in the course of a few more generations to be the universal language of commerce, which is the cement of civilization.

That which is here said in relation to language is no less true of all that depends on language for its development. It is true even of the arts and sciences which may be thought to embody the ideas of particular persons or societies. As a fact, however, such ideas are usually traceable, more or less remotely, to other ideas which have been derived from extraneous sources, and which have undergone a process of disintegration and reformation in the mind where they have been planted before appearing again in fresh clothing, called forth perhaps by some accidental or casual observation which but for them might have passed unheeded. Religious ideas are those which best exhibit this process. The founder of Christianity has been accused of want of originality because many of his sayings may be traced to earlier Jewish sources. But ideas are seldom invented. They pass from mind to mind and in the process receive fresh vitality and fresh application, so that they live on and become part of the world's riches instead of being buried in some obscure casket, the key to which few persons can use. Christianity itself is the re-embodiment of old truths, which passed through the mental vortex of its founder, and thus were perpetuated after going through a digestive process, the "gastric juice" of which was the principle of love. The Pauline Christianity, which is sometimes regarded as distinct from that of the Gospels, exhibits no less the operation of that process. In its gnostic principles it reproduces ideas which have been prevalent in the Oriental world from time immemorial. Some of its teachings may have been derived from a Persian source, and its central thought, that of newness of life, through crucifixion of the lower self and its desires, was that of the ancient mysteries. But in the mind of Paul all these ideas were recast, and being concentrated round the name and person of Jesus, and cemented together by the doctrine of divine love, they received a co-ordination and a loftiness of meaning which had not belonged to them in the minds of those who had used them rather in a natural than in a spiritual sense. It would have been impossible for any of Paul's predecessors to have given utterance to the outburst in praise of love which occurs in the First Epistle to the Corinthians (xiii.).

A recent writer who has treated exhaustively of the Theory of

Knowledge (W. L. T. Hobhouse), when likening the "world-whole" to an organism, after remarking that "the more completely the organism is a true unity the more thorough is the interdependence," says: "There is an obvious development in the direction of true unity, from the loosely aggregated cell-colonies through the segmented animals, which can live in parts, to the higher organisms which act as true wholes. Moreover, even here there is a marked increase of centralization as we pass from the frog, with its relatively independent spinal cord and brain, to man, whose whole functions are brought to an end by grave injury to the hemispheres." Here we see the combination of the several conditions which have been ascribed to man and Nature in preceding articles¹, and their character as being unities and dualities, and yet trinities and societies. The breaking down and building up which constitutes the vortex metabolism of the organism, is the duality or complementary opposition of the internal and external activities, to which the names of force and energy have been applied, that operate throughout Nature as a whole and in all its particulars. The co-ordination of these two activities is the expression of unity, and (as it is distinct from the principles whose action it controls, being *formal* in its operation) the co-ordinative principle constitutes that which is affected a trinity, as well as a unity. Thus every unity exhibits a duality and a trinity of operations and factors, but it contains also a multiplicity of parts and elements, and hence is an actual society. But the body thus constituted and having these attributes is strictly a vortex, the centre of which is the polarized expression of its unity, and its circumference that of its sociality; while its co-ordinated action exhibits it as a trinity, and the complementary opposition of its centripetal and centrifugal activities mark it no less as a duality. Such is Nature as a whole and in every part, and therefore such is man himself, who is made in the image of God because he is a re-presentation of Nature as the very being of God.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

¹ Vol. IV. (THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE), No. 5; Vol. V., No. 2; Vol. VI. (*Intelligence*), Nos. 1 and 5.

CRITICISM.

Discernment, discrimination, and criticism are not synonymous terms, though often they are used in a confused way that leads to something worse than confusion.

True discernment is an office of the human understanding. In and of itself it is a passive, though by no means a negative, quality. When this passive quality of the understanding becomes active we discriminate.

We discern by contrasts; we discriminate by choice or by preference. Discernment belongs to the judgment of man as to qualities and things. Discrimination belongs to the will of man. It is an act of the will that looks to results. To discern is to know; to discriminate is to do.

Criticism differs from both discernment and discrimination, though it involves both. By discernment we learn to know good from evil; by discrimination we choose either good or evil; by criticism we undertake to approve or to condemn either good or evil.

Discernment and discrimination are necessary to real knowledge and correct living.

We employ them upon ourselves. We employ criticism usually upon others. It is one thing to contrast good with evil, another to choose the good and to reject the evil.

Here our teacher is experience and observation, and our motive may be the highest and best. It is, however, a very different thing to contrast another person with ourselves, for here we are almost certain to seek out all possible blemishes in our neighbor and all imaginable perfections in ourselves. Our motive *may* be that of self-instruction and improvement, or it may be to lift ourselves up at the expense of another. It is always so much easier to pluck the mote from the eye of another than even to discover the beam in our own.

Rascality may indeed hide its head and work in the dark for fear of criticism. Yet every one knows that the great crimes that come to the surface of society are born of the little vices that lurk unseen and

grow in the dark. The public critic is apt to become in private a cynic.

One whose attention is always directed toward the imperfections and shortcomings of others, if not himself guilty of equal shortcomings and greater vices, will find little time or disposition to cultivate the beauties and virtues of existence. The critic, like the practical joker, is apt to be exceedingly averse to taking his own medicine. It is often the case that only by being compelled to do so that he realizes the nature of the office he has voluntarily assumed. Not infrequently an individual who habitually indulges in carping and severe criticism imagines that he conceals beneath this captious spirit a sincere desire to benefit his fellow-man or the cause of truth. In order to remove the mask and destroy the illusion it is only necessary that the critic's guns be turned the other way. If he does not run to cover he will throw off all disguise and throw down his gantlet with scorn and defiance to the whole human race. It is very questionable whether any one has ever been made either wiser or better by being continually reminded of his faults or follies.

If he has already become sensible of them, and desires to get rid of them, he may be helped by advice and encouragement. It is human nature to deny and retort upon the accuser when charged with personal vices and errors. Criticism stirs up anger and revenge a thousand times where once it leads to repentance and reformation, and in a hundred cases the motive that incites strong personal criticism is spite or anger—the desire to seem better than the victim criticised, where once it springs from a sincere desire to benefit society or the person criticised. The private individual is, indeed, amenable to law and order, and the public servant to municipal well-being. When the acts of either come within the scope of law, order and good government they are legitimate subjects of criticism. Even here, however, it is the act rather than the individual which is the legitimate subject of criticism. When this right of the individual is ignored criticism ceases to be either beneficent or reformatory. It becomes both partisan and personal, and carries little weight, and the critic soon loses all influence, and deserves to lose it.

The force of criticism rests in its passionless judgment and in its

justification. It is the thing that needed to be said—the thing said with sorrow rather than with exultation that carries weight and compels repentance and reformation.

Discernment and discrimination belong to the wise and thoughtful, and these are always the most careful and guarded in their criticisms of others. Principles and measures may, and often must, be discussed, but individuals never. Nothing can be more harmful, or so hinder individual progress, as personal criticisms of individuals. It is true that in discussing measures and principles names have sometimes to be mentioned; but this can always be done in a spirit of kindness and consideration that arouses no ill-feeling, that puts no one to open shame. He who is found active in a good cause, who stipulates nothing and demands nothing, but works wherever he can find a foothold; who takes pains to commend and approve, but who never condemns or criticises others—such a one has learned the true spirit of discernment and the wisest discrimination, and attains a power such as few can understand.

Many make the mistake of supposing that if they do not hasten to criticise and condemn, and even openly to repudiate the acts and words of others, they will themselves be held responsible for the same opinions.

These forget that probably the first effect of their hostile criticism will be to confirm their opponent in his error—admitting it to be an error—whereas, if one is sure of his ground and shows the opposite views without reference to persons, these views, being passionless and exciting no opposition, will attract and retain by their own force and inherent truthfulness. The opponent is disarmed and convinced, not by an opponent, but by truth itself.

He who really cares more for the truth than for his own opinion right or wrong; who cares more for the triumph of truth than for his own triumph over an antagonist, will not hesitate a moment which victory to choose. If one really desires the consciousness of power, let him get squarely on the side of truth; sink himself in its service; be as impersonal as truth itself; condemn no one; encourage every one; help where he can as though he helped not; give public credit to every helper, and seek no credit himself. Then he will not only

have the consciousness of being helpful, but he will be saved the humiliation of being envied.

It requires a strong, self-centred soul to persist in this line of work. We are so hungry for praise, so greedy for reward. We are so envious if another receives praise, or is rewarded more than we think he deserves.

This is because we have so little confidence in ourselves; so little unselfish love for truth; so little trust in the Master of the Vineyard. He who works for no reward, who would be content without it, finding his reward in his work, knows nevertheless that he cannot avoid it if he would.

He feels it in the air; and when he knows that he has deserved it, lo! it is already with him. He casts his reward at the feet of Truth, and again enters her service uplifted, encouraged, inspired.

H. W. G.

GROWTH.

Growth is a word of vast meaning and significance. Broadly, we speak of mental and physical growths. Each may pertain as a whole to the mind or to the body, in general, or to special lines on which development of mind or body is sought. When we speak of the growth of thought, we are considering the mental upreaching to a comprehension of truth. There are other mental growths. One may, by force of will, discipline the thought-centre to grasp the niceties in the construction of language, to acquire a fine appreciation of the exactness of mathematical laws, and so on. This student-work may be good mental-gymnastics if conducted rightly, and may prepare one for higher perceptions, for true spiritual growth. At the same time, this discipline may be carried on in such a way as to becloud intellect and so fetter unfoldment.

To understand the laws of mental growth, one must remember that the mind is the spiritual nature whose primary function is intuitive perception. Though the term *mind* is often used vaguely, I shall, in this paper, use it only in its essential sense—the higher element of the soul.

True growth of the mind is not brought about entirely through information. The growth we seek is beyond earthly teachings. It is rather a freeing of the mind from material fetters so it may act for itself. It is the uncovering and bringing to light of knowledge already possessed. For ages this has been the problem of the Yogi. If one has a true conception of man and of creative force, and the unity that binds and holds them one, his next step is to bring himself into the harmonious vibrations that bind all, as the vibrations between the atoms of wood and stone bind their particles together; then the universe of power is his.

Assuming the student has fairly grasped the meaning of the oneness in life, he next, before putting himself into harmony with all vibrative force, must recognize that vibrations pass through ethers, and in the ethers individual atmospheres are formed and held. His first discipline is to make his atmosphere right; then, and then only, are harmonious vibrations possible from him to the infinite source of power, and from the infinite source of power to him.

Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, knelt in prayer; but, from his kneeling posture he rose with:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

His atmosphere of guilt cut him off from, and prevented his connection with, the harmonious vibrations of infinite force.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, the great Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson, whose power over his soldiers had been magical, and whose fearlessness in battle had carried him safely through tempests of bullets, when those around him were falling—in that battle, for one moment, his atmosphere became disturbed, his vibrative connection with the Infinite was broken, and the idol of the Southern army fell, never to rise again in the material body as a leader of earth's forces on the fields of war.

Jesus stood before Pontius Pilate, a failure. How the atmosphere of him, the most powerful of psychics of ancient or modern times, became disturbed, one may not know. It may have been caused by the repetition of the words, "Unless I go away, the Comforter will not come to you." I do not know the cause; but I do claim to

know that a disturbing force did affect the ethers about him, the Master. He recognized this, and knew the vibrations of harmony between him and Infinity had been broken, as the atoms of wood recognize the foreign force that cleaves them in twain; and afterward broke forth his first and only lamentation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This, however, was said on the Cross, not before Pilate.

With these familiar illustrations before us, it seems to me that the logic of the philosophy I present will be understood and accepted. That done, we are ready to enter upon its consideration, to learn how we may apply it to assist our own spiritual growth or unfoldment.

The power to be gained by sitting in the silence, by absolute passiveness, by concentration, has been told a thousand times. Hours for concentration and helps to concentration have been themes for the teachers' discourse over and over again. Every earnest seeker for truth finds, in his own unfoldment, something to reveal. Knowing, as I do, that only "in the silence" is growth possible, I am about to present herein some ways to reach the elementary or primary condition when one may go "in the silence" understandingly and bring from it the knowledge he would.

I will here assume that the seeker has broken from the theological dogma of ignorance, superstition and fear; that he has forever blotted out from belief the possibility of there being a personal God, sitting in a material heaven on a material throne, welcoming good immaterial souls to this material heaven, and with equal delight, sending other immaterial souls to a material hell. What could a material heaven or a material hell hold of joy or fear to the immaterial soul?

Growth is impossible with such conceptions of Being—with such conceptions of possible material future dwelling-places for disembodied souls. Intelligence is fast burying this rubbish of outworn theological beliefs in unmarked graves beyond the possibility of resurrection.

Assuming, then, that you have awakened, or have never been enthralled in the nightmare of ignorance, and that God, or Being, means to you, above all, Intelligence; that within this Intelligence is substance—the creative force of the universe; that you are one with that creative force; that you are an atom (if you please) in its com-

position—then, can you not understand why it is your right and privilege to come into harmonious vibrations with all the other atoms, with the absolute creative force of the universe? This being your birthright, you want what is yours. God gave man dominion over all the earth. *You* are on the earth—*you* are man. Do you not now understand clearly? You are seeking only what Creative Intelligence gave you ages and ages ago. You are not seeking what does not belong to you, nor what it is impossible for you to gain unless by payment of wearisome labor. No; you are only asking to know how to take the Almighty's free gift to you and to me. Fully recognizing this, let me lead you (if I may) to the treasures all your own. Not *yours* only, but *mine*. The way is "a strait and narrow one," but it is open to all. If, then, you know your birthright—your oneness with God—your way to possession is, as I tersely put it in my very introduction, through vibrations that become magical with power when one's atmosphere is made attractive and the channel of faith laid open.

Having attained a true concept of Being, and our relations to the great Impersonal It of the Universe, we are ready to enter upon the study of *atmosphere*. The atmosphere surrounding us was not placed there by our parents. We must drop all belief in the possibility of inheriting spiritual qualities. We may give the stars their fair share of credit without making them our prison-keepers as to atmosphere. We, being one with God, and having dominion over all things, must not bow to heredity or to the influence of the stars. We cannot recognize any master, for, in doing so, we would, in our first statement, be repeating idle words and not appropriating the mighty truth they express. Our atmosphere then, marking our own individuality, may have become very unwholesome through our non-recognition of the truth. Though that may be so, it is in our power to make it what we would.

Now, the ways: From our true selfhood springs the desire of the hour, the desire of the month or year, the desire of our life. Let it be, for illustration, the recognition of a desire to master the thought and purpose of the poet, Browning. To do this you must bring yourself into harmony with the vibrations from the Infinite that thrilled

the intelligence of Browning as he wrote. How will you accomplish this ?

First, if my argument is correct, you must fix your atmosphere—you must Browningize it. Select an hour for the daily reading of Browning's poems, first giving attention to the study of his life, by his best biographers. In the study of his life, pay especial attention to the order in which he wrote his poems—as far as you can, group them in periods that mark his literary growth. You will soon find that this particular hour in the day or night will have a sacredness. It will be a dedication of that time to the thought of Browning. Read no commentaries on Browning—study no criticism on his works. You are seeking guidance from a higher source. You may, and will, carry more or less in your daily work (whatever it may be) your Browning atmosphere. However, try to overcome that—during the other hours of the day you may and should (as far as possible) lay aside all mental debates that arise during these hour sittings. Leave them to be taken up on the following day. Within a few weeks you will have finished the drudgery of your work ; and, at that hour each day, you will find new beauties in these poems. Sitting in the same chair, in the same room, and at the same hour each day, with mind resting on his thought, you will have found a new atmosphere, and that new atmosphere will be congenial to poetic inspiration on the lines that Browning found.

Your greatest work is now completed. You have created an atmosphere whose vibrations will attract from the infinite forces of the universe just what you need to bring you the fulfillment of your desire. Now you may lay aside your books, repeating, however, often in the silence some of the poems, particularly those that once seemed meaningless or mystical to you. As the days go by you will cease to do even this or to care to read them at all. Your atmosphere having been made right to accomplish your purpose, the vibratory forces now merge you into the infinite oneness, where all is revealed. Still, you must learn to *be*, or you will disturb these vibrations. New meanings to these poems will come to you—their beauty and their philosophy will be yours. Possibly, in the stillness, at times, you will almost feel the presence of Browning, and the Clairvoyant,

if present, would see him bending over you. Better than all, from within you will be told that you have fathomed the mysticism of Browning, and intuitionally you will know that you have come into the same harmonious thought-vibrations that made Browning a genius, and made you to appreciate and understand his greatness.

For another example, let me take that of desire for money at a particular time, to help one out of a particularly embarrassing position. This is really the problem of the age—of the day—of the *hour*. The failure that many make to draw from the infinite what they need is due to the fact that their anxiety brings them a repelling rather than an attracting atmosphere. Overcome that; one *must*, or the complete supply from the infinite can never reach the seeker. Here you will note that the atmosphere created by severe tension of the mental forces breaks off harmonious vibrations from the fountain of supply. To again connect your selfhood (entity) with the source of all wealth, look first to your atmosphere. If you accept and believe the truths of the philosophy, as I have herein presented them, you know the way. Follow it; there is no other. Turn not to money-lenders or to friends indiscriminately—the so-called “hustler” does that; and, if he hustles hard enough, he may find (stumble on) the harmonious chord, though having first broken a thousand other chords of harmony’s harp, which may not be easily mended.

The true way, the only way, is to wait in the silence till you again make your atmosphere true. If your needs are pressing, intensify, not your anxiety, but your stillness. Let your intensity express itself in hope and faith and trust. Your philosophy, if you have learned your lesson right, long ago would have told you there were no devils. If no devils, then no fear—if no fear, then no possible *cause* for anxiety.

Do you tell me that the plane of absolute faith and trust, beautiful and grand though it be, is a slippery one for mortal feet to rest upon? If so, you have made it so by wrong thinking, and by asserting untruths. If you are one with all creative force, all power is yours. Hold this truth—assert it, and *forever* banish every devil (evil) from your consciousness.

Yet you may be prompted to ask, What if we stumble or fail?

Do not even ask that question—do not speak those words as having power over you. Remember, once Jesus failed—the harmonious vibrations between himself and all infinite force were stopped; yet, even then and thereby, the whole waiting world learned a new truth that he, who had overcome sickness and sorrow and suffering and poverty, had also overcome man's historically named "greatest enemy," Death.

Sometimes we ought to fail—later experiences with their lessons prove it. We did not fully understand, it may be, the real purpose of the desire; but our faith (if we have merged ourselves in this philosophy as we should) ought to be great enough to teach us to know that all is well, and to enable us to thank the infinite force of creation even for seeming failure. On the earth-plane we may not always be able to distinguish between the real and the seeming. Let us in faith always hold in mind that even failure can be to us only the alphabet to success.

To attain the purpose which forms what we call the ambition of our lives, we must first, in the silence, learn if it be simply an idle wish or a spiritual desire of the soul. It will be told us as we wait, and, if a real desire, it will prove itself such from within. Recognizing that, we know it is God's message of promise; then our work begins. We turn first to books and read them, that their influence may help us to throw out attracting forces on the ethers surrounding us. Our prayers are not rhetorical climaxes, nor the half-expressed longings of one declared unworthy to be recipient. We know we are worthy—God told us that when He touched the chord whose vibrations thrilled and filled our being with the glorious truth that real desire held in itself the bright promise of attainment. Our silent hours, regularly and sacredly kept for the purpose, first, of making our atmosphere true, are our seasons for communications with the Infinite God—with Him with whom we are one. This mighty Impersonality we cannot define; but yet, this infinite force we can appropriate. Hardly have we completed our elementary task as to perfecting our atmosphere, before the true vibrations begin. We do not force them—we cannot. With our atmosphere true, they begin their outreaching and their intermingling—the great harmony sought

for has come. Oh, how true the words, "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light!"

Seekers for truth—wherever you may be—tell the world now waiting of the pearls you have found. Herein I present you with an easier way than the Yogis of India have practiced. I have proven its worth, but find another, if it seem best in your particular case. Know above all things that vibrative harmony must be gained to bring you into oneness with Being. Find the path to this. Growth then begins with the finding of one's divine selfhood, and is sustained by linking that selfhood, through soul-vibrations, to the Immanent God.

He has found himself who knoweth.
 That the power he may crave
 Reveals itself, and showeth
 That it came but when he gave—
 Gave of himself to other souls
 Who struggle hard and long
 To choose the path from varied ones
 That join; but in the throng
 Are jostled, wearied, spent, and worn,
 And find no peace or rest.
 'Tis not of other's knowledge born,
 But deep within each breast.

FLOYD B. WILSON.

There are those who approve every act if some individual to whom they give allegiance shall do it, even though it is objectionable in itself. But goodness is above every god, leader or favorite person, and belongs solely to the Absolute One.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

The present time is characterized by dilettanteism. The earnest action which results from deep conviction is nowhere to be found. The feeling is widespread that we have nothing to do, and much of the energy now employed is expended upon means of recreation. It is the age of bric-à-brac in art, of ceremonies and entertainment in religion, and of dress in society. Life is less serious than it was; we celebrate great deeds instead of performing them; public officials are capitalists instead of statesmen—in short, it is an age of mediocrity. The general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the transcendent power among mankind.—*New Lacon.*

THE TRUE NATURE OF PRAYER.

So unfailingly are the minds of men dominated by the tyranny of the institution, that even to quote the inspired utterance of Hebrew or Hindu has become somewhat inexpedient to whomsoever essays to speak independently of Truth; inexpedient, lest he shall be thought to commit himself to some particular and partial view—to be the phonograph into which some sect or cult has spoken. But Truth will be subject to neither book nor institution; will not be cornered, nor held in the treasury with the brocaded vestments and sacred relics. And he who would act as her spokesman must speak from without the world's institutions and from within himself.

Nevertheless those visions of Truth which have been vouchsafed to men in all ages, and the record of which, more or less adulterated, forms what is known as the sacred literature of the world, give aid and encouragement to all who search for the true meaning of life; and he who gives ear to the communications of the Spirit will find their echo nowhere oftener than in the Bible. But, once and for all, let us lay aside prejudice and tradition, and read the Bible with open eyes; and while we behold the glorious expression of that Truth which underlies and, indeed, is the *raison d'être* of religion, we shall find superimposed upon this, and to a great degree obscuring it, the dogma and superstition of another period; the tales and allegories, fable and fiction, which arose in after times to give to the inspired sayings unity from a certain exterior point of view, that they might become subject to the purposes of institutions and amenable to the ends of priestcraft. We shall see that the Bible—in its final analysis—presents an epitome of the Soul's history, reaching its ultimate expression in the life of Jesus, whose transcendent genius lay in his perfect apprehension of the spiritual basis of Life—and the sovereignty of Prayer. Through Prayer he established his true relation with the Infinite—and his human nature was lost in the Divine. Him all men reverence but none comprehend. “Surely,” they say, “his

was a voice from Heaven"; and so he has become a fixed star—his early adherents a constellation.

We see in the world a steadfast adherence to a *form* which usurps the *office* of Prayer; a kind of ecclesiastical dust thrown in the eyes of men. Here is not Prayer, but an expression of faithlessness in the Divine Order; a weekly report, as it were, from the officious heads of departments to an incompetent Executive, with suggestions for governing the Universe, and directions for the amelioration of apparently untoward conditions.

He who is filled with a sense of the Divine Love and resigns his life to its keeping, presumes not to dictate as to the outcome. He who prays to a just God asks not for a suspension of law—that would not be justice; he who prays to a God of Wisdom presumes not to instruct One Who is all wise.

A man's idea of God is an infallible test of his condition. Does he pray to a God of Revenge, so surely is he himself revengeful; does he pray to a God of Love, so surely does he esteem Love the greatest of all things. Men may pray to Mars and to Athene, but as there was in Athens, so is there still within the human heart—an altar to the Unknown God.

Prayer is not a petitioning, but a claiming; it is begotten not of infirmity of the will, but of assurance. It is not weakness, but strength; and he who apprehends the true nature of Prayer bends not the knee, but towers in majesty. He goes forth to meet his own; he ascends the mount to speak *with* God. It is the beggar asking alms, the slave imploring mercy, who grovels in the dust.

Prayers are not spoken—they are lived. Our lives are our prayers, and they are answered each after its own kind, be the seeking for worldliness or for wisdom. But this babbling—this lip-service in which we foolishly indulge—is confuted by the very flowers of the field. The blossom unfolds its petals, and in its fragrance and its color expresses its desire; thus it offers its prayer, and waits assured of the answer—assured of the visit of the bee that shall consummate its heart desire.

The nature of Prayer is dual; it is breathing and the air breathed; it is seeking and the things sought. Thought and concentration,

these are its vehicles. Belief, Faith, and Love—of such is its basis. Prayer is the ultimate spiritual concept; it is a drawing of the Soul toward God; it is the sublime expression of trust in that which is not seen. Ah! we may but reverently intimate the sublimity of this—the bond between the Infinite and the Soul; for it is to be apprehended spiritually; the terms of three dimensions will not serve to express the fourth.

One thing above all others we may affirm of the Nature of Prayer: it is Love.

“ He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The mother's love for her child is a prayer that finds answer in the happiness and well-being of the child; the scholar's love of culture is a prayer that is answered by the advancement of learning; the artist's love of the Beautiful is a prayer that finds answer in grace and perfection of form, in harmonious color and effective composition; the Sun's love of the Earth is a prayer that is answered in the beauty and sublimity of Nature; and the Soul's love of God is the prayer of prayers which is answered by all that is ineffable and transcendent, and by the “peace of God which passeth understanding.”

Always has the mountain peak been a symbol of things spiritual, and Ida and Olympus, Sinai and Fuji-Yama, bear witness of the dignity with which it is invested. The dweller on the mountain looks abroad over the fogs which obscure the lowlands; and he who beholds life from the vantage of spirit no longer sees the limitations which beset the natural man—limitations which vanish before the all-discerning spiritual vision. To behold good as partial, betokens shallowness, and is virtually to deny God. All things are possible to man upon the Spiritual plane of life; space, time and personality are finite conceptions which shall one day fade from the mind. Man is a chord in the Divine Harmony; a channel to the Supreme Intelligence. The Infinite arrogates to itself no privilege, and as the Soul is one with it, so surely is it heir to all things. We may recognize without only that which is already within. The things we desire are

but the projections of the mind. The noumena is the unseen but eternal entity, the spiritual prototype of the phenomenon which, though seen, is but ephemeral, "for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (II. Cor., 4, 18).

Only in the world of Ideas may things be said truly to exist; and we are the proper agents, each according to his capacity, to make them manifest. In all-pervading desire the mind becomes one with that which it desires. Does it desire purity? It identifies itself with the Principle of Purity; it touches the Infinite at that point, and forthwith the stream of purity flows through that mind which becomes its channel. In the Realm of Ideas exist all possible architectural forms: man the architect focuses his thought on this his desire, and lo, cities are built. And so man the mechanic or the carpenter becomes the agent of the Infinite as surely as does man the sculptor or the painter.

It is the appointed order of human life to work from sense to reason, from reason to intuition; and so it is the nature of man to essay first his self-will, which is foolishness, but after weariness untold to be brought to the cognition of the Divine Will which is Wisdom. In the life of self-will the day comes when one by one every expedient shall have failed; then do we turn our thoughts within.

"When Matter is exhausted, Spirit enters." The supreme fact of life then is this: that being Spirit we are in touch with the Infinite; that God has not left us, but is within us, and to our awakening touch the Infinite responds. He who boldly lays claim to the real prerogatives of man, which are spiritual; who elects henceforth to walk with God, shall be reinforced by Infinite Force, shall be wise by the communications of the Supreme Mind; and giving free course to the Love, the Power, and the Wisdom that are around and within him, shall be irresistibly impelled to all good ends.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

What is that which openeth and closeth the eyes, turning them away from things which they should not behold, and guiding them toward other things? Is it the faculty of the vision? Nay, but the faculty of the Will.—*Epictetus*.

AT THE GATE OF DREAMS.

When Mildred was sixteen she had grown apart from other girls and was living in a dream world of her own, peopled with women of more than mortal loveliness and men of more than the nobleness and chivalry of earth. Out of old romances and the living tales of courtly chroniclers she had plucked a fancy and a longing. Knights of noble mien and nobler courage spoke of battles bravely fought and bravely won; and from her lips, to grace their deeds of valor with a fitting meed, fell in softest cadence the mellow words of praise. The sheen of silk and satin clothed her day by day, and jewelled fingers lifted to her lips the goblets where the red wine sparkled like a tinted diamond flashing fire.

Love touched her with its thrill of pain and pleasure, and, more than that, the knightly heart that gave her its devotion burned with lofty yearning to make itself deserving of so pure a love as hers. Wrongs that must be righted and old customs that had need of being fitted to a newer time gave scope and promise to his lofty strivings; and every pain he suffered and every fear he had were made as nothing by the hope, each moment cherished, that she would smile upon him at the end. Before his banner, borne to battle with a purpose high and holy, every caitiff wrong was swept to nothingness, and adown the broadening vista of the years she saw his cause go conquering with a thunder of rejoicing and victorious acclaim. Through all the world she heard his name uplifted in the chorus of admiring multitudes, and faintly whispering to herself she said, "I love you."

And after that the world was like a garden nobly tended for her usage only, where every flower she plucked was but the blossoming of chivalry, noble manners, and good deeds, where evil weeds of hatred, foulness, and discourtesy were cut away and cast in heaps to dry before the burning.

But life itself held for her something other far than this; and, when some part of her little round of daily duties made her know the difference, a throbbing of hatred for herself and for all she knew as

hers drove the tender sweetness from her eyes and made her seem no more herself. She looked upon the boys and girls who met her daily and who would have given her a kindlier regard if she had willed, and in them there was neither the light of loveliness nor any hint of chivalry or heroism. Their pleasures did not, to her, seem pleasures, and, when she joined with them in trying to be happy, she found but a livelier dissatisfaction and a keener sense of the unchanging littleness of life. Sometimes she tried to fancy a hero in some one of the boys who wished at times to make her care for them; but always something in each failed her, and she knew that she should look in vain for the knight of her longing. Men were no longer so brave and noble; they lived for meaner ends, with lesser purposes and with harder hearts. The pettiness of money-getting and the strife for little honors won by trickery and fraud filled out the round of life, and all of the heart's loftier strivings were but a vanished fancy, gone with man's first flush of pleasure in a world to conquer. The man to catch her maiden fancy and fill out her dream of the happiness of love was not such as lived in her little world of young men looking forward to practical careers and young women fitted to make home a pleasure to them.

Back to her world of dreams her hero rode, the kingliest of men, with straight eyes fixed upon a lofty hope, and firm-set lips that told of dauntless courage. She could hear the bugles blowing for the onset, and upon his gilded mail the sifted sunlight cast a mellow splendor. Her favor, a cross of diamonds brodered on a silken kerchief sprayed with purple flowers, was fixed upon his helmet, and about her lords and ladies looked upon her with sobered eyes of wonder, knowing that he loved her and would love her to the end.

But while Mildred was yet hardly more than a girl, while the sweet and tender eyes of longing were still far from the contented calm of womanhood, while in her smile there lurked yet a pensive dreaminess, there came to call her the great destroyer and she slipped gently from this dream to the other dream beyond. She did not dread the going when she knew the time was come—the great mystery before her had even allurements for her; but on the other side of death, before she had gone up to the great city, she knew without

the voice of any one to tell her, that she had yet a time to wait before the full beauty of the paradise she longed for should fall upon her ravished vision. Sitting thoughtful in the great stillness she knew, by some subtle instinct such as mortals know not of, that she had not yet passed wholly from the life of earth. Looking back over her dead self with the knowledge and the wisdom of the new life of immortality, she saw that in her other life she had failed of being many things that a woman well may be. The sweetness and the beauty of her fair young girlhood had been a happiness to no one, and least of all to those who were nearest to her and could of right most freely ask of her the gracious giving of kindness and love and tender ministration. A feeling of regret for the happiness that she might have given to those that loved her, and had not cared to give them, smote her with a new love and longing. The desire to make her way at once among the heavenly places died within her; and in its stead she had the wish to see once more the old-time faces, and, if she might, to bring gladness and rejoicing to them.

It would be a glad requital; and, while the thought grew in her, she knew, as though a radiant angel had borne the message to her, that it was the thing that must be given fulfillment ere the gate of the City Beautiful would open to her. She understood, better than she had ever understood, the needs of simple human hearts, and she was ready with a new sympathy and a new helpfulness for those whom it might strengthen. A sudden outgoing of yearning over unhappiness and unanswered longing thrilled her with a new courage, and now she saw for the first time a beauty and a meaning in lives whose outward circumstance gave hint of nothing more than commonplace.

While thus she thought and wondered, thinking, the circumambient air grew vaporous to her sight, and as her eyes were lifted she knew that outer space was fast becoming earth and earth's dark-shadowed mystery again. The old familiar sense of home and home-companionship grew around her as it had been, only now it was sweetened, softened, and made luminous with a new purpose and a new content. Looking upon the old-time faces—father, mother, friends—she knew them as they were. No longer mean, cramped

lives devoid of burning hopes and noble aspirations, but sweet and gracious with the calm content of patient duty. With the fine insight of the spirit world she knew their spirits, and her own was made the sweeter and the purer for the knowing.

But now that she had come to see life and men and women as they are, she did not lose her longing to find a hero with nobility of soul to match her dream. Into every heart she looked with a steady purpose to discover all the best within it, to know its inmost striving, its deepest and tenderest longings; and with her purpose was a hope that she should find in some one all that in her heart's romancing she had pictured in her hero long before. In every one she found some nobility, some fineness, a touch of something not mortal and of earth; but always the good was marred by some sort of imperfection, and her ideal knight of nobleness and high heart failed her, and proved only common clay. So at last the hope grew faint within her and almost failed.

But one day she came upon a youth who had been friend and schoolmate in her younger years. She had known him only distantly, indeed, for they were young; and later she had grown to think him plain in thought and deed and seeming, and she half forgot that there had ever been a being such as he. Now, when Time had mowed the years since once his face was boyish, she found him watching by a giant lathe, on which a mass of steel turned round and lost a portion of itself at every turn. Great belted wheels were revolving everywhere about him, and the sound of escaping steam mixed with the multitudinous noises of the place.

But through all the jar of machinery and the clang of iron striking iron he was every moment calm and quiet, tending his lathe with steady precision and having no thought, in seeming, but for his work. Yet, looking at him, she saw that despite his absorbed attentiveness the task he had to do was distasteful to him and his heart was elsewhere. She stayed and watched him until the day's work was done, and saw that every moment he did it all as faithfully as though it were his own and a pleasure to him. Then following him home she saw a mother's face grow brighter as he entered at the doorway, and a sister's eyes lighten as his own smiled into them. She knew that

his own heart was saddened and disappointed because of the things that he had to do, but a smile was in his eyes the evening long, and his smile was cheeriness itself, and such as makes the hearts of others cheery. Their home had little more than their happiness in it, but that was much; and despite many an unsatisfied longing, she knew that contentment dwelt with them.

After that, day by day, she went with him to work and came home with him, and he knew it not. Into his every secret she thought her vision pierced; and these, besides the thought of daily duties and the watchful care for those that loved him and were dependent on him, she found the glowing fancies of a heart alive to all the lofty promptings of noble aspiration. The love of all things beautiful grew in him, and desires that life as he must live it could not answer fed his soul the fever of unrest; but he spoke no word of bitterness, and even those whose lives were nearest to him had no hint of his desire for more than what he had. Slowly, by some secret soul transmission, she knew that it must be her care and duty, and indeed her pleasure, to bring into his life a soul companionship and its comfort—secret and unknowable, yet real and sincere. She had come to the assurance that for every soul there is apportioned a certain share of usefulness and service unto others, and that until that be accomplished there can be no entrance to the life perfected with the happy ones who walk the streets of paradise forever.

So day by day she made him conscious more and more of a presence with him not of earth, but sweet and satisfying, making every hour a wonder in him, since he could not know whence it came. Sometimes, walking homeward when his work was done, the sense of a strange companionship came upon him with a power so sweet yet indefinable that, pausing in his walk to catch the dream, the passers fancied that perhaps he planned some new invention that would make the world his debtor ages hence.

In all his youth he had never really given himself the thought of women. Girlish faces there had been to thrill his fancy for a moment, but duty had been dearer to him than the smiles of maidens, and he had put such fancies from him with a laugh to hide a sigh. At times he believed himself persuaded that he was wholly happy in

each renunciation and self-sacrifice; but again a visioned loveliness had come to haunt the happiness he had just thought his own; and he had known that life lacked something of its best and highest.

But now, he knew not how, that lack seemed to have gone from him, and in its stead a visioned face, sweet and fair, radiant with the light of some fine purpose, filled all his being with a new sense of completeness, and his work grew lighter, almost pleasant to him. Once when his mother saw a streak of gray upon his head she pushed the heavy hair back from his brow lovingly and looked into his eyes with softened tenderness.

"You are getting old, my boy, and you should be thinking of a home to call your own. I shall leave you some day, and then you will need some one else to love you."

Then he smiled back at her fondly and took her wrinkled hand in his and kissed it.

"I am very happy, mother, now, and I need no other love to make me happy than the love I have."

She looked into his eyes with a mother's searching earnestness.

"If you have known a love unanswered," she said slowly, as a mother may, "I would not ask you to forget it lightly; but if you wait for love to come, I would not have you keep it from you long. The pain of loneliness is lasting, and it will be keener as your hair grows grayer."

"I am never lonely," he said softly, "and I have too much to care for to have room for any other interest now. Perhaps I shall love some day, but the time has not yet come."

The anxiety of a mother's love followed him, as he walked away half saddened; and she could not know that the soul whose care he was went with him, a sweet presence breathing peace.

And for the moment he, too, forgot it, remembering a boyhood's fancy that he had only dreamed might grow to love. It was a fancy only, as he knew, and yet he had cherished it through all the years, half thinking life was sweeter in remembering than it could ever be in hoping vainly, since any hope of love must be in vain. To-day he went back to the half hope that he had known, and it grew a saddened sweetness to him, while he wondered whether she was happy as a

wife, and kept her old-time beauty, or had lost her girlish charm and grown to commonplace, and to the thought that no one can be happy. Had it been his lot to win her, would he not have made her life one long rose-dream? Would he not have lifted her to happiness, as the lily stock, rooted in the black ooze below, lifts the creamy white petals of the lily to breath the air of heaven? The self-wrought yearning grew within, until suddenly he became aware of the presence with him. In the filmy, tear-blurred space before him, there limned itself a face of beauty, filled with a passion of beseeching tenderness and sweet helpfulness, a face that might have been of earth, and yet was not; and by a subtle spell that spirits know, she wrought upon him so that memory touched his heart with pain no more, and all the world was peace and gladness, as is Nature's heart when buds are blown in May.

And after that her presence was as the presence of a bride beside him, and a joy shown in his face that seemed at times beyond the joy of mortals. When his sister left him with one that loved her, the presence by his side took away his sense of loss and made him wholly happy in his sister's happiness; and when his mother died, and he was weeping in their broken home, she came again and soothed him, so that he hardly knew that he was lonely. He remembered through his tears that his mother had wished him to have a companionship left him when she should be gone; but if he had regret for but a moment, it was for that moment only, and then the presence beamed upon him with the smile of peace.

He had passed his thirtieth year, when there came a day of trouble to him. The company for which he worked had taken a contract on some constructions in iron and steel at so low a rate that they could not fulfill it without loss. They came to him and told him that the work it was his care to overlook must be a little slighted and hurried over, and that he must none the less sign a guaranty of its perfection. He told them frankly that he could not do it; and when they argued with him, assuring him that they could not meet the engagement as it stood, without the chance of bankruptcy, he still was firm, and answered that it had always been his wish to please them, but that this he could not do. And as the overseeing had

need to be done as they wished it, they let him know that some one else had been secured to do it in his place, and so he left them.

Then the presence was a solace to him, and the light of glad approval shining in the misty eyes made him all unmindful at the moment that his life must be new-shaped and fitted to new uses, perhaps must fail and falter before new trials and new fears. A strengthened hope and a renewed ambition gave his pulse the throb of promise, and he knew that so long as life might last he should have with him joy and peace—love, given from the spirit world, and so undying.

But she who gave him these received them too, a reflex influence upon herself; and, as day by day she walked beside him, and saw his hair grow gray with years, a strengthened assurance came upon her heart, and she knew that it would not be long before she could enter at the city and be happy with the blessed. Even had that assurance not been hers, she would have been glad that she had found a hero, simple as his life had been, and lacking in the tinsel glory in which long before she had clothed her ideal knight. And if upon his forehead he seemed to feel at times the touch of loving hands, it was because to her what once was duty had grown to love and pleasure, and his lonely, wearied, life was full of touching sweetness for her.

At last there came a time when she had filled out to the full the measure of usefulness that had been meted to her, and on that day he saved a little child from being crushed between two massive wheels that turned forever in the factory where he worked. But when the child was saved his life had paid the forfeit, and the tired heart rested in the rest that comes but once and has no end. And she, with some sure prescience that the end was near, had gone before and waited for him at the Gate of Paradise—the dream of dreams.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

False science bases its conclusions upon external appearances caused by the illusion of the senses; true science rests in the capacity of the higher regions of the human mind to comprehend spiritual truths, which are beyond the power of perception of the semi-animal intellect, and it reasons from that which it not merely believes, but perceives to be true.—*Paracelsus*.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE.

Though we cannot know the future, we may form some conception of future conditions by correctly interpreting present tendencies in the currents of religious thought. New orders are continually appearing; change is inevitable. Evolution is a universal law. We must go forward. Thus far there has been no resting-place in the march of humanity. There is before us an ideal, and there can be no stopping-place until it is realized. Theology is not a stationary science; it has always changed with the ever-changing life of successive generations, and can never cease so to do. This is the natural result of progress, and progress is inevitable.

Intellectual progress has sometimes meant revolution. The age which fails to accommodate itself to the demands of progress must be shaken by a convulsion, the magnitude of which depends on the tenacity with which men cling to the old and unimportant order. Often we have issued without a break from effete ideas, old and slavish traditions, and the bondage of superstitions, into a larger freedom, as noiselessly and as happily as the blossom comes from the bud. Then again there have been church disaffections, long and bitter controversies, tumults, and persecutions. Peacefully or not, these changes must come. The human mind cannot stand still.

Every student of ecclesiastical history has observed that the close of each century is marked by great agitation throughout the religious world and by radical changes in theological thought. There are times when the world stops to think. Such periods are generally characterized by a widespread scepticism and unsettlement of soul, which leads to a more thorough investigation and eventually to a more rational faith. We are now living in such an era. This is one of those critical and creative epochs which stand at lonely distances through the ages, and determine the destiny of the race. Ours is an age of criticism and research—an age with an interrogation-point after it. No department of human knowledge has entirely escaped microscopic examination. The Nineteenth Century has, to a large

extent, repudiated the vast collection of imperfect dogmas bequeathed to it by its predecessors, and has dared to doubt because it sought to investigate and to eliminate that which is only traditional and legendary. There are still extant many theories which have no other foundation than an endless genealogy of traditions or an intricate labyrinth of superstitions, and no other authority than the mysterious halo of antiquity.

The effort of modern criticism to extricate truth from tradition and to embellish life and society by augmenting the mass of well-founded ideas is welcomed with enthusiasm by all thoughtful people. This movement has met with pronounced opposition, however, in some sections. Many felt that an application of the scientific method to theological studies would be a desecration; and, on finding that some of their conventional theories were untenable, they feared that all solid foundations were slipping from beneath their feet. They hailed with a real delight the magnificent discoveries of science in other fields of research, but they considered the position which theology has arrogated to itself in the hierarchy of thought as sacred, and considered that it was entitled to a treatment more deferential than was necessary for ordinary sciences. But this stage—a natural one in healthy development—has passed; and theology, the noblest of all sciences, has at last joined the march of progress. Theology opens up a rich and fascinating field for research, a field worthy of the utmost powers of man. It is no longer a department for moral specialists, recluses who live apart from the life of the age, but is a field for men who live in touch with the life and spirit of the times.

At present certain radical and important changes are taking place in theological thought, changes indicative of what the future theology will be. The Theology of the future will go back to the living, personal Christ for its teaching, recognizing the growth of revelation, the development of truth and the supreme authority of Jesus. It will study God as manifested in Christ, believing that he is the only Word that can articulate the solemn mysteries of Deity. It will see in the "Man of Nazareth" the "human life of God" and the glorified life of humanity, and will find in him that which is original in thought, immanent in history and ideal in life. His life will reveal

what man can do and be and dare and suffer when united with God—at once an unfolding of the glories of divinity and of the possibilities of humanity.

This coming theology will be the study of a "person" rather than the construction of a system: biographical rather than metaphysical. Theology is the science of religion, and religion is a life: not a system of dogma. Can we understand the deep meaning of the words of Jesus when he declared, "I am the Truth"? He is truth incarnate; truth's impersonation; truth translated into actual life. Jesus was a manifestation of God, and God is Truth. Jesus is the only one of the world's great teachers who lived what he taught. His superiority is the superiority of character. His life illustrates at once the practicability and sublimity of the gospel. Christ is Christianity. His story is a biography; his method is personal friendship. Life can touch life: speculations and traditions are powerless. Abstract and speculative truth does not influence life and character. It is like moonshine playing among icebergs; beautiful, but without melting power. Christianity differs from all other religions in that it rests on a person, and the gospel of a person is the gospel of life and power. Christ is not a doctrine; but a character and a life. Christianity is not a system; but a spirit and a power. Religion is a life; doctrine a speculation. The theology of which we speak cannot be reduced to a system or comprehended in a set of precise ideas. It is to be felt and not described. You cannot shut it up in a few lines of an abstract creed. As well might you seek to compress the boundless electric atmosphere or the all-pervading light into a coffer of human manufacture, as to break up the religion of Jesus into a few logical propositions. Scholasticism has tortured and cramped the gospel into various and intricate systems of divinity, composed of verbal subtilties, unintelligible definitions and inexplicable contradictions. The Christ of dogmatic theology and the Christ of history are very different. When we read a prolix discussion of "the person of Christ" we can sympathize with the weeping woman at the tomb: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Strange and ancient costumes are wrapped around the figure of the Christ until it seems stern and

featureless, and the majestic form of the Gospels can be discerned only through a distorted and misty medium. The beautiful drama of his life is so beclouded by traditions and speculations that we involuntarily exclaim with the Greeks of old: "We would see *Jesus!*" He is robed in the purple robe of theological paraphernalia, crucified on the cross of theological dogmatism, and buried in the tomb of theological confusion. Let there be a resurrection, that the man of Nazareth may once more walk abroad. This will revivify theology and bring to its face the flush of a new life.

The theologian of the future will recognize the important distinction between fact and theory. *Fact* tells *what is*; *theory* attempts to explain *how it is*—the "modus operandi" of the fact. The existence of God is an unquestionable fact. The mode of his existence and life is a matter of theory and conjecture. The atonement of Christ is a fact—the fact of infinite love—but the "modus operandi" of that atonement, as regards its extent and influence on the Father, is a question about which we can only speculate. Who can be dogmatic about such questions? We would have to be omniscient to understand them! The angels did not understand the mysteries of the incarnation and the atonement, and desired to look into those divine transactions. But "fools will rush in where angels dare not tread." To intrude our awkward and curious speculations into those awful secrets, to refuse to be content until we have formulated some theory of those sublime mysteries, is little less than blasphemy. The facts of religion are infinite and magnificent, essential and eternal, and no finite theory can bonnet them. We agree about the facts, but we wrangle about the theories. We insist that men shall believe our explanations of religious truth, and persist in making our peculiar conclusions regarding speculative questions of theology tests of Christian and church fellowship! It seems that we emphasize creed more than we do character. The truths of the gospel are beautiful and intensely practical, but when the theologians dissect and mystify them, they are robbed of their life and power. The theologian of the future will extricate the glorious facts of gospel history from out this bewildering mass of artificialities and fictions. We must return to the simplicity that is in Christ, and teach a theology that is con-

sistent with common sense and one that is indorsed by the intuitive moral judgment of mankind.

The theology of the future will be on a more *rational* basis. Every one feels that our theology must be broadened and rationalized. We must not construct a sacred inclosure within which doctrines and customs are guarded with pious vigilance and the methods of impartial criticism are resented as sacrilege. The ecclesiastical dragons employed by dogmatists to guard the deformity of their idols, gave rise to the iconoclastic methods of modern criticism, and through these methods it has accomplished its work effectively. The ridiculous and savage opposition of theologians to the developments of science is a thing of the past; the warfare between science and theology in Christendom is virtually at an end. We have been born again into reasonableness. We have fixed in our minds, the belief in the universe as moral, the interpretation of history as progress, the faith in good as eternal, the conviction that evil is self-consuming, and the assurance that humanity is evolving.

The miracles are no longer considered violations or suspensions of the laws of nature, but disclosures of deeper laws and the manifestations of a free and intelligent Being who is superior to all law. They reveal to us our divine affiliations and make us keenly conscious of relations to immense and transcendent systems surpassing sense, and to a creative personal Spirit by whom all things are interfused. The Bible will no more be thought of as a "fetish" to be worshiped, but as containing the word of God to be estimated according to its intrinsic value and studied with delight. The human equation which enters so perceptibly into its composition will be recognized and appreciated. Men will not read it "as clever infants spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity," but as a sacred literature and an exposition of man's duty and hope. Revelation will be defined as the development of the capacity to discern spiritual truth, an internal growth rather than an external exhibition.

One of the most delightful features of the future theology will be its nobler conception of God. The growth of the idea of God in the human mind was a slow and tedious process. In the dawn of history

man was conscious of a great Being outside of and beyond himself, to whom he ascribed all power. He saw in the lightning the flashes of his anger, and heard in the thunder the howling of his mad anathemas. In the Old Testament with its shaking mountains, its strange, stern rites, God is represented as a Being whose voice was muttering thunder and whose look was lurid flame. From this stage later generations advanced to view him as the tender, loving Father of the nation. The strokes that finished the wonderful picture of God were given by the Master's hand, and the "beauty of the Lord our God" is revealed in "Our Father who art in heaven." We no longer think of him as an aggregation of frowning doctrines and gloomy abstractions, encompassed with stately attributes, full of inflexible purposes, as stolid as a stone and as irresistible as fate; he is "the one God and Father of all who is over all, in all, and through all," and smiling upon us with all the tenderness of an infinite love. That "God is love" is the grandest revelation of divine character ever given to man. With the acceptance of this glorious truth the erstwhile grim doctrines shine with the clear, constant brightness of the lights of heaven. This conception of God glorifies life, lifts humanity out of the Slough of Despond, robs sorrow of its bitter, hopeless anguish, arches the tomb with a bow of hope and illuminates it with the light of love.

The coming theology will recognize the dignity and divinity of man and his capacity for indefinite development: that he is made in the image of God, with wonderful endowments and magnificent possibilities. Man is God's masterpiece: the link between the material and the spiritual. That gloomy theology which represents man as a wild beast in need of a master, and only safe in chains, is a slander on the name of God. It insists that man is by nature totally depraved, without the ability or inclination to be pure and noble and true—a moral monster. Man has fallen, it is true; but he is a fallen giant, great even in his ruins. His fall was but a necessary stage in the process of his evolution, a fall from his primitive state wherein he was destitute of moral consciousness, in which sin and holiness were alike impossible, into a state of responsibility in which sin and holiness are alike possible, and one or the other must be *chosen*. It was

“a fall upward, a fall forward” to where he is no longer a blind servant of nature, but a free moral being. Let us preach the ascent of man rather than the fall of man. Human nature has impressed upon it the radiant signatures of its divine origin, and the pledges of its celestial inheritance. Its insatiable aspirations for the unseen and infinite; its susceptibility to generous impressions, grateful sympathy and enduring love; its examples of heroic and saintly virtue, its god-like powers and tendencies—all are indicative of a sublime destiny. The future theologian will teach that man is the child of God rather than the child of the devil. He is a prodigal son far from his Father’s House, yet within his great soul are desires which time and space cannot confine and powers which endless ages are to unfold.

The theology of the future will teach that sin is an act of self-will, a deliberate choice of evil, and not an inheritance; that tendency and not guilt is transmitted from ancestor to posterity. The essence of sin is selfishness, and contains within itself the power of sure retribution. Salvation will be considered a moral transformation rather than a legal transaction; holiness imparted rather than righteousness imputed. The atonement will be thought of as reconciliation instead of expiation, identification rather than substitution, vital rather than vicarious. No idea of the atonement of Christ will be recognized which rests on the moral impossibility of transferring guilt, or which represents God as punishing himself in order to forgive his creatures. We cannot imagine God as punishing the innocent and releasing the guilty, or as being a stickler for the letter of his law while sacrificing its spirit. I should think myself living under a legislation unspeakably dreadful and shudder at the attributes which rendered the expedient necessary. We refuse to think of the death of Jesus as an attempt to appease the wrath of God, when in reality it is a glorious manifestation of the love of God—a revelation of an infinite love rather than a satisfaction of an infinite law. It is God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

The doctrine of immortality will have a prominent place in the new theology. It is difficult for us to be true to our ignorance concerning the state of the departed. Death does not end all. Death is also a resurrection. It is a transition. It is a step in the evolution

of the soul. It is no black impenetrable pall, but a sacred shadow through which comes sweeping the sweet incense of an infinite love, bringing calm to broken hearts and quiet to rebellious spirits. To the righteous it is the dawning of the morning of a bright eternal day, the opening of the gates of heaven, an introduction into a more glorious life, the realization of a larger hope. To the wicked its muffled tread is a premonition of darkness and sadness. There is nothing in the nature of death—the ordeal of a moment—to crystallize character. It does not take away motive, volition, or responsibility; it does not make man an automaton; it does not mark the boundary to God's mercy. If the death-line marks the boundary to God's love, then His love is not infinite. There are hints in the Scriptures which denote that there were doubts in the apostolic mind as to the impossibility of change in the future. Doubt of the irrevocability of destiny for all men at death has become common in our time, and "the present tendency in Christian thought is toward the recognition of greater reality and freedom in the other life, and thus towards the possibility of moral change." Eternal punishment rests entirely on the possibility of eternal sin. The parental conception of God gives us hope that the inevitable law of retribution is an agency of grace, parental in its spirit and disciplinary in its aim. If evil is self-consuming it may be possible that those who are impenitent and incorrigible will suffer annihilation by a natural process of moral disintegration. Let us hope that if they *will not* be good that they *cannot* be evil *forever*. But rather let us hope that the love of God is powerful enough to yet win the love and devotion of all souls. We need a theology that will make the unseen world more real, its influence more potent.

Finally, the theology of the future will be experimental rather than dogmatic. We live in an age of doubt—melancholy doubt. It is not a scepticism as to particular doctrines, but a serious doubt as to the eternal realities and experiences of religion. Men are anxiously debating in their hearts the being of God, the reality of the soul, and the possibility of a future life. In their perplexity they pray to an Infinity that is shrouded always with darkness and mystery, and the only answer is the awful weight of silence—silence under which the

frantic heart struggles and stifles as beneath a pall—"An infant crying in the night, and with no language but a cry." In the storm and stress of life the eternal questions: Whence? and Why? and Whither? roll in upon us with monotonous iteration like the sullen surges of the inarticulate sea. With strained nerves and senses alert, men and women ask What is life? and What is death? and the questions float out upon an ocean with no further shore to echo back an answer. The "Why" of a child may be dismissed with a partial reply, but the "Why" of manhood will not down at our bidding. We seek rest in theology, but find it not. Dogmatic theology is the mother of doubt. The world is in need of a simpler theology and a nobler life. These eternal questions must be answered. We must lead men to Jesus that they may learn of him and find rest for their souls; we must point to them the Man of Galilee and the ideal of his life, and to his spirit as the motive power of life. We must deal gently with struggling souls and bring them to the Master that they may put their fingers in the prints of the nails, touch and believe.

Dry systems of dogma do not quicken the soul or purify the life. Tradition is powerless. The point of emphasis must be changed from the external systems to the internal realities and glories of the religion of Jesus, and we must preach a gospel that is the power of God unto salvation—one that brings a divine comfort to the sorrowing, a divine forgiveness to the guilty, a divine illumination to those walking in the darkness of doubt and a divine strength to those struggling with temptation. If religion is a life and an experience, instead of a system and a theory, we must preach it as if it were such. When a preacher preaches a truth that has not come to him by a real experience, it will not mean anything to his hearers. The man of God should see with open vision the glory and wonder and everlasting beauty of the gospel of Jesus, and tell it in thrilling words, because he knows it by a blessed experience and with a deep, passionate love for the souls of men. Under the potent touch of a real experience old things become new, and the very style of the preacher will catch a marvellous vitality from the theme. The familiar phrases that denote the light and life of God in men will glow and blaze with majestic beauty. And when the preacher has

proclaimed the truth "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the loveliness of his character should perfume it with a choice aroma and the beauty of his life should give it force. Virtue means force, and a pure life will give moral momentum to the truth taught. A calm certitude of conviction without the arrogance of dogmatism should be the ideal of our faith. A positive faith united with a deep spirituality will move the world. There are secret splendors in the lives of the holy: the pure in heart see God. A new revelation is gained by bringing the truth to bear on our hearts and lives. If we would strike a note that will arouse conscience, quicken zeal, enkindle aspiration and light up the flash of the countenance of God, we must teach a theology that is experimental and practical with an authority guaranteed by its vivifying power over the higher elements of our own nature. Such, we trust, will be the spirit and content of the theology of the future.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

LOVE IS GOD.

Love is God—the King of Power,
The Soul of seed and stem and flower;
The force that sways the world as one,
And balances the stars and sun.
Love lingers in the azure blue,
And paints the rainbow tints as true;
Love, from the bosom of the rose,
A radiant mantle o'er her throws.
Love inspires the vernal breath
That rescues earth from winter's death;
He molds the perfect Crystal form
Of snowy flake in frigid storm.
He shapes the leaf, he builds the tree,
He is the soul of symmetry;
He thrills the cosmic atomy
With sway of conscious unity.
He comes from out the misty deep
To nestle in this heart of mine—
And through me all the raptures sweep
Of voiceless dreams that are divine!

REV. HENRY FRANK.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

IX.

(Concluded.)

“There is one thing that puzzles me,” said No. 33: “Why is it that Boston people find life so much more satisfactory than New Yorkers? Only one man in 25,000 kills himself if he lives in Boston. In New York one man in 7,200 commits suicide. Can you explain that?”

“No; suicide statistics are inexplicable. In Russia, the home of poverty and degradation, where they have but an excuse for a government, and where thousands upon thousands never have what an American would call ‘a good square meal’ from the beginning to the end of their lives, only one person in 49,000 commits suicide! While in Pennsylvania, where I used to live—and it’s a good State, too—there is a suicide in every 15,800. Three times as many!”

“That sounds as if what No. 128 has been saying is true—that folks are contrary, and the harder work it is to live the more they want to,” remarked No. 33, wearily.

“The ancients declared suicide cowardly,” continued the newcomer, who seemed happy to think he had found listeners. “The Epicureans said suicide was ‘death by the fear of death.’ Socrates declared, ‘We men are, as it were, on guard, and it does not become anyone to relieve himself from his station.’”

“Socrates knew a thing or two, if he *did* live when the world was younger. I wonder where he is now?”

“Epictetus took his time to say the same thing. I rather like his way of putting it: ‘Remember that you are an actor in a play of whatever part the Master of the company pleases; if He assigns you a short part, then of a short one; if a long, then of a long one; if He chooses you should personate a poor man, or a lame man, or a magistrate, or a private person, see that you perform your character

to the best of your power; since this is your business, to act well the character assigned you; but to choose it belongs to another.'"

"That was the old theory," observed No. 128. "We moderns are claiming that man chooses for himself—that he has the power to rise superior to both heredity and environment."

"Zoroaster has the whole thing in a nut-shell: 'It is forbidden to quit a post without the permission of the commander. Life is the post of man.' And we have all quit our posts without permission! And there is not one of us who has been here a month but would go back if he could. I see the Sailor coming with a new arrival. I'll go and help welcome him."

"Be thankful that you are spared the rest," said No. 33, as the last-comer passed out of hearing. "I am always tired, but he makes me more tired—and what must it be for you shades that have been over here a year or two?"

"I thought him quite interesting," remarked the New Ghost.

"He is—at first. But that string of quotations gets monotonous at the twentieth repetition. And he always drags them in! You have heard only about half of them. You will hear these again, and the other half, too, the next time he sees you. The fact that you have not been introduced will not help you any."

"What were they doing over at the library when you came away?" inquired No. 128 of No. 33.

"Oh, the philosophers and the scientists were up in Memorial Hall holding a discussion."

"Together?"

"No; the philosophers were at one end of the hall and the scientists at the other."

"What were they talking about?"

"The philosophers were discussing vortex-rings and the fourth dimension of space, and a new atomic theory. I listened awhile to see if they think we shades are occupying the fourth dimension of space, but I didn't find out."

"What did they say about atoms? When my father was a schoolboy an atom was a hard particle of matter, so small it couldn't be divided. He used to think of them as fine shot, too little to be

seen. When I studied about atoms they were nothing but centres of force, or centres of attraction. I wonder how the next generation will define an atom?"

"They were talking over there about atoms being vortex-rings. and vortex-rings seem to me to be very much like smoke—invisible smoke—but then I am not a philosopher! Then they talked about Dalton's atomic weights and Heckert's theory. Heckert thinks that instead of there being some 65 or 70 elements, as I learned in my chemistry, there are only seven elementary substances! For aught I know the next man they mentioned would claim there was only one—or none! It was more perplexing than waves, so I left."

"What did the scientists talk about?"

"Disease germs mostly, and laboratory experiments. One has been to Washington watching Professor Gates, and another has just returned from Menlo Park. But he didn't find Edison there. He was off watching one of his machines that he has recently invented to eat up mountains. They were even less interesting than the philosophers, so I didn't stay. The very thought of Edison tires me! A man living in a body who will go thirty-six hours without a wink of sleep doesn't appreciate his privileges. I can better understand the Methodist bishop who said that when he got to heaven he should put his head in his wife's lap and rest for a thousand years!"

"That bishop had travelled the world over, and exhausted his strength working for the good of others. It is no wonder that his idea of heaven was embodied in the word rest. I knew a chair-bound invalid whose home was a noisy railroad crossing. His idea of heaven was a place of perfect silence."

"I'm willing to hand him my share of silence. As for me, I'd be thankful for the vocal organs of a rooster. The inability to make a noise is one of the most exasperating features of Shadowland. I envy a small boy with a drum. If I could I'd join a brass band or run an engine—anything to make a noise! There comes the Experimenter."

"A beautiful day! I just met No. 206 and he told me there was a new arrival here."

"Yes," replied No. 128, giving the usual introduction.

"Have you seen the Sailor to-day?"

"No; he told me yesterday that he thought he would go to the coast and take passage on some battleship that is going to Cuba."

"I'd like to see him before he starts."

"Probably he has gone."

"And there is no way of reaching him?"

"No; can't even send him a message."

"If we could use the telegraph lines and telephones of the Visibles it would be a great convenience."

"It certainly would. In an emergency we realize our helplessness. If we had a chance to try life in bodies again, we would have a better appreciation of the privileges of flesh and blood."

"Very likely. But it seems to me that we are not making the best use of our opportunities as ghosts. There are so many things that we need to know. It may be possible for us to find a medium of communication with the Visibles, through thought-transference. The mere fact of our existence and power to think proves that thought is not a mere secretion of the brain, as some physiologists have taught. It must be a matter of vibrations."

"It certainly seems so."

"There are theorists who maintain that man is the creature of his imagination; that his power is limited only by his ignorance; and who insist that he is a part of the creative force, and can do what he will, as soon as he fully recognizes himself and knows his own power. If that be true, if ignorance is our only limitation, it is all that prevents us from communicating with our friends on earth, and doing a thousand other things that we all wish to do."

"It has always seemed to me that we could make our friends understand if we only knew how," said No. 128.

"As soon as I found myself a ghost, it seemed as if I might travel through space untrammelled. Why is it that we shades cannot go wherever we can send our thoughts? Why are we not able to follow our thought, though it be to the farthest limit of the visible universe?" asked the New Ghost, eagerly.

"Perhaps the visible universe has no limits. I find it as difficult

to conceive of a limited universe as some people do to conceive of an unlimited one."

"As to that, either conception is inconceivable. The mind of man is incapable of understanding how the universe can be either limited or unlimited."

"Trying to think of it is enough to drive a man, or a ghost either, distracted. Is there an insane asylum in Shadowland?" inquired No. 33.

"No; I suppose if there was we should all be in it. According to the well-to-do Visibles, anybody who commits suicide is crazy," answered No. 128.

"We ought to organize ourselves into sections for the study of the various departments of science. The Professor is up in Memorial Hall now, talking the matter over with the philosophers and scientists. We could do so much more toward enlarging the boundaries of knowledge if we would get together and form some definite plan of work. It will also help to relieve the monotony of Shadowland life and give those unhappy ghosts, who sit in the dumps all day because there is nothing worth doing, an incentive to work."

"But suppose we don't care to work?" inquired No. 33.

"If you don't care to you needn't until you do. You will get tired of doing nothing soon enough."

"I am tired of doing nothing now; but I am more tired of work."

"I believe I've heard of you! Are you the shade that came over because you were tired of having to get up and dress or be dressed every day?"

"Yes."

"And you sat out there on the lighthouse and watched the waves for a week without stirring?"

"Yes."

"How do you like Shadowland?"

"I'm tired of it. If I knew how, I'd go on and try the next world. I'd like to find a phase of existence that is not tiresome."

"Then there is your incentive to work! You will be experimenting with the best of us soon. You were an unfortunate victim of too much money while on earth, without an idea of the corresponding

duties connected with it. Never having learned the pleasure of doing something, you failed to learn—even by experience—that doing nothing is the hardest work in the universe! That leaves you entirely dependent upon your own intellect for amusement! Of course you are tired! Anybody would be! You are really working very hard. When you get tired of it and want something easier, come to me."

"What is your plan for work?" inquired No. 128.

"We thought we would call a sort of public meeting and get all the suggestions we could. A rough outline of the work we wish to accomplish would be something like this: the inventors, the astronomers, the chemists, and the laboratories should be watched. We want the earliest news of every important discovery in the physical world. We want a committee appointed to read all the important philosophical and scientific articles that come out in the magazines; also a committee to read the noteworthy books as they appear, and report on them. Any of you who have tried to read will know about how much work that will take. It is not as if we could pick up a book and sit down and turn the leaves and read it. We must wait until we can find some of the Visibles reading it. Then we ought to make a greater effort to find all the ghosts that come over. It must be inexpressibly lonely for those we do not find. They think they are the only ghosts and that somehow there has been a catch in the machinery of the universe and they have been dropped out, or left behind, or forgotten. Then we should try all manner of experiments to see how much we can learn of the laws which govern us—or whether we are indeed superior to the law."

"Who will appoint the committees?"

"Everybody will appoint himself. We will meet in a sort of a convention and talk over the work that needs doing, and each one will choose what he prefers to do. Our new friend here wants to climb the mountains of the moon. The lack of an atmosphere or of water will not disturb him in his present condition, and perhaps he may find a lake in some of those deep valleys. No. 201 wants to go to Mars. He is curious about the leaves and grass—wishes to know whether they really are red. They should get together and try experiments in regard to overcoming distance."

"I gave up going to the moon when we figured out that it would take me about a thousand years to walk there!"

"It is too far to walk. If we are ever to visit our planetary neighbors we must find a swifter mode of travel than that! I believe that ignorance of the laws that govern the universe is all that prevents us from visiting our nearest neighbor, the moon, or Mars, or in fact any planet. After we have learned how to travel through our own solar system I fail to see what is to prevent us from visiting the stars."

"Lack of time perhaps, the distances are so great."

"We must learn to overcome time and distance. One can think of Paris as quickly as of New York, although it is farther away. We must learn to travel with the speed of thought. I will go on and tell as many of the ghosts as I can of the convention. You all help to spread the news. If it is pleasant we will meet on the lake front. If not, in Memorial Hall."

Here for the present we will leave the ghosts, busily engaged in trying to solve their problems—which are also the problems of the race, the problems in which we all are interested.

But perhaps Shadowland may be visited again at some future time and the events occurring among the Invisibles be again chronicled.

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

There is a light in the spirit of man illuminating everything, and by which he may even perceive supernatural things.—*Paracelsus*.

When you have adapted your body to a frugal way of living, do not flatter yourself on that, nor if you drink only water, say, on every opportunity, *I drink only water*. And if you desire at any time to inure yourself to labor and endurance, do it to yourself and not unto the world.—*Epictetus*.

To look to others for the love and sympathy they cannot or *will* not give is to be miserable. The wise course is to try to do our duty, perfect ourselves, harmonize our thoughts, independent of the opinions of other people.—*W. R. Alger*.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

RIGHT LIVING.

What is right living? The answer to this vital question concerns every thoughtful person. Let us see if we can throw some light on the subject :

Ideas of right living are based upon right *thinking*. This is their foundation. Many people with the most earnest desire to do right fail to attain their object simply because they do not realize the power of thought. The general opinion of undeveloped minds is, that it does not matter what one *thinks*; action only is important. These fail to see that the act is always the result of the thought—that the thought must determine the act.

We speak of a "thoughtless act;" but there can be no such thing—it is impossible to act without thinking. The thought is there, but it is without depth, and lacks consideration by the undeveloped mind which was responsible for the "thoughtless" act.

Children should be taught to think only kind, gentle, truthful

and unselfish thoughts. They should be thoroughly imbued with the truth of the idea that every unkind thought hurts some one, and that every selfish thought hurts themselves, in obstructing the growth of the soul. The responsibilities of the parent would be very much lightened if he would educate himself to understand this—the true philosophy of right living.

No thought is unimportant. People are influencing each other all the time through thought action, and just as strongly even if not conscious of the influence. To realize the full meaning of this for the first time brings one almost to a breathless stop. But fear is unnecessary. Knowledge calms every agitation.

To effectually arrest the attention of a thoughtful mind is to help clear his path of obstructions and develop a power he dreams not of, to shape his life and that of others, into lines of Harmony, Peace, Purity, Truth, Love.

LOVE AND HATE.

Before a crystal gate Hate stood and knocked,
Demanding entrance; but he knocked in vain,
The radiant portal moved not at the blows
That fell upon it like an iron rain.

Its many prisms, full of dazzling light,
Flashed like bright gems beneath his smiting hand;
On golden hinges swung the shining door
That barred him from the sweet celestial land.
"T will yield in time, for I am strong," cried Hate,
Nor ceased his blows upon the crystal gate.

Long ages passed. On the unyielding door
The strong, persistent blows still fell apace,
Until by chance Love came, and, passing by,
Smiled gently up in Hate's forbidding face.

"What seek ye there beyond the gate?" Love asked.
"Heaven!" cried Hate, and dealt a hurtling blow
Upon the panel, raging in his wrath
That this one barrier withstood him so.

"You will not find it on the other side—
Here where I am is Heaven," Love replied.

EVA BEST.

FINDINGS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

LETTER I.

(Continued.)

You ask, "Why should I lead the passionless life?" And again, "Must I not be natural?"

I say, "Yes, be natural."

If the temperament is not fine—do not try to do violence to its instincts, unless the mind is uncommonly great. Such a temperament is clogging and does not often permit the finer development. That does not matter, except to delay progress. The great thing to be observed, is, to do the best that is possible, and spoil no ideals, no matter what happens. All normal action consists in establishing a high ideal through aspiration, and in keeping close to Universal Principle. No one is asked to do better than *his* best; but be natural. The gifts of perpetuation are only for the sake of perpetuation. Do not take a treasure to make a bauble.

The first law of fruit is on the plane of coarse matter; next, on the plane of mind. Next on the plane of Higher Life—of which I cannot tell you from any gift of conscious spiritual knowledge, but the principle must be the same, because the principles of the Universe penetrate *all* the phases and planes of the Universe. One kind of fruit excludes another. The desiring and aspiring nature informs the human being as to the kind of ideal he must live up to in order to be natural, or normal—which includes progression.

Now, no step of experience may be skipped, no plane may go undeveloped. But, we get experience through many lives. Many lives may even be lived in one life, through the method of absorption, and if there are great gifts and firm health.

All planes interfere with each other, yet harmonize in action. Pure intellectual action will not admit of muscular action at the same time; one will destroy the power of the other by spoiling the concentration, and both, or either of these actions, will exclude the spiritual action, or abstraction.

But to return to my illustration. Fruit is a law—a Universal fiat. There must be fruit. "The tree is known by its fruit." If it is barren, it is cut off and cast away. Why cumbereth it the ground?

Activity is a living Principle. Sometimes, with a pure and clean temperament, there is a remnant of some former life-passion idea. These thoughts must be displaced by firm, sweet images of a Higher Life, for this temperament is capable of great power for the use of mind. Mental fruit will be the right result. Anything short of the

best possibility is always sin. Deal with aspiring natures and let the mind rise on the current of this helpful thought. These powerful ascending currents were created by powerful emotions (or motions) which will elevate up to their level, if you will be carried. As you advance, life offers temptation at every hand. In weakness, avoid these; but in strength, satisfy your mind that you no longer attach yourself to matter—that you no longer desire that which belongs to the plane from which you are rising. Satisfaction is the last safe test of all thought that we cast off. Until there is perfect satisfaction, we do not cast off thought. Life develops by degrees.

Now, when the passionless life is achieved—the body and the mind become free in reciprocal action, and the body becomes a pure and responsive instrument, to be guided by a mere gesture of the mind. The mind is free, to go on—not being harassed by the instincts which before clogged its machinery. Such instincts as are needed, remain. In this condition of responsiveness the body is fine; and, like a precious violin, even the weather will damage it. At command of the mind it may even die, for the mind is its master.

The body requires, therefore, no asceticism, but great kindness and appreciation. There can be no great length of life left to such a body, for it has little to say and nothing to attract it to matter save its unfolding seed-life, or germ. It, also, admits of swift and easy work, great power and skill, and seems to permit a hundred lives in one. A curious fact about the responsive body, is, that while heavy and low vibration, such as of cannon, has powerful destructive effect, yet the finer vibrations of terrible lightning have no power to shatter the nerves.

Now, it is not alone the coarser physico-mental plane which must be worked out of, but also the finer plane of intellectual thoughts. The mental plane must also be worked out of, with satisfaction. Intellectual life is an absolute necessity. No one may be *consciously* spiritual, no matter how much he abstracts the mind—until he has developed his faculties. No step may be skipped. Nature goes by degrees. She is, also, inexorable; and the rational and universal mind is satisfied by her universal methods until these mental conditions are satisfied—they will not transcend; why should they?

Satisfaction is the final freedom. The soul is then released by the acts and conclusions of mind, its delicate instrument, and Being, or the *I*, is now ready to pass on to the realm of Spirit or to some different realm higher than thought, but which, to mortals, must translate in the terms of thought. But the bustling business of mind is, more or less, ended at the attainment of freedom of soul.

Life is freedom to live. We get what we desire. We incarnate

just as we desire; and it is because we are enterprising that we create pain. Pain is the Mender—the Healer, and shows the instant rupture from Truth. Pain, therefore, is good, in its way, to admonish the wanderer; for it is Nature's observation and it calls a halt. It belongs, as an accidental condition, to striving life—life that can be made conscious only as it feels a comparison of conditions. The *I* becomes conscious of the difference, by reason of its sensitiveness, and registers it through the creation of mind. Observation is the absorption of different conditions. Realization or Consciousness, is the result of comparison of these differences.

People are born with all varieties of equipment. Sometimes the faculties for comparison are naturally large, without the equivalent faculty for observation, sometimes the reverse. Mental culture rectifies this. Education is absolutely necessary in some form, for the facile use of the intellect. Some people come into the world to obtain food. Some are digesting, while others are assimilating, and others casting out error. Others live fast and do all three processes in easy space. But the growth demands new food and the winding progress, until Life completes itself.

I have aimed to reply to a few of your difficult questions, Dear Comrade, and here let us cry a "halt." "The spirit is, indeed, willing, but the flesh is weak." God be with you.

MARION HUNT.

Have you never met humble men and women who read little, who knew little, yet who had a certain fascination as of fineness lurking about them? Know them and you are likely to find them persons who have put so much thought and honesty and conscientious trying into their common work—it may be sweeping rooms, or planing boards, or painting walls—have put their ideals so long, so constantly, so lovingly, into that common work of theirs, that they are fine-fibred within, even if on the outside the rough bark clings.—*Wm. C. Gannett.*

Keep your hope in bad times. We have the same sun and sky and stars, the same duty, and the same helper.—*Dr. Goodell.*

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend a friend. Be discreet.—*The Talmud.*

Can you then declare to us in what manner you have taken thought for your soul? for it is not likely that a wise man like yourself, and one of repute in the state, would overlook the best thing he possesses, and use no diligence or design about it.—*Epictetus.*

NOT FOR OURSELVES.

I hear in whispers on the summer air,
 In murmurings from the leafy bowers of June,
 From Nature's happy voices everywhere,
 Uniting sweetest harmony and tune,
 A motto born of peace, not selfish strife,
 Engraved on human hearts and not on stone,
 A motto fashioning many a noble life—
 "I live for others, not myself alone."

The glory of the sunshine on the grass,
 The beauty of the newly opened rose,
 The humming of the honey-bees that pass,
 The nodding of the lowliest flower that grows,
 The merry songs of warblers in the tree,
 The snowy clouds that float in heaven's blue,
 These all are whispering to you and me—
 "Not for ourselves, but for the world, for you."

I know a life so beautiful and good,
 A richest blessing springs from its deep calm,
 Which reaches out to others' solitude,
 And sheds on other weary hearts a balm,
 A noble life, apart from selfish ways,
 And one that stretches out a helping hand,
 Speaks cheering words to brighten darksome days,
 And helps a weaker one to firmly stand.

Of many lives like this the world has need,
 There's room for busy workers everywhere.
 "Not for ourselves, for others," is the creed,
 The simple standard which we raise in air;
 The brotherhood of man our high ideal,
 For this we strive and trust that thus we may
 By helpful lives promote the common weal,
 Help make the morrow better than to-day.

CONSTANCE ENTWISTLE HOAR, in *New York Tribune*.

There is not at present one Christian minister who can do anything as Christ did. But if any one who is *not* a man-made minister comes and cures the sick by the power of Christ acting through him, they call him a sorcerer and a child of the devil, and are willing to burn him at the stake.—*Paracelsus*.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

Since going to press with our last issue the news that the war has come to an end—news so welcome to every lover of peaceful conditions—has spread over the land. Already the natural effect of the return of confidence is apparent in many ways, and we fully believe that an era of prosperity such as has not been realized for many years will follow this change of views and conditions. In our July–August number we announced the intention to issue the magazine for September and October as one number, but since the signing of the Peace Protocol we have decided to discount the advent of prosperity by returning *at once* to the regular monthly issue, which will not again be interrupted.

We intend that THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE shall continue to be the highest-class publication of its order in the world, and we have now in preparation many valuable features for enlarging its sphere of usefulness, which will conduce to its constant advancement in both literary and metaphysical affairs.

THE FAILURE OF MEDICAL MONOPOLY.

The attempt in Rhode Island to harry practitioners of Mental Medicine, Christian Scientists, and other healers after the manner of Jesus of Nazareth, has not been successful. A prosecution had been instituted against two of these offenders, and a conviction obtained. The matter was promptly appealed to the Superior Court, and the point distinctly made, which so many eminent jurists have all along insisted upon, that the medical law was unconstitutional. The case had come to trial, in June, and the Court reversed the action of the lower tribunal. It avoided the rendering of any opinion in regard to the constitutionality of the statute, but declared that the defendants

were not physicians within the provisions of the statute, and therefore were not liable to the penalties.

The State Board of Medical Examiners of Massachusetts met with a signal failure in their endeavor to procure a special act from the Legislature against non-medicating physicians. But to show their animus, they set about to prosecute and persecute under the statute as it exists. Ethel Hill Nye, of Boston, was haled before the Municipal Court of Boston and fined \$100. She promptly appealed to the Supreme Court. Charles S. Dennis, of Salem, was also sued. Perhaps it is old Boston and Salem witchcraft in a modern guise. As in 1692, so in 1898—much depends on the judges. It was Hathorne and Sewell then; but they repented and confessed, as did the witnesses. We shall soon know whether this history is to be repeated.

The accounts given in *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE* for May, 1898, of the recent attempt in Massachusetts to legislate for the punishment of any one practicing the healing art without a medical diploma and registration before a medical board, proved effective in defeating a similar movement in Louisiana. After the bill had passed both branches of the Legislature, a Senator who was a subscriber to *THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE* took his copy to the Governor and called his attention to the facts outlined by Professor William James, of Harvard University. After looking into the matter carefully the Governor promptly vetoed the bill.

The time for legislative enforcement of poison medication, and of prohibition of harmless methods of relief in which the individual has confidence, is rapidly passing away, and freedom in matters of health as well as in other affairs is becoming a feature of American life and liberty.

Even among Doctors of Medicine there are men manly enough to oppose the barbaric medical legislation for which mediocres are so hot. Dr. J. W. Lockhart, of St. John, Washington, has written vigorous protests for the *Medical Brief*, and prepared efforts for its repeal and for a Defense Fund to contest suits, even to the Supreme Court of the United States. Dr. A. M. Stein, of Palatka, Florida, responding to him, declares that a diploma is a contract which medical laws attempt to annul. He touches upon the mediocrities that make up Examining Boards. "The great evils of State Examining Boards," he declares, "are, that the men who are appointed as Examiners are the ones that

have the greatest pull, and that their knowledge of medicine is a secondary consideration."

True, every word! Physicians really superior are never ambitious to be on an Examining Board, and often refuse. They know the examination is a sham, and can never fairly test merit. The legislation was never contemplated for any worthy purpose, but only to impose restrictions upon others, right or wrong. It was so in 1832; it is so in 1898. It is fool legislation, at best.

Dr. Stein does not stop with criticism, but adds: "Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to see this question brought before the United States Supreme Court, and I, for one, am willing to contribute my share toward the expense; I trust others will take an interest in the matter."

It is acquiescence in despotic government that gives despots power.

The Eclectic State Association of Maine, at its annual meeting in May, was addressed by Dr. Thomas A. Bland on Medical Legislation. Dr. S. B. Munn, of Waterbury, Connecticut, added his testimony. The society voted unanimously to appoint an attorney, and to do its full share, in case of an arrest, to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

What we ask further is, that the contest shall not be that of one class of men to secure protection from the persecutions of another, but for the fullest freedom of opportunity for every one whom God and Nature have endowed with healing skill to put it forth honorably without let or hindrance.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.

In his "Sun Myths" Mr. Morris says that the Aryans lived on the highest elevation of Central Asia and worshiped the sun, whose power was manifested in rain, thunder, vegetation, production of animal life, and fertilization of the earth. They called him the Son of the Sky. About the 25th of December he passes through the constellation of Virgo or the Virgin. Three days before this he appears to have lost all his power, having reached the southernmost point, the constellation of Capricornus. This solar phenomenon was expressed in the popular language as the Son of Heaven, born of the Virgin and crucified for the welfare of mankind. For the sun, commencing the Aryan year in the winter solstice and directing his course northward, came out of the Virgin. All the time that he is north of the equator he is engaged in showering blessings on the earth. When he descends below

the line he begins to sink gradually till he reaches the winter solstice, which is, poetically, his death.

The sun is called Brahma from his productive power manifest in vegetable and animal life, Vishnu from his preservative power in sustaining life, and Mahesh from his destructive power in scorching rays, drying vegetation. As Vishnu he incarnates on the earth. Crishna is an incarnation of Vishnu. He was born about the 25th of December at midnight, when the Hindu year formerly commenced. When the Aryans multiplied they colonized different countries. Their legends, though substantially the same, gathered other events round them according to local circumstances. It is exemplified in the story of Crishna when it passed to the west. Mr. Morris shows how this story has been the basis of all the religions of the west and east. In the case of Christianity the story has many similarities to its Hindu version. A few likenesses may be here pointed out.

Kansa, the king of Mathura, being informed by a voice from heaven that the last son of his sister would kill him, confined her and her husband. All the sons of this unfortunate couple were put to death. In their prison Crishna was born at midnight. The fetters of his parents fell off. The prison doors opened miraculously. His father Vasudeva carried him in a basket to Brindaban to the west of Mathura to put him under the care of Nanda and his wife Yashoda. The river Jamna, which was in flood, gave him passage when touched by the feet of the child. Here he remained till about twelve and performed many miracles, such as crushing the head of a hydra with his heels in dance, lifting a mountain on his little finger, etc., described at length in Bhagwat. * * * He taught Vedant, that is, the identity of the Divine and the human mind. The latter part of his story says that when lying asleep under a tree he was shot in the leg with an arrow by a hunter, who imagined his shining legs to be the eyes of a deer.

Now, Christ was born at midnight, in a manger, when his parents were going to pay tribute to the king. His life was sought by King Herod, who slaughtered the children at Bethlehem. He was carried away to Egypt by his parents, where he remained till the king was dead. He then preached, "I am one with the father in heaven; I am the path"; and the like. He was killed by the Jews, on a cross, which was then a tree.

"Crishna" and "Christ" were both black. Though descended from royal houses, neither ever reigned. Both were vegetarians. Both believed in Vedant. Both rejected ceremonies.

Mr. Morris has tried to trace all the stories and miracles to the Puranas. It is a matter worth considering. The Englishmen call

themselves Aryan by race. Their religion, namely, Christianity, appears to be a western version of the incarnation of Crishna. Will not the sensible portion of the English people have it declared in England that the Hindu and the Christian religion are the same, and that they have come home to India like a prodigal son?

Some quotations here may prove useful to our readers. They are the confessions of the Englishmen.

"The first glimpse at ancient Egypt reveals Aryan descendants fishing in willow canoes." "Almost all that we have of legend comes to us from our Aryan forefathers—sometimes scarcely changed, sometimes so altered that the links between the old and the new have to be puzzled out; but all these myths and traditions, when we come to know the meaning of them, take us back to the time when the Aryans dwelt together in the highlands of Central Asia; and they all mean the same things—that is, the relation between the sun and the earth, the succession of day and night."

"The opinion that the Pagan religions were corruptions of the religion of the Old Testament, once supposed by men of high authority and great learning, is now as completely surrendered, as are the attempts of explaining Greek and Latin as the corruption of Hebrew."—Prof. Max Müller.

"From the time of Moses till the time of the prophet Hezekiah, a period of seven hundred years or more, the Hebrews were idolaters, as their records show." "They worshiped the bull Apis, a virgin mother and child, Baal, Moloch and Chemosh."

"The Hebrews began to abandon their gross idolatries only after their eastern captivity. Then also they began to collate the legends they had acquired, and write what they term history." "Genesis was not a revelation direct from God to the Hebrews."

As far as we can judge, Jesus himself did not assert that he was equal to, or a part of, the Supreme God.

St. Augustine says:

"The Christian religion really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in flesh, from whence the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called *Christian*; and this in our days is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received this name."—Opera Augustinea, vol. I., p. 12.

Ammonius Saccas taught that Christianity and Paganism, when rightly understood, differ in no essential points, but have a common origin, and are really one and the same religion.—Taylor Diegesis, p. 329.

Celsus, the Epicurean philosopher, wrote that the Christian religion contains nothing but what Christians hold in common with heathen; nothing new.—Justin, Apol. 2, Bellamy's trans., p. 49.

Differences between Hinduism and Christianity may be explained by the fact that the primitive Christian priests added to the old faith from the imagination so as to make it a new religion.

Gibbon says:

"The gravest of the ecclesiastical historians, Eusebius himself, indirectly

confesses that he has related what might redound to the glory, and that he has suppressed all that he could find to the disgrace, of religion."

Isaac de Casaubon, the great ecclesiastical scholar, says:

"It mightily affects me to see how many there were in the earliest times of the Church, who considered it as a capital exploit to lend to heavenly truth the help of their own inventions, in order that the new doctrine might be more easily received by the wise among the Gentiles. These officious lies, they were wont to say, were devised for a good end."

Faustus, writing to St. Augustine, says:

"Nothing distinguishes you from the Pagans, except that you hold your assemblies apart from them."

The Harbinger, India.

THE RECENT SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC AT GLOUCESTER.

[From the *Harbinger*.]

To the Editor:

SIR.—Referring to the able article on "Innoculation Fads," by Mr. Joseph Collinson, in the *Harbinger* of February 15th, no doubt many of your readers have heard of this epidemic, and how it was alleged by interested vaccination-mongers to have been caused by non-vaccination, and held up in the Press throughout the United Kingdom by anonymous panic-mongers as an object lesson and warning to anti-vaccinists. The absurdity of these dishonest tactics will be immediately seen by those who consider the real facts of the outbreak, and remember that very little is said by the Jennerites regarding well-vaccinated places like Sheffield, Willenhall, etc., that have suffered from smallpox epidemics, and that they make no mention of Leicester, that has repeatedly repelled outbreaks of this disease by isolation and sanitation without recourse to the filthy rite of vaccination.

Smallpox appeared in Gloucester in 1893 with three cases, all vaccinated; in 1894 there were seven cases, all vaccinated; in 1895 there were twenty-nine cases, twenty-two of whom were vaccinated and two of them revaccinated. It began again with the vaccinated on May 15, 1895, and six vaccinated persons were attacked with smallpox before one unvaccinated. The city outbreak began in the Barton district, which for years had been the dwelling place of various zymotic diseases, such as epidemics of measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. The epidemic of smallpox among the children commenced in February, 1896, at the Widdenstreet Infant School, where the sanitary conditions were in such a disgraceful state that it has cost £85 since to put them right. The first to be attacked was a vaccinated school-teacher. A doctor having mistaken a case of smallpox for measles, a child coming

from that house appears to have carried the infection. Smallpox then broke out in the St. Luke's Infant School, which was overcrowded the greater part of the year. All the public boys' and girls' schools at Gloucester have for years been overcrowded, lowering the vitality of the poor children and predisposing them to disease, and in 1894 the grant of £841 was withheld, owing to the want of accommodation, for the space of three months. When smallpox attacked these schools a hospital containing forty-eight beds, nearly all occupied, was all the authorities were provided with, and, although warned of the epidemic, they had made no other provision. The unfortunate children taken at night—some from their mothers' breasts—were crowded into this hospital, and placed two, three and four in a bed—and this under the plea of *isolation*. They were not washed, no oil was applied to their faces, nor antiseptic lotion to their eyes. Dr. Hadwen, who has been at infinite trouble to exhaustively investigate the epidemic and its causes, and in the main issues is corroborated by the secretary of the Jenner Society, F. T. Bond, M. D., says: "Nurses and patients have described to me the horrible sight which the bleeding faces of some of the little sufferers presented," their hands being unconfined. This is corroborated by Mr. J. T. Biggs, J. P., of Leicester, who, in a letter addressed to the citizens of Gloucester. wrote: "I could, had I wished, have said much more about the children in the hospital, some of whom, having their hands unmuffled, were literally tearing the scabs off their faces and staining the pillows and bedclothes with blood." There were two day-nurses and one night-nurse only, the former working sixteen hours at a stretch and the latter twelve hours. The miserable, neglected children died like "rotten sheep," of course, under such conditions. At last Dr. Brooke, of London, took charge, and a beneficial change took place. The patients now had warm baths, a matron and trained nurses, and the result of the doctor's enlightened treatment was that the mortality, which before his jurisdiction had been 54.51 per cent., fell to 8.92 per cent. Mr. Pickering treated over 200 cases outside the hospital by hydropathy, with an average death rate of 10 per cent. Captain Feilden, of Derby, treated 600 cases with medicated oil, with an average fatality rate of only 2 per cent., while the average hospital death-rate from first to last was 27.2 per cent. Out of 2,000 cases of smallpox no fewer than 1,228 had been vaccinated, and there were 114 vaccinated smallpox deaths officially recorded. There were 100 revaccinated cases of smallpox, fifty of whom had been revaccinated within from two to ten weeks previous to attack. There were in addition 200 cases in which the diseases, induced by vaccination and smallpox, ran their courses in one and the same in-

dividual, proving that there is no relation between cowpox and smallpox. No fewer than 9,000 unvaccinated children escaped infection, though living among so much smallpox. There are a number of other facts to show that vaccination had nothing to do with the decline of the epidemic that was mainly confined to the unsanitary portion of the city, with its manholes belching forth sewer gas, etc. But I must not trespass further on your valuable space. In my humble opinion the less the vaccination-mongers and their supporters say about Gloucester the better, especially as it has been stated in the Press, that, taking everything into consideration, that city, when vaccinated up to the hilt, had a far more deadly epidemic in 1872. Thanking you cordially for your courtesy, and in anticipation,

Yours faithfully, JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

42 Stibbington street, London, N. W., England, March 16, 1897.

THE COLOR OF A NAME.

In the December, 1897, number of *Intelligence* a very interesting article appeared, entitled, "The Number of a Name," upon reading which I was reminded of a peculiarity, or a power of my own, which I should be glad to have explained. I call it a "peculiarity," because I have *heard* of but one person who had the power. I cannot recall exactly how old I was when I discovered it, but probably I was about ten years of age. It became known to me in this way: My sister—who was nearly three years older than myself—and I were one day discussing the name of a certain baby, when I said, "I do not like it, it has such a faded yellow color." My sister looked up suddenly from her embroidery, and with a face expressive of surprise and amusement asked, "What?" To which I rather reluctantly repeated, "Why, it has such a faded yellow color." Whereupon my sister burst out laughing, saying, "Why, *names* do not have color!" I replied meekly, "They do to me; don't they to you?" She replied, "No, they are all black if anything"; and then began to ask me the color of every name she could think of, to which I immediately gave her not only every color, but every shade of color that presented itself to me. Being a very sensitive child, and my sister somewhat of a tease, she seemed afterward to take great pleasure in saying to every one in my presence, "Oh, do you know E. sees the names of people in color?" And I began to think by their expressions of surprise that it was a mark of weakness or a lack of some kind.

I think I never afterward spoke of it, except when my sister would ask the color of some name. But as the years went on she seemed to

forget it, and I must have tried to cultivate the habit of seeing names in "black," as she had said. At any rate, I had almost forgotten my "weakness," when one day after coming into the Mental Science thought, it suddenly came into my mind, and I found that it required a little effort to recall the color of a name, though I knew when I did that it was the *same* that came to me in my childhood. The power was only sleeping, and it was soon aroused again.

I mentioned the fact to my Mental Science teacher, who raised her eyebrows, and said, "That's significant," but did not explain the significance, which I should like to know.

It cannot be that the sound and color are connected in my mind, as names that have the pleasantest sound to me have not always the most agreeable color; nor has the color anything to do with my regard for any person who bears a certain name. True, many names commencing with the same letter, have the same, or a shade of the same color. Then, again, they may be quite different; for instance, James is a deep blue, while Julia is a deep green, and others are black. Many names appear white.

The letters of the alphabet, taken singly or together, appear to me simply as they look when printed. But the name of a person when thought of, seems to stand out in a certain color, as if printed in space directly before me. It surely, then, must be seen by my "mind's eye."

Names have form, sound, number, and why not color?"

E. S. WINSLOW.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ROAD TO IMMORTALITY. By Brother Paul. Paper, 75 pp.; price, 50 cents. Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, California.

DIE VIERTE DIMENSION. Von Dr. Leopold Pick. Preis M. 1. Verlag von Arwed Strauch in Leipzig.

INDISCRETIONEN, aus der Vierten Dimension. Antispiritistische Studie von Ernst Friedrichs. Preis 1.20 M. Verlag von Arwed Strauch in Leipzig.

ZODIACAL INFLUENCES. By Chas. H. Mackay. Paper, 26 pp. T. J. Gilmore, 88 West Jackson St., Chicago, Ill. Price, 30 cents.

EXCHANGES.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. \$2.75 per annum; 25 cents single copy. The Theosophical Publishing Co., 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE DAWN. Monthly. \$2.00 per annum. 44 Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

THE
METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 6.

THE DIFFERENT PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

Since the modern world of Speculative Philosophy was revolutionized by Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," in which it is shown that the physical senses can give us no absolutely correct information concerning the essential nature of things, but that the objective world we see is obliged to conform in appearance to certain conditions of perception existing *a priori* in the mind, the chief concern of Philosophy has centred around the problem of consciousness. We are not satisfied merely to ascertain *what* is in the world we see; but we want to know *why* it is there. What can we know of Absolute Reality? What relation do phenomena, appearances, bear to the essential nature of things, and why do they bear such relations? These are questions which have occupied the minds of the profoundest thinkers of the modern world. The doctrine, in its various forms of a Deeper Self, is the natural outcome of this introspective study.

Ask a superficial observer of life his definition of the term "self," and very likely he will be surprised to think that its meaning should be open to question from any one. It seems to him too obviously plain to call for a serious attempt at defining. Terms of such universal acceptance as "yourself," "myself," "itself," are commonly supposed to convey exact meanings, permanently established beyond a doubt; meanings which therefore admit of no question, which are unalterable, the same for all people. But terms are supposed to stand for real things, and each person has his own peculiar conception of the nature of Reality. Hence, no two persons use any given

term to designate precisely the same entity; the current popular thought determines for nearly all persons, within certain definite limits, the meaning they attach to any term. But, aside from this general agreement, each one must interpret in his own way the Reality for which the term stands.

For example, the thorough-going materialist supposes his very existence to depend on certain definite combinations of material forces, the proper relations of which are essential to consciousness, while the idealist conceives the visible form to be a manifestation of a transcendental, spiritual Ego, whose existence is independent of finite conditions. Certainly these two constructions represent a disagreement broad enough to lead one to pause and investigate the subject more fully, before assuming accurately and conclusively to define in clumsy figures of speech a Reality susceptible of such widely different interpretations.

Whenever we try to define Self, or even to form adequate intellectual conceptions concerning its nature, we find it enshrouded in the deepest mystery. It evades the grasp of our understanding; the more diligently we search for it, the further we seem from finding it. It is impossible for us to apprehend its nature objectively; we only know its meaning through subjective self-contemplation. It vanishes whenever we try to locate it, and we must seek it elsewhere. We recognize its presence as we do that of a star in the heavens, the orb of which we never see, simply seeing the effulgence it sheds forth. Indeed, in attempting to locate the faintest fixed stars visible to the naked eye, it is necessary to look aside from the exact positions they are known to occupy; for when we look directly at them, they become imperceptible. Quite as elusive is the Self in its inmost nature when we try to find it in an outer world. It is not "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" Therefore, we say, It must be *within*. What, then, do we mean by "within?"

Take for illustration a rosebud. Nothing could be easier to identify. We readily recognize it by external features of form, color, odor. But whence come those qualities by which we distinguish it from other objects? What of their ultimate source? At first we see only an outer envelope, the calyx. The visible outer form we asso-

ciate with the name "rosebud," then, is only that of the calyx. And if in turn we seek to know, in the same manner, what the calyx itself is, we are baffled in that also; for we see it outside alone. Then we strip off the calyx, and find numerous layers of petals; but neither are they, more than the calyx, the essence of the thing we call a rosebud. So we persevere until we come to the stamens and pistils; yet even those are not the rosebud itself. But nothing else is left. Where, then, is the inner life we imagine to exist there?

Throughout our search we have seen simply the *outer aspect* of something; and what is the "something"? No amount of analyzing brings us any nearer. Reality itself. Definition fails to acquaint us with it. Is its essential nature, therefore, unknowable? We search in vain for life within the bud. In fact we are foiled in every attempt to find an *absolute inside*. Whenever we dissect any object in search of the inside we conceive it to possess, we always discover more out-sides.

We recognize the outside of things by means of physical senses, but they never reveal an inside; yet we are just as positive that an inside does exist, as if it were visible to the eye. Clearly the idea of internality must be acquired from some different source. Inasmuch as an inside is never observed by the senses, the knowledge that it certainly does exist must be due to other methods of perception.

Here is the paradox of matter: We cannot conceive of an outside without an inside, yet its inside is never visible. Verily, we are bound to confess, *matter has no inside* corresponding in appearance to its outer aspect. Is it not indeed, then, the *external symbol* by which we recognize life; our *interpretation* of life as outward?

The more we study our objective world, the world we imagine to exist distinctly outside of us, the more we appropriate, build into our thought, ideas presented to us objectively, the larger our conception of life grows, and the more we realize of it inwardly, subjectively, and, conversely, the more we think, expand mentally, the larger and richer our outer world seems to grow.

We find such an intimate correspondence between these two worlds that it is at once evident that they sustain very intimate relations to each other, and that some underlying bond connects them.

The superficial thinker fancies that the world he sees as external, is independent of the one he perceives internally; but the moment his thought comes into a vital relation with the outer, he feels that the two are united. All separating distinctions disappear, and the two worlds are merged in one. Each one's outer world reflects his thought and images the self he knows inwardly. The self and its image are one, but one can only see one's self *outwardly* in the reflection. In the deeper sense, then, one perceives nothing entirely apart from one's self. The *Self* is all and in all.

As we continue to study our outer world, a world which at first seems independent of the self-life we know inwardly, it gradually comes to be included within this self-life. Its apparent variety and differentiation are unified in the life of one self; and that is, in the profoundest sense, our own. As our deeper thought goes out and comes in contact with a world of symbols, their aspect changes. As they are embraced in our thought, their significance is found to be internal rather than external. We can only recognize (re-cognize, *know again*) that which we have known, however remotely. Evidently this process may be continued indefinitely. As long as anything in our world appears to be severed from vital connection with our thought, we may continue to merge the external in the internal, to include the objective within the subjective, by enlarging our sphere of self-consciousness. In the last analysis then we know what is *real* through *self-consciousness*. The stronger and deeper this consciousness, the more we know of Reality; the weaker and shallower, the less we know of it. On the inferior planes of consciousness, the world seems essentially outer, excluded from our self-life, a gigantic mechanism, the motive power of which is blind force devoid of intelligence and lacking soulful qualities; and we feel impotent before those tremendously powerful external forces. But as we slowly awaken from the state of lethargy which furnishes the basis for such a conception of self and makes such a construction of life possible; as we assert our deeper selfhood and realize its fuller proportions, the sovereignty of things external begins straightway to diminish.

As the power of the inner waxes, the power of the outer wanes. The supremacy either of external or internal forces increases and

diminishes at a ratio inverse to the other. While spiritual faculties are dormant, our world seems dead; but when they awaken, it seems alive.

Visions sometimes appear in sleep, suggesting an estimate of selfhood far inferior to the lowest standard recognizable during waking moments. Our thought wanders aimlessly in feebly-defined, fantastic moods, picturing scenes in which we appear as puppets at the mercy of diabolical powers of evil and chaotic forces of a weird, indescribable character. In these eccentric dream-visions, and also in feebly-defined waking states, we assume no stable position, no central point of observation. Our standpoint is not long enough fixed to permit us to recognize any definite standard of selfhood by which to make comparison and so discover the values of impressions. Therefore, in these aimless thought-ramblings, we not only see things as entirely external, but often in the form of a passing phantasmagoria or evanescent, ghost-like panorama. Such experiences are generally the echoing and re-echoing, from all directions, of impressions received in more normal, more definitely-centred waking states, in which we recognize our selfhood more distinctly.

Impressions can assume an orderly significance only when centred in consciousness around the idea of self. Perfect self-consciousness implies perfect order and coherence; the total absence of self-consciousness, utter chaos. The self-idea is the magnet around which thoughts centre. Our world seems orderly and consistent just to the extent that we realize the true meaning of Self; so that its aspect indicates the evolutionary status of our thought, our attainment of self-consciousness. The outer spectacle of evolution is a projection, an extension in space, of an inner evolution of self-consciousness, self-revelation. When in some moment of conceit we fancy that we have attained to a standard which represents the full proportions of our selfhood, there arises before the mind the vision of a larger self embracing the former ideal.

Absolute Reality is the thought of the Supreme Being whose nature and consciousness we all share. "In Him we live and move and have our being." There is no life outside His Life, no thought outside His Thought. Every finite life lies within the Infinite embrace; every finite thought, within the compass of the Infinite

Mind. In our deeper nature we, who seem to be finite and mortal, are united with the Infinite One.

In the highest sense life is one, not many. As science declares the atoms, of which all bodies are formed, to be centres of activity in an infinite expanse of quivering ether, the pulsations of which we perceive outwardly as light, so all finite thoughts are immersed in, encompassed by, and formed from, the Infinite Thought. Consciousness is the light in which the soul sees. It is not a product, it does not arise out of finite conditions, but it is of the transcendental, eternal order. The view we obtain of our Deeper Self depends on the power of our vision to penetrate the dense thought-atmosphere in which it seems enveloped, and to discern Reality in the light of the Eternal Consciousness.

An electrician in the United States, another in Germany, and another in Australia, may study and experiment, each in his respective locality, with absolute certainty that his observations will be trustworthy and exactly coincide with those made by his fellow-investigators at other points, because all electric phenomena manifest one omnipresent force. The electric lights of New York, San Francisco and London manifest the same sort of energy, and all can be depended upon to disclose objects in the darkness with the same degree of certainty.

With equal assurance, every individual may rely upon the inner light to reveal Absolute Truth.

But, it may be argued, all do not see the same kind of world; there are many notions regarding what is real. Here again we find an apt illustration in the case of electrical illumination.

While the light shines very dimly, we see only a spectacle of forms and shadows, often grotesque and unreal. If the power of the light be increased, we shall see more clearly and shall then be aware that we have obtained a more correct idea of things; that their aspect is more *real*. If the light were steadily to increase until equivalent to broad daylight, we should know that what we had seen in the dimmer light was only a vague, imperfect suggestion of the real.

We may readily distinguish *four planes* of consciousness. Our world appears to be essentially *mechanical, physical, psychic, or spir-*

*it*ual, according to the quality of the observer's thought, the light in which he sees it. This discrepancy arises from the manner in which we interpret the thought of the Supreme Being, which is Absolute Reality.

On the lowest plane of consciousness the world seems to be a mere mechanism. Its activities appear in the guise of blind, brute forces, and its substance, of dead matter. Wind plays havoc, fire consumes, frost blights, storms rage, lightning, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions spread desolation and destruction over the face of nature, and ultimately even the worlds end in catastrophe or dissolution.

Nature seems to be a combination of unchecked, ungoverned, blind forces, prone to run wild and to accomplish disastrous results. This purely *mechanical*, merely phenomenal world, this world of entirely non-intelligent, mechanical forces and utterly lifeless bodies distributed haphazard through space, appears real as long as one interprets Being in mechanical terms of expression, *i. e.*, perceives mechanically. While such elementary thinking persists, this type of world remains in evidence and is endowed with omnipotence. This interpretation of the real essence of things, as outside one's self, exterior, changeable, non-purposive, suggests the incoherent vision of a dreamer beginning to exhibit the first signs of awakening to consciousness.

But, as self-consciousness deepens, the aspect of things changes. What at first appeared to be dead matter, assumes vital properties. The only knowledge the infant has of himself pertains to his body, which he looks upon as a collection of mechanical pieces on a par with his toys; in fact, at the very outset, he does not even consider that these bodily organs belong to himself at all. But, as his conception of things enlarges, he begins to treat his body as something physical and vital, instead of a lifeless mechanism. From hammering his feet with his rattle or blocks, and thumping his head against the hard floor, he comes to regard their interests and welfare as identical with his own, and to treat them not alone as possessions, but as organic parts of himself. Later, although still regarding his nature as essentially of the bodily order, it is as living, growing, developing

body, the operations of which certain influences tend to retard, others to accelerate. He discovers functional activities associated with the various organs, operations not governed by caprice, for the most part orderly, yet subject to a limited amount of restraint and modification. Instances of arrested development are common, in which the most rudimentary conceptions are retained in later years; conceptions of the world as essentially blind, capricious, hard, mechanical. But when the evolution of thought proceeds normally and uninterruptedly, the world gradually takes on a more vital character. It seems more than mechanical, more than capricious.

Science teaches that so-called material bodies consist of minute atoms or centres of force; that atoms in the hardest bodies, such as flint or diamond, are not contiguous, but so widely distributed that the interspaces exceed by hundreds of times the spaces occupied by the atoms in their bulk. So that, were it possible to construct a magnifying glass of sufficient power, we would see the diamond as possibly no more solid than a thick cloud of dust. Atoms are not stationary, but exceedingly active, displaying a variety of motive tendencies. Under certain conditions they form groups or atomic families, molecules, which are ever ready to yield to the superior, intelligently directed adjustment and formative power of higher organic influences. Lord Kelvin has estimated that, were a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, each of its molecules would appear the size of a pea; also that the quantity of such molecules contained in a cubic inch of the earth's atmosphere, under ordinary conditions of humidity, would be expressed by the number 10 raised to the twenty-third power. So intensely active are those molecules while in the atmosphere, that Maxwell calculated that each one must experience about eight hundred billion collisions in a single second.

Again, on a vaster scale, worlds are organized into solar systems, and solar systems into still more stupendous groups. And all this magnificent exhibit of exterior forms, great and small, declares one Supreme Law.

What, then, becomes of our world of dead matter and blind forces? Is it not already reduced, by thought, to one of intelligence and vital energy? Whatever notions or beliefs thought creates, it can dispel.

Whatever we *think into* existence, we can *think out* of existence. The mechanical conception of the world, being a creation of finite thought, must give place to higher ones and vanish like mist before the sun's rays, when the more powerful light and heat of a deeper consciousness appear; it is only a vague, shadowy world revealed in the dim twilight of consciousness.

Birth and death have their places in this physical interpretation. Life appears as an orderly, organic process, passing in panoramic review before the mind. Such a world is still essentially an outer display, an exterior; but it is outer growth, outer order, outer evolution. It *appears* real as long as one interprets Being in physical terms of expression. While this quality of thinking persists, the *physical* type of world remains in evidence. This interpretation corresponds to the half-waking vision of a dreamer beginning to be dimly aware of the self-idea. Infinitely numerous selves, external, and so unknowable as to their essential nature, appear in this dream. But, withal, a certain tendency toward unity and coherence of expression is evident throughout their activities. While the self appears as many, the many are nevertheless united by the thread of LAW which runs through all series and groups of phenomena, joining the entire cosmos in one bond. The world so understood may be said not to exclude, but rather to include, the elementary world of the mechanical plane, for the distinctive characteristic of the former crude conception is lost in the superiority of the latter. It is not destroyed but fulfilled, filled out with richer meaning.

Physical order and evolution do not account for all known phenomena. Recognition of subtle powers of thought, a mental atmosphere all-pervasive as the ether of the physical conception, forces that seem to stimulate and control vital processes and regulate expression on the physical plane, marks a conception superior to the physical. One finds that one may communicate with friends who, according to the testimony of the physical senses, are hundreds of miles away. One may feel another's presence, regardless of limitations pertaining on the inferior planes. One's thought may so dominate another's as to determine how he shall see, think, act. The extensive idea of space does not properly enter into this conception

of the world as psychic; extension is left out of reckoning. The conception of *outwardly* related atomic, molecular and organic centres of force is exchanged for one in which are *inwardly* related centres of psychic energy, separable and distinguishable not by *distance*, but by *ideal affinities*; they are conceived to be intensive, not extensive; interiors, not exteriors. Quality takes the place of quantity in estimating their values. The essence of things appears no longer as "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" for it is inward. This *psychic* world, essentially of internal instead of external importance, *seems* real as long as one interprets Being in psychic terms of expression. It is a world of inner forces; of sensation, desire, sentiment, emotion, volition, thought. This interpretation suggests the stage of awakening at which a dreamer passes from a subconscious to a partially self-conscious state, beginning to be aware of his own selfhood, and associating a certain degree or power with it; therefore he is conscious of realizing personal ends. His thoughts and purposes are in a measure self-defined, self-determined. He recognizes himself as creator and builder of a world of his own. He is able, in a considerable degree, to choose his experience, regulate his emotions, control and direct his thoughts, and realize his ideals. He is no longer a part of the machinery of his world, but, in a sense, its engineer. He is reasonably free, within certain limits. He may so order forces that his undertakings will be crowned with success, he may defy pain or disease, and largely determine the attitude of his fellows toward himself; in fact, he enjoys a kind of charmed existence as compared with things seen on the lower planes.

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

(*To be continued.*)

My daily task, whatever it be, that is what mainly educates me, . . . Yet, fool that I am, this pressure of my daily task is the very thing that I so growl at as my "Drudgery."—*Wm. C. Gannett*.

Let us build altars to the blessed unity which holds nature and soul in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve an universal end.
—*Emerson*.

IS GRAVITY IMMUTABLE?

In an article in *Intelligence* for March I find the following statement:

In causing a brass globe to rise in an exhausted receiver by the sounding of a musical tone, which is the globe's keynote, Mr. Keeley explains that the vibrations interfere with or make void the earth's magnetic currents, thus overcoming the earth's gravity.

Mr. Keeley's wonderful result appears to be here mentioned as a fact, but the writer continues:—

This latter cannot certainly be overcome, being a universal law of nature which nothing can nullify or render powerless, nor can even an iota be detracted from its force.

This gives an unqualified negative to the fact that appears to have been, in the first sentence, admitted. If not admitted, the question becomes one of fact, rather than of theory. For, let us once be assured of Mr. Keeley's fact, and that becomes an adamant wall against which every opposing hypothesis must shatter, no matter how dogmatically or forcibly put. If a vibration can be set up in a brass globe, or in any other material, that will cause it to rise, unsupported, all denial must there end. Whether this result was obtained by Mr. Keeley or not, we surely know too little about the occult force we call gravity to assume any very positive or sweeping theories of it. Its manifestations are like the poor—they are always with us. Experimental science has revealed some of its laws, but of the power behind the manifestations we know absolutely nothing. Are we, then, prepared to deny that the action of this mysterious force can be modified or controlled? We have in the electro-magnet a force just as mysterious; limited in the materials of its affinity, but vastly more intense in its power of attraction than the earth. Yet this wonderful force is wholly and easily controlled. Let us then learn something of the esoteric nature of the earth's attraction before we indulge too freely in dogmatic theories. There are many facts that will be more readily explained if we assume that another mysterious principle, which we call "life," may sometimes be able to modify the force of gravity. Almost all life appears to possess some ability to

move against the current of the earth's attraction. Trees and vegetables grow upward. Do they surely follow the line of greatest resistance rather than that of least? The spider spins his web across chasms to points that no rule of philosophy will permit him to reach. All feats of levitation, said to be common in the Orient; the old trick of "buzzing-up," where four persons toss up a fifth, upon the tips of their fingers, more as an act of will than of strength; many athletic feats, and perhaps feats of strength, appear to point to the same solution.

But perhaps none of these things will be admitted as proving the possible control of the earth's attraction. Mr. Keeley's most convincing achievement, even though it be substantiated, may not be fully accepted as proof. But it must not be, for a moment, thought that the evidence will close here. No, there is another class of facts with which all are, or may be, familiar. These are facts which need not be handled tenderly; they will not break or tarnish. They will grow stronger and brighter as the test is made more severe. It is in the flight of birds, bats and insects that these facts stand out with greatest prominence.

Of the flight of birds of the sailing varieties we have not a shadow of the rationale if we deny their power over gravity. Birds like the albatross, the vulture, the crane, maintain a continuous flight, often for many hours, without a perceptible movement of the wings. This is a common method of flight, even for birds weighing twenty pounds or more; but this is not possible under any known law of dynamics. Not only is there no law on which to hang a theory of its possibility, but well-established laws demonstrate its utter impossibility. And yet the fact confronts us with a brazen audacity that will not down, nor budge, at the bidding of our philosophy.

Before we can construct a theory that will harmonize the facts of aerial flight with the known laws of physics, we are compelled to confess that easy-flying birds must have almost complete control of their own gravity. This subject has not, however, yet received the careful study that its importance deserves. So it may be well to suspend judgment until investigation is pushed farther.

Man has, in perhaps all ages, coveted the power of flight. From

early days we have fables of its sometime attainment. In modern times men have given much thought and labor in an effort to navigate the air. But all efforts to construct flying-machines have been made under the theory that the flight of birds is wholly mechanical. The sailing bird has not been taken as a model. So clearly impossible, to the mechanical mind, is flight on motionless wings, that few attempts have been made on that line. But many dreamers, as well as men of more or less scientific attainments, have turned hopefully to the other method. These have taken the rapid wing of the humming-bird and the pigeon, or the strong strokes of the migratory goose, as their model. Others have rejected all methods of living flight and have constructed revolving wings. But all alike have failed. The clouds have furnished the only successful model. The balloon is the only device that has ever carried man long above the earth. And it is safe to say that the more we know of the efforts that have been made to construct flying-machines, and the better we understand the laws of mechanics, the more easily will we understand the complete and *necessary failure* of all such devices. The sooner investigators turn their search-lights toward the occult principle that enables the albatross to maintain his tireless flight, the sooner the goal will be reached, or the pursuit will be abandoned.

From the time of Borelli down to our own day the world has never been without men who were giving the best of their lives in an effort to win for mankind the power of flight. The impracticability of the balloon is very generally admitted; but the mechanical flying-machine is by no means abandoned. It never will be abandoned while men are taught that the flying of birds is purely mechanical; that they support their entire weight by beating with their wings upon the air; and that no more power is required for mechanical flight than the bird can easily furnish. Just so long as the fight is continued on this line, just so long will the art of flying remain practically where Borelli left it in 1670.

If we were wholly ignorant of all laws of dynamics, if we had no exact knowledge of the elasticity and lightness of the air, and no rules for determining the power required to sustain mechanical flight, experience alone should long ago have dispelled the delusion. The

experiments of Mr. Stringfellow, thirty years ago, most fully proved the utter impracticability of any mechanical flying device. This gentleman constructed what was called a successful flying model, in 1847. In 1868 he built a new one, which was shown at the exhibition of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, held at the Crystal Palace, London, in that year. His knowledge of the subject was thorough; his skill as a constructor, marvelous; and his machine a model of perfection. It was wonderfully light and compact, and he received the \$500 prize of the society for the engine, which the report says "was the lightest and most powerful ever built."

Here was a machine as perfect as human skill could make. It greatly surpassed the bird in the proportion of motive power, as its engine developed one-third of a horse-power, while the weight was but twelve pounds. This is a motive power more than the combined strength of two strong men, and is perhaps twenty times the strength of a twelve-pound bird. Yet this machine failed; *failed utterly for want of power*. Nor do we know any law of mechanics or pneumatics that can give us the slightest hope of better results. The buoyancy of the air is so small that it hardly enters at all, as a factor, into calculation. Its elasticity is so great that no hold can be obtained on it except by a very rapid movement. In such an element the motive power required to operate an automatic machine is out of all proportion to our available power and strength of materials. If we could greatly increase the proportion of wing surface the requisite power would be less; but the machine would become too frail to hold itself together. Perhaps one foot of wing to each pound is as large a proportion as could well be used. With this proportion the power required to support a twelve-pound machine would be 15,000 foot-pounds per minute—almost half a horse-power. This is more than the working force of three strong men. It is just the amount of force that a man, weighing 150 pounds, would exert in running up a flight of stairs to a height of 100 feet in one minute.

In obtaining these figures we do not need to trouble ourselves about what is the best device to use, but only to determine the limitations of the perfect machine. This we can easily do. Experimental science has ascertained the data and made the problem very simple.

We find that when the wind is moving at the rate of ten miles an hour, it impinges against a plane set perpendicular to its course, with a pressure equal to half a pound per square foot. We find also that the pressure increases as the square of the velocity of the wind; and that the effect is the same, whether the air is driven against the plane or the plane against the air.

We have here the rule, and a few figures will show that for one square foot of wing to obtain an atmospheric support equal to a pound, it must be thrust downward with a constant velocity of 1,250 feet per minute. The measure of motive power required to make this thrust is the sum of the velocity and the resistance. And for a machine, or a bird, weighing twelve pounds, to support itself in air, by the mechanical action of twelve feet of wings, it must develop $1,250 \times 12 = 15,000$ F. P., as above stated.

This is the measure of force that scientists tell us the wild goose expends in every minute of its long day's flight. It is too much for the combined strength of three men; but the goose, with only one-twelfth part of the weight of one man, is supposed to perform it as a mere pastime! And still, we have not here a full statement. The figures given represent only sufficient power to hold twelve pounds poised in air. They allow nothing for loss of power nor for power expended in horizontal flight. At least twenty-five per cent. must be added to make the machine compete with the bird. Verily, there is no mystery about the failure of Mr. Stringfellow's splendid machine! Indeed, it appears impossible to accept the mechanical theory as an approach to a solution of the question of the flight of birds. Yet this is the point to which we are driven when we deny their control of gravity.

This may appear discouraging, but it is the best that is attainable in the present state of human knowledge. The fact of aerial flight still remains. Birds do fly, and fly with ease; but their flight must be to only a small extent mechanical. They hold a secret most profound; have held it long, but it may yet be revealed. The expiring century has revealed many secrets before unknown to man—perhaps unknown to angels too. The coming century is likely to reveal many more; this one may be among its first. Mr. Keeley's experiments

have, at least, raised a presumption that the earth's firm grasp on all things material may be relaxed through a channel differing from that of the will-power of animal organisms. And we perhaps know, to-day, as much of this dark mystery as Sir Isaac Newton knew of electricity, or even of steam, when he was considered the wisest man of modern times.

But there is another, a higher, aspect to this question, which we shall do well to ponder. There is in the human mind, or soul, an impression, very deep and strong, that all of nature's laws are embraced in one universal, intelligent design; and that all must be subservient to this great principle, so as to accomplish by the best method, whatever is purposed. Whether this impression has been evolved out of human experience, or is intuitive in the life of the soul, need not be here discussed. It is enough that this impression exists; that it has existed from remote ages; and that it is now, perhaps, the central thought of our civilization. At any rate this impression, or belief, is so well established that to doubt it is regarded, by many, as sinful; by some, as blasphemous. Accepting, then, this impression as a great truth, does it not follow that whenever the attraction of the earth interferes with any part of the great design, that attraction must yield? No fact is more abundantly proved than that a part of this design is the aerial flight of a large proportion of the earth's inhabitants. With a control of gravity this becomes as easy as walking on a level surface. Without such control, the power expended in flight must be twenty-seven times as great as that used in walking. Is it not irreverent, then, to impute to the Supreme Intelligence such a monstrous blunder?

E. S. WICKLIN.

What Heredity has to do for us is determined outside ourselves. No man can select his own parents, but every man to some extent can choose his own Environment. His relation to it, however largely determined by Heredity in the first instance, is always open to alteration, and so great is his control over Environment, and so radical its influence over him, that he can so direct it as either to undo, modify, perpetuate or intensify the earlier hereditary influences within certain limits.—*Henry Drummond.*

THE PASSING OF DOGMA.

The dawn of a new Era is at hand. The mind of man is disen-thraled. The dense ignorance which once enclosed him, like the gloom of primeval forests, is scattered by the shafts of light which penetrate it. Knowledge is now the compass men seek to guide them across the sea of discovery. Faith is not the needle men now trust to guide them where Reason refuses to follow. Authority resides no longer in a creed, a revelation or a priest.

The rational man submits to but one authority—the Truth. His only revelation is the universe, interpreted in the terms of his enlightened soul. His faith is a postulate of science resting upon experience and prophesying still other undiscovered experiences. The fear of Hell ceases to be a torture—having vanished like the illusions of a grewsome nightmare. The priest, standing in the place of eternal truth, can no more rescue a soul from damnation by intercessory prayer, nor can a crucified Savior, by a voluntary vicariousness, satisfy the demands of infinite justice and by the shedding of his blood cause the remission of the sins of mankind. Those myths of theology have passed away with the Olympian dreams of the ancient gods.

But having cast away the myths of olden times the enlightened soul has found substantial substitutes which have more than satisfied the heart, while not failing to fulfil the severest demands of Reason. The rational soul demands the truth. Error can never be a lasting comfort. For a time its illusions may seem to please the uneducated senses or bring a feeling of ease to the passive heart. But when at last the Pandora Box of mystery is opened to the searching mind the shock of pain is more intense than even the delusions of bliss which once entranced the soul.

Truth is the eternal principle of the universe. Without truth there were no universe. Truth is the comprehension of reality. It is the coincidence of the idea with the fact. It is the demonstration to our consciousness that whatever is represented to the mind as a subjective state finds its exact counterpart in the objective world; that

subjective and objective perceptions are both mental states—abstractions; that such abstractions must be coincident, the subjective finding its exact realization in the objective, that truth may be demonstrated. Truth is therefore the realization of the universe. As I have said, without truth there were no universe. For, unless there were the exact coincidence of the subjective and the objective mental states, man would find himself in a world of chaos, much as the insane subject who revels in unrealizable dreams and ever wanders in search of that which is an actuality to him but can never be complemented in the common experience of the race.

Truth is the demonstration of unity. To understand the unit is to comprehend the all. The unit is the key. This key alone unlocks the universe of knowledge. The unity of the universe is the watchword of the new reformation, the touchstone of the new revelation. If the universe is a unit then all knowledge must be correlated. Reality cannot be contradictory; what is truth to the human consciousness must be truth wherever similar experiences are known. What is truth to man must be truth to all existing sentient beings. That which is truth to man must be truth to God. The universe is one. Humanity is one. The heart of man is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Human experiences move in a circle. The dead past—a thousand years submerged—returns, the child of the new-born day, new born but not new created. Like the myth of the Jormungandr, the mid-earth or mid-sea serpent, with his tail in his mouth and that continually growing into his body, the human kind has ever been growing in upon itself, ever self-revealing and re-revealing age unto age and experience unto experience.

Thus truly as the prophet hath sung, "There is no new thing under the sun." No invention in this mercurial age but what has its counterpart in the remote triumphs of antiquity. There is not a discovered datum of science, not an invention, not a practical triumph in the arts but proves to be a reawakening of the all-wisdom of that far-off mysterious past. We have a Darwin who has with the analytical clearness of the modern practical mind stated the doctrine of evolution and descent. But the world of ancient myths swarmed with mystical conceptions in exposition of the identical teaching of

the moderns, who have only more clearly set forth what the less analytical minds of antiquity engrossed in the imagery of poetry and song. Who shall say that our philosophy has gone one whit beyond Plato and Aristotle, notwithstanding our Kants and Descartes? A Brooklyn bridge is indeed a marvel of scientific invention, but there are more wonders in the lost arts of antiquity than can be equalled by modern achievement.

All thought is old. Every discovery is but the restoration of a broken memory-image, which has long lain dormant in the mind of the race. All inspiration is ancient: the bibles of the world are all one and almost read like mutual imitations. Religion is coeval with the birth of thought and consciousness. All religions are alike. The Christian church is nothing new.

Christianity is as old as man. The truths which have been from all time inherent in the bosom of the Eternal have by slow processes percolated through the human mind. It is, of course, not intended here to insinuate that historical Christianity has been coexistent with man. That were a palpable untruth. But the principles, precepts, ideals and inspirations which emanated from the career of Jesus and triumphed over the world, are the same as the wisest of all ages have ever inculcated. However, it is true that through the perverseness of the human heart and the blindness of human reason, these truths for long ages had been forgotten, yea, had relapsed into oblivion, until revived in the age of Jesus.

But religions, like all else human, like systems of philosophy and of government, like the monuments of genius and the glories of civilization, have risen but to "blaze and pass away." Religions, like nations and the race, are born but to die. This sad fact is as true of Christianity as of all else human and earthly. Though great and noble institutions have been founded in the name of exalted ideals, which have for a limited period gloriously flourished, nevertheless, these very institutions have in the course of time become the instrumentalities which have themselves demolished and obliterated the ideals for which they once stood.

Thus the Church of Jesus Christ, whose cornerstone was the Sermon on the Mount, the keystone of whose loftiest arch was the

last injunction of Jesus, "Love ye one another," becomes in time the arsenal from which fierce contestants seize their weapons that the earth may flow with human blood and the Shekinah of Truth be buried in the battle smoke of ages! The church, whose arms of purity should have uplifted, as did its Founder, the gloomy hearts of men above the deadly miasmas of falsehood and deceit, of shame and self-confusion, became, alas! but an overshadowing incubus of horror, whose imperious impudence drove mankind deeper into the slimy bed of spiritual darkness.

Although these statements are but the reiterations of the common-places of history, the curious fact remains for us to comprehend, that though the institutional church sank to such infamous depths of corruption, political intrigue and social deformity, nevertheless the revolutions of time have not yet razed her foundations; she still lives despite the reactions of popular disgust and resentful exasperation. It was the charm of Voltaire's boast which so conquered the dilettant learning of his day, when he exclaimed "They say it took twelve men to establish the Christian religion, but I am eager to show them that it takes only one man to destroy it." Nevertheless Voltaire is silenced and the church still thunders.

How shall we explain this curious fact? The answer is simple. The church is not yet overthrown because despite her moral malformations and corroding infamies, her masking in the name of truth and smirching heaven's livery in the name of Jesus, nevertheless her foundations rest on eternal principles, incontrovertible and all-conquering, which must ever reassert themselves and become the presiding divinities of Christendom.

Despite the distortions of truth which the church has foisted on purblind humanity, it nevertheless remains a fact of history that she is the living offspring of a Founder whose life, as pictured in sacred literature, breathed forth an atmosphere of unexampled purity and sublimed, by its spiritual emanations, the lives of most of those who were encompassed by its influence.

But some may challenge this statement; may interpose that the historical verity of Jesus Christ is not sufficiently certain for such a positive assertion as I have made.

Be he what he may, fact or fiction, a character or a myth, historically construed; nevertheless, who shall deny that, morally, interpreted from the point of social progress and human advancement, the story of this life is the most momentous and important in all history? It is folly and waste of time to contend for the historical verity of Jesus. A greater verity confronts us: a social certitude, a moral emphasis. I refer to those influences, age-pervading and irresistible, which have emanated from that mysterious or mystic personage; to the ideas and principles, the ideals and aspirations which have become the heritage of mankind through the matchless message of the Gospels. All honest students of history are forced to agree with the sceptic Rousseau, when he says: "I have told you many times over, nobody in the world respects the Gospel more than I; it is, to my taste, the most sublime of all books; when all others tire me I take it up again with always new pleasure; and when all human consolations have failed me, I have never sought those which it gives in vain." (Letter to M. Vernes of Geneva, March 25th, 1758, referred to in Cairn's "Unbelief in the 18th Century.")

But perhaps Rousseau goes to too great length when he argues from the internal beauties of the Gospels that they must have had a divine origin. What matters it whether they be infallibly inspired or not? whether they speak the actual events of history or not? say what you will, they sing the song of universal experience—realized or potential—which they incorporate and portray in an ideal life, so cosmopolitan, so comprehensive, so universal, it towers far above the plane of humanity and moves among the stars.

The story of the ideal life which the Gospels depict may not be historically true of any one personage who may have existed on this planet; nevertheless, it is a true story, for it portrays human life—its experiences and its solemn possibilities; and every human character which has been patterned after that ideal has certainly and safely found the narrow path that leads to eternal realization. This is enough. We need no more.

Destroy the Jesus of history—you cannot destroy the Jesus of experience! Obliterate the fact—you cannot obliterate the ideal! Jesus the man may be forgotten in ages yet to be. The Gospels may

be unknown to the Martians who ages hence may visit this planet, but Jesus, the moral fact, can never be forgotten. The gospel records, cast in the similitude of universal human experience, which they mystically gathered as a halo around the head of only one individual, these—as expressions of human life and aspiration—can never be forgotten or blotted out of human history.

In order to present this fact more clearly, namely, that the moral fact of Jesus has pervaded all history notwithstanding the innumerable misconceptions of him entertained by men, I will refer to some illustrations. And first of art.

HENRY FRANK.

(To be continued.)

PERTINENT TRUTHS.

True worship is a venerating of the Right. There can be nothing really learned, nothing really known, of the superior truth, except the knowledge be reverently sought and entertained.

The demand of the age is for liberty and opportunity. Except we have these in the exercise of the Healing Art, there will be but its degradation. No more a profession, it becomes a mere trade. Indeed, so little is the confidence of medical practitioners in their own skill that they prefer the deadly risks of operative surgery to their own efforts.

Every profession is in arms to prevent young men from entering it. The skilled vocations are organized for this end, yet the newspapers decry the strikes and excesses of the unskilled and ignorant. Men are castigated for not working, and then are almost forcibly shut out from all kinds of profitable industry. The very children are born trespassers encumbering the ground. Verily, these things ought not so to be; and it behooves those who suffer to take the proper remedy 'nto their own hands and apply it resolutely.

Religions have subordinated moral obligation to the idea of salvation of the individual. Comte, on the other hand, based his system upon the concept of the duty of man to his fellow-man. The error of this is that it would replace God by Humanity. It is a Buddhism. It subordinates man's personal to his social instincts. The true thinker will look beyond, not neglecting anything, but aspiring to the knowledge of a superior truth.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

THE NEW RENAISSANCE, PLATONISM AND "BEING."

(XXVIII.)

It has been stated in the former papers of this series, that the whole philosophical development of mankind repeats itself in a diminutive form in each individual. The development described has thus far reached the early stages of manhood, and Socrates is the universal representative of it. We saw him in the last two papers as an embodiment of mental vigor and independence, with the notion of "man as the measure of all things," with an idealism characterized by faith in his *daimon*, and that *daimon* simply a symbol of "the thinking principle." Socrates did not have a complete conception of the content of "the thinking principle"; it was to him mainly manifested as a dialectic process or as a power of inquiry. The merit of Socrates is that this power of inquiry was directed toward the "Know thyself."

Dialectics and the search for the "Know thyself" are in the main the characteristics of the early mental stages of manhood. They are full of power, promise and activity, but they are also full of dangers, and they are not beautiful. These stages are occupied by a large majority of the searchers of the present-day New Renaissance.

The New Renaissance in this country may be said to begin with the abolition of slavery and the awakening of the new national feeling that culminated in the Centennial of 1876. The events that centred around that date represent a realization of national manhood. Immediately upon the review of a century's attainments, the foremost minds of the country started out in a double direction. One was the search for ancient traditions, teachings, etc., for examination as to their real value, and the other was a decided stand in idealistic philosophies. The scientific side, and the industrial, social, etc., questions involved in the new development, I pass by for the present. The first movement, just referred to, found one way for its energies in the direction of Orientalism, and was directed largely by the theosophical movement. Later it has been supplemented by the

additional influx of teachers from the East, coming here originally to the Parliament of Religions. The other movement, and one most original, is represented by all those schools which teach the preëminence of mind over body, especially in healing. This movement is again divided in the main in two directions. One is, or claims to be, Christian in particular, the other is clearly scientific. Why the one should be called Christian is hard to see; it is very dogmatic and exclusive. The other is justly entitled to the claim of a science, because it proceeds on the basis of established facts. However, both directions are truly American, having originated here, and they are here finding their best exponents. Parallel, or perhaps in some cases mixed with the two main movements, run studies of modern poets and writers of idealistic philosophic essays, etc. I think that it would be safe to say that Emerson is the centre of all these studies and that he or his genius is the leader. It is at least so in New England, and it is easy to show this influence in that literature of to-day which represents New Renaissance. In this short sketch I have purposely passed by a large amount of literature which has been smuggled in upon the market with the stamp of advanced thought, though it is a most miserable and utterly useless copy or imitation of the weakest and most worthless products of the Middle Ages and the impositions of pseudo-initiates of the last century. Nothing but misguidance and injury has come from this class of literature and it is to be hoped that no more will appear. The publishers have found to their cost that the real students have no use for it.

I have already defined the idea of the New Renaissance, as I have called it. In Socratic terms, it is (1) dialectical; viz., it has started in this country the discussion of the deepest life problems, and this has been done in strata of society which in former days did not concern themselves with such questions. It must, however, be lamented that general ignorance as to what results have already been attained in the past should keep so many minds engaged needlessly. (2) The New Renaissance turns its dialectics mainly in the direction of the Socratic "Know thyself." The ego is by the most influential school defined as "the thinker"; another school, in a decided minority, says that the ego is "Will."

Going back to historical precedents we shall expect that the New Renaissance, having passed or now passing through the Socratic standpoint, will soon come to the Platonic or purely idealistic. Such a step would be only the logical outcome of the mental evolution of the people. From this law and from my discussion of it, I, of course, except individual students and teachers, who have not only passed these two degrees, but gone beyond them and their symbolical language, and are now centred in "Being." I am only speaking of the large mass of the people who are the representatives of the movement I have called the New Renaissance.

What is Platonism?

When we say Calvinism or Augustinism, we have a definite idea in mind; we mean systems derived from these men and bearing their characteristics in every respect. But we cannot speak of Platonism in such a sense. It is not bound up with a single and individual philosopher, though his name has been borrowed for certain uses. Platonism is a movement of the human mind. It is universal. That which goes by that name is as old as Mind, as radical as Thought, as fundamental as Intelligence and as eternal as Being. Platonism is identical with originality, synonymous with wisdom and universal as light. If you listen with your soul, you are a Platonist, and if your guiding star is the Idea, you are a member of the Akademé. He or she has attained a discipleship from "the broad-browed"* descendant of Solon, whose mind gives to itself an account of the constitution of the world.

Dialectics is the art of discoursing, viz., the art of thinking, and to Plato thinking was a silent discourse of the soul, it was not speech. The Platonist is not a babbler or vain talker. Eternal truth is silent. The sage is not demonstrative; he carries on teaching without words. Such is the Socratic precept.† "There is nothing like keeping the inner man," said Lao-tsze. Be sparing of your talk, and possess yourself. A violent wind will not outlast the morning.‡ In the silent discourse of the soul we return to "Being," and the Idea or

* Plato means "broad-browed."

† Emerson makes Socrates say: "All my good is magnetic, and I educate, not by lessons, but by going about my business."

‡ Tao-te-king xxiii.

the pattern of the Eternal is revealed. It is to this that the modern Renaissance man or woman must come. They must learn that intelligence does not mean display. That intelligence, which Plato calls "king of heaven and earth," is a moral force, and moral forces are silent. "The silent is the ruler of the moving. He that makes, mars. He that grasps, loses."* This simplicity of "Being" is not easily read, to be sure, but it is inexhaustible wisdom.

Plato is very explicit on the subject of Being and knowledge. We can, he says, have knowledge only in the direction of the colorless, shapeless and immaterial Essence. If we are to have any knowledge at all, there must be an invariable and fixed object of knowledge; only the Invariable can be known; the Variable will, as a matter of course, sweep away a variable factor of knowledge, such as mere mind. The constantly changing has no permanent quality. Knowledge, according to Plato, is synonymous with wisdom, as I have used that term in the former essays of this series, and is not the same as perception, comparison, and reasoning. Knowledge, in the Academic sense, is immediate, and not acquired through some intervening process. The Variable is the Becoming, the sensible to Plato, though the end of the Becoming is Being. Being is always self-identical, but the other is passing away "without ever really being." In the Becoming, which is a copy, is revealed the prototype of things, the eternal and unchangeable pattern. These prototypes are Ideas, and they are our guides. There is not an object in the world which does not point to the Idea; hence, there is no excuse for us if we follow vanity; we may know the truth if we be willing to see it.

The Platonic teaching is that Ideas† are the essence of all true Existence or Being, hence our knowledge of them, or, by means of

* Tao-te-king xxvi; xxix.

† The reader will understand the difference between Plato's concept and the every-day use of the word idea, which makes the word merely a mental picture of sensations, be they internal or external. It must also be remembered, that Ideas with Plato do not mean general notions, having no reality apart from thought. Plato's Ideas are real, but Kant's are not; Kant's are simply the totality of our judgments under certain general points of view. The faculty which can combine and arrange impressions and intuitions is the highest of all in the intellectual sphere and Kant calls it Reason; it is the *Nous* of the ancients and has been defined in former papers of this series.

them, is real knowledge or knowledge of Being. Ideas are, subjectively, the principles of knowing which cannot be derived from experience. Objectively, they are the immutable principles, incorporeal and simple unities, which remain from our sifting the manifold, the one in the many, the universal in the particular, the constant and abiding in the ever changing flux of things. The doctrine of ideas reveals to us an inner but real world of harmoniously connected intellectual forces. Prof. Weber summarizes the contents of the Platonic concept of Ideas under three heads, and says the Idea means (1) what modern philosophy calls *laws* of thought, morality or taste; (2) what Aristotle calls *categories* or the general forms by means of which we conceive things; (3) what natural science calls types, species. Every common name designates an Idea as every proper name designates an individual. The senses reveal particulars, or natural objects; abstraction and generalization give us Ideas.

As to the nature of the Ideas, they (1) are *more real* than the objects of sense; (2) they are *real* beings; (3) they are the *only* true realities; objects of sense borrow their existence from the Ideas. From this it will be seen how completely the Platonic Idea expresses Being. To say that the entire sensible world is nothing, but a symbol, an allegory of the Idea, is the same as to say that only Being is.

Plato conceives the Ideas as living existences. Like unto the gradation of beings in the visible world, so is the hierarchy of Ideas. In the intelligible realm—the spiritual world, as we also say—the Ideas are joined together in higher and lower orders; the highest is the most powerful Idea, or the Good (God). It contains, comprehends and summarizes all other Ideas. Ideas of the lower orders are not substances, but only *modes* of the only absolute Idea.

The home of the Ideas is *sui generis*. Plato does speak of the heavens as their abode, but he means no physical place. Their home is an ideal, intelligible place, yet not a place of dimensions; it is Mind, Nous. An Idea has no place outside of itself; it is itself the reality and is *unextended*. Sensation does not produce Ideas, yet it provokes them. Ideas are both *our* thoughts and the eternal reality of these thoughts. Platonism is thorough-going idealism, yet, inasmuch as the Ideas are the only reality, it may also be called

the most realistic system, and so it was once. The name realism was given to mediæval Platonism.

We may well say with Windelband, that Plato's doctrine of Ideas presents itself as the summit of Greek philosophy. In it are combined all the different lines of thought which had been directed toward the physical, the ethical and the logical first principle. The Platonic Idea, as a general concept, is the abiding Being in the ever-changing whirl of phenomena; it is the object of knowledge as opposed to the changeableness of opinions; it is the true end in the changes of desire.

I am not here engaged in writing a history of Idealism, nor even attempting an exposition of it. I am only stating Plato's doctrine of Ideas; but as that is the fullest and most original definition of Idealism, it behooves our New Renaissance people to pay much attention to it. They need, however, to remember that the Greek Idealism was more a theory of existence than a life. It is the ideal life that we want. Idealism is man's striving to express himself, to press himself out of himself (*ex-press*). The consistent idealist realizes—viz., makes real or actual—the Self. This sentence becomes only too often an excuse for a consummate egotism, because it is applied only individually. Most of us regard other people, excepting perhaps our relatives, as things and not as persons, hence not Self, but self is brought into existence. The "illusion of selfishness" destroys us. Let the idealist so-called learn to appreciate others in terms of self, and the real idealism, idealism as a life, shall be realization of the Idea. Love plays the same part in the world of persons as Reason does in the world of things. I think it was Emerson who quoted a Brahminical writing as saying, that from the poisonous tree, the world, came two species of fruit, sweet as the waters of life: Love, or the society of beautiful souls, and Poetry, whose taste is like the immortal juice of Vishnu. This is a quotation from the Gospel of Idealism and ought to be the text for the New Renaissance.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

It takes more self-control to use leisure well than work days.—
Wm. C. Gannett.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

To write its decrees in blood and thrust beings into eternity long before their time is the inexorable right claimed by organized society. The united virtue of a community holds moral privileges superior to and beyond those possessed by the highest unit of organism. In short, the body politic will foreclose a first mortgage, as it were, on life—that liberty which is dearest to the individual man. Whence came this independent and unlimited power of government? Is it not a product of that Cimmerian darkness which enveloped those laws and customs of past ages—emblems befitting medieval times? Out of ancient darkness into the light of modern times a characteristic of despotism appears above the horizon of our legal day, and within the circle surrounding it life is so dim as to become at times entirely erased for the purpose of accomplishing merely the selfish purposes of an organized community. As the crowning horror of the hour, this barbarism of olden times—this despotism of preceding ages is imposed on our struggling civilization and stands to shock the sensibilities of the best life. Let lawmakers pause and consider this momentous question. The time has fully come for the search-light of modern civilization to shed its beneficent rays on the criminal department of human endeavor and illuminate, one by one, the secrets of Dame Nature here as well as elsewhere.

In dealing with criminals the good of those who transgress the criminal code themselves and the protection of society are the highest and only ends to be sought by the commonwealth. Civilization, still intermingled with barbaric relics and retaining a connecting link with savage life, yet continues to deal with a class of criminals by robbing them of their last earthly chance to reform. With no thought of improving their condition or benefiting them, a State provides that penalties shall be so many forms of destruction instead of so many forms of help. Cruel liberty of civil community, from what source came thy criminal right? Society, organized by a collection of individual units, punishes crime with crime. What does she hope to gain?

Does the price of blood, in which she persists in holding a controlling interest in the stock, protect the family of man the more?

Now, what says history? At a time in the seventh decade of the eighteenth century, when Sir William Blackstone had published his celebrated Commentaries on the Laws of England, death was the penalty for about 150 different offenses. Under these conditions, too, the same crimes were more frequent than ever before or since. For thirty-three crimes the Jewish code of laws made the extreme penalty the punishment.

The stroke of the guillotine or the noose of the hangman has found no place in Holland, Roumania, Portugal and Belgium for a period of nearly three decades. The veil of that dreadful dominion over the souls of men has been lifted by most of the cantons of Switzerland. Instead of depriving criminals guilty of murder of the first and highest of prime rights, Russia deports them to Siberia. In the past decade Austria has had 800 murders, yet but twenty-three executions have taken place. Other European countries are dropping the custom by legislation or imperial decree. Life is the first of prime rights proclaimed by our forefathers for precept. This principle has only found practice, however, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Maine and Rhode Island. Because of a growing disinclination to carry out sentences of death, no legal executions have taken place in Kansas for more than twenty years past, and it may safely be said that none ever will occur in this State in the future.

The experience of these States should have an important bearing upon this subject. It is a significant fact that murder is less frequent where the stigma of capital punishment has been removed from the fair name of civil society than elsewhere. This reproach upon civilization has nowhere been returned nor an attempt made to again place such a law upon the Statutes in a single instance where it has at any time been abandoned. Not a single cruelty which any code anciently sanctioned would society bring back to humanity. Even the advocates of capital punishment do not maintain that murder has increased where the law has been blotted out. Then what but a spirit of revenge is left standing behind this grim apostle of death? With the humanities of our times such a motive on the part of a great State clashes.

What is law? Is it a huge pair of jaws for the destruction of the unfortunate classes or an agency for their preservation, their discipline and their ultimate restoration? Men were not created for the selfish use of the State. For the happiness, betterment and protection of men it was that the State was constituted. By placing life at the caprice of society in an organized state the most sacred of human rights is trampled upon. In seeking a refinement of this cruelty, New York and Ohio have adopted electrocution. For the year 1897, the number of legal hangings in the United States were 128. Useless to society and a burden to community, many lives thus sacrificed may have been. So are idiots and imbeciles, the chronic insane, the indigent, many of the maimed and numerous of the aged and infirm. Shall their lives be sacrificed for the same reason? The precious gift of human life is so sacred a thing that under all circumstances the State should consider itself bound to preserve it.

The art of poisoning was taught as a profession in the two great criminal schools which flourished in Venice and Italy from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries. The States of Venice gravely considered the matter and formally adopted and recognized secret assassination by poison. The notorious Council of Ten accepted what they characterized a patriotic offer from John of Ragubo to kill with poison any persons they might desire to have put out of the way. Always society has concerned itself considerably with the punishment of crime but very little with its prevention. The magnitude of the punishment has not had much power as a deterrent of crime. Never can crime be arrested by killing those who are brought under its spell.

A general knowledge of the constructive processes through which criminals are made would be of vast importance to legislators. They come not by chance. Society in general is responsible for its criminals. Having no voice in the selection of their ancestors, many of them were thrust into the world with the tendency to crime as a bundle of the being. Others are the natural outgrowth of the condition of the times in which they live. Still others are the victims of extraordinary circumstances. In most cases murder may be said to be the logical outcome of general existing conditions in the whole land. The impure circulation of the body politic brings them forth

as eruptions from within, not detached units on the outside. Just as certain suitable periods of history brought forth a Plato, a Cæsar, a Shakspeare, a Columbus, a Luther, a Lincoln and an Edison, so out of the general lap of particular states of society the criminal blossoms as the natural product on the stem of vice. The cause of his criminal tendencies can be found in the conditions of society in general. In the process of so-called justice, will you hang him by the neck until dead or will you help him? Why not try good for evil?

In the pauseless progress of our times the weal of humanity demands the discontinuance of this barbaric spirit. Why so? On the public conscience its effects are demoralizing. As a deterrent of crime and corrective of evil the practice is futile and inadequate. It is an illogical law, unjust to justice and unfair to the fair fame of enlightened government. It is false as to theory, belief, and history, mingled all along the tapestry of time. Lightly has human life been regarded by the race of man. This is a strange state of things, in conflict with the essential spirit of the first articles of the creed of freedom as well as the sacred rights of the individual. Why should the State place such a low estimate on life? In the true spirit of civilization should there not be a deep sense of the sacredness and the value of the life of man?

As the sight and smell of blood appeals to the panther so the crime of murder appeals to this law which demands the death penalty. Elements which shape such legislation befit lower animalism. Might not a rational penal system work some reformatations? Of those charged with murder more than one-half have not made their thirtieth excursion around the sun with Old Earth in her orbit. Four-fifths of them are without any regular occupation. Between want and crime a close relationship exists. So frequently are criminal impulses generated by enforced idleness that attention might be given to this phase of the subject by lawmakers with advantage. Unfounded fears from false estimates of the moral principle involved cause lawgivers to hesitate lest the ends of justice may not be fully satisfied. Are they fully met by capital punishment? What, in this way, has been done for the victim? Still he ceases to live.

The execution of criminals for capital offenses shows our meager

advance along the line of enlightened progress. It is of a deeper dye of guilt than that human destruction which results from the urgency of passion in the individual. The crowning principle of nature is degraded by society placing subjects beyond the power to benefit them. But it is said that the image of the devil is stamped on his heart. Is that so? Without possessing criminal tendencies the force of extraordinary circumstances has frequently caused good men to act the fatal once in a whole lifetime. It was under these conditions that Prof. John H. Webster, of Harvard College, killed Dr. George Parkman, of the same institution. The very moment after the crime this type of criminals would sacrifice everything in the world to recall the act that destroyed the life. Are these unfortunates enemies to the race of mankind? Is it just, humane or enlightened to destroy a life so failing but for a moment? Is not judicial murder which defiles the sacredness of statehood with blood from motives of the basest and merest revenge appalling in the lists of a high civilization?

Under an uncontrollable frenzy an infuriated individual in the heat of passion takes a life, and, of course, should be punished. Without this excuse a State in its wisest moods and calmest deliberation proceeds to spill the blood of the one who gave way to the momentary temptation to violence. Why should the former be more culpable or less pardonable than the latter? Victims of extraordinary circumstances are such criminals. The criminal tendencies of many persons who have never encountered extreme provocation may be closer to the circle of murder than the medial aim of the class of criminals of this stamp.

The legal custom of public hangings was formerly thought to exert a salutary effect on crime, but the reverse has been shown to be true. Time and again public executions have been the occasion of multiplied crime. They not only stimulate crime and render it epidemic, but have a tendency to break down the public regard for the value of life upon which consideration its safety and preservation must forever largely depend. Always and everywhere this custom arouses the enthusiasm and invites the eagerness of the worst elements while the better classes shrink with horror from such scenes. Human acts are under the influence of example more than precept. The

scientific way to destroy crime is not to hold it up and analyze it in order to make it hateful, but rather to put it out of the consciousness. To the degree that one does not see it, crime to him becomes non-existent because there is nothing to arouse the criminal vibrations within such a being.

The general tendency of crime is to revolve in cycles. Nowhere has it been checked by human executions. The proved conclusions of leading criminologists show that it is thus stimulated. If this be true then the State holds an eye single to revenge in practicing this "get even" method of so-called justice. It is in the line of true salutary progress to urge the discontinuance of this evil and thereby promote national advancement and civilization. The tone of moral and benevolent sentiment on the part of criminal justice should be lifted to a point where the love of mercy will call for something different from hatred for hatred, revenge for revenge, evil for evil and life for life. Such logic is inconsistent with all philosophy. Does fire extinguish fire or cruelty allay cruelty?

A priceless value should be placed on the first and highest prime right of the individual by true Government and pure religion. It is self-evident that the greatest wrong a State can commit against one of its citizens is to take his life. In the language of Bulwer, "The worst use that can be made of a man is to hang him." But murderers are enemies to society and the death penalty is necessary to discourage crime! So says the legislator. The exigencies of brotherhood demand the taking of life in order to deter other people from taking life! O, Christian civilization! The past tells us what? The more humanely criminals were treated the more crime decreased, always and everywhere. Never did cruel and extreme punishment dissuade transgressors of the criminal code. The time has fully come for a philosophic study of the causes and prevention of crime. Let the clergyman, the jurist, the physician, the philosopher and the statesman put their shoulders to the wheel of prevention and work in unison. If this were done the time would soon come when these outcasts would not be so pronounced a curse in our social system as they are to-day.

Upon the immortal existence of man are the true principles of

religion founded. To mortal life a priceless value should be assigned, if they stand upon a secure basis. Man's probation must end with present life. If the character of his eternity depends upon his own use of time he should be given a full opportunity to work out his own probation. Governments should be inspired by this great truth to guard and protect life instead of wasting and destroying it. True, the law and custom of human execution is said to have religion for its breastwork. So did burning at the stake. So did slavery. So did every inhumanity of history at some time or other. So did every cruelty of man to man in time past have the Bible quoted in its defense.

From mankind that he has wronged, one who has taken human life should be removed for years, may be for life. For what purpose? Is it to retaliate or satisfy vengeance? No, not for such a reason, but to benefit him and teach him to make amends for the manner in which he has wronged mankind and disrupted a community. It is to protect society as well. Let us segregate him and do all that can be done to undo the work which evil has wrought in his being. Let us be just, not vindictive.

SHELBY MUMAUGH, M. D.

THE CHRIST.

The Christ is not the man, but the ideal; The God-head in us
Striving after truth, the goodness in us crowded out,
Which leaving us, has left a starry path which upward leads,
And which each strives to follow as he can.

RUTH WARD KAHN.

Character grows in the stream of the world's life. That chiefly is where men are to learn Love.—*Henry Drummond*.

A noble impulse changed into a *motive* will silence the clamorous wranglings of selfishness.—*Wm. C. Gannett*.

There is nothing corporeal which has not within itself a spiritual essence, and there is nothing which does not contain a life hidden within.—*Paracelsus*.

FREEDOM AND PROGRESS.

Three centuries ago, the world was recovering from a thralldom which had long bound all nations.

At that time, in England, there lived a man of noble, almost ideal appearance, whose face bore the lofty expression of sorrow and sublimity—the type of a patriot, a prophet and a saint. Unsubdued by cruelty, blindness, and imprisonment, this poet witnessed the decreed burning of his own books and the public defeat of principles which he represented—principles of lofty dignity of purpose and great purity of sentiment. From him, we have a most sublime pleading in favor of the great fundamental principle of Freedom. And thus, above the seventeenth century, a genius in defense of truth and liberty, towers the figure of John Milton.

It has been said: “At that momentous period, as in the long bright nights of the Arctic Summer, the glow of the setting sun melts imperceptibly into the redness of the dawning; so do the last brilliant splendors of the feudal and chivalric institutions transfuse themselves into the glories of that great intellectual movement, which has resulted in the progress of modern art, letters and science.”

Civilization has steadily pushed the world onward. Liberality of thought, emancipation of the slaves, and the rise of woman, mark the great progress of freedom.

Scarce two hundred years have passed since the fires of persecution lit up the whole of Europe. To-day, we have no hanging of witches, no whipping of slaves, no persecution of Quakers. These superstitions of the past can no longer affect the educated mind. The time of omens is past.

But, with all of the freedom and progress which has been attained, the thought suddenly confronts us, is *true freedom* yet realized? Have we unfolded to our real selves, and do we stand forth in the light of truth, in the full sense of the word? “The ideal,” says Carlyle, “is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself; work out thy condition, and working, believe, live, be free.”

Already has nearly every country of America, together with France and Switzerland, modelled its republic after that of the United States. Even from the great Pacific, the plea for liberty has been granted, and a second plea comes to be included with our own nation. Japan and China, until within recent times countries of immovable customs and institutions, have introduced many progressive ideas. Japan has adopted American educational methods, and, during the last quarter of a century, has become the most enlightened of Oriental nations.

England is not yet free, although since her victory at Waterloo she has gradually progressed, until her government is the most liberal of any existing kingdom. It is a noteworthy fact that all of her laws affecting the lower classes, have, for a long time, tended toward enlightenment and freedom. Could she have numbered among her citizens a few more, similar to the "Grand Old Man" with his advanced ideas of liberty and justice, she would now be the Republic of England.

The example of Cuba, determined to throw off the yoke of bondage, has never been excelled since the dawn of history. Not content with being offered mere autonomy, with deprivation and starvation staring her in the face, she has continued to war for *absolute freedom*. She feels that she should be independent from the despot ruling of a retrograding people, even though during the fifteenth century they constituted the leading, most advanced, and most powerful nation of the world.

And yet, America, our worthy model, does not yet possess political freedom. With all the rights and privileges inherited from our very constitution, there is yet a higher state for her citizens to attain. Our Declaration says that all men are created equal; but all men are not equal, so long as "bosses" have the control of legislation.

So long as the chief aim of capital is to obtain labor as cheap as possible, the tendency is not to progress, but to repress. Whenever labor is receiving a fair compensation, and capital is proceeding on a sound and profitable basis, then is social freedom realized.

The modern pilgrim to Plymouth finds a beautiful town, where

nearly three centuries since floated a ship freighted with human destiny. These people, so cruelly persecuted, driven from their own home, and not able to live in Holland, determined to settle in the new world.

Thousands of so-called holy deeds are recorded, perpetrated under the cloak of the church, in the name of "The Most High" and in the interests of religion. Spain is a Christian nation. She is said to have "set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them butchered more people than all the nations on earth combined." Is this true religion? Does this denote freedom?

A few years since, a duly elected member of Parliament was not allowed to take his seat, as he was not a member of the established church of England.

Notwithstanding this, the close of the century marks the greatest progress in religious freedom. The world is gradually realizing that slavery is not the normal condition of man—that God made him free and in His own image; that in order to prosper, the state must be free from the church; and that true religion is not found in creeds, doctrines, or rituals, but consists of living one's highest ideal of goodness, purity and love.

To Americans, true freedom will mean independence in word, act and thought, unrestrained by conventionality, and not ruled by destiny. When this is obtained, all fear will disappear, and neither laws nor walls will be necessary to protect mankind, as each will live the one life, true to himself and true to his country.

To America, freedom is the result of its progress in grandeur and majesty, resultant from an ideal, progressive, and enlightened civilization, which knows no classes or distinctions, no bondage or servitude. Such a government will be worthy of being adopted by every nation of the globe.

No man can bring within the range of his vision the windings of the many tributaries of a mighty river, or bear record of its explorers, or what lies buried within its depths. And, "in the dawn of the day when glory was foreseen by the Fathers of our Republic," we are unable to see the future of this stream of American freedom. We can merely picture the development of the resources of nature, the

growth in trade and art, the unification of religion, and the enlightenment of the people which has never yet been realized.

“Here the spirit of man throws off its last fetters and is free.” Here the philanthropist goes forth, and, in the fullness of his heart, welcomes all mankind. Here the tyrant forgets his frown, and a smile of gladness lights up his countenance. Here the Monarch looks across the blue waste of waters and fancies that his throne trembles. Here aristocracy in all its forms, views with a discontented heart the progress of liberty. The whole civilized world will yet become educated, and participate in the blessings of liberty. It then will progress, because it then will be free.

VEDA ELIZABETH SNYDER.

HYMN.

Hail! Light of Love. Thy glory shines
Wide as the world's domains.
Writ o'er the sky in silver lines
Each star thy power proclaims.

Each bursting bud, each rippling rill,
Praises e'er sing to thee.
The universe reveals thy skill
In star, in seed or sea.

Through all, thy throbs reverberate,
Pulsing with harmony.
Hold us within that hallowed state
Where naught is known but thee.

Sweet is the knowledge of thy grace,
Infinite Power benign,
Children of Earth, in thy embrace
Our lives become divine.

HENRY FRANK.

But a guide when he hath found one straying from the way, leads him into the proper road, and does not revile him or mock him, and then go away. And do thou show such a man the truth, and thou shalt see that he will follow it.—*Epictetus*.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

LOVE VERSUS PREJUDICE.

The mind is a complex entity, capable of almost infinite activity. Yet under the delusive action of the senses, which veil the truth, it is easily influenced into erroneous paths, where it develops false ideas and revels in a fool's paradise. This condition, however, is not permanent, for with increasing vision the veil vanishes, the glamour disappears and the Godlike qualities which are man's natural inheritance develop, until the spiritual being becomes manifest and the soul stands out clear-cut, invulnerable to attack, and unconquerable by temptation.

The process of development, however, is necessarily slow, because during its progress the mind is assailed continually by unworthy thoughts fostered by earthly environment—doubt, uncharitableness and attendant feelings which are too often allowed to govern conduct.

Perhaps no thought is more far-reaching in its influence, when allowed to sway the reason, than prejudice, which is akin to hatred,

because, to prejudge one's brother is uncharitable and lacking in love. To love one's neighbor as oneself does not mean to take for granted at the outset that he is not to be trusted. How many otherwise good, kind and broad-minded people allow this snake of distrust to nestle in their bosoms, suffering meanwhile from its subtle action of inharmony. Love, the great benefic quality of the soul, bids us feed our brother when he is hungry, clothe and comfort him when in trouble. Prejudice, on the contrary, says, "Wait! Investigate! He may not be good! He does not think as I do, therefore he is unworthy." There is little of truth and still less of love in this attitude toward another of God's creatures, and few people realize how corroding to the heart is the action of a thought of this kind. It shuts the door upon the spirit whose beneficent effulgence if allowed encouragement permeates the darkest recesses, softening every harsh outline and uplifting the mind and heart into God's atmosphere of pure love for everything which breathes.

Let us have courage, then, for Love is all pervasive, and if the eye be kept steadily fixed upon the white star of unchanging truth, progress must be ever upward until we finally attain the altitude of perfect love, the home and heaven of the Soul.

A PROMISED DAY.

Out in the night, where she stands and waits, the winds are bitter and strong. They howl about her, wrapping the folds of her garments around her as close as a mummy's shroud. They tear at her hair and blow cold upon her shivering form, while the passers-by look and wonder as they hurry on.

Near at hand lofty buildings, ablaze with light, stand row upon row adown the long avenues. Shall she approach them again? Shall she dare rebuff and push once more at the swinging doors that separate her from the warmth and light of the busy world? Would they let her enter now? Is the world ready?

A scream of the blast answers her; like a loud wail of derision it assails her, and she cowers as before a blow.

"You?" it cries, in scorn. "You?"

"And why not I?" lifting a face pale, patient, brave, divine.

"You?" cry the fierce winds again, whipping her feet with the hem of her gown, and blowing the loose strands of shining hair until her fair head seems surrounded by a self-made halo.

People pass continually. Many have no eyes for her; some there are who stare at her, with no expression upon their cold faces other than that of curiosity, wondering only why this public thoroughfare must needs be chosen for a resting place.

"Why are you here?" some ask, stopping to question the patient one.

"I am waiting."

"For what?"

"Until the world be ready."

"Will that ever be, think you?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When Love outweighs Gold.

"And you think——"

"I *know*," comes the eager interruption, "that already the scales are being balanced."

The crowd laughs and pushes on. From a cross street far above emerges a splendid youth; courage, strength, compassion are his heritage. The boy strides down the avenue, looking eagerly to this side and to that, stopping at times; then, each fruitless quest over, starting forward again.

Nearer and nearer he approaches her, whose eyes, fixed as stars, fasten themselves upon his radiant face. She knows that he is not like the others—that his hand, if it will, may open the doors for her.

He stops before her, as a bar of steel stops before a magnet.

"I have sought for you everywhere," he breathes—"everywhere!"

"And I have waited long," she answers, a glad light leaping to her eyes.

"Come with me," he says to her; "let us find shelter."

"Is the world ready?"

"Perhaps. We can but try."

"But if it be not?"

"You are immortal."

"And you?"

"I can die."

He leads her to the swinging portals. With all his young strength he pushes against them; they do not stir beneath his hand. Again and again he tries, but only the loud voices from within—the chattering of idle tongues, the jests, the gibes, the ribaldry, the lewd laughter of the world—drift through the ruddy aperture.

"Oh, try again, brave heart!" she cries, and at her cry two strong hands push valiantly against the baize.

"Is there no one there upon the other side to help—not one?" she whispers, as the defeated hands cease their efforts.

"Stand aside!" cries a bold voice; "I would enter."

"But the place is full of such as you," dares the youth, impetuously, as his companion shrinks from contact with the coarse figure clad in its glittering draperies. "You are not needed."

A sneer is his only answer. A touch of a hard hand sends the doors swinging back upon their noiseless hinges. The figure enters, the portals close; and as they sway tremblingly together, settling into place, a voice floats through the baize: "So long as men and women seek me I am needed. So long as gold is offered for my nefarious wares will I trade in things unclean. So long as mortals keep to their filthy ditches and, swine-like, feed their perverted senses with the food of iniquity, so long shall I provide them with most unhallowed provender. That with which I regale their poor corrupted minds excites in them an abnormal appetite, and their unappeased hunger, like the flame which grows by what it feeds upon, enriches me. Not needed? Ha, ha! Can you enter in? Fetch Purity, who stands beside you there, my youthful scribe, and let her try to help you force an entrance."

"The Masters have promised me a day in which to be heard."

"Oh, come away!" wails Purity.

"Not so, my soul! You are immortal, as I have said, and if the promise be not kept I—can die."

Another flaunting form has passed them, has touched the doors and entered; and yet another, clad in tinsel that hath no lustre in its heavy folds—one with small greedy eyes, large lips that hang from fangs and breath of deadly poison.

Is this a human thing? Will the great world, the insatiate throng within, welcome this monstrous creature? Will it shower its wealth upon it and enfold it in its arms? Surely that cannot be. There is no semblance to any human thing in its foul parts, its bestial form crawls in its swaddling garb of tawdry gold, its hair bristles and its hands are claws. Yet see! the doors swing wide before it touches them, and as it disappears it sends a hideous leer into the wide, horror-stricken eyes that watch it.

"Oh, let me go!" wails Purity.

"Stay!" commands the youth.

At this the doors part slightly; a face, seductive, smiling, insolent, peers through the aperture.

"Let her go, Fool!" laughs the temptress, softly—"let her go, and come you into the world's warmth and cheer. Dip your pen deep into the black pool that lies at the foot of the fountain of Worldly Ambition, and write at my dictation upon the leaves of cupidity. Let her go, for with her you must suffer the heartbreak of disappointment, the agony of a jeering world's ingratitude, the throes of starvation. To stay is certain death. Will you come?"

"I will die," answers the youth.

Hours pass. One after another, in pernicious procession, stalk those who publicly revile the patient two at the threshold—a baneful host, which passes the swinging portals without a challenge.

Days pass. Time and again, possessing themselves of divine, deathless hope, they push with united strength against the swaying doors, but these are motionless as walls of granite beaten with flower stalks of little children.

Months pass. And once the temptress looks out and laughs them both to scorn. The stern eyes of maturity now meet her own, and Purity creeps closer to her comrade's side.

Years pass. The dark locks whiten, the straight form bends, the great serious eyes sink deep in their dark hollows; and now the temptress looks out once again upon the lonely pair, opening wide the door that leads into the glittering world.

"There is yet time, Fool," she says, "if you will hasten. Despite your years you should be able to write for the still clamoring world that which will astound it. Come, enter, and I'll conduct you to the pool I told you of so long ago. It is blacker now than ever."

"Blacker than ever!" moans Purity.

"For what did you hope?" asks the temptress. "For what have you been waiting?"

"For Love to outweigh Gold."

"And you have made a martyr of this man for that?"

"He chose his martyrdom."

"I chose it," said the scribe.

"O Fool!"

"Hundreds of years I have waited. The world is not yet ready; I shall wait hundreds of years more——"

"O Fool!"

"And while I wait I shall declare, as I have done through ages past, that a day has been promised me when Purity shall reign throughout the realm of art. I thought to die; I find I am immortal. Youth shall renew itself in me, and throughout all my lives to come I shall stand here—here at the threshold—until the world be ready."

"O Fool!"

"Shut the doors close; the jargon of a mad world disturbs this outer silence. To-day, I would not enter if I could, for until the fountain of Ambition be cleared by the violet tides of Love no pen of mine shall defile itself in the noisome pool below. Shut the doors close."

"O Fool!" And it is dark again.

The wise man, smiling, sighs.

"O brave, O faithful, tender heart!" cries Purity. "Life is eternal, and our day must come. Write at my dictation, gentle soul, for all the words I give you are divine. Dip your bright pen into the waters of Love, and upon the fair white pages of Compassion write golden truths—write!"

The old man obeys, and the fair leaves, filled with shining words, float to the doors so long barred against them and are drawn in across the gleaming threshold; and those within, attracted by the shining things, lift them and read the little scrolls.

Each heart of hearts knows them to be true, and from the fingers clutching at the Real are dropped the Unrealities that so long have pandered to man's lower nature.

And the doors at last tremble upon their hinges, the lights within die down, the discordant mouthings cease, and those who have read the little leaves that fluttered to their feet push outward across the threshold to where a glorious being stands beside a noble soul young with the youth of immortality.

And as within the lamps die down, outside the clear dawn climbs its ladder of light until the paling zenith is white with glory. The sun of progression sends athwart the low-lying purple mists, one great gleam of gold, and the whole world, beguiled from darkness and delusion by the shining leaves that seem glorious reflexes of the living splendor glowing in the east, comes slowly out into the sweet light of a promised day!

EVA BEST.

Our lives are fragments of the perfect Whole; if we invert or pervert them, we mar the whole pattern.—*Jenken L. Jones.*

Become pure in heart. The pure in heart shall see God. Here, then, is one opening for soul-culture, the avenue through purity of heart to the spiritual seeing of God.—*Henry Drummond.*

If we avoid to do evil on account of the evil consequences which it would cause to ourselves, we act naturally; but if we avoid it on account of an inherent love for the good, we act in the wisdom of God.—*Paracelsus.*

TWO FLOWERS.

A SONG.

(DEDICATED TO MRS. E. L. KNIGHT.)

It happened once
When I was out a-walking,
I heard some flowers talking:
"When I am one with humankind,"
A Péony gay cried,
"I'll flaunt my beauties to the world,
Not one shall be denied!
And I will love no other soul—
No jot of sweetness give—
I'll be too busy with myself—
For self alone I'll live!
A glorious Woman will I be,
And all the world shall worship me!"

"When I have reached the human plane,
I'll be a woman, too,"
It was a pure White Rose that spoke;
"But I'll not be like you!"
'T would me content to know the earth
Is sweeter made by me—
That those who gaze into my face.
Remember purity.
And if a helpless creature creep
Into my heart, I hope 't will sleep."
And as it spoke, the dainty Rose
Its petals opened to disclose
Upon its soft and yellow breast
A tiny baby bee at rest.

'T was long ago—
I say not just how long—
You guess, who hear my song.

I saw two women yesterday:
One was a thing to rave about—
Such glowing eyes and crimson lips,
And form to bring one's conscience rout.
Men cursed her as a vain coquette—
Declared she had no heart at all!
But when their curses died away
They hastened breathless, at her call!
The other woman had a face
Of tenderness and brooding care,
That made me, as I gazed at her,
Remember God and say a prayer.
Upon her maiden-breast she held
A sleeping child—a little thing
Needing her sweetness and her love,
A baby bee with tired wing.

"You are the Rose," I whispered low,
"That loving Rose of long ago—
And yonder beauteous one, is she
Whom I once knew as Péony!"
And for a moment they both knew
That what I had just said was true—
Then Péony grew still more red,
And Rose—she kissed the baby's head.

M. G. T. STEMPER.

The spiritual life is the gift of the Living Spirit. The Spiritual man is no mere development of the Natural man. He is a New Creation born from above.—*Henry Drummond*.

The crying need of the world is that all should recognize that they are indissolubly linked together, and that none can help or injure another without doing as much for himself.—*Burcham Harding*.

It is not sufficient that we should have a theory of the truth, but we should know the truth in ourselves.—*De Peste*.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Nogood,
 On the banks of the River Slow,
 Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
 Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
 And the soft Goeasys grow ?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
 In the province of Leterslide ;
 That tired feeling is native there,
 It is the home of the reckless I don't care,
 Where the Giveitups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazyhill,
 And is easy to reach, I declare ;
 You've only to fold up your hands and glide
 Down the slope of Weakwill'd toboggan slide,
 To be landed quickly there.

The town is as good as the human race,
 And it grows with the flight of years,
 It is wrapped in the fog of idler's dreams,
 Its streets are paved with discarded schemes
 And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Collegebredfool and the Richman's heir
 Are plentiful there, no doubt,
 The rest of its crowd are a motley crew,
 With every class except one in view—
 The foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
 By the mountains of Despair,
 No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
 No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
 For cowards alone are there.

My friends, from the dead-alive town Nogood,
 If you would keep far away,
 Just follow your duty through good and ill,
 Take this for your motto, "I can, I will,"
 And live up to it each day.

—W. E. PENNEY, in the *New Haven Register*.

FINDINGS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

LETTER II.

"THE WILDERNESS,"

AUGUST 20, 1897.

DEAR COMRADE.—I will begin where I left off last time. I am so glad that you will listen as I speak my thoughts openly. This is a blessing to me.

You ask me in regard to experimenting.

I would say, experiment *wisely*. It is the way to learn; but take care to lose not your footing in all valuable achievement, and also equip yourself for the battle. Experience means toil for the sake of knowledge. Nothing precious may be had without toil. It is a pathway through which all must pass. Fight *with purpose*. I reverence man, because he is a sufferer. I pity every fibre, for it holds in its sensitiveness the possibility of pain—not infinite, however, for there is *Safety in the Universe!* There is nothing too stained to be rescued, if the I yield to the *Nature of Things*; and stains will pass, after the era of woe, for they belong to the world of struggle—the mental world that was created by man and must die, for there is nothing eternal in any of the conditions we know. All sin must die. It does not belong to the Universe.

I note that you inquire further about intellectuality, having been taught that you might give too much attention to mind-culture. A little child "is spiritual," you say, and yet not intellectual.

A little child is untainted by this incarnation. But does it *know*? Is it *conscious*? For what purpose was it born with a mind?

Now, the highest control for the body is mind-control. The highest control for the mind is Grasp, which is accomplished through a firm hold of each separate faculty—and this, in turn, is achieved through Concentration. Concentration may be attained by directing the will to a simple thought. There must be a single-minded purpose and a defined aim. These two factors will create intensity.

In regard to the problem of *Grasp*. This comes by penetrating into the Design of Creation.

When the condition of Grasp is reached, there is great power. I believe that this condition requires the temperament of intensity, so that the thought is clear, intense and easily directed. There is a penetrative vision necessary for this accomplishment in knowledge, and a background of wisdom, of achieved life. With a great purpose, a great aim and a firm control or use of mind and body, much knowledge may

be had. Purpose keeps the Being safe in its travels through space. Believe me, you *are* safe with God.

In regard to Culture. You cannot gather too great a will. Will has the effect of a lever.

Aspiration is an angel of comfort. Aspiration leads the soul to inspire, or breathe in spirit. The human being looks in two directions—to spirit and to matter. He individualizes in spirit, to become conscious of matter. But spirit is all about us. We cannot get away from our *Whole*, we are a part of It. This eternal fragment will never content itself away from its home. How safe, then, is the creature that plods on earth! The eternal principles of Home and Safety are founded on a Rock.

We live life, just so far as we feel the invisible reason, for the sake of Understanding and Being. But there should be a different reason, too, of which I see nothing but the void. Voids, however, always indicate something to a scientist, and in moral or spiritual science it is the same—all comparison is by analogy.

You also have the confidence, dear comrade, to question me as to the difference of abstraction, absorption and concentration.

In abstraction, both the mind and body are dismissed to breathe in the Spirit. In absorption, the body is dismissed. In concentration, the faculties of the mind are actively *centred* on an idea which it observes and dissects after the fashion of a surgeon. Concentration, absorption and abstraction all require a sincerity and singleness of purpose rarely met with, but concentration demands aim as well as these other qualities.

Next, you take up the subject of vital Magnetisms.

Magnetism is a chemic concentration, a current in the Vital Ocean. Electricity is also a current in the same Vital Ocean, but in an opposite direction, being centrifugal in character. Like opposite kinds of electricity of the coarser etheric plane the opposite currents of the Vital Ocean attract each other. Like ocean currents and wind currents they are caused by conditions of the fine matter through which they travel. These currents balance each other, but for the economy of Nature they do more.

Now, human beings absorb from the ocean of Vitality through the nerves (as do all animals). Vitality feeds the nerves, giving their peculiarity.

When the currents which flow through Vitality touch the nerve-life we feel strange thrills penetrating the whole system. But this is only chemic and physical, and if the mind controls the body no great danger is wrought.

You further ask as to the meaning of Hypnotism. It is suggestion—carried to the degree of mind picture-making. It belongs to the realm of *Thought*, and consists in replacing one image with another through concentration. It often produces clairvoyance in a subject, and, if the mind is unbalanced, this is a great evil.

You ask again in regard to the two personalities in one being—or the separate Consciousness. This is hard to treat in an exact manner. I will say this, however, that *Disease* is always the *basis*. But as to the two personalities—it *may be* that a past life is brought back; but it is, I think, much more likely to be the imperfect action of the nutrient nerves, which, perhaps, nourish only a part of the brain at one time.

Nutrition, certainly, has the most severe effect on the nerve-life.

There is a peculiar, and to me, a most inexplicable thing about nerve-life. You may be looking directly at an object, and yet not see it. The eyes are as good as ever. The same with the sense of hearing and of touch—even of taste or smell. The senses are all there, but where are you? And how is it you can throw off the appreciation and consciousness of objects when the organs are in perfect *readiness*? (We know *this*, by observation of sound which is registered ready for translation, where the mind is ready to attend.)

Now, there is something important underlying all this, for Nature never makes show without cause. But what can it be that shuts off mind states? Can it be that a *concentration* on certain images, or feeling after a consciousness, will exclude all other images? Let us look further. What is a characteristic of the absorbed mind? It is far away, yet the body is present.

The far-away look is a keynote, I think, to the discovery. That part of being which notes impression is kept busy, or else is excluded by an unseen working of the I on other planes. The sense impress is made, but it is not noted. Occasionally, it is noted afterward.

What a lesson in freedom is illustrated by this? The Will can so control the lower or sense-mind that, by concentration, it may free itself of any thought, or penetrate anywhere, afar. Nothing on the *sense-side* has yet been discovered by the sharp-eyed scientists, to explain the above case; and the fact would seem to indicate that the cause is not on the side of body. Power lies in the exact explanation, for, if I am right, there is much more to be grasped in connection with it.

But here is a different and more home-like question. You ask me about my method of teaching.

First of all, I make an incision to attract the attention of the pupil. This, however, requires study, of his strength, his weakness, of all his prejudice. It is well, nay, it is necessary, to study the race, the inher-

itance and the childhood. It is necessary to know the general equipment of the personality. Then I seize the most salient and vulnerable or approachable points with metaphor, suggestion, symbolism, syllogism, synopsis, anything or everything—so I achieve a result; but always excepting what will take away from the freedom.

The relation of student and master is very close and sweet because it is silent and confidential, and requires, on the one hand, courage, for the student is always sensitive under the eye of scrutiny; and, on the other hand, courage, for the master may be weak at some untried point, there being no perfection possible in a world of such varied vibration. The affirmative method is right, but it is incomplete. It is suggestive in character and suggestion is the mental seed. To teach by affirmation is to plant seed in the mind. But this seed may go on stony ground. I always try, therefore, to plough up the spot before I sow the seed, so that I may not only see a crop, but that my labor is not wasted. I, therefore, seize the place of least resistance and sow my seed with much purpose and aim. I compassionate both teacher and pupil, for their work is earnest.

Here I will end for to-day, dear friend.

To-morrow I will take my pick and go gold-hunting in the Glorious Mountains again. This is a privilege. You are a blessing to me.

With gratitude,

MARION HUNT.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

A woman's hand! so weak to see,
So strong in guiding power to be.
So light, so delicately planned,
That you can hardly understand
The strength in its fair symmetry.

A hand to set a nation free,
Or curb a strong man's tyranny
By simple gesture of command—
A woman's hand.

O, man, upon life's troubled sea,
When tempest-tossed by fate's decree,
Though fortune hold thee contraband,
Hope on! for thou shalt win to land
If somewhere is stretched out to thee
A woman's hand.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

RESPONSIVE READING AND MEDITATION.*

RESPONSIVE READING.

MINISTER—Who loveth instruction, loveth knowledge.

CONGREGATION—He that hateth reproof is brutish.

MINISTER—The thoughts of the righteous are right.

CONGREGATION—But the counsels of the wicked are deceit.

MINISTER—Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil.

CONGREGATION—But to the counsellors of peace is joy.

MINISTER—The wise man needs much, but wants nothing.

CONGREGATION—The fool needs nothing, but wants everything.

MINISTER—What we bear is not so important as how we bear it.

CONGREGATION—We become happy by not needing happiness.

MINISTER—He is free who arises above all injuries.

CONGREGATION—And finds all his joys within himself.

MINISTER—Wisdom shows her strength by her peace amid trouble,
like an army encamped in safety in a hostile land.

(Selections from the Proverbs and Seneca's Sayings. Compiled.)

MEDITATION.

Infinite and Supernal Presence, by whose power we are sustained, whose light is our illumination, we desire to know and be quickened by thy warning influence, in every thought and impulse of our natures. What Thou art we cannot know save as we realize thy presence in our consciousness. We desire to learn and be upheld by thy spirit of harmony, of peacefulness and love. We desire to dwell in the conscious unity of spiritual brotherhood. We desire to know no evil in our neighbors; to free ourselves from all suspicion, envy, misinterpretation or unkind insinuation. We desire to recognize only good in all. We desire most of all to hold steadfast in our spiritual discernment the divine reality which constitutes the real being of each of us; knowing which we are freed from the illusions of temporal experience—as the sun knows not the shadow that falls beneath its ray. We would live above the cloud, above contention and distress. We would know the inexhaustible resources of sweet and holy science. Amen.

Three possibilities of life, according to Science, are open to all living organisms—Evolution, Balance and Degeneration.—*Henry Drummond.*

* From Service of the Metropolitan Independent Church, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSPIRATION.

In another column we give an account of an experience in thought transference between H. B. Tierney and Charles Gemmer, which, as a psychic experience, is interesting in itself, but which possesses a still greater value as an illustration of both the imaging faculty and the symbolizing tendency of the mind.

The experience recounted by the sensitive receiver of a message sent in picture by the mind of another, is vivid and realistic as regards what was seen in the picture, and shows accuracy of detail in representation of the thought of the sender. The mind of the receiver, however, was not content with just what was given him by the other mind, but proceeded to elaborate upon all the details according to his own emotional nature, and to weave into it every additional beauty and excess of brilliancy that sentiment could suggest. Not the least noticeable fact about it is that every detail of extra embellishment conceived by the receiving mind, was as distinctly seen in the picture as though it had been placed there by the sender, and no suspicion entered the conscious thought of the receiver that he was adding anything, or, in fact, that he had anything to do with the transaction other than as an observer.

Next, he formed the conclusion that he had seen a vision caused by other than worldly activities. It is but a step from this to claims of direct inspiration; and it is a ground of mental action where great caution and a fine discrimination are necessary to determine between inspiration of truth from above, and psychic impingement of thought developed by living persons here. The imagery is the same in either event, and the subtle action of the mind in symbolizing its thoughts, both conscious and subconscious, is almost beyond the comprehension

of the inexperienced. Mind images all its thought-action and symbolizes all its ideas and conceptions of principles. Judgment rendered entirely on the psychic sensations, therefore, is certain to be erroneous.

THE TRUE EDUCATION.

In the rush for wealth that characterizes this age, we are apt to overlook the value of, and the necessity for, education. The greatest desire is to become rich, with the result that the intellectual development of the individual is neglected. This eager striving after wealth necessarily produces men and women who cannot understand nor appreciate the arts and sciences, literature and sociology of the past and present.

The greatest evil is ignorance. Man is not properly educated. Men and women are equipped with no more knowledge than is necessary to enable them to conduct the very ordinary and simple affairs of life, and generally imperfect at that. Most of these men and women are graduates of our public schools, and many of them of our colleges. They compose the mass of the citizens. They are called upon to decide by their votes questions of great importance, for they elect legislatures and congresses to enact laws for the welfare of all the people. While having a voice in the government of the nation they have not prepared themselves for their duties. They know nothing about the questions that come up for solution upon which depend their prosperity and happiness. The result is they are led by unscrupulous men, and our political life is tainted with corruption. If the people were properly educated this would not be.

To prepare the individual for life, to acquaint him with the laws of nature, "under which name," said Professor Huxley, "I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways," to make known the principles of morality, justice, liberty and government; to broaden the aspirations, to deepen the sympathies, to ennoble the passions, to cultivate the intellect—this is the purpose of education.

The growth of man through the ages has left us in possession of more knowledge than the world had at any other period of time. We are in a position to know the why and wherefore of things, to explain what has long been considered mysteries beyond solution. The whole round of thought and action has been changed. We have a basis for government, and for all the other affairs of life, and this basis is natural. In every sphere of life law reigns. All that is done is in conformity with law, has adequate causes. Nothing happens by itself.

Everything is dependent upon other things, upon that which precedes it and that which surrounds it. For thousands of years the people have been taught otherwise, and they have remained in a state of ignorance.

Whatever progress this world has made is due to education. Time has been, and is the great teacher of humanity. Experience develops the heart and brain. Every fact that is added to the store of knowledge, every invention or discovery that has increased the comforts and happiness of life, every thought or action, possesses an educational value.

The time has arrived for a new system of education, a system that is in accord with the science of the age. Instead of adapting the individual to the curriculum, the curriculum must be adapted to the needs of the individual. The knowledge that is most necessary for the preservation of existence, and for the mental and moral expansion of man; that will conduce to right living, to a happier, more beneficent social state, is the knowledge that education should impart, should train the mind to acquire all through life. Education is the means to a higher condition of thought and life, which means the production of a higher type of man.

The true basis of education is science. Yet science is neglected in the ordinary instruction of the individual. Truth is the daughter of science. Yet, for ages, down to to-day, the human race has been taught that truth comes from some supernatural source, of which, in the nature of things, no one knows anything, since it does not exist. This is one of the wrongs of our present education—it teaches as truth the fancies and dreams of ignorant men.

The new education will tell you how to live. The observance of the laws of hygiene is necessary to the living of a clean, healthful and vigorous life. These laws every human being should know. Hence, instruction in anatomy, physiology and sanitary science is a part of education. Without a clean and healthy body it is impossible to have a good and healthy brain—it is impossible for the intellect to reach its best possible development.

We should understand the nature of the things around us and our own organisms. We should know the properties of matter, the ingredients of the food we eat, the composition of our bodies and of all the things with which we have to do. We should know why things are what they are—why wood is wood, and why it bursts into flame and is consumed when fire is applied to it. And here the knowledge of chemistry is indispensable.

We should know something about biology. It is important to

understand under what conditions life can or cannot be maintained. We should know something about physics, for a knowledge of heat, electricity and light is essential in a practical life. We should know something about botany and geology, for nothing better cultivates the mind and refines the emotions than an understanding of the phenomena and an appreciation of the beauties of nature. Unless we have a knowledge of ethics we do not know how to act toward our fellow-men; we are incapable of right conduct. Unless we are acquainted with biology and psychology we cannot understand sociology; it is impossible to comprehend the growth of nations, and to understand the meaning of that mass of literature labelled history.

The true education is the scientific one. The scientific method alone gives us accurate knowledge. It alone furnishes safe guides for conduct. The education of man is incomplete without the study of the sciences. A knowledge of our position in nature is of great assistance in the preservation of life, in the gaining of a livelihood, in the discharge of the duties and bearing of the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood; it is essential to good parentage and citizenship. The knowledge most necessary to the welfare of the individual is largely left untaught in our public schools, and receives insufficient attention in our colleges. There is a great need for reform in our present educational system.* * *—*The Harbinger*, India.

Two places I know—both are quite near at hand—
Called Busyman's Country and Lazyman's Land;
And you're given each morning a chance to decide
In the first one to walk, in the other to ride.

In Busyman's Country the day seems quite short,
And they have not much time there to frolic or sport,
But yet, if you'll notice, when evening comes round,
A happier country could hardly be found.

In Lazyman's Land how the hours drag by!
There's nothing to do there except yawn and sigh;
And when nightfall comes, in the whole of the place
You'll find scarce a smile or a satisfied face.

Secular Thought.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind—for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

VACCINATION IN ENGLAND.

William Tebb, the champion of Anti-Vaccination in England, writing to Dr. Alexander Wilder, on the 21st of July, 1898, gives this gratifying intelligence:

"My Dear Dr. Wilder.—You will, I am sure, share with me the satisfaction which our friends have experienced by the abolition of the Compulsory Clause of the Vaccination Law in England and Wales—thus practically putting an end to the vaccination tyranny, after our long and arduous struggle. In future, the opponents of the Jennerian superstition will be able to escape prosecution, by making a declaration to the effect that they are conscientiously opposed to vaccination. You will have received copies of the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Daily News*, giving full particulars of the victory which has been achieved, and which will encourage those who, like yourself, are still in the midst of the fight. What has taken place here will make it easier for the advocates of parental freedom in all parts of the world."

The contest which Mr. Tebb mentions came off on the 19th of July, and was prolonged to the 20th. The Royal Commission had recommended the abolition of compulsory vaccination, but the Government, which is Conservative, had introduced a bill evading this proposition. Mr. Henry Chaplin, Chairman of the Local Government Board, was the author and champion of the measure. The attempt was met with decision, and a warm debate was held.

Mr. Pickersgill declared that the bill was a covert attempt to reinstate compulsory vaccination, and set criminal proceedings in full operation against those who were opposed. Times had changed. "Vaccination now, in the opinion of the most eminent authorities, was no more worthy of support by force and fine than a doctor's ordinary prescription."

Mr. Channing said that such a bill wanted far greater scientific and medical justification than the evidence at present accessible provided.

Sir Henry Fowler repeated the modern argument about vaccination imperfectly performed. He admitted, however, that compulsion was absolutely at an end. It had ceased to be a question of principle and had become purely a question of expediency.

Mr. Chaplin remarked that compulsion was the law now, but that this bill mitigated it. He insisted that the intelligence of the country fully supported the Ministry in this matter. "The whole agitation against vaccination was the result of widespread ignorance in regard to it."

Mr. Labouchere said that whether the Government liked to pass the

bill or not, he would guarantee that the people of Northampton would not be vaccinated, and that they would refuse to pay, either directly or indirectly, any fines imposed for non-vaccination. As far as he understood it, immunity from smallpox disappeared seven years after vaccination. In that case they would all have to be re-vaccinated.

The bill then being taken up in due form, Sir William Foster moved an amendment to the effect that within four months from the birth of a child the parent or person having custody may make a statutory declaration before not less than two magistrates in petty sessions, of conscientious objection to the vaccination of such child, which must be registered with the vaccination officers for the district where the child resides, as no prosecution shall be had for non-vaccination. He referred to the fact that the most loathsome diseases had been imparted by vaccination. Since 1872 there had been a steady decline in the number of children vaccinated and at the present time, quite one-third of the children born escaped vaccination altogether. A law leading to such evasion was not worth keeping on the statute book.

Mr. Chaplin made a sad plea for his bill. It was not conscience that produced neglect of vaccination; it was negligence and carelessness. Since the Royal Commission was appointed, there had been no earnest attempt to enforce the law. The annual birth-rate was about 922,000. In 1893 there were 150,000 unvaccinated; in 1897, 250,000; and now it may be put down at 300,000. He threatened a recurrence of fearful small-pox epidemics.

Then the Conservatives rallied to help their colleague. Long, Harcourt and Priestley came valiantly to the rescue. It only provoked a second sweeping of the tide. The Foster amendment, it was insisted, would tend to the maintenance of law and order.

Mr. Broadhurst asked what Mr. Chaplin, as chairman of the Local Government Board, intended to do in Leicester, where almost the entire population were against compulsory vaccination. He believed that if the gentleman did not abandon his vexatious, despotic and un-English proposal, he would find many unions, townships and cities in open revolt.

Mr. Llewellyn regarded the Government bill as unworkable.

Mr. Steadman objected to coercion in any form. Vaccination had diminished during the last five years, but so also had smallpox. In the case of a man who performed an illegal operation, the law sentenced him to penal servitude; but if a child died through being vaccinated, the law did not pass any sentence on the medical practitioner who performed the operation. "Yet," he added significantly, "if I regarded this question from a party point of view, I should like to see this bill

passed, because it would lose to the Conservatives thousands of votes at the next election."

Mr. A. J. Balfour made a speech to conciliate all parties. He eulogized vaccination and said that anti-vaccinators were but a small minority. Yet there had been changes among doctors themselves. Since the Act of 1854, and that of 1874, the difficulty to enforce vaccination had increased. Even members of the medical profession do not speak of vaccination in the same dogmatic way as they did twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Sir Charles Dilke moved to strike out the clause empowering local authorities to spend money for diffusion of literature and information as to advantages of vaccination.

Mr. A. J. Balfour remarked that it was perfectly possible to couch arguments for vaccination in such terms as to drive any one from it. He offered to write such a pamphlet.

On motion of Mr. Chaplin the operation of the Act was limited to January 1, 1904.

The bill then went to a third reading.

Mr. Tebb has richly earned his title to feel elated. Ever since Dr. W. J. Collins convinced him, refusing to vaccinate his daughter, he has been a strenuous opposer of vaccination. He was prosecuted and fined, time and again, till very shame compelled his prosecutors to desist. He has spent a fortune in this holy crusade. His co-laborers number among the most intellectual men of England. Such men as Gladstone, Bright, F. W. Newman, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Crieghton, D. J. J. G. Wilkinson, A. R. Wallace stood with him and share his triumph.

As he says in his letter, this will make it easier for the friends of parental freedom elsewhere. With one such man in the United States, it would not be many years before America would stand with England and Switzerland for personal freedom from bodily contamination.

RESULTS OF VACCINATION.

CONTENTION THAT A PERMANENT MORBID CONDITION FOLLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Press*:

SIR.—For your manliness in admitting to your columns communications differing in sentiment from your own views I thank you heartily. Approving of what the several writers have said in relation to vaccination and the evils resulting from it to the soldiers, I beg leave also to add a word.

Sir James Paget, of London, is one who stands above others in the ranks of orthodox medicine. His works are regarded as superior authority. In his treatise on surgery he explains the supposed utility of vaccination. He declares that it produces a permanent morbid condition of the blood, and that this morbid condition while it continues is a safeguard against smallpox.

Accepting these statements, the former of which is undoubtedly true, it seems to be certain that the vaccinated volunteers in the war with Spain were placed in a permanent state of disease by being vaccinated and so were made directly liable to every morbid influence existing wherever they went. It can be no wonder that so many succumbed. It is the first step that costs; the others are natural consequences.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 21, 1898.

—*From The New York Press.*

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., August 24, 1898.

DEAR EDITOR.—The enclosed experience in itself is remarkable and worthy of most careful study and examination. I, the impressor, sent to Chas. G. (whose statement is enclosed), from Atchison, Kansas, twenty-two miles from St. Joseph, Mo., the following thought image—which I now copy verbatim from the notebook in which I wrote it, June 20th, the day I sent the impression, at 5:08 P. M.

ATCHISON, KANSAS., 6—20, '98.

Impressed C. G. this eve; very clear scene. Vapory, transient cloud, obscuring bright star—star in the East. Cloud changes colors—very beautiful. Star shines through it. Cloud gradually disappears, revealing piercing star. Very strong. Time three minutes.

H. B. T.

I well remember how strong was the impression, and after I had sent it I was confident he (C. G.) had received the picture perfectly. There was that same feeling of certainty. We had had these experiments very often before, but this is by far the most impressive and realistic. C. G. has not stopped talking about it yet; he calls it a wonder. You are at liberty to publish this, as I deem it a duty to give

the public and advance thinkers the privilege of examining so important and so perfect an experiment.

H. B. TIERNEY.

DATUM OF EXPERIMENT.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., June 20, 1898.

Time 5:10 P. M.

I had not for two weeks received any impression from H. B. T. On the evening of June 20 I took a stroll in the East End, to Wyatt Park. I walked leisurely along enjoying the varied scenes of activity on the broad street. Gradually my mind became more composed and I withdrew my thoughts to things interior and presently was absorbed in thought. While thus walking along, suddenly the most remarkable thing occurred! Now, I am not superstitious, nor do I believe in the *super-natural*—believing that nothing can be above Nature, and that all things, however strange they may appear to our weakly intellect, are only manifestations of an immutable law, their strangeness existing only relatively to our ignorance of their cause and actions. The weakness is all on our side. But I can accept as Truth that which I know to be truth. This “wonderful experience” I have recently passed through has very strongly impressed me.

I had been in a certain train of thought for some few moments and the vision that appeared before me I certainly witnessed with other than bodily eyes, or beheld with some inner Being. It would be very difficult to describe the vividness and acute strength of the vision. It pierced my very being. I shall never be able to forget it. * * * I saw a clear azure heaven, in the midst of which shone forth a single shining star. Its golden brilliancy was blinding. I could catch but imperfect glimpses of it as there now arose a bright tinted, gently rolling cloud which nearly obscured the shining star. The beautiful rose-tinted cloud gently moved from south to north (the vision was in the east and I was walking west).

Its brightness dazzled the eye and filled the spirit. Now, it seemed to fill with flowing flame. It now seemed to extend to the far-most boundaries of the deep azure dome. From the bosom of this mysterious golden cloud shone forth the highly luminous star. It gleamed from afar with glorious splendor. It seemed the emblem of the power of man. The cloud slowly passed on like a subtle veil before the gem of concentrated light, which breathed forth light and music. Its beams were like the light of Aurora, and were as sweet waters and lifted my soul into Infinity. All the music that is in the earth of man, or in the stellar orbs, equalled not the harmony of that silent rhythm of Infini-

tude. Each moment the evolving veil changed its delicate tints. Now clothed in rose lustre, white and emerald, blue and fiery sparkling. "like the flame pillars of Paradise." But ever behind this thin, vapory cloud-veil, the star shone through like light condensed, like solid sunbeams, or like the burnished foam of waters.

Slowly the cloud passed by and the lone star suddenly shone forth in terrible splendor. The veil had passed away and now melted into the azure ether of the calm, deep sky. The vision overcame me. The splendor of the star pierced me. Suddenly all vanished. I stood on the street, amazed, bewildered, full of deepest awe. I was deeply and most reverently impressed. It is impossible to convey in words the vividness of the vision, for this I naturally concluded my remarkable experience to be at the time until I had learned that H. B. T. had so impressed me.

June 22, 1898.

Above is my feeble attempt to describe a wonderfully impressive phenomenon.

[Signed.]

CHAS. GEMMER, Involuntary Recipient,
and

H. B. TIERNEY, Impressor and Writer.

August 23, 1898.

NO TERRORS FOR GEORGIE.

Next Door Neighbor—You are welcome to all the turkey dressing you want, Georgie, but aren't you afraid you'll eat too much and be sick?

Visiting Boy—No'm. We're faith cure people over to our house. I'd like some more dressing.—*Chicago Tribune*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE GROUNDWORK OF SCIENCE. A Study of Epistemology. By St. George Mivart, M. D., Ph. D., F. R. S. Cloth, 321 pp., \$1.75. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. London, Bliss, Sands & Co.

The present volume is devoted to an attempt to "satisfy the desire of the rational mind to know what is the basis of his own knowledge and the ultimate groundwork of all science, which calls for a science of science"—Epistemology—and "cannot rest satisfied without a study of the grounds of all the learning the mind of Man can acquire."

The Author has produced a very comprehensive work, searching into the

problems of science with skill, perception and probity to the depths for true knowledge. In brief, a scientific work which appeals to the reason, and which the philosophical mind will peruse with pleasure, and the student find a valuable aid to the elucidation of the facts of life.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. By Annie Rix Militz. Cloth, 101 pp.
F. M. Harley Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

In analyzing "The Sermon on the Mount," the Author of the book before us reaches the depth of its meaning through pure metaphysical reasoning, and thus throws the clear light of Truth where much darkness has prevailed. A careful reading of this little volume will bring comfort to the faithful heart, and guidance to the earnest seeker after Truth. Works of this class are much needed and serve a noble purpose, while penetrating to the wondrous beauties of the New Testament, in thus giving, through metaphysical philosophy, the true interpretation of its writings.

HELPS TO RIGHT LIVING. By Katharine H. Newcomb. Cloth, 171 pp.,
\$1.25. Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

This book is a series of metaphysical lessons containing "the same truth in different dresses, so that it may appeal to many minds." It is written with an earnest desire to help those who are striving to live rightly. The Author says in her Preface: "If the reader will take one lesson at a time, try to get the spirit of it, and live it for a week, he will, perhaps, derive more benefit than by any other method," and truly the reader will find much food for thought in each one of these practical, vibrating essays. To teach people to apply metaphysical principles to daily living, is to extricate them from the bondage of selfhood. Such teaching opens the way to freedom through self-knowledge.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

PSYCHOLOGY, HYPNOTISM, PERSONAL MAGNETISM, AND CLAIR-VOYANCE. Illustrated. By William A. Barnes. Paper, 82 pp. Price, 25 cents. Published by the Author.

IS FLESH-EATING MORALLY DEFENSIBLE? By Sidney H. Beard. Paper, 29 pp. Published by the Order of the Golden Age. The Beacon, Ilfracombe, England.

EXCHANGES.

THE BRAHMAVADIN. Monthly. \$2.00 per annum; 15 cents single copy. Triplicane, Madras, India. T. E. Comba, 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEUE METAPHYSISCHE RUNDSCHAU. Monatsschrift. Jährlich 12 Mark. Einzelne Hefte 1.—Mark. (Inland) 14.—Mark (1.20) (Ausland). Paul Zillmann, Zehlendorf (Berlin).

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 7.

A CHAPTER ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"The maddest yet the greatest language in the world."

One of the characteristic utterances which Mr. Dickens put into the mouth of Samuel Weller, is the comparison of "addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said, ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards."

Foreigners, and even countrymen of our own, who are ambitious to pass for scholars, sometimes make it a point to rail at our vernacular as being ill-constructed and barbarous. I once heard a German describe it as a "yargon," and some years ago, a "Contributor" in the *Atlantic Monthly* made use of the phrase, "English because it is nothing else."

When we hear these gibes there comes up sometimes a temptation to reply to them after the manner of Mrs. Poyser, by admitting the imputation without disputing, and then pleading in its behalf that the principal purpose of the faults of the language is to counterbalance some notorious infirmity of the native or favorite dialect of the individual who is scoffing. It is indeed very true that our English tongue abounds with defects, and is not well suited in many respects for the niceties of philologic diletteism. It has been faulted for irregularities in orthography, the unfortunate uncertainty which often exists in regard to the pronouncing of words, and for the confusion which is incident to the forming of a part of the vocabulary somewhat promiscuously from several diverse languages.

It may be pleaded, however, as a reply to these strictures, that

there is not a language in existence among the civilized nations which is not made up in similar ways from other dialects. Even the Latin and Greek have variations in orthography, and many words that are foreign and barbarous; and the Hebrew, as we find it in the original text of the Bible, contains names and phrases that were borrowed from elsewhere. Perhaps the only language extant that can be commended as having no foreign additions is the Esquimaux. This has been intimated in several public journals. Whether, indeed, it would be desirable to expurgate our English speech from external commixture may be answered intelligently when we take into consideration that it would also be divested thereby of all scientific and literary contributions and reduced to a condition denoting ignorance and savagery on the part of our people.

In fact, a writer in the Contributors' pages of the *Atlantic* aptly denominates it "the maddest yet the greatest language in the world." This delineation is the fittest of any. It must in candor be acknowledged that the English language possesses the merit which few others have, of expressing clearly and forcefully the thoughts, wishes and purposes of sincere, energetic and right-minded thinkers. It permits the speaker and writer to arrange the construction of sentences in such a manner as to place the most significant clauses where they will be the most effective. Its vocabulary is so extensive that it enables them to avoid tautology, and at the same time to voice the sentiment correctly and without any abating of the strength of the utterance.

In these respects it actually excels other languages. The French abounds with idioms which confuse the learner, and there is a needless assortment of verbs and pronouns which embarrass the effort to make use of them correctly. The German, in its turn, is loaded down with a redundancy of clauses in almost every sentence, which obscure the sense and displease the reader by the clumsiness of the expression. I have repeatedly, after a sentence or page had been translated literally into English, taken the pains to write it over anew for the purpose of condensing the various clauses, and I succeeded in this way in giving the true meaning in far briefer space. A friend of mine, a native of Saxe-Altenburg, a man of superior intelligence,

once told me that he himself always made use of English in writing, when this was practicable, because of its superior conciseness.

The late Dr. John Weissé began a study of the English language, full of prejudice against it because of its irregularities, but changed his views and became an admirer. He found it comparatively free from the defects of most of the European tongues, and at the same time capable of improvements which would remedy the incidental faults. He wrote a treatise setting forth his views and observations, which he summarized by the proposition to establish a system of orthography in which all words shall be spelled as they are sounded or sounded as they are spelled.

Indeed, much of the criticism which is bestowed upon our language relates to the faults of the vocabulary. Many of the letters have different sounds for reasons which are not directly apparent, and are often retained in words after they have long become silent. The student is obliged to consult a dictionary in order to know how to pronounce the simplest terms, and even then is liable to be confounded by the fact that there are a score or thereabouts of English dictionaries in use, each having its partisans, and that in important instances they often disagree. For example, Worcester clashes with Webster upon the term *arbutus*, and we are left in uncertainty about pronouncing the word *deaf*. Pope made *tea* rhyme with *obey*, as indeed many an Irishman and Britishman would now. We are liable to fall into the use of provincial expressions by reason of such discrepancies. A resident of the Southern American States finds out a man to be from the North, and a "Westerner" knows the citizen of the East, by the use and sounding of words. We realize the strait in which the Apostle Peter was involved when he was exposed in the endeavor to conceal his relations to his Master—"They that stood by came and said to Peter: 'Of a truth thou art of them, for thy speech betrayeth thee.'"

We may plead, therefore, in regard to the eccentricities of the English language, that they are chiefly due to the fact that it is spoken by populations of different origins, latitudes and conditions. It has been computed that the number exceeds a hundred and twenty millions, and that they are distributed over all regions of the globe.

The twentieth century, now close at hand, is certain to exhibit an immense augmenting of that number. No other dialect now in use is becoming thus general; and literature will operate to render it permanent as well as universal.

The fact that the English language is spoken by peoples so diverse will account for the peculiarity that many words that are obsolete in one region, or that have acquired another sound and meaning, are retained elsewhere in their older forms and sense. The same peculiarity exists, however, in other countries. The French language of Paris is quite different from that of Brittany or Languedoc; the Spanish of Catalonia is barbarous to the ear of the Castilian of Madrid, and German speech varies in many respects in the several States of the Fatherland. It is by no means wonderful that the New Englander "guesses" like John Milton, while the Southerner "reckons" as in the diction employed in the English version of the Epistle of Paul to believers at Rome; or that, as Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") has shown in his inimitable volumes, there occurs a change of dialect or rustic speech with the various populations along the banks of the Mississippi River. The same fact is noticeable in Great Britain, in Kent, Cornwall, the counties of Wales, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland and the Lowlands of Scotland. There is no good reason in this matter for the pot to taunt the kettle for its blackness.

Nevertheless, there is little just cause for us to bate a word of blame in respect to the vices of pronouncing. It is true that the matter may be explained by the fact that they result, to a great extent, from the practice of adopting terms from other languages without any changing of the sound or spelling. The person who has received only the instruction which is given in public schools is often perplexed with such words as *début*, *ennui*, *brochure*, *savant*, *patois*, *cañon*, or with proper names like Faure, Faust, Czech, Scheuren, Schley, Joaquin, Vallejo, João, Juan, Skrzynecki. There is objection often made to the teachings of foreign languages to pupils in the public schools, and yet they are certain to find difficulty from this cause in the reading of books and newspapers. The complications of the United States with European countries, and especially the conflict

with Spain, will result in the overloading of the newspapers and literature with names and terms which the unwary reader is almost certain to mispronounce. Indeed, it is hardly possible for an artless person to read aloud in a social or public gathering without incurring the risk of an experience which may not be remembered without a feeling of mortification.

This is an evil which ought to be summarily put out of the way. The need for such a reform is becoming daily more urgent. Scientists and other specialists are multiplying new words, and the students of archaic literature are introducing new names from the Sanskrit, Old Persian, Chinese, Assyrian, Hittite and Egyptian, which few know how to pronounce correctly. One result of this is that the English language is becoming in a fair way to repeat the experience recorded of the city and tower of Bab-El, where their language was confounded in order that they might not understand one another's speech (*Genesis* xi.). The various terminologies and barbarous phrases are brought into use for privileged classes of individuals, in addition to the vernacular speech which is the only language that the "plain people" understand. It reminds us of the condition of literary matters in ancient Egypt, where the hieroglyphic or symbolic and the hieratic modes of writing were in use for the higher classes—the priests, scribes of the temple-schools and other lettered persons—and the demotic or epistolographic was for the others. It is hardly in accord with the spirit of our institutions to have such distinctions, which seem to fence apart an oligarchic professional class and a plebeian laity. Aristotle counselled wisely to think with the wise and cultured, but to discourse in the language of the many. Few, comparatively, are sufficiently learned and scholarly, however, to speak thus simply, and there are those who affect superior knowledge, though the attainments of such are often only superficial. Nevertheless, so far as diversities are incident to culture or natural genius, they will manifest themselves almost spontaneously.

The attempt has been made in several countries to revise the spelling of words, in order to do away with the difficulties of the learner. In Spain and Italy the letters which were esteemed superfluous, as being without sound, were taken away; and those which

remain have very generally, though not in all cases, only a single sound. The French Academy made a similar expurgation, but it is by no means so complete. Silent letters occur so numerously at the end of words, and as the last syllable of certain verbs, as to be a source of annoyance to pupils. The work needs to be vigorously repeated. The Russian literary authorities have been thorough, adding new letters to their alphabet to meet the requirement to express each distinct sound definitely.

These partial reforms have increased the difficulties which are so flagrant in the English vocabulary. A better way would be for the nations to agree on a uniform system of sounding and pronouncing the letters. A few representative literates from each country can devise such a plan. After this shall have been effected the orthography and pronunciation can be arranged anew in the several languages, so that the spelling of every word shall be determined by its sound and its sound by the way that it is spelled. This would save the millions of pupils many years each, which are now employed in the committing of spelling lessons to memory at an age when the time and effort should be devoted to other purposes.

It is true that the difficulties in the way are many. Few countries in Christendom have a homogeneous population. Every district is characterized by a provincial language of its own; and even in the United States there are the crude jargons of pioneer populations, the various modes of expression of partly assimilated Europeans, the mongrel dialects of the colored inhabitants with the corrupt lingo of neighboring whites. Mark Twain, Charles Egbert Craddock, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller appear to be perpetuating these in our literature. There is likewise a "pigeon English" spoken by Chinese; and slang terms and phrases, often invented and adopted from gipsies, criminals and the vilest of the population, are constantly intruded into familiar speech.

It may seem, upon a superficial view, as though a policy of careful and thorough general instruction might be made to obviate all these difficulties. There exists, nevertheless, a more formidable impediment in the publishing houses. Millions of dollars have been invested in enterprises which a sweeping reformation would imperil.

The dictionaries, of which many millions of volumes have been sold, operate to fix orthography and pronunciation in the forms now adopted, and the libraries and other collections of books would be driven out of use with the dictionaries, and their commercial value thus destroyed. It is hardly probable, therefore, that any considerable reform in English spelling will be obtained, except such as may be incident to the constant using of words. Perhaps, however, the necessities of the telegraphic system will aid to expedite the needed change.

If, however, we compare the orthography of words as presently employed, with the way that they were spelled some centuries ago, it may be that we will find some encouragement. The *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, and the translation of the *New Testament* by Wickliff afford some favorable evidence of what may be possible. Words are spelled in them in forms which now seem utterly barbarous. The fact is, that many words which we now profess to derive from the Latin, actually came into the English language from the Norman-French, and appear in those works in their French form as modified by the usage of the time. As examples of the mode of spelling them employed, we may mention such words as *schal*, *litelle*, *sodaine*, *girdelle*, *constablerie*, *extencion*, *anguishous*. It was not considered very important, however, in former times, to be uniform or particular about spelling. Mary, the queen and consort of William III., has left a memorandum of her "*crownation*," and writers who were esteemed as classic, often spelled the same word in different ways. Even General Washington, in our later period, halted in his orthography.

We are indebted to the early Norman masters of England for many of the deformities existing in our modes of spelling. Other conquered peoples, of those of France, Spain and Italy, forgot their own language and adopted the Latin from their conquerors. The Saxons and Danes of England were too robust in character, and compelled their lords to come to them. The Saxon English was modelled originally after the Dutch and Danish orthography. When the Norman clergy consented to adopt the language, they changed the letters in words so that they might be themselves better able to give the

proper sounds. In this way words like *haus* became *house*, and *brece* was transformed into *breach*. The dialect of the Scotch Lowlands preserves many of these old forms, like *kirk* for church, *syne* for since. The *ou* in such words as *honor*, *favor*, *error*, is explained by the fact that these words were adopted from the French, and the last syllable was sounded distinctly in that language. In English usage, the pronunciation of many words has been changed by the caprice of the "best speakers."

The adoption of the terminal letters *ed* in the preterit and participles of verbs, where the sound is that of *t*, is credited to Joseph Ritson, the antiquary. It was done for the purpose of establishing "regularity" in derivations. Dr. James A. H. Murray, editor of the great Dictionary of Oxford University, pleads for a return to the former usage. "Let us," he says, "let us recommend the restoration of the historical 't' after breath-consonants, which printers during the past century have industriously perverted to 'ed,' writing *fetcht*, *blusht*, *prickt*, *drest*, *winkt*, like Shakespeare, Herbert, Milton and Addison, and as we ourselves actually do in *lost*, *left*, *felt*, *meant*, *burnt*, *blest*, *taught*. *Laughed* for *laught* is not a whit less monstrous than *taughted*, *soughted* would be for *taught*, *sought*; nor is *worked* for *workt* less odious than *wroughted* for *wrought*."

It is true, as here remarked, that we continue to retain some of the older forms of preterits and participles. They are classed in the grammars as irregular, and in some instances are passing from common use. *Abode* is still the preterit and participle of abide; *bade* is the preterit of bid, *held* of hold, *ran* of run, *drove* of drive, *drank* and *drunk* of drink. The participles occasionally have the primitive Saxon terminal syllable *en*, as *bidden*, *hidden*, *ridden*, *driven*. This terminal was also used to form plural nouns, as *brethren* for brothers. *Housen* for *houses* was used in the last years of the Eighteenth Century, and we have the example of "hosen" for *hose* or trousers in the English version of the Book of *Daniel*. "His" is the genitive of *it* in every instance but one in the Common Version. A study of the languages from which ours was formed will show that all these apparent eccentricities of speech were as perfectly normal and legitimate as the latter usage.

Some other peculiarities deserve attention. The pronunciations given to *bury*, *busy*, *business*, *colonel*, *women* are not to be excused. Indeed, the etymology of these words indicates that they ought to be spelled differently. *Bury* is derived from *beorgan*, *busy* from *bysig*, *colonel* from *coronel*, and *women* from *wyfmen*. Indeed the common mode of pronouncing these words reminds us of a current witticism, that in the Basque language a word is spelled as *Solomon*, but pronounced Nebuchadnezzar.

In this connection we will remark that English speakers have acquired the habit peculiar to the French, of curtailing syllables, and that proper names are often spelled by sound accordingly. In fact, there are often two modes, one of which may be regarded as patrician and the other as plebeian; as in such examples as Beauchamp and Beecham, Cockburn and Coburn, Colquhoun and Calhoun or Cahoon, Cholmondeley and Chumley, Farquhar and Forker, Marjoribank and Millbank, Strachan and Strason, Tailléfer or Taliafero and Tolliver, Vauxhall and Vholes. A multitude of names in the British Islands have been thus transformed. Those of Keltic origin are more changed than the others.

Another peculiarity of the English language is the fact that it is almost absolutely without a grammar. Except in the possessive letter *s* in nouns, a few cases of pronouns, the degrees of comparison in adjectives and adverbs, and the tenses, persons and numbers of verbs, English words have each but one form. Jack Cade, when he hanged the schoolmaster for corrupting the youth by teaching grammar, was not altogether without reasonable pretext. Chaucer, Spenser, Philip Sidney, Bacon and the translators of the Bible received no such instruction, except what some of them may have learned in Latin and Greek. We are not without warrant in considering that the elaborate treatises on English Grammar which are now extant are really not necessary for a finished education.

There seems to be a remarkable number of words which are alike in orthography but diverse in meaning. This is due to the fact that they have a different root. The similarity is accidental. The dictionaries very properly place them apart as separate terms. Thus, *box* is the designation of a certain tree, a blow on the ear, a chest or recep-

tacle, a tube in a pump or in the wheel of a railway car, a small house, or a certain prescribed place in a theatre or public building.

Let is now used entirely in the sense of granting permission. Yet Francis Bacon employed it to denote forbearing. We find it in the common version of the Epistles of Paul, signifying to restrain, withhold or hold fast. I remember how my ignorance of this perplexed me in earlier years. This sentence sadly puzzled me: "I purposed to come unto you, but was *let* hitherto." It seemed strange that he should be permitted to carry out a purpose and yet did not do so. Again the apostle writes to the Thessalonikans, as we read it: "Ye know what *withholdeth* that he might be revealed in his time; for the mystery of iniquity doth already work, only he who now *letteth* will *let* until he be taken out of the way." This text seemed like nonsense till I had learned to read it in the original in the Greek Testament, where the sense is plain as daylight. The words "*letteth*" and "*withholdeth*" are exactly the same there, and the Greek word signifies *restrain*. The term occurs likewise in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, in the sentence, "Who *hold* the truth in unrighteousness." The signification is simply that unjust men detain and hold down the truth.

In the "Lord's Prayer" there occurs an analogous example of a word in the Greek text which comes alike from two different origins. It requires one who knows for the solution. With one origin it may mean *daily* or *for the coming day*; in the other case it would signify *super-essential, of a superior substance*. Pierre Abelard and the translators of the Douai version have rendered the clause in which it appears: "Give us this day our super-substantial bread."

The term "religion" is itself likewise somewhat indefinite in its etymology. It may be derived from *relegere*, to read or consider again; or from *religare*, to bind or fasten. The former is the more probable. In such case it would signify veneration, combined with philosophic contemplation; whereas, otherwise, it might mean a binding fast, as by a creed or cult. Latin writers take both views.

The kindred concept, "superstition," has fallen into worse conditions. Like its Greek synonym, *ἐπιστήμη* (*epistêmê*), it originally meant that intellection or intuitive knowing which is above the

common reasoning powers, but the word is now used entirely to denote false religion or excessive and slavish religious scrupulousness.

In this digression I will remark that I am inclined to think that the term *Logos* in the Greek text of the first chapter of the Gospel ascribed to John, which is translated "Word," is a Hellenized form of the Aryan term *log* or *lah*, signifying light. This is in accordance with the Oriental theosophy, which cognises Light as the head and source of the Creation.

The terms "sin" and "hell" have also acquired meanings to which they were not originally entitled. In the Skandinavian mythology Sigyn or Sin was the consort of Loki, who was the genius of evil and a veritable Mephistopheles. One of their progeny was the Serpent, which binds the Earth in its coils; another was Hela or Hel, the mistress of the world of the dead. The adoption of this concept by Milton in *Paradise Lost* is readily perceivable. The term used in the Greek Testament, *ἁμαρτία* (*hamartia*), generally signified the failure of a purpose; a coming short, or missing of the way. The definition of moral turpitude was rather a straining of the meaning.

"Conjure" has two etymologies and two significations. As derived from the Latin verb *conjuuro*, it means to entreat; but when it comes from the Hindustanic term *conjura* it signifies to entrance or bewitch. The Gipsies seem to have brought the word from India into Europe.

"Punch" has a variety of meanings which are due to the numerous origins from which it has been derived. As formed from the Hindustani numeral *punja*, five, it is used to name a well-known beverage compounded of five ingredients. It is also derived from the Latin verb *pungo*, signifying to pierce or perforate, and designates a familiar instrument used for perforating. It is likewise formed from *punio*, to punish, beat or bruise, and is employed as a verb to denote a violent assaulting. It seems also to be sometimes the same as bunch. When the term is used as the designation of the puppet in the show, it is a contracted form of the Italian diminutive *Pulcinello*, a chicken, a buffoon.

"Imp" originally denoted a child, and also the branch of a plant; and its diminutive, *impfling*, has become the designation in German

of a child that has not been vaccinated. The original term has now become so degraded in common usage as generally to signify a young devil, or a child of an evil temper, "Hire" seems also to have denoted an idea of something held in low estimation. It signified to do for pay what would be made worthy if done from love or a sense of duty. Hence the term *hireling* is used to describe a mercenary character; and the former preterit *hore* became the designation of a lawyer, a paid physician, or any one receiving hire.

Many expressive words have been lost from the English language by reason of having become obsolete. This is often to be regretted, as the new terms are too frequently less significant. It is due in a great degree to a vanity for adopting high-sounding words from some other language fancied to be more noble or worthy. Chaucer in this way introduced a profusion of terms from the Norman-French that were entirely unintelligible to plain English-speaking persons. He was followed by Milton and others, till the practice became general in our literature. As a result of this neologism the Scots have almost alone distinguished themselves creditably by keeping alive a large vocabulary of good old words, which we have often forgotten, but which are forceful and expressive beyond those which have been substituted for them. Such are *douce*, *bonny*, *greet*, *dour*, *dool*, *fash*, *cuddle*, *cairn*, *strath*, *crag*, *bog*, *raff*, *crom*, *yowl*, *waft*, *wame*, *wry*, *wrack*, *sooth*, *chuff*, *laze*, *glen*, *burn*, etc. These are genuine words with an origin in the dialects from which our language was formed.

Change of religion, whether by conversion or conquest, effects radical modifications of the terms used in familiar speech. The Supreme Divinity of one people, faith or period is thus made the Evil Potency of another. This has been illustrated in the career of the Brahman and Eranian sects of the Aryan peoples. A *deva* is a *deity* in India and a *devil* with the Parsis. We have adopted both these terms with their distinctive meanings. A *bhaga* or god in India is also a *bog* or divinity with the Slavonians, but has been transformed into a *bogy* or *hobgoblin* among ourselves.

We may note corresponding changes in other parts of Asia. Such titles as *molokh* or king, *El*, and perhaps *Ram-ana*, were applied to divinities of every cult. But *Seth* or *Sutekh*, the divinity once wor-

shipped in Egypt and Kheta-land, became the malignant Typhon of the Nile, and the Satan of Palestine. The term "yazda," which in Persian denoted an angel that presided over a certain month and group of stars, is now used to designate a people that is denounced as devil-worshippers. They show their relationships in various ways to the men of other faiths. Their chief symbol is a bird, representing the Simorg of Persia, the Garuda of India, and the Rokh or Nis-rokh of ancient Assyria.

"Magic," an old Aryan term, formerly signified holy rites and learning, but with the subversion of the Mithraic worship in Europe, it was changed in meaning to designate sorcery and forbidden knowledge. Philosophers and students of physical science often incurred the peril of pursuing magic arts. A "witch" was, as the term literally signifies, a person of superior art and skill, and "witchcraft" or wisdom-craft properly denoted the art or technique of Superior Wisdom.

Astrology likewise made its contributions to the English as well as to other languages. In former times it comprehended all scientific learning within its perview. The knowing of the heavenly bodies, their phenomena and attributes, was a prominent feature in the matter, as these were regarded as significant of events and peculiar physical conditions. Physicians and priests were astrologers, and the medicinal plants had each its guardian star and genius. Every planet and constellation was believed to be the "house" of a divinity. The Assyrians and the Akkadians before them, appear to have possessed lenses and other instruments with which to observe the sky. The plot of ground which was set apart for this and other religious purposes was denominated sacred, a "temenos," "tempulum" or temple. Thus, we now have the words *contemplate*, which signified to watch the sky, and *consider*, to study the stars and portents.*

Other familiar expressions indicate an origin from the same source. We speak of the fortune of a prosperous person as being "in the ascendant." The days of the week are named from the planets, or rather from the divinities to whom they are set apart. Thus we

* In *Genesis* i., 14, the stars are described as set in the expanse of the heavens as *autoth*, emblems, or tokens.

have the Sun-day, the Moon-day, Tiu's day, Woden's day, Thor's day, Freyja-day, Seator-day. The last of the days in this septenary cycle was regarded by the archaic Assyrians as sacred to the divinity of the outermost planet, the "Sun of the World of Night," and set apart for doing nothing.

The Romans also named the days of the week after the Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. The qualities which were attributed to the planets or to their guardians are represented by the adjectives *sultry*, *sun-struck*, *lunatic*, *mercurial*, *venereal*, *martial*, *jovial*, *saturnine*. Friday, the day of Venus and its patron goddess, were regarded as harbingers of good fortune; Saturn and the Moon, of evil. To this day mental alienation is termed *lunacy*, and the catarrhal complaint which has been so common and troublesome for several years past, bears the name of *influenza*, as being considered the effect of the noxious influence of the moon. A calamity is described as a *disaster*, or the baleful action of a star.

The mystic element which is inherent and inseparable from our nature, is represented by a class of terms relating to mental and spiritual illumination. The condition designated *ecstasy*, *trance* or *transport*, *rapture*, implies an absence or parting of the conscious selfhood from the body to such an extent that the physical senses are closed, while the individual may be able to perceive facts and objects without their aid by means of an inner superior faculty. The terms *entheasm*, *enthusiasm*, *fanaticism* also come within the category. They have now no exalted meaning in our language, but their former significance is demonstrated by their etymologic sense, a condition in which the person is infilled, possessed and inspired by divinity. The prophets, sybils and ministrants at the oracles were subject at certain times to frenzy which was attributed to such a source, and their utterances were regarded as divine. At the present time, however, any person is styled "enthusiastic" who is much in earnest, and a "fanatic" is one who is beside himself in zeal.

The Moslem rulers of the Middle Ages were eager and diligent to preserve whatever of Philosophy and scientific learning had not already perished; and their efforts are commemorated in various words of Arabian origin which are still in use. Through them the

numeral figures, the ten digits, were introduced into Christendom, and *algebra* or *al jabara*, became a branch of mathematic study. Little recesses in public libraries are called *alcoves*, or the caves. *Alcohol*, the *kohl* or powder used by women to paint their eye-brows, has become the designation of rectified spirit. The familiar term *almanac* is formed from *al manakh*, a measuring; *azure lajarra*, the lazuli-stone. *Chemise* is also an Arabic term.

The designations *alchemy* and *chemistry* have generally been referred to the Greek, *χημεία* (chemeia) or *χυμία* (chumia), which came in their turn from Egypt, the "land of Ham" (*Psalm* cvi., 22.) The term *Ham* or *Cham* signifies fire, and chemistry is appropriately named from the employing of fire in its manipulations. The *alembic* and *alkali*, both Arabian designations, are easily found in the same category. But *alkahest* or all-geist, the alchemic appellation of the universal solvent, "which no vessel contains," cannot be included with them.

It is a curious fact that there are many words in the English language which have been introduced from foreign tongues, yet had an earlier origin from sources more directly cognate with our own. For example, *civil*, with all its derivatives, was adopted from the Latin; but the radical term is the Keltic preposition *kyf* or *kyv*, signifying together. The words *prehensile*, *apprehend*, *comprehend*, are primarily from the German term *hand*, also in common use with ourselves. Nobody, however, seems to remember that *ennui* is from the same root as *annoy*, and that both words are from the Latin phrase *venire adio*.

Many words have lost their primitive meaning and acquired another which is often entirely foreign to the etymologic sense. *Gown* is the Keltic term *gunn*, and *nice* is from the Latin adjective *nescius*, ignorant. *Whisky* is from the Gaelic and Kymroic word *uisge* or *guis-ge*, signifying water, and the former name, *us-quebagh*, is from the Irish, *uisqe* and *beatha*, and means water of life. *Knave* once meant a half-grown boy; *rascal*, a person of low rank and character; *villain*, an individual in vile or servile condition. *Pig* originally signified a girl, and I have heard it used in that sense where nothing opprobrious was meant. Perhaps the beauty and agreeableness of the young swine led to this applying of the name to them.

Can is from the same original as *know*, thus indicating that to know means ability to do. *Ken* and *cunning* have likewise the same derivation. *Noble*, though borrowed from the Latin, belongs to the same group; and is, indeed, a contracted form of *notabilis*, which originally signified the possessing of superior knowledge. *King* once denoted the son or chosen one of the tribe. *Queen* was the designation of a companion, and afterward of a woman and consort. Its counterpart, *quean*, was formerly the same word, but has been changed in sense and orthography by later usage. *Wife*, which, curiously enough, was in the neuter gender, meant only a woman, and it is still found in compound words in that sense; as housewife, fishwife, midwife. English use has exalted it to mean a wedded companion. *Home* is peculiarly English in its meaning. *Ugly* is from *ug* to feel disgust. *Stark* once meant strong, but now only signifies utterly. *Subtle* and *subtil* are examples of an artificial distinction, having the same origin, and yet the latter is now used to denote fineness, and the former, slyness, deceptiveness.

The terms *holy*, *hale*, *hallow*, *heal* and *whole* are all from one origin and imply soundness, integrity, completeness. *Cure*, from the Latin *cura*, signified simply care; but later usage gave it the medical meaning, to heal. *Will* properly denotes desire or choosing, but it is now employed with its adjective *wilful* in the sense of obstinacy. *Charity* is from *carus*, dear, and as the term is used in the English version of the New Testament, it means altruism or neighborly regard, and never a dole or almsgiving.

It may be observed that many words which have been derived from the Latin have unfortunately become much changed in sense. *Prevent*, which originally signified to come before, as in the English Bible, now means to hinder or intercept. *Virtue*, taken by its etymology, denotes virility, masculine quality, manly excellence, courage, strength. It is now used to mean goodness, womanly chastity, general excellence, in manifest violence to the legitimate import of the term. *Temperance* primarily indicates a proper regulating, a keeping of the appetites and emotions in wholesome moderation, as set forth in the Pythagoric maxim: "Nothing in excess."

Intellect, and its congeners, *intelligible*, *intelligent*, *intelligence*, are

sources of perplexity. As employed in common speech and in philosophic discourse, the meanings are as diverse as though they were in different languages. In popular language, the term *intellect* is synonymous with understanding and reasoning faculties; but philosophically it denotes that part or faculty of the soul which transcends these, and is capable of knowing intuitively. Intellection is accordingly intuition or immediate cognizing of actual truth, beyond sensuous perceiving. Intelligence in this sense is the capacity for knowing superior truth apperceptively. *Intelligible*, which commonly denotes capable of being understood, denotes in philosophic discourse, perceptive of what is recondite or behind the apparent sense or import. Perhaps the adoption of the terms *noëtic* and *dianoëtic* would help out of the difficulty. The Standard Dictionary attempts to meet it by the new word *intellectory*.

It has been remarked that the *Divine Comedy* of Dante served to fix the language of his people in a permanent form. It may be said in equal justice that the Authorized Version of the Bible in like manner determined our English vernacular speech. It certainly owes much of its favor with the "plain people" to the simple words used in the translation. They are far more easy to understand than the classic utterances of Milton, Tennyson or Browning.

Lord Brougham praised Charles James Fox because "in his choice of words he justly shunned foreign idioms or words borrowed, whether from the ancient or modern languages, and affected the pure Saxon tongue, the resources of which are unknown to so many who use it, both in speaking and writing." The same praise is due to most parts of the English Bible. In the "Lord's Prayer" there are but five words that are not of Saxon or cognate dialects, and some of these may be changed for others with advantage.

True, there are many inaccuracies in the translation which disguise the genuine meaning. Besides this, some of the expressions are obsolescent, and many words have acquired new definitions and thus obscure the sense. "Conversation" no longer signifies a person's general conduct, but familiar discourse. *Prevent* no longer means to go or come before. To hold now means to retain, and not to restrain. Yet with all the faults the rhythm is generally so admirable and the

language so plain that the Common Version actually seems, and in fact has been, imagined by unlettered individuals to have been written originally in English. The various revisions and new translations have fallen behind in this respect; and this fact alone has been sufficient to make them unacceptable except as specimens of literary work.

A language is much more than the words which it may contain. There is to each of them a history of its own, and, indeed, they are themselves souvenirs of history. The sources from which they are derived, the modifications which they undergo, and the relations which they sustain, reflect the conditions and experiences of the people employing them. "The winged word cleaves its way through time as well as space," as Mr. Hubert Bancroft eloquently affirms. It serves as the messenger of thought to convey the motions of one mind to the perception and consciousness of others. It is thus the vehicle of inspiration by which the many receive and are animated by the aspirations, the ideas, and purpose of the leaders of thought and action. It not only sets us in a place apart from the animal tribes, but it also indicates distinctly the people to which we belong, the peculiar culture which we have received, and in some degree, even the events which have marked the career of our predecessors.

The words which come familiarly to our lips not only voice the thoughts which we would utter, but they likewise shadow forth their own sources and vicissitudes. They have fulfilled similar offices for ages. If we undertake to question them we shall learn that they have been diversified in form, and sometimes even disguised by changes of dialect. Such alterations indicate important modifications in the character of a people, and afford clues to curious facts in which a world of instruction is comprehended.

We do wisely to ponder the importance of such study. We learn thereby the words to choose in order to give the exact sense which we are endeavoring to convey. We are not only instructed, but exalted. A more vivid conception is gained of the sacredness of speech. There will be clearly indicated the inhering profaneness of slang utterance. Pure speech is every whit as estimable as pure literature.

To our English language the praise is due of possessing a copious vocabulary, adaptability to the requirements of science, business and daily intercourse, and a conciseness which is hardly excelled. There is a natural significance to every sound, enabling the masters of speech to discriminate their words judiciously, and to give their utterances the completest rhythm and the intensest force. That words are representative symbols we all know, but our language also excels in analogies and symbolisms of sound which the skillful know how to use. Its faults and imperfections are superficial and may be obviated. It has been a theme of wonder that the ancient Greek and Latin languages were spoken at first by obscure tribes that were few in number, and yet became in turn the current speech of the civilized world. It now seems even more probable that our English tongue, matured and enriched from every source, will be in due time simplified to a better adaptation and extend its sphere till it shall become the universal speech of the human race.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

The spirit is the master, imagination the tool, and the body the plastic material. Imagination is the power by which the will forms sidereal entities out of thoughts. Imagination is not *fancy*, which latter is the cornerstone of superstition and foolishness. The imagination of man becomes pregnant through desire, and gives birth to deeds.—*Paracelsus*.

Whether the universe is a concourse of atoms or nature is a system, let this first be established, that I am part of the whole which is governed by nature; next I am in a manner intimately related to the parts which are of the same kind with myself. For remembering this, inasmuch as I am a part, I shall be discontented with none of the things which are assigned to me out of the whole; for nothing is injurious to the part if it is for the advantage of the whole.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

The Divine Life going on and causing evolution returns to unity, and everything which harmonizes with its mighty course is carried onwards without waste of energy. Whereas, everything which sets itself against it and causes friction and retardation wears itself out by the very friction which it causes.—*Annie Besant*.

THE HIGH OFFICE OF THE POET.

In that estimate of poetry wherein we regard it, not unnaturally, as the flower of literature, we are apt to do scant justice to the poetic faculty itself, which is not to be classed as a product of mental evolution, but as an innate quality of the mind. It is, as it were, the mind's premonition of the soul; and its expression is not so much an outgrowth of literary forms as it is rather that something inherent which both preceded and subsequently fostered them. And we may say of poetry that it is not the cumulative result of successive refining influences,—it is not the culmination, but the very essence of prose, the leaven of all literature; and the Vedic hymns, the Mahabarata and the Ramayana, the Iliad and the Odyssey, while standing preëminent, are yet in point of time almost the beginnings of literature. It is in view of this, the exalted and prophetic character of the poetic faculty, that I wish to speak of the correspondingly high office of the poet.

In intimating the transcendent nature of this office, we must nevertheless observe that the mission of the poet is twofold: he may communicate things human as things Divine; he may speak of men, or he may speak from God. And while many sing of the joys and sorrows of humanity, there are few who become the mouthpiece of God.

In the first we recognize the descendant of Troubadour, Bard and Minstrel; the gentle advocate of sentiment and emotion, whose mission it is to cheer and enliven, to sing of love, and to sound the praises of the hero. His mind is attuned to sweet influences, his ear is sharp for the finer melodies, his eye keen for the subtler beauties. His speech is metrical and lyrical, and his verse a perennial spring of youth and beauty, love and joy. A dweller on Parnassus, in all ages, he waves for use the magic wand of Poesy; he stirs the sluggish blood, excites the torpid imagination, and embellishes the homely sentiment; he gives new meaning to tree and flower, to cloud and sky; he spreads the mantle of romance upon the Earth,

and every age is an age of chivalry, and all are men and women—Knights and Ladies; and he so weaves his subtle enchantment that life is invested anew with the simple delight of childhood and the sweet glamour of youth.

But, he who, falling short of the mission of Love, foregoes his true calling to become a portrayer of false sentiment—a panderer to unsound emotion; who forsakes Pegasus to ride a broomstick, and essays to illumine mankind with the glare of his sickly imagination, is a babbler—an eyesore to the wise. Alas, that ignorance should foist upon us this cant in the name of love, this wail and woe of a self-centred mind, this foolish lament of death. The true poet knows no death, knows no lament; is no love-sick moon pining for Endymion, but a genial sun whose kindly rays give warmth and life. He glories in the majesty of Day; sees in every day the first day of the world—dragging no past, pointing to infinite possibilities; he holds life sacred, every moment real—and would have every thought true.

The mind, and its reflection, the world, is evolving—is becoming; but the Soul *is*. Ever has it gleamed in the prophetic and poetic vision; ever has it been the high office of the seer and poet to record these gleams and to lead men back to the soul. Taught by the Divine he instructs the human; what he hears on the mountain he proclaims in the city. He shall interpret dreams and read the writing on the wall. The poet, indeed, is one with the seer, and it is for him to be a channel to the Truth, which is the highest poetry; to be a prophet of God, which is the highest calling. He is not a maker of rhymes, but the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Always a lover of mankind, yet because of the Truth must he walk alone; living in the eternal present, there is yet little that is contemporary with him. He anticipates the ages. In silence does he commune with the Spirit; in ecstasy does he behold the sublimity of the Soul; and attuned to the Divinity within him, his life flows onward like some great river—serenely! profoundly!

We are here led to inquire into the nature of genius. Now, genius is not to be confounded with talent, which is a mere quality of the intellect; but as talent is an intellectual, so is genius a spiritual aptitude, and it forever confutes the dictum of talent that art is

something of itself, for it sees it purely as an aspect of Being, and beholds in God the alpha and omega of all beauty whatsoever. Talent is often but an imperfect glass which, held to the eye, shows all objects in the light of chromatic and spherical aberration; genius is an inner vision, a transcendent clear-sightedness that requires neither glass nor eye. It is a susceptibility to inspiration, which is the voice of the Spirit; it is the quality of being a good conductor to the Divine current, and the highest genius lies in a profound perception of Truth. And to those influences which make for art and culture, the poet is not only receptive, but he perceives their significance; he sees in them but the garments of the Soul, and is concerned with the Source whence they come. We read that Socrates, being admonished in dreams to study music, bethought himself that surely he already did so, for was not philosophy the highest music?

It is but a popular fallacy that men are necessarily born geniuses, for genius is an influx of the Spirit and will flow in whatever direction is open to it. To be sensible of the indwelling Presence is to open the door to the Infinite. And we may say of the genius, of the prophetic mind, that it is the awakening, the new birth, and he to whom it comes is *twice born* and wears the true Brahman's card. Old things have passed away and have given place to the new. The life that was barren becomes fruitful. He stands upon the threshold of a new world that fills him with glad surprise. He observes that the senses are not final, and the external life but a state through which we pass,—that it is not the substance but the shadow. He regards the life of sense, of intellect, of strife for possession, as one would the illusions of childhood, remembering how as the child grows and matures, one by one the bogies disappear and the little dreads and fears vanish; how top and ball give place to rod and gun; how the college days are left behind for the life of society and the club; how these in turn give way for the cares of family and of business. And then, one day, comes sorrow and in one moment all that gilded world has turned to ashes; the worldly experience and the accumulation of a lifetime afford not one grain of consolation, and there is left only the yearning for Spiritual things. But the intimations of his genius shall serve the poet in lieu of experience, for wisdom is the

consummation of all action and experience is but the means towards the one end of life, which is union with the Spirit.

When we inquire into the working of the poet's mind, we find that herein does he differ from common men, that he seeks the substance of things nor would be content with less; he would get below the surface. And to him the glory of life is the consciousness of the Divinity within him; to him the verities of Being and Love are the facts of life and all else is incidental and passing. There is that Reality of which the Spirit admonishes him, which the world denies, but stand for it he must.

Genius is an effluence of the Soul,—not a personal trait. Take for instance the violin: a bit of maple, a bit of pine. The genius of Stradivarius fashions and shapes and puts them together; the genius of Beethoven records the rapture that floods his being; the genius of Ole Bull awakens the imprisoned voice, and, vibrating, impassioned, yearning, that glorious voice sways multitudes, touches the heart-strings and brings the tears. They see the blossoming maple and hear the sighing of the pine. In the little violin are awakened memories of a sunny land where the air is balmy and the sky so blue, and the soft mantle of the olive lies over the hills. It sings of the old maple whose soul it is; it tells how it blossomed, how the birds sang their love songs in its branches, how dark-eyed lovers sat beneath it, long ago, and whispered their soft Italian phrases. But the Spirit that breathed upon the maple breathes through the genius of maker and composer, and speaks again at the touch of the virtuoso. The Soul is the genius that makes, that writes, that performs, that listens.

"Art for art's sake" is short-sightedness, and worse; it is art without a basis; it is a body whence the soul has fled. What a pitiful spectacle do some men present under the delusion of so-called art; it is in fact the penalty of those who forego the worship of the Divine Principle, and, fascinated by the expression of beauty, would portray it as something of themselves. And so for every true poet, artist or musician, we have a motley host of hobby riders,—valiant champions of school and method,—fierce denounciators of one another. But genius is its own school, and a law unto itself.

It follows that whoso is receptive in any considerable or transcendent degree to the influx of the Spirit becomes the servant of the Lord, and shall thereafter appear to the world as a mystic whose teaching shall be loved by succeeding generations rather than by his own, which, failing to square his truths with existing dogma, turn a deaf ear. But, for whomsoever the world stones to death it builds a monument. He shall be considered dangerous to society,—who brings a message of love; and in truth he is inimical to the self-interest of Scribes and Pharisees. He is a pioneer in thought, a liberal, a radical; he brings truth to a world that maintains error; he flings no roses upon the beaten track, but sternly points to the new. To him, the seen is but a slender strip of territory across which we flit as we emerge from the vast unseen on one border, to vanish, after an hour, into the vast unseen upon the other. Possessed by the memory of his divine origin, upholding the dignity of man, having all faith in himself as the medium of the Spirit, he is a very bulwark of strength. He is the Parsifal before whose serene consciousness the castle of Klingsor shall fall,—the King of the Grail. He declares with Walt Whitman:

- “ Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms which have helped me.
- “ Cycles have ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen.
For me stars kept aside in their rings;
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
- * * * * *
- “ All forces have been steadily employed to complete me;
Now on this point I stand with my robust Soul.”

Under the blue sky heaves and throbs a bluer sea, bordered by a rippling, dashing line of gleaming white; the deep blue throbbing sea,—symbol of that Sea of Truth to which every soul is an inlet,—on the border of which every man stands. Its rhythmic throb fills the Universe and we may not close our ears. Deep within the soul it is heard, and ever and forever the memory of it goes with us in the One Life,—now a distant and subdued murmur, now the majestic harmony of the spheres.

There can be no mediocrity to the mind ever open to the intimations of its genius. We are not cast adrift without rudder and without

chart to read our fate in the skies. Faithless have we become if the intuition no longer instructs, no longer suffices; shallow indeed if we relegate religion to priests and Truth to poets, for the Soul bids every man seek Truth for himself and make his own prayers. It is for us to treasure every phrase of gentle import, every noble thought, every sweet strain, every scene of grandeur and of delicate beauty; for it is the Soul that has spoken, and these memories shall ever redeem us,—shall softly fan the flame of aspiration. Not one vision but has come for a purpose—has brought its message from the Divine Worlds. Let us not forget thine eternal presence thou sweet indwelling Spirit.

We communicate our characters; we disseminate them as do flowers their fragrance. No sooner is our stand taken upon one or another principle than there comes rushing to us some brother or sister asking the way. We cannot live to ourselves alone; all eyes are upon us.

Always the master-intellect imposes its belief upon lesser minds; great then is its responsibility. How long shall Milton cast the gloom of his Calvinism over the Western world; how long befool the unthinking with man fallen—who is but now rising, with a Paradise lost which is not yet found? How long shall the weak tremble at the horrid hells of Dante's mind? Not always. The laurel shall fade upon the head of him who misleads, be his verse never so majestic.

Wearily, wearily we support the burden of tradition. But it is the noble office of the poet—and of the poetic faculty in every man—to help form a new tradition, a tradition for Posterity which shall be based on Truth, and which shall be to them, not a millstone about the neck, but a lamp unto their feet.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

See how timid a little child is; see how he sees, even in a strange face, an object which terrifies him. How shall that child lose that timidity . . . Not by shutting him in a room, where he will never see anybody. . . . Fear is generated by letting him face unknown objects, and presently he begins to understand them, until out of constant experience fear is eliminated, and strength and courage take its place.—*Annie Besant.*

A STUDY FROM FAUST.

It is a well-known fact that the Faust legend was a literary theme time-worn and hackneyed when Goethe took it up and wove from it the greatest soul-history ever written. Unlike most of the records of spiritual development known to literature, this story of Faust has nothing of an episodic character, as, for instance, the spiritual conflict of Job, but in it the soul is followed through a complete cycle of experience, by which it is clothed upon with a comprehensive and harmonious culture.

It is this comprehensiveness and harmony which make the great drama an inexhaustible study and which repeatedly bring back to its pages even the most constant reader to enjoy some passage which shines with new meaning as the conception of the whole has gained in clearness. No commentator or biographer undertakes to determine for the reader the exact character of the symbolism of Faust or to declare the fullness of the spiritual significance of any particular scene. Each mind must lay hold for itself upon the vital principle of the great organism presented to it, and in the strength of this must interpret and appropriate the truth of its parts.

The first portion offers a comparatively clear path to interpretation, but the second, being on a loftier plane and dealing with abstract truths and moral forces, is more difficult of comprehension. It is therefore often entirely neglected or only hastily perused. This is the more unfortunate, inasmuch as even the first part cannot be perfectly understood without the knowledge of its relation to the second. As has been said, it is only part of an organism, the full comprehension of which is essential to explain each member.

A great variety of opinions regarding the different acts of the second part is advanced by the critics, but to the English reader, at least, there is one relating to the meaning of the fourth and fifth acts which, I think, has not been presented.

It will be remembered that Faust, after the overthrow of the world of personal interest and passion through which he had first

been led, apparently passes through a Lethean stream and wakes in a new world in which the larger forces play. He now pants for the higher life and yearns to know its source.

In the course of the first three acts, he sees in open vision all social forces, retrograde and progressive; he is conducted to the very fount of creative life, and rises thence with vision clarified and prepared to behold Ideal Beauty. To this he is joined in spiritual union and then is reconducted to his own particular earthly sphere to live out the remainder of his days and to discover there his appointed work.

We now enter upon the fourth act and undertake an interpretation of what follows, different from any which appears to have been given by the critics.

The act opens with Faust gazing after the vanishing form of the highest and most complete beauty of his own nature; that which has been revealed to him as he passed through the world of pure spirit and looked with eyes of love upon the Ideal Good. But though the vision has been his he cannot hold it. It floats aloft and "from his inner being bears the best away." Yet a soul regenerated by baptism into beauty and truth is left behind to work in the world as a purifying and uplifting energy.

Mephistopheles now appears and asks in what field Faust would choose to spend his efforts. He suggests several kinds of labour, but none meets Faust's ideal of service. Mephistopheles then asks him to declare his wish, and Faust answers thus:

"Mine eye was drawn to view the open Ocean;
It swelled aloft, self-heav'd and over-vaulting,
And then withdrew, and shook its waves in motion,
Again the breadth of level sand assailing.
Then I was vexed, since arrogance can spite
The spirit free, which values every right,
And through excited passion of the blood
Discomfort it, as did the haughty flood.
I thought it chance, my vision did I strain;
The billow paused, then thundered back again,
Retiring from the goal so proudly won:
The hour returns, the sport's once more begun."

* * * * *

"The sea sweeps on, in thousand quarters flowing,
 Itself unfruitful, barrenness bestowing;
 It breaks, and swells, and rolls, and overwhelms
 The desert stretch of desolated realms.
 Then endless waves hold sway, in strength erected
 And then withdrawn,—and nothing is effected.
 If aught could drive me to despair, 'twere, truly,
 The aimless force of elements unruly.
 Then dared my mind its dreams to over-soar;
 Here would I fight,—subdue this fierce uproar!
 And possible 'tis!—Howe'er the tides may fill,
 They gently fawn around the steadfast hill:
 A moderate height resists and drives asunder,
 A moderate depth allures and leads them on.
 So, swiftly plans within my mind were drawn;
 Let that high joy be mine forever more,
 To shut the lordly Ocean from the shore,
 The watery waste to limit and to bar,
 And push it back upon itself afar!
 From step to step I settled how to fight it:
 Such is my wish; dare thou to expedite it?"

This passage is interpreted as follows:

Nothing of all that Faust has realized of the true nature of the forces at work in the world has fully satisfied the cravings of his nature, and the Ideal could not be permanently possessed. He, therefore, determines to oppose the power of mind to the great destructive natural forces and to subdue them to order and usefulness for the service of mankind. This interpretation undoubtedly bears upon its face the evidence of truth, and yet, is it not allowable to conceive that its truth is only partial?

The main objection to admitting its completeness appears to me to be this: that it entirely shifts the scene of Faust's experience to a stage of merely practical endeavors and therefore moves away from the esoteric of the drama. Is it conceivable that Goethe should lead his hero through the very depths of spiritual struggle, should reveal to him the principle of energy or life, should unite him to the Ideal and then bring him back to earth to apply the results of his enlightenment, merely to improve the material conditions of society? Has the soul triumphant no higher mission than this?

I think that we can hardly confine the spiritual conquests of a life

pursued through the depths and heights of human experience to so narrow a sphere. Will not even everyday experience reveal to us a deeper meaning in Faust's desire?

With longing, sorrowing eyes Faust has beheld the ideal form of his perfect being float away into the distant heaven, leaving him among the familiar scenes of earth. From the land of pure spirit he has returned to the cramped, often debasing conditions of the mundane life. What now must his task be? To maintain himself as nearly as possible upon the spiritual plane he had reached, to endeavor to comprehend the laws of this higher world, and to apply its great principle of progress and order to his whole future conduct.

Faust has beheld something more than the subjective vision. He has discovered the workings of Spirit, of the principle of Life in human society. The height which has been attained has been reached by successive steps, and its present level must be but a stepping stone to a higher plane.

But, constantly threatening this great realm of spiritual dominion, are the unordered, undirected elements of nature, both human and inanimate. Against their encroachments not only is eternal vigilance the only price of safety, but an active co-operation of the individual will with the Power which is making for righteousness is necessary to a maintenance of the ground already reclaimed from chaos and vanity. What was true of the individual soul is true of Humanity, and the safety of the soul of the individual is insured only by an identification of its interests with the interests of its fellow-men, and by a seeking after self-realization in a world order of things where all relations shall be perfect.

These moral truths are typified by the Ocean and its destructive effects upon the intelligent work of men's hands. These are constantly endangered by the return of its waves upon the dry land which has been wrested from its grasp.

"If aught could drive me to despair 'twere, truly
The aimless force of elements unruly,"

says Faust. And mark how the possibility of the task is conceived. Moral steadfastness conquers the fierceness of the onslaught of the elements. Even a quiet spiritual progress drives them asunder;

while the fact that the least decline from the height secured leads them on, gives to man a field of activity in the strengthening of the weak.

The first incident narrated in Act V. gives additional force to this interpretation from the fact that it is scarcely intelligible upon any other ground.

An old couple are introduced, Philemon and Baucis, who discuss the extent and nature of Faust's improvement of the land and who show great resentment at the innovations which have disturbed the old order of things. They evidently represent the conservative element of society, and as such they are the cause of perpetual imitation to Faust. Their moldy old cottage and the adjoining chapel occupy a height which Faust wishes to possess that he may erect upon it a scaffold whence he can view his entire domain unbroken by any alien possession. He would survey the work of his hands,

"unconfined;
The masterpiece of human mind."

But the old people are obdurate, and the chiming bell of the obnoxious chapel which they attend still continues to cause Faust to rave at the sense of impotence it raises within him.

At length, unable longer to endure the sight of objects which not only mar the perfection of the work he has accomplished, but which also seem injurious to the old couple themselves, he bids Mephistopheles remove Philemon and Baucis to a finer and more healthful residence belonging to him, and instructs him to bring their possessions into harmony with the system prevailing throughout his own great domain.

But the attempted removal is strenuously resisted by the old people and the struggle to retain their own costs them their lives. Then Faust repents of his hasty deed and realizes that he has overstepped his rights.

Now, if this were nothing but a repetition of the story of Naboth's vineyard, as the given interpretation suggests, how much dignity it would detract from the labors of Faust!

But if we see in his feeling and in the act which this inspires a representation of the enlightened mind which recognizes the impedi-

ment of tradition and feels a great impatience at the obstacles it offers to higher conditions of life, we have an incident which is in entire keeping with the whole scheme of the drama. The death of the aged pair suggests the truth that to forcibly overthrow conditions which have been the only life of those who have helped to form them and who have found existence in them, is not to build anew but to destroy, and that such an attempt is an invasion by intellectual pride of a spot possessing a sacredness of its own. The repentance of Faust was the remembrance of the truth he had already learned: that all social order has been a spiritual construction and that development to be real must be orderly and from within. Indeed, this very principle was almost the mainspring of Goethe's own desire: that was, to realize in the soul an orderly harmonious development.

Before Faust's death he is blinded by the Gray woman, Care. Perhaps we may say, in short, that Care represents all those anxieties which are a component part of human life. Faust has, unmistakably, been somewhat darkened in spirit by his life of practical endeavor. Success in determinate undertakings is ever limiting to the intellectual vision. Yet, though partially obscured, above all the Ideal still remains, and the friction of life, its uncertainties, the impotence which deepens self-distrust, all tend to keep the eyes of the soul open for a purer vision.

These influences, incarnated in Care, finally close the eyes of Faust to the joys of the earthly life and restore to him the form of the Ideal which dissolved in the air above him before his career of service began. He says:

"The night seems deeper now to press around me,
But in my inmost spirit all is light."

His desire now is to put upon his work the crowning touch, which, restored connection with the spiritual world has given him the power to do. "The Master's word," the great Idea, "alone bestows the Might." And this Idea, this supreme Truth, given by impress of the One mind, in the work of bringing its influence to bear upon the world, "suffices for a thousand hands."

When the soul in loving service of its fellow-men has impressed upon them its highest ideal, the truth of its inmost being, and has

aroused them by its gift to earnest spiritual endeavor, then can it look upon life as a "perfect gift" and realize its continued being in the higher conditions of whose making it has been the instrument. The lawless elements which have been brought under the control of intelligent purpose, the freedom gained by other souls, the zeal for "high emprise" aroused in the breasts of men, all bear witness to the reality and permanent significance of the earthly life and fill the soul's cup of satisfaction to the full.

The last words of Faust embody these thoughts:

"To many millions let me furnish soil,
 Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
 Green, fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
 At once, with comfort, on the newest earth,
 And swiftly settled on the hill's firm base,
 Created by the bold, industrious race,
 A land like Paradise here, round about:
 Up to the brink the tide may roar without,
 And though it gnaw, to burst with force the limit,
 By common impulse all unite to hem it.
 Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence:
 The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
 He only earns his freedom and existence,
 Who daily conquers them anew.
 Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
 Of childhood, manhood, sage, the vigorous day:
 And such a throng I fain would see
 Stand on free soil among a people free!
 Then dared I hail the moment fleeing:
 'Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!'
 The traces cannot of mine earthly being,
 In aeons perish—they are there!
 In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
 I now enjoy the highest moment—this!" *

Unnumbered are the human lives in which the true self is realized; but only to the few is given the supreme joy of clothing their inmost being with a glorious Form. But in the occasional perfected life can mankind learn the truth, that every grandly-won, self-poised personality, abides in the world as an active force compelling unordered elements to submission to a higher control.

EMILY S. HAMBLÉN.

* Translation: BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE PASSING OF DOGMA.

II.

Art has ever been the index of each age's deepest, truest thought. We are reminded of this whether we study architecture, sculpture, music, literature or painting. If an age is full of wit and wisdom it is evidenced in its achievements in the arts. In this regard the age of Pericles has no equal in history. If an age is full of fancy and artificiality it soon manifests itself in its literature, its music or its architecture. Speaking of the times of Chaucer, M. Taine remarks: "When you look at a cathedral of that time you feel a sort of fear. Substance is wanting; the walls are hollowed out to make room for windows, the elaborate work of the porches—support has been withdrawn to give way to ornament. The dazzling centre-rose of the portal and the painted glass throw a diapered light on the carved stalls of the choir, the gold work of the altar—and amid this violet light, this quivering purple, amid these arrows of gold which pierce the gloom, the building is like the tail of a peacock." All this is but an evidence of the thought and manners of the age. What else could you expect from a time when the court manners justified such luxury of personal adornment as "doublets of scarlet satin; cloaks of sable, costing a thousand ducats; velvet shoes, embroidered with gold and silver; boots with falling tops, from whence hung a cloud of lace, embroidered with figures of birds, animals, constellations, flowers in silver and gold, or precious stones"? In the age when the popular conception of womankind was most pure and exalted, it was possible for a Raphael and an Angelo to exist and transform the canvas into the breathing visions of beauty which inhabited their souls. But as mediæval Christianity, through the ideal of womanhood exhibited in the ennobling conceptions of Mother Mary, exalted all womankind and thus lifted her to a plane she had not before occupied in the world's history, so, by similar influences, strange to say, the once simple and tender conceptions of Jesus were transformed into those of cruelty, which were exhibited in the prevailing art.

The canvas and the palette of the first twelve centuries of the Christian era reveal to us a surprising fact concerning the popular conception of Jesus Christ. In the earlier ages of the church the artists were wont to picture Jesus as the tender-hearted Good Shepherd, after the parable which he himself proclaimed to the listening disciples in Galilee. He was seen with long, manly locks, flowing to the breeze, with unsandalled feet and loosely gathered robe thrown from his shoulders, holding in his arms a little lamb that had wandered from the fold, which his eyes behold with sympathetic sadness while his lips faintly smile, as if in satisfaction of a noble work tenderly executed. When the Master was thus represented he must have awakened in the minds of his adoring devotees noble thoughts and feelings of exalted tenderness; yea, aspirations in their souls to become as was he—gentle, kindly, loving and forgiving.

But ere long these artistic conceptions of the Great Teacher were altered. The ecclesiastic teaching had changed and with it the artistic. From the gentle shepherd and the tender guide he becomes the austere commander and relentless judge. Then art altered its exalted ideals. "In the eleventh century—the Good Shepherd entirely disappeared, the miracles of mercy became less frequent and were replaced by the details of the Passion and the Terrors of the Last Judgment. The countenance of Christ became sterner, older and more mournful. About the twelfth century this change became almost universal. From this period, writes one of the most learned of modern archæologists, 'Christ appears more and more melancholy, and often truly terrible. It is, indeed, the *rex tremendae majestatis* of our *Dies Irae*. It is almost the God of the Jews making fear the beginning of wisdom.'*" And yet he said of himself, "The Son of Man came not into the world to condemn the world but that the world through him might be saved." "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly; my yoke is easy and my burden is light." But now, how changed! He that was the gentle Shepherd has become the hardened and heartless Judge. And yet had the people forgotten the "meek and lowly" Guide, or had only the ecclesiastics sought to transform that once tender countenance into austerity and sternness?

*(Lecky's "History of Rationalism," Vol. I, p. 74).

The question affords us an opportunity of discerning the historical causes of conflict between the church authorities and the trend of the popular thought.

The people are ever near to nature's heart. The spiritual autocrat, as well as the social aristocrat, love to live aloof from the common herd, that they may hold undisturbed communion with their selfish purposes and deep-laid schemes. The people are ever natural; they feel naught but the throb of the common pulse: their instinctive response is to the cry for help and to the groan of pain. But they who sit in places of power, whether civil or ecclesiastic, are ever bent upon silent intrigue; unaffected by the popular condition, they seek but to sustain their artificial dignity and to enhance their acquirement of glory.

The people, unoppressed by deceptive authority, seek but the truth at whatever hazard; they yearn for the common peace even under the necessity of individual sacrifice. But pompous rulers strive only after riches, power and self-aggrandizement.

There are but few men who, lifted above the common level and exalted to a lofty altitude of social prominence, have the mental balance or the moral fortitude to resist the temptation of overruling their benefactors and assuming prerogatives which are usurpations of unwarranted power. History is replete with exhaustless illustrations of this grim fact, no less in the annals of the church than of the state. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty in religion as in politics. Hence the gradual separation between the people and the prelate, the ecclesiastic and the proletarian, which in our day has grown to such aggravating prominence as to be regarded as a grievance by the clergy who would, if possible, determine the cause of the rabble's disregard for them. But in the age which we are now contemplating, the rabble, that is the masses, had not yet wholly wandered from the sacred walls of the church. It had not yet been found necessary to inject the curious query into a clerical conclave, which is so common in our day, "What can we do to draw the masses into our religious meetings?" Says one of the present age, "When optimists point us to the thousands of pounds annually spent on church buildings, and to the great activity among all church workers, as a proof that

skepticism is not on the increase, we can only reply that there are more and grander buildings for worship than at any former period of our history, but that these costly temples are often not half filled, and outside all churches we find the largest part of the population." This, coming from a strictly orthodox authority, cannot be disputed. But in the far-away times of which we are writing, we discover the beginnings of this anomalous religious condition. Thought had even then begun to agitate the popular mind; tiring of her mental shackles, the age began to tear them asunder. The air trembled with the first rude outbursts of free speech.

Reason, like a coarse, crude carpenter, began to twist her stern and sullen auger through and through the fallacious timber of the times, that she might anew erect a structure that would endure the onslaughts of polemic storms in the ensuing ages. Knowledge, like Orestes, too long pursued by the furies of ignorance, superstition and fear, fled at length to the temple of truth, and there found rest and conquest which come alone through peace and safety. Man began to realize his godship. It was, indeed, a new age—the age of the renaissance. The study of the Greek and Roman literature—its philosophies and pseudo-sciences—opened up a new-old world to the student, and soon thrilled his age with revolution's inspirations, whose awakening has not abated even at this late day.

But would not the revival of these philosophies destroy the authority of the church? Would it not shatter the dogmatic attitude of the ecclesiastics who preferred to bolster up their assumptions by concealing from the people the sources of their worldly wisdom, whilst they pretended to receive their spiritual understanding through direct communication with the Divine Throne? Surely the age of Anselm could never agree with the age of Origen and Clement. That noble philosophy of the Greeks which had given these two great champions of spiritual truth to the church, must be condemned and annihilated else the bubble of papal authority will burst, the shell of ecclesiasticism become worm-eaten and at last be crushed in the relentless grasp of examination and exposure. Nevertheless, the fate they feared befell them. At last the bubble of hierarchical bombast burst in the heroic grasp of Martin Luther, and papal

authority vanished before the searchlight of the scholars of the sixteenth century. They scorned the barbarous faith of mere authority, and, in the face of obloquy, scorn and persecution, shattered the towering strength of ecclesiastical usurpation, till each of these giant reformers reminds us of Tennyson's hero who

" Fought his doubts and gathered strength ;
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them : thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own."

The established church—the church of autocracy and vested authority—fell back, basely defeated before the hosts of enlightenment and reason. For some years a spirit of freedom and investigation prevailed throughout christendom. But the mysterious authority of the Divine Presence was merely transposed from Romanism to Protestantism—from the Vatican's incensed Holy of Holies to the superstitious chancels of revolting chapels.

Hence, in the eighteenth century, when the smouldering fires of the Reformation, long since subsided, were again roused to activity, once more the church was enwrapt in a consuming conflagration.

A new school of antagonists arose who were denounced by the voices of authority as Deists and Atheists. This school of thinkers boldly attacked the very foundations of faith. Their minds were wholly freed from sympathy with the conventional indoctrination. Seemingly their effort was to destroy the church utterly, and the Bible on which it rested, leaving, if possible, not a vestige of its existence for the recognition of future generations.

But, in fact, this was not the true motive that inspired the Deistic antagonism to church and state a century ago. The real object of this widespread movement was to expose the futility of the prelate's effort, the hollowness of his vapid claim in glorifying the Holy Bible as an infallible book.

In our dispassioned review of that age we need not be shocked because the leaders of the intellectual renaissance, which was honey-combing the pillars of ecclesiastical support, were denounced as Deists

or Atheists; let us not forget that the best and purest souls of earth have been thus denounced by those who understood them not.

Abraham was one of the first Atheists of recorded history. He fearlessly denied the gods of his father's country, and, ostracized therefor, went forth to seek "a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

Buddha, who lovingly reformed one of the basest systems of ecclesiastical corruption, and, personally, was possessed of a most exalted character, was likewise pronounced an Atheist, because he denied the alleged divine authority of the Brahmins and rejected the asceticism of the Rishis.

Socrates, who cheerfully drank the deadly hemlock, and welcomed death with a philosopher's wisdom; even Socrates, from whose sacred prison cell the breath of inspiration has ever since aroused the minds of men—even this noble Socrates was declared to be an Atheist and a corrupter of youth because he denied the gods of the Areopagus and the authority of the Delphic oracle.

Spinoza, whose native spirit was so inwoven in the Eternal that it has been said of him he was "God-intoxicated";—Spinoza, whose consciousness of God was so supreme and omnipresent, he saw only Him in everything, even he was bitterly denounced as an Atheist, driven from the temple in Amsterdam and ostracized in his native city.

Even Jesus himself, whom all the world to-day exalts as the sublimest personage of time, was cursed by the coarse-visaged of his day as an Atheist and a blasphemer, a wine-bibber and a glutton.

The history of persecution has long since demonstrated that those whom the powers in authority condemn are wiser than their generation, and them the future ages are sure to honor. Constantly the investigations of history are reinforcing this conviction.

As says Max Müller:

"To quote only one case which has lately been more carefully reëxamined, Vanini was condemned to have his tongue torn out and to be burnt alive (A.D. 1619) because, as his own judge declared, though many declared him a heresiarch only, he condemned him as an Atheist. * * * It is but right that we should hear what this

Atheist said: 'You ask me what God is? If I knew it I should be God, for no one knows God but God himself. Let us say he is the Greatest Good, the first Being, the whole, just, compassionate, blessed, calm, the father, King, ruler, rewarder; the author, life-giver, the artificer, providence, benefactor. He alone is all in all.' " (Origin of Religion, p. 295.)

Here we beheld a profound philosopher whose wisdom was far beyond his age, ground beneath the wheels of a persecuting age, which, because it could not comprehend him, concluded it could only kill him.

Let us not be scared off from the study of a world-reformer, because the churchly powers that be condemn him as an Atheist.

Now let us examine the work of the so-called Deists and Atheists of the eighteenth century and seek the direct object of their reformation.

They sought merely to restore the old ideas about God and the Bible, which prevailed among the leaders of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. In so far as they resuscitated those long-buried conceptions they were successful, and the church never, in a single instance, defeated them. What was the gist of that old conception? Simply this: That we must expect to find only such a God revealed in the Bible as has already in all human experience revealed himself to the consciousness and understanding of mankind. In short, the God of revealed religion must be consistent and identical with the God of natural religion. That there can be no conflict between revelation and discovery, between inspiration and reason. That the laws of logic, the processes of ratiocination, must be the same in God as in man. Hence, what man's reason compels him to accept as a truth, must likewise be a truth with God. That these principles are indestructible, eternal and universal. They are principles begotten in the human mind by God himself, and if their efficacy is denied in man they must also be denied in God. If there be any revelation it can be delivered only through and because of man's reason; and to deny him the right to judge of that revelation by his reason, is to stultify both him and the revelator. Man will only rightly apprehend his Deity, when he trusts his divine reason—trusting it as the hand-maid of his conscience, and that these two voices alike reveal the

presence of the indwelling God, ever pleading with the froward and rebellious heart of man.

This was the real and simple purpose of the Deists. They sought to emphasize the knowledge of the indwelling Deity, whose existence the early fathers and reformers so ardently proclaimed. But the consciousness of the indwelling God the church had, by her unnatural and repulsive doctrine of total depravity, almost wholly annihilated in her blind followers.

Dr. Cairns, referring to Tindal, one of the leading Deists of that age, says: "Tindal argued against the necessity or even admissibility of revelation, because the law of nature grounded in the Being of God and his relations to his creatures, could not be superseded, but must, from the perfection of God and his love to his creatures, be as perfect at any one time as another." Further, the same author comments: "Nothing can be more admirable than the reasoning of Dr. Conybeare in reply to Tindal. He shows that he has confounded the law of nature, which is without man, with the light of nature which is within him, and which alone can be called 'natural religion'; that this being in man does not partake of the immutability which belongs to God, and can only be perfect in a relative sense."*

The fact that Dr. Cairns, in the nineteenth century, corroborates the reasoning of Dr. Conybeare in the eighteenth, shows how long it takes for the conviction of the truth to seize the human mind, however intelligent. Tindal's contention is that Nature is one—and if there be any laws in nature they are universal and under fixed conditions will always manifest themselves. Therefore there is no "law of nature which is without man" to be contradistinguished from "the light of nature which is within man." Here was the gross and crucial error of the philosophy which the church then and even in our day enunciated. If Nature is one, the "light within" must correspond with the "law without." There is no "law without" that can shadow forth the condemnation of a malignant deity, while the "light within" gives peace to the silent soul. If the soul is condemned by the "light within," the "law without"

* ("Unbelief in the 18th Century," by Dr. John Cairns; Franklin Square Library, pp. 16, 17.)

must likewise condemn, and *vice versa*. This effort to postulate a dual God, who manifests himself outwardly in a permanent law and inwardly as a special saviour, is manifestly false. For it would contravene every possibility of law and annihilate the moral order of the universe. To-day we have learned that because of this very moral order the stability of mankind is preserved as is the stability of the universe. You can no more contravene or reverse the moral order in the treatment of mankind, with impunity to the race, than you can annihilate the force of gravity and preserve the integrity of the universe. This proposition is so clear to this scientific age that we marvel it was ever questioned. But this was all that Tindal was contending for, who, nevertheless, was so severely censured.

The virulence of the church party against the Voltaireans in France really accomplished the ends of infidelity far more effectively than did all their attacks upon the Christian system. But had the church of his day been able to perceive and grasp the spiritual finesse of Voltaire's argument it would have saved itself a century of conflicts and defeats.

For as Motley asserts, "It cannot be too often repeated that the Christianity which Voltaire assailed was not that of the Sermon on the Mount, for there was not a man then alive more keenly sensible than he was of the generous humanity, which is there enjoined with a force that so strongly touches the heart, nor one who was on the whole, in spite of constitutional infirmities and words which were far worse than his deeds, more ardent and persevering in practice. Still less was he the enemy of a form of Christianity which now fascinates many fine and subtle minds, and which starting from the assumption that there are certain inborn cravings in the human heart, constant, profound and inextinguishable, discerns in the long religious tradition an adequate proof that the mystic faith in the incarnation, and in the spiritual facts which pour like rays from that awful centre, are the highest satisfaction which a divine will has as yet been pleased to establish for all these yearnings of the race of men." ("Voltaire," John Motley, p. 160.)

From all this it is very evident that the true contention of the so-called Deists or Atheists of the eighteenth century was for a more

exalted standard of life, and for a provable, rational and adaptable deity, whose existence need not be apologized for in the presence of thinkers.

Rousseau, at one time overcome by a profound religious passion, thus bursts out in admiration of the Christian's deity, thinking he at last discerns in him a complete satisfaction for the rationale of existence: "The first and the most common view is the most simple and reasonable. Imagine all your philosophers, ancient and modern, to have first exhausted their eccentric systems of forces, of chance, of fatality, of necessity, of atoms, of an animated world, of a living matter, of materialism of every kind; and that, after them all, the illustrious Clarke enlightens the world by announcing finally the Being of Beings and the Disposer of events; with what universal admiration would not this new system have been received,—so grand, so consoling, so sublime, so fitted to exalt the soul, to give a basis to virtue, and at the same time so striking, so luminous, so simple, and, as it seems to me, offering fewer things incomprehensible to the human mind than one finds of absurdities in every other system. I said to myself, 'The insoluble objections are common to all because the human mind is too limited to explain them. Ought not therefore that scheme alone to be preferred which explains everything and has no more difficulty than the rest.'"^{*} This remarkable passage from Rousseau is only valuable to-day in that it proves the deep yearning of the skeptical souls of that age for a rational system of faith that would at once quicken and inspire the heart and soul without shocking and offending the logical mind. But, after all, the passage is simply a curiosity of literature showing how even the keenest of intellects can at times be overclouded by an uprising of profound emotion. It is no wonder that Voltaire revolted against his unscientific sentimentalism and complained that he was merely a writer of "extravagant ideas and contradictory paradoxes."

But I have examined, at this length, the trend of thought among the so-called infidels or Deists of that day merely to prove that the great deep yearning of their minds was for some expression of soul,

^{*}*Oeuvres*, "Emile," Vol. ix., p. 20. Quoted in Dr. Cairns's "Unbelief in Eighteenth Century," p. 28 (Franklin Sq. Ed.).

some illumination of genius, that would at once satisfy the demands of their severe reason and the spiritual awakening of their profound spirits. For they were so intensely religious that they could not afford to be Christians; their worship of God was so pure and sincere they could not offend their ideal by bowing even to a mental idol. They sought not to destroy, but to fulfill the demands of the spiritual life, and, like Jesus, they could honestly have proclaimed: "Not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass away." For they knew, as he knew, that the true law is imperishable; it is stamped on every atom of the universe and in every impulse of the human heart.

The discernment of the law and its declaration to the world was the supreme effort of Jesus, as it was that of the antagonists of Dogma one hundred years ago, who were willing to be maligned and traduced if they could but be consistent with their convictions, and leave to mankind the heritage of a rational system of religious faith.

HENRY FRANK.

(To be continued.)

RECOGNITION.

When thou shalt float upon the viewless sea
Which ebbs from Time to far Eternity;
Send thou an echo thro' the mystic veil:
And I will hear thy hail.

When thou shalt lose a part to gain the whole,
And touch the Shore where soul speaks clear to soul;
Cast but a thought upon its atmosphere:
And I shall feel thee near.

When thou shalt stand upon that Farther Shore,
And we shall miss thy presence evermore;
Cast but thy love upon the Great Deep's swell;
And I will know thee well.

GEORGE WENTZ.

The crying need of the world is that all should recognize that they are indissolubly linked together, and that none can help or injure another without doing as much for himself.—*Burham Harding.*

THE DIFFERENT PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

II.

Natural evolution, so called, is an interpretation belonging to the physical and psychic planes. Regarded in this way, "Being is becoming," infinitely extended in time and space, gradually unfolding by slow, scarcely perceptible gradations. Each human life forms a part of this scheme of interminable evolution, in which the Self seems not one, but many; as white light is resolved into rays by the refracting power of the prism. One seeks in vain for anything permanent in the physical and psychic conceptions. Nothing in them is changeless but the fact of perpetual change. Life rests in its own restlessness. It is like an endless chain, the links of which are birth and death, beginning and ending; yet not ending, for every end, in turn, marks another beginning. The three views of what is real in life, thus far considered, are merely interpretative.

We find in them no positive knowledge, no absolute certainty that the world we see in any of those ways is real, changeless in its nature or quality, *Eternal*. Neither do they give assurance that any world exists otherwise than it appears, that anything has a basis of existence other than the shifting one with which finite thought endows it; for with every change of thought, our world seems to change. Quite naturally, then, we might begin to question whether there were, after all, an Absolute Reality, or, if there were, whether its nature were knowable. As one approaches the heart of Reality from any standpoint on the outer shell of life, the purely mechanical realm, one's interpretations steadily assume a profounder significance. It is comparatively easy to furnish accurate descriptions and technically exact definitions of facts we assign to the mechanical plane; but those means of estimation utterly fail to give satisfactory or even intelligible representations of experience on the spiritual, or often on the psychic planes. So, as we pass above the psychic plane of interpretation, if we attempt at all to define experience, we are obliged to use terms only vaguely suggestive in intent. Terms and figures of representation are hopelessly inadequate to express the full value of such

experience, or to convey to others a satisfactory idea of what we then see and know interiorly. On the psychic plane we may, with some degree of intelligibility, define pain as sharp or dull, sensibilities as sluggish, friendship as warm, sentiments as sweet, hatred as bitter, opinions as narrow, etc. But how futile to try to describe the rapture awakened by a sunset, the satisfaction arising from the performance of some duty, the infinite sense of exaltation enjoyed while listening to a great symphony! On that plane of consciousness we know something of Reality as it *is*, and not through an interpretation; but when we attempt to express our knowledge of it in terms comprehensible from any finite standpoint, we can only define it as Pure Idea or *Spiritual Principle*.

Mechanical, physical and even psychic conceptions contain only vague, shadowy images suggesting a real world. On the lower planes, in the dim light, we see as in a glass darkly; on the spiritual plane, in the broad daylight, face to face.

We find then, in the evolution of human thought, four reasonably distinct views of what is real, due to four ways of perceiving.

As the essential nature of Reality is revealed more and more distinctly in the increasing light of consciousness, its inferior aspects still linger in the mind and give color to thought. Therefore, according to the generally accepted view, Being seems to be composite, endowed with at least a dual nature.

There seems to be certainly two sorts of substance in our world, Matter and Mind. Now, that there is but one Ultimate Reality, and that all distinctions are due to interpretations of its essential nature, varying according to the light in which it is seen, it is our purpose to try to indicate somewhat more fully. If such a Reality does exist, so-called miracles, instead of being attributed to the suspension of laws, must be regarded as nothing more than superior manifestations of a Reality which transcends all interpretations; for if the physical type of world is only apparent, not ultimately real, its laws have no absolute basis of existence, but are only our modes of interpreting some ulterior principle.

Everything has inner and outer aspects, interior and exterior significance. Mechanical, physical, psychic and spiritual views of

Reality denote a steady progression from a conception of pure externality to one of pure internality; from one of matter and force to one of mind and thought; from one of extensive to one of intensive values. We cannot study the world exteriorly without expanding, in a corresponding degree, interiorly, although we may not always be immediately aware of the change. The necessity and even the possibility of interpretation constantly decreases as realization increases. This gives us a hint that the essence of Reality is not unknowable, but knowable. While our thought is occupied with appearances, phenomena, the knowledge of Reality is excluded.

Let us begin with the assumption that the real world is outer, of the physical order. As we seek to comprehend its significance our thought travels out into space, and tries to follow world-forms in an ascending scale. First the earth appears, a complete unit in itself. But this unit represents only a fraction of a larger unit, the solar system. Again, the solar system becomes a fraction of a still greater unit or system. We may gain the very faintest sort of appreciation of the distances involved in these calculations by considering the fact that light, travelling at the approximate rate of 190,000 miles per second, requires over three years to reach the earth from the member of this system nearest our own sun. Even these figures are utterly incomprehensible; yet the most powerful telescopes reveal the existence of at least millions of similar solar units organized into systems extending out, out, out into an infinity of space, and finally disappearing beyond the range of any mechanical device yet invented to aid the eye in its search. Supposing it were possible to continue increasing the power of our telescopes indefinitely, how much nearer, in all probability, would we be to a final solution of the problem of this material universe?

It is far more difficult to conceive that an ultimate boundary to it exists in space, than to simply imagine its extent to be *infinite*. An attempt to encompass the material universe with our thought, or even estimate its magnitude, then, gives us, at the very outset, a hint of the existence of an unlimited number of worlds. And, after all, is it more difficult to account for such a universe than it is to account for the existence of any universe at all?

The microscope reveals a world of life in every drop of stagnant water. Could we exchange our powers of sense for those of the tiniest animalcule thus brought to our notice, the outer world we now know would totally disappear from view, and a new one beyond the reach of our imagination or power of description would open to view. We would find no trees, birds, rocks, mountains. The bodies that now appear to us in such guises would be resolved into vast, unexplored worlds of hitherto unperceived forms.

Now let us turn from these outer demonstrations, in which we observe concrete units multiplied and divided far beyond our comprehension, to the inner realm of pure mathematics. If we multiply the unit until we have ten, we consider that a unit in the ten column; likewise ten tens give us a unit in the hundred column. Evidently we may continue multiplying units and groups of units until we are tired of the process, without reaching the limit of notation. The number of available units is only limited by our thought; it is purely ideal, and as long as we hold the infinite conception regarding number, the demonstration may be continued *ad infinitum*.

Few people have ever actually counted even one million, yet every child is absolutely certain that figures would be forthcoming in which he might express his enumeration of as many units, should he desire to do so. The supposition that this would be possible rests on a purely rational basis. Long before we reach a million, by actual count of units, we are satisfied that the process may be continued as long as we wish; in other words, that the supply of ideal units can never be exhausted. But if we find it wearisome to count a million, we can easily estimate much greater numbers, under favorable circumstances, by resorting to processes of reasoning. By exercising the rational faculty we become aware of the meaning of infinity as associated with number.

Now let us again assume our original starting point; but instead of ascending the scale, let us descend it; instead of multiplying concrete units, let us divide them. We know that molecules, like solar systems, are compound bodies; that every molecular unit is divisible into lesser atomic units. Science has to deal with an "ultimate atom." But in what sense does the atomic form indicate the ulti-

mate limit of divisibility in matter? Probably only by representing the limit of our ability to register the phenomena of decomposition or subdivision of material units. Scientific investigation now points to the conclusion that all material phenomena are due to vibration, and that matter itself is reducible to energy. At first, matter and force appear to be essentially different in nature and origin, but scientific experiments indicate that, after all, matter is only energy in various forms of manifestation. The atomic hypothesis of Lord Kelvin, according to which atoms are merely vortex rings in the ether, would reduce matter as well as the imponderable forces light, heat and electricity to forms of ethereal activity. And now it is claimed to be proved that even the ether itself is composed of inconceivably minute particles. We must then suppose that some still more subtle medium fills the interspaces between the particles which constitute it.

Where then is the end of this subdividing process? Why not suppose it to be capable of endless continuance? We must imagine space to be limitless, coextensive with our thought of infinity; we know that worlds are organized into systems, and those into others on a yet more stupendous scale, until it seems well-nigh absurd to think of an ultimate boundary to the world of matter, beyond which only blank, unoccupied space extends. Here the transcendental doctrine of Kant relieves us of our dilemma by showing that space has only a subjective value, is a mental conditioning of the perception of things outwardly, not an objective reality. Now, if matter has a basis on the ether, if the ether is limitless, coextensive with space, and space is subjective in its origin, we arrive at the following conclusions:

First. That the unit of matter is purely ideal, like the unit which furnishes the basis of computation in pure mathematics; that there is therefore no absolutely definite limit either to the number or extent of material bodies; that the same difficulties are encountered in attempting to deal mathematically with concrete forms of matter, as with abstract numbers.

Second. That the material universe is the objective aspect of mind; thought seen on the outside, externalized, symbolized, interpreted in terms of outer significance, as it must appear in an outward conception of Being.

The idea of the relative value of size must have already occurred to us in following this discussion. We have no absolute standard of size. A line is either long or short, according to the length of our measuring rule. If we measure with an inch rule, a yard seems long; if with a 10-foot pole, it seems short. Riding in an express train, a mile seems short; to the creeping infant, long. In conceiving space to be infinite, we imply that our standard of measurement is finite. To the animalcule sporting in a drop of water, the ocean would seem boundless, were the animalcular mind capable of such a thought; but to the astronomer, the ocean represents a very small fragment of an insignificant planet, itself like a grain of sand on the seashore. We commonly estimate space according to the standard of the human body, and judge objects to be large or small by comparison with it. Yet how absurd to claim that a finite, changeable conception, a transient, thought-created phenomenon can have any value as an absolute standard of measurement; still, we have no better one. Whenever we attempt to gauge the dimensions of space or any of its contents, it must be with this unstable, imaginary unit of measure. But, aside from the question of convenience, is there any more reason for adopting the human body as our standard, than the atom or one of the heavenly bodies? Is it not altogether reasonable to suppose that there are beings to whom the compass of the universe lying within the limits of human vision appears as the point of a needle in size? And is it not easy then to infer, by analogy, that to such vision there appear in regions altogether inapproachable to human sight, objective bodies, the forms and peculiar individual characteristics of which are quite incomprehensible from our finite point of view?

Let us next turn from considering the extent of the physical universe to the question of number in relation to it. No doubt it sometimes seems to the prosaic, matter-of-fact materialist that the number of solar systems or suns must be limited, because they are large enough to be readily appreciable to human vision, and therefore might be counted, could we only see them all. But, as we have just intimated, an absolute standard of size is unthinkable. The atom seems small because we compare it with a body of the human type.

Now, according to the physical interpretation of things, every body that comes within the range of our perceptive powers may be resolved into lesser organic units, still of relatively important values; and every body, too, forms part of some larger body, or community of bodies. Every body of which we have any definite knowledge occupies a place in the midst of the scale in regard to size, being neither, so far as we can judge, the largest nor the smallest in existence.

We may be able to determine the exact number of units of a *certain sort* in any *particular* body, or at least we may form some kind of an estimate of their number; at all events, we are sure that an exact number of such units does exist in that particular body. But it is only by taking some distinct kind of unit as the basis of computation that we are able to declare the number of units in any body to be limited. We must assume some definitely recognizable unit as our starting point before we can proceed to multiply it in higher forms or divide it in lower ones.

The basic unit of Being is the Self. Whenever one thinks of a finite self (*i. e.*, a self which is a fragment or fraction of something), one must look for the complement of its finitude or deficiency outside it.

According to the degree one supposes one's self to be finite, in proportion to the insignificance of the fraction of Being one feels one's self to represent, must the complement of Being in one's thought seem infinite and incomprehensible. When one conceives of one's self after the fashion of a human body, the number of atoms of which it is composed exceeds one's power of reckoning; but one then thinks of them as parts of one's self. As one's idea of self expands and becomes more inclusive; as the thought of human limitation and separateness vanishes and the narrower, materialistic thought of self is embraced in the unity of a larger conception, the significance of number, in relation to Being, disappears. In reality, there is but one Self, but it admits of infinite multiplication or division in thought, like the abstract unit of number.

The Supreme Being alone can know the full significance of the complete unity of life. To finite view the world must appear in a manifold aspect (*i. e.*, as composed of separate parts or selves).

In the Infinite consciousness there can be no distinction of I and Thou, self and non-self; all is unity. Only as thought enters the finite realm does unity begin to be multiplied and divided. Let these processes of multiplication and division of the Self in thought once be entered upon, and they may be indefinitely extended. But such numerical distinctions are not absolutely real. Neither space nor number, in the abstract, possess for us any actual significance; only in the concrete, when associated with things, objects, bodies, facts, are they meaningful. Whenever we attempt to estimate dimensions appreciatively, we must assume at least two bodies, or two positions supposed to be within one body. Every appreciable estimate of spatial relations, then, is possible because we conceive of bodies, things. But as we have already pointed out bodily distinctions have only apparent values; we have no absolute standard by which to estimate matter, either in regard to its dimensions or the number of units it expresses. Both considerations depend on the observer's standpoint. Therefore *bodies* can have no *absolute numerical value*. The absolute significance of number is expressed in the unit (the basis of enumeration) and infinity. Two lines may diverge from one point, but that point may be conceived to exist anywhere. So with the conception matter. Material units seem to diverge in endless numbers from any appreciable point in our altogether arbitrary scale we choose to designate.

The value of any given number is derived from the basis of number, the unit. But with a variable unit, it can have no absolute value. Therefore we are led to conclude that, as there is no absolutely fixed unit of matter, there can be no absolutely fixed number of material bodies. If space, the unit of matter and the number of its units, are all purely ideal, the outer order we know as *physical* cannot be absolutely real, but must be only apparent.

FRANK H. SPRAGUE.

It is impossible to believe that the amazing successions of revelations in the domain of Nature, during the last few centuries, at which the world has all but grown tired wondering, are to yield nothing for the higher life.—*Henry Drummond*.

THE NEW LEARNING.

A culture movement started in Italy in the fifteenth century, and Europe at that time received impulses from Greece and Rome, which caused what has been called the Renaissance. It was a rebirth after classical models and an opening up of new continents; it reached the core of existence, for it brought humanity back to nature, and in that return to the original foundations some new elements, hitherto unknown, came to light. The rebirth, in other words, contained two factors—a restoration of natural conditions and the creation of something new. The occult student knows that similar events take place every five hundred years. He is therefore not surprised to see a repetition in our own day. Everywhere the cry is for facts, the positive, the real, the natural; it is so in science, art and literature, and the enormous industrial progress of to-day has its cause in a closer relationship to nature. In philosophy and morals the rebirth is as clearly discernible; dogmas and systems are dead, and we laugh at any man or woman who offers us a formula that claims to answer all questions and solve all problems. We do not follow in the leading strings of any claimant to an exclusive divine ministry.

The Renaissance proper was preceded by what has been called the "New Learning." Greek writings were brought to Italy and Greek modes of thought, together with Greek art ideas, revolutionized the leading peoples and started a new culture. The kernel of the Greek ideas was a metaphysical reconstruction of thought, and a new interpretation of human passions, according to which their mysterious powers are divine incarnations. The Greek interpreted nature by the idea of an activity identical with one in himself. His life was simple and happy, and the beauty that flows from freedom made him a master. Beauty was to him a science of life and the mediator between the subjective and objective. In Rome the Greek view of life assumed a practical character and jurisprudence took precedence over beauty, but even that was based and constructed closely upon natural foundations and developments.

The Renaissance of to-day is manifest in the New Learning. The New Learning is old in the best sense of the term, viz., it is original,

it goes to the bottom. To be sure, we have among us many imitators of Eastern methods and many who vainly strive to return to an Eastern mode of life. They receive their reward. Nature turns against them, for they act unnaturally and their wiser fellowmen laugh at them. While the New Learning is by necessity a return to the old wells, it demands an original adaptation and new use, in the same way as in any practical science. An inventor, for instance, studies carefully all previous endeavors in order to learn what has been done and to find where the failures occurred. He could claim no patent otherwise. A modern imitator of the East, who does not give us Orientalism in an Americanized form, does not confer any benefit upon us. If he thinks we need light that illuminated the East some thousand years ago, let him not forget the results of the intervening time and the progress made upon the lines of civilization; let him combine the two, and, if he can, he can claim a New Learning and the world will be better for the synthesis.

The New Learning of to-day has offered the western world a *renaissance*, which is no imitation, but a new product, as new as it is possible to make it. "Nothing new under the sun" is and remains true now as of old. Each age faces the same problems as its predecessor, and if it has any spiritual value it solves the problems in an individual manner, and that manner is its justification for existing.

The main characteristic of the New Learning of to-day is its psychological basis. Psychology is the root and introduction to all knowledge. Man is the key to the universe. By this is not meant that a simple Idealism rules. It means that we cannot judge the nature of that which is outside ourselves; we must therefore in all our quest for knowledge begin with our own consciousness. The new psychology starting from facts of consciousness has advanced this theorem, "the essentially human is identical with the Divine," and from that it has reached far enough to found a new culture. A new life is being built upon the recognition that man is himself an embodiment of Law, Order, Form, Method; character is moral order seen through individual existences. The New Age man does not follow the logic of a philosophical, theological or even scientific system; his guide is himself; the two are identical. The end is the cause. The

lover, love and the beloved are one. Illogical as this may be, he cares for no intellectual objections. Life is too rich and far reaching to be crammed into a formula. *Living life* is the only satisfactory guide. In the "ground of the soul" the New Learning has found and rediscovered "the synthetic faculty," which takes its pattern from Universals and in freedom rises above the limitations of the old so-called faculties of soul. The New Man is as self-centred as Seneca's pilot, who said, "O Neptune, you may save me, if you will, you may sink me, if you will, but whatever happens, I shall keep my rudder true." The ordinary observer sees the world piece by piece, but he sees the Whole and knows that the Whole is the soul—himself. In personality he is nothing more than an agglomeration of forces, but the element that binds these forces is He. Nature, with its thousand-fold forms of life and death, is but a reflex of our own inward force. The world is man and man is the world. We only know *the human*. The Man of Psalms utters his innermost emotions and finds rest by the utterance. All utterance is creation and all creation is rest. In holy books man records his experience and in this record finds himself; sometimes he even takes his vision for an objective fact. In creeds he formulates his inner life. And this life is the same which, as sunbeams, calls animals and vegetables into being and which creates the moral law in our hearts. "Everywhere a Human Mind and a Human Heart."

The new psychology teaches that all the world is akin. As this is the Truth, so it is also the Way. If we are identical, essentially, with the Divine, so our science of life, our ethics, demands a constant identification, and, in this identification, both static and dynamic, we find Being.

The teaching that the human is essentially identical with the divine is radical; more so than appears at first sight. It cures sin and sickness and destroys all the falsity there is in society.

The New Learning goes further. In distinguishing between the essentially human and that which is not essential, the question of human personality has been raised—and solved. Our personality, or the vehicle of the ego, is a momentary organization of astral matter, a concentration of the *vis viva*, hence it partakes of all the charac-

teristics of that energy, it is its own cause and effect, is both subject and object; in it lies the highest forms or patterns according to which life evolves; in it lies also the failures and miscarriages of evolution. It may be said to be both good and bad, rich and poor, etc. Whatever it be, it is our house, our tool, and we cannot do without it. It would be a grave mistake to undervalue it or to throw it away. Even in case we attain to nothing by it but what we call evil, it is to us *our* symbol of existence, its quality and quantity is "ordered by weight and measure," and thus it is a perfect index to our present conditions and earthly prospects.

Questions which the past has attempted to answer and has answered after a fashion, have again come up in our day, and received a new solution. In connection with the subject of personality comes always the question of evil. To that also the New Learning has given a new solution.

Evil is not flatly denied. The hard facts of life are frankly recognized. We kill to live. Even the pious monk who has reduced life to a minimum of a handful of rice a day, destroys life. We kill and are being killed. Religion says "Except ye die, ye cannot live." Siva, the goddess of destruction, is a part of the Hindu Trinity and bloody sacrifices have been the attempt to cure evil with evil. Physical and moral pain cries aloud everywhere. The teaching now is, that the sphere of evil lies below freedom. A self-conscious and self-centred free being lives beyond evil. It does not control him. It cannot reach him. While he lives in a personality he remains subject to the "eternal" swing of the pendulum between the two extremes of the astral matter of which that personality is built. But, as he rules his personality, he can control the swing of the pendulum. He can either check it, as does the Orientalist, or he can throw himself into it, so that he fills it entirely. He can humanize it. That is the Western method. If he humanizes his personality, he does not fear it any longer and he grows in it as does the lily in the mud. *He incarnates himself* and enters the list as a Disciple. Henceforth his life is no more undulations, but *translations*.

These three points: the essence of man, personality, and evil, are the most prominent metaphysical questions of the New Learning.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I.

I have no creed.
The Universe wheels on.
I am but as an atom 'mid the worlds;
And yet I feel the spirit of God within me,
And I am satisfied.

II.

I have no creed.
Creeds are but words.
Love is reality.
Love fills the heart
With charity, with peace,
With faith, with hope, with heaven;
Love to the Father,
Love to the Christ,
Love to our fellows—
This I feel within
And it shall guide me.
He who is ruled by love—
By spirit-love, not lust,
By love divine—
He who is ruled by love
Will not go wrong.

III.

I have no creed.
Good is the only rule.
For what else live we?
Fame?
It turns to ashes in the grasp.
Riches?
They are wrung from the heart's blood of our fellows

Knowledge ?
 It is but a babble of words.
 But Good—Love—Truth—Beauty—
 These are the verities;
 These are eternal.

IV.

I have no creed;
 And yet I fear not death.
 Death is a shadow.
 Wrong—Hate—Error—
 All are but shadows.
 But I am eternal.
 Why should I fear the things that only seem ?
 I seek for the eternal;
 And I will make my heart
 A precious storehouse for them,
 So that they may abide with me forever.

V.

I have no creed;
 But I have in me that surpassing words;
 A faith in God as boundless as the sea;
 A love that takes in all the human race.
 I see good in all creeds,
 Good in all religions,
 Good in all men,
 Good in all living things.
 The only sin, to me, is selfishness;
 The only happiness, the good we do.
 O, let us drop these empty sounds and forms,
 The letter that divides in warring sects;
 And let us fill our hearts with love to men.
 O, build a church as wide as human needs;
 Imbue it with the spirit, not the husk;
 And henceforth leave the race unfettered, free,

To follow out its impulses divine.
 For God is in us and will lead us on,
 If we but leave our hates and follow Him.

VI.

I have no creed;
 Or, if a creed, but this:
 I love humanity.
 My life and all I am I freely give
 To better make the world, to help mankind.
 My only creed is love—I know no more—
 The Fatherhood of God,
 The Brotherhood of Man.

J. A. EDGERTON.

ALMOST HUMAN.

"Close to my window, as I write this, I see a wren's nest. Three years ago I drove some nails in a sheltered corner; a pair of wrens built their nest there. The old birds often come into my office and sing. One of them has repeatedly alighted on my desk as I have been writing, saying plainly by his actions, '*You won't hurt me.*' '*We are friends.*' A few years since, in a knothole in a dead tree, near a path from my office to my house, lived a family of wrens, with whom I had formed a very intimate acquaintance. One day while I was passing in a hurry I heard the two old birds uttering cries of fear and anger, and as I got past the tree one of the wrens followed me, and by its peculiar motions and cries induced me to turn back. I examined the nest and found the young birds all right, looked into the tree's branches, but saw no enemies there and started away. Both birds then followed me with renewed cries and when I was a few yards away they flew in front of me, fluttered a moment, and then darted back to the tree. Then one of them came back to me fluttering and crying, then darted from me near to the ground under the tree. I looked, and there lay a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike. I secured a stick and killed him, the wrens looking on from the tree; and the moment I did so they changed their song to a lively, happy one, seeming to say, 'Thank you!' in every note."—*Montreal Herald*.

A man comes into possession of creative power by uniting his own mind with the Universal mind.—*Paracelsus*.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

THE HARMONY OF LIFE.

Harmony is the keynote of the Universe, to which are attuned all living energies. There is no discord in Nature; her unswerving, immutable laws form the basis of the one grand symphony in which all phases of life, from the constellation to the tiniest insect, play their parts in tuneful accord. The conscious Soul never fails to hear these celestial harmonies, and becomes the interpreter whereby the mind may comprehend their full meaning. From the majestic roar of the tempest to the sweet lullaby of the blossoming flowers—all is harmony.

The mind of man, alone, seems to create discord; when exercised in its undeveloped state he does not perceive the wonderful beauty nor hear the heavenly strains of the Universe surrounding him. As he obtains possession of the faculties of his soul all this becomes clear and he is lifted to the higher plane of consciousness, where he weaves into his life the all-pervasive power of Love, whose activities are the very essence of Being.

The Soul, like a caged bird, struggles for its freedom, but in order

to attain it, must work out its salvation on the different planes of its being. If the avenues are unobstructed, how wondrous is its influence upon human life in the world, where man, God-like, moves among his fellow-beings, breathing beneficence—his very presence a benediction and an inspiration. The soul-power he has now developed enables him to uplift humanity to his own level, whence the path is ever upward and onward in spiritual progress.

THE BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful little thought which had been sent out from its birthplace to seek its fortune.

It was as sweet as a flower, and bright as the yellowest sunshine that ever turned a cold, dark place into warmth and light. But for all its loveliness it could find no place to lodge, and wandered, homeless, about the wide world.

Although it had just been born again, it was not weak; for it had lived for ages and ages, and was strong with the strength of all things which are true. Nor was it afraid that it would die, although no one cared for it nor took it into his heart; for it knew that it could never become a nothing, since it was alive with the life of all things which are eternal.

It was as sweet as a flower, this beautiful thought, and it wanted to bloom in the Garden of Souls—to expand its bright petals in the living light which shone from the Sun of Wisdom.

But in the Garden of Souls—although it found many places where it might have clung and rested—there was always a cold to chill it, or a selfishness to hurt it, or an indifference to keep it from blossoming into fuller beauty.

In the Garden of Souls grew the children of earth—all sorts of children—tall, short, old, young, haughty, humble, dull, bright, glad, sorry, foolish, scornful—and they were all in blossom. But the flowers they bore were none of them as lovely as the little thought that floated unnoticed through the place.

Indeed, there were few of the blossoms lovely at all, for the most of them were spoiled by the withering touch of selfishness. Some might have been quite pleasant to look upon had not the fierce fingers of greed torn and bruised the soft petals until their pretty colors faded and each bright, fresh blossom wilted into a shapeless mass.

Others could never have been pretty at all, for they were dark with error and ugly with hatred. Yet they were flowers—and thought flowers, too—and bloomed in the Garden of Souls, where beautiful blossoms might have grown in their stead.

“I am not tired—no, I can never tire,” whispered the little thought to itself as it floated about amidst the weeds and briers. “But why may I not find a lodging place as easily as have these others? I am come to make the place about me bright and beautiful, yet no one gives me a welcome!”

Like a little cloud kissed by the sun at its setting, the pretty wanderer gleamed amidst its dull surroundings. Clear and radiant and purely bright, it made its way through the ugly tangle that too often stifles true soul-growth in the Garden of Souls, seeking, seeking, seeking a place of rest.

Here, there, everywhere was Selfishness—could Love, then, ever enter in?

The cool, dewy winds blew fresh from the great Stream of Life, and the plants of the garden breathed of them eagerly. To gasp for breath and keep on living seemed to be all that the ugly blossoms of greed and strife knew. Their senses were blinded by the dust of deceit, and they were satisfied that they were, by far, the brightest flowers that ever grew in any garden of the Universe.

Longer than I can tell you the little thought wandered about the world. It could do no real good unless it were allowed to settle somewhere and expand into a thing of use and beauty.

“Take me!” it cried piteously to the tangles, “and let me help you chase away the murky shadows that rot the soil.”

But the low growth hugged itself together and shut out every particle of light from above.

“Take me!” it cried to the taller weeds; “let me stay with you and help to brighten your day. My mission is to purify the world, and if you will allow me——”

“You disturb us,” growled the weeds. “If we make room for you we must rid ourselves of our own blossoms—and that we will never do! Why, our parents handed down these blossoms to us, and it would be a shameful thing to do away with them just to make room for a thought which seems to us very strange and very bold. No, there is no room for you here; pass on!”

“Take me!” cried the beautiful thought to the briers. But they laughed mockingly, as they waved their bristling arms forbiddingly at the speaker.

“Take *you*?” they cried scornfully—“take you and do without our

thorns? If we lost our sharp daggers how, then, could we fight the world's battles?"

"If you will take me you will not need to fight. I will help you to kill out hatred——"

"Ho! ho! 'Kill out hatred'? Why, that's what we live upon—we briers! Would you take away from us our one excuse for living and striving? Go your ways—this is no place for you!"

In a corner, close down by a hedge, some tender leaves gleamed out with an odd little light of their own making. Toward these the beautiful thought was wafted, and softly it drifted down, as if sure, at last, of a resting place.

"Take me!" it whispered softly—"Oh, take me, good souls, and let me perform the mission set me by the Master. Take me into your hearts——"

"Oh!" shuddered the leaves, "we dare not! There are so few of us, so very few, and we are not strong. We dare do nothing ourselves, for we are the weakest ones in the Garden of Souls. The tangles would choke us, and the briers would stab us, and the weeds——"

"But be brave!" cried the thought. "A few of you would suffer, doubtless, but what matters that? By the time I shall have taken my place among you the light I shall be able to make will so strengthen and aid you that your enemies will fear to molest you."

"You are very, very beautiful," sighed the bright souls hedged in by the tall thorn bushes, "but we dare not keep you with us!"

"How is it that *you* are not in blossom?" asked the thought.

"We do not like the flowers our fathers gave us to bear, so we live without blossoming," was the bright souls' reply.

"And yet, though you call me beautiful, you will not allow me to settle amongst you?"

"We dare not!"

The Garden of Souls was not a great place, and the wanderer, in time, had traversed the whole of it. But nowhere did it find a home.

"Of what good am I, deathless and true though I be, if I may not help to lift the heavy burdens of the world?" cried the beautiful thought, as it rose above the rank leafage.

It spoke in the voice of the silence, and he to whom it owed its latest birth heard and heeded.

The Thinker looked on from afar, and saw that the beautiful thought he had given to the world was still going on its journey, wandering here and wandering there, although years upon years had passed since he had given it form.

Those to whom he had left it had neglected, and, at last, forgotten

it, and he knew that it was time to return and *help it himself*; for the weeds, alas, were growing ever thicker in the Garden of Souls, the blossoms duller and more unpleasant to look upon, until they seemed to have lost the right to be called flowers at all, and the briers were reaching out their thorny arms and hurting one another sadly.

So the Thinker came himself into the Garden of Souls, and once again took his place among the children of earth; for he had been there before, and had been hurt by the briers and choked by the weeds until the day had ended, and the growing things had all fallen asleep.

Then he, too, had closed his eyes, and, with the rest of the world, waited for slumber.

It had been then, just before the deep blackness came upon him, that this beautiful thought had been born again—just then that it had appeared to his fading earth-senses—just then that he had seen it in the starry light. Perceiving its beauty and its wisdom, he had gladly shaped it into the form of a deathless flower, which he felt must grow and flourish in the Garden of Souls forevermore!

Then the Thinker had fallen asleep, and the beautiful thought was left to find a home for good among the earth children who, at dawn, began to refill the Garden of Souls.

But it could not grow upon the same stalk with Selfishness, nor could it thrive in the shadow cast by Greed; it was not able to thrust itself amidst the thorns of Hatred, and so, as I have said, it roamed for ages and ages, homeless, neglected, forgotten.

As soon as he had fully reawakened, the beautiful thought drifted down from its sunny heights and touched the Thinker with the finger of Memory.

Here was its real home, and here it grew apace, nourished by the fountain of love in the heart below, until it shone a radiant thing that gave out light more splendid than the light of the sun itself!

The dull flowers about it caught its reflection in their hearts, and were at first dazzled by what they supposed their own splendor; but slowly they began to realize that it was but a reflected glory which gleamed from their leaves, and they, at length, aspired to shed their lustreless flowers and deck themselves with self-radiant blossoms.

The briers, too, unclasped their savage arms, and the dark tangles fell back before the spreading light.

And still the beautiful thought grew in purity and purpose; still the Thinker upheld its shining disk as he taught the earth children how to possess themselves of the wonderful flower that had so long and so patiently tried to make itself a home among them.

All through the long, long day the Thinker taught, and when the

twilight approached, and the time for sleeping came again, the beautiful thought shone like a radiant star, and the way through the black valley to the Land of Dreams was not dismal nor drear, but a peaceful passage through quiet shadow-lands into the far, fair Country of the Dawn!

EVA BEST.

Would that the little flowers were born to live,
 Conscious of half the pleasure that they give!
 That to this mountain daisy's self were known
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown
 On the smooth surface of this polished stone.

—Wordsworth.

FINDINGS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

LETTER III.

“THE WILDERNESS,”

AUGUST 23, 1897.

DEAR COMRADE.—I have been considering your extraordinary interrogations about the ways of Nature, and what follows makes up the result, so far as I can determine.

Your first question is in regard to the habit of eating animals. Animals have a spiritual nature, in proportion as they have achieved Universal principle through matter and mind. Is faith in the dog less than faith? Is love in the bird less than love? Can love be less than love? Is not energy in the ant, energy—a Universal Principle? All the inferior animals are concentrating in their small way, and all the superior and domestic ones are absorbing from humanity and are very gifted. They are quick to discern and to gather thought. I have absolute proof from ten years' study that some animals can reason. If you misconstrue Nature you will suffer from it. All life reacts. All cannibalism must be paid for out of the heart's blood—*bitter* is all debt. Justice is a principle of Spirit. No one is able to make a myth of fact.

Like birds that are beaten about by the tempest—so all inferior races pass; and abundant brute-life is a thing of tradition. Animals have no space, except when domesticated. Great is humanity and much is demanded of the Great.

But to return. What may be the reason for the brain in the animal? Is it grown for you, or for me? The animal race does not live for anything but itself, just as you live for the sake of yourself, to grow. You may take a gentle service in return for your uplifting influence, but

you may not steal away chances for a successful development. If rational, you will aid this growth in animals. There are three great crimes connected with the murder of these innocents—the crimes of stealth, of killing and of hate. Animals themselves do all this, but, if you note, the justice of Nature is inexorable, and the slayers are slain. To tamper with Nature is dangerous. Forsake the irrational! There is no safety—outside the principles of Nature.

The moral idea of Progress is well set in all life, and is well developed at the stage of brute life.

It is the law of *all* life to progress; to grow, to bud and come to fruition.

Life is safe—you cannot kill it. You cannot kill Vitality. It will go back to the ocean of Vital life. You cannot kill matter, for it will go back to the world of atoms; nor soul, for it is spiritual. You cannot kill spirit, for it is something that is Perfect and unapproachable. You cannot kill the I—for it will grow in spite of you. I thank God that there is *safety* in the Universe! He has so built it that ignorant hands can do no more than spoil a little of their own work. Perfect safety, but perfect freedom, also. The world is *well* founded. Even in thought-life there seems to be protection; and proof of this seems to be contained in the following fact: There are those who are clear-seeing and yet are barred from seeing anything except what relates to their own type of thoughts. If they are materially inclined, the discourse from end to end concerns objects. But those who have clear sight regarding Universal issues, rarely see objects. This is a very curious fact, and, if you notice, everything in Nature is worth a long, long study to get to the root in Principle. Everything is significant.

But let us try to find a principle for such a protection in the Thought-World.

If the principle of gravity (rest, similar vibration, harmony with its Whole) applies to *all* kinds of matter besides the planetary matter we know, then this principle gives the easiest explanation. Gases of different densities sink to different levels. May not thoughts gravitate to their own vibrations or levels? The principles of Freedom and Harmony accentuate this idea; nay, the principle of Growth *requires* it. We are never very much disturbed by our rational neighbors, and there is some reason for this in natural law. It is not necessary for us to absorb material that we do not want, for our bodies, then why should we be less free on the plane of Thought?

The Thought-World is an Ocean of Reflection—in its appearance of fact. It is a Reflector, because thoughts are of the nature of moving reflections. It is living, because it draws life from Vital Life.

Exaltation has nothing to do with thoughts, but is spiritual in Origin.

And *back* of Thoughts is the resistless energy of the *I* which has accumulated intelligence through its feeling and sensitive power, and which notes, directs and compares.

Thoughts of hate have a worse influence on the plane of thought than the *Desires* of the incarnating Ego, which sum up the former lives. That there is such an Ego I have reason to think, from observation of the *Desires* which are born in the natures of quite little children who are even destitute of the common mechanism to work them out. Yet I have seen the most astonishing attempts in this line, and wondered why those of more complete mechanism did not also try with such specialized Desire. So I felt then, that there must be specialized Desire before birth which works its way to achievement in spite of a disadvantage. There then, must be left, after death of body and mind, as a legacy, a *Desiring* Ego, neither the true I, nor the soul. I have seen a great Desire to work out some one principle, either a World principle or a Universal principle. Some people I know, desire to feel the principle of Order; others, to feel the principle of Individuality; others, to become conscious of Cause and Effect; others, to feel the Beautiful; others, to become Concentrated. I know examples of all these; but in every case, no matter what the talent for such procedure—*all* the gifts are used in eccentric fashion; as for instance, I, seeking for the Harmonies, use all my powers for the Cause, tho' naturally deficient in the valuable mechanism of reason. It is interesting to look among people and see the different key-notes and also the planes to which they naturally gravitate. No matter how diseased, all life is gravitating to some Central Idea, and it is useful and saving to know what that Idea is.

Where will your courage lead you to, dear Comrade?

Good-by. Peace be with you.

MARION HUNT.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;—
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light.

—James Russell Lowell.

Our lives are fragments of the perfect Whole; if we invert or pervert them, we mar the whole pattern.—*Jenken L. Jones.*

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

What's the use o' lyin'—
 Cryin'—sighin' ?
 What's the sense o' fussin'—
 Mussin'—cussin' ?
 Does the savages' complainin'
 Stop the rattle o' the rainin' ?
 Does the tormentin' an' teasin'
 Make the winter quit a-freezin' ?
 Quit a-blowin' ?
 Quit a-snowin' ?
 Does the grumblin' an' the groanin' ?
 Do a bit toward atonin'
 For the miserable moanin'
 Thro' the trees ?
 Does the scowlin' an' the growlin'
 Stop the prowlin' an' the howlin'
 O' the breeze ?
 Won't the sunlight be the brighter
 If we keep our faces lighter ?
 Don't the dreary day seem longer,
 And the wailing wind seem stronger,
 If one frets ?
 Make the best o' all the weather!
 Sing an' smile an' hope together!
 Won't you ? Let's!

—N. Y. Herald.

HORSE INTELLIGENCE.

Editor Enterprise:

I believe the following instance of equine intelligence to be worthy of record: Old Bonnie, with her *week-old colt*, is kept on the barn floor, where they are both left loose. A stairway *leading to the basement* is guarded by a trap-door, but last night I forgot to close this door, and during the night the colt tumbled down the stairs into the cattle barn. About midnight we were awakened by a horse whinnying around the house and then running back towards the barn. In a moment this was repeated, and wife says, "That sounds like Old Bonnie." Going out to investigate, I met the anxious mother on her way to the house again, and found that in order to get help she had managed to open the large barn door. After rescuing the colt I returned to bed with better appreciation of the brute creation.

March 27, 1898.

H. B. GREELEY.

—From Mapleton (Minn.) *Enterprise*.

A SONG TO LILITH.

Just like the seed
That bravely goes
Down in the dark,
That never knows
Aught of its skies—
If black or blue—
Thus, Soul-incarnate,
Must you do.

Just like the seed
Your heart must swell
With the messages
You're here to tell—
Just like the seed
Yourself sent out
In timid roots
To feel about;
Just like the seed
To find your way
Out of the dark
Into the day.

And in God's time
You'll be a *Tree!*
Dear, Upward Soul!
Ungrudgingly
You'll give the earth
Your shelt'ring care,
Helping mankind
Its cross to bear,
As the Weary and Oppressed
Each become your welcome guest.

And so, have faith,
Nor ask to know—
Just be content
That you may grow.

M. G. T. STEMPEL.

A PARABLE.

The Winter wheat is sown,
The little blades have grown
Tender and green and fresh, o'er hill and dale.
Then comes the glittering frost,
And then the wheat is lost
Beneath the snow, drifted by Winter's gale.

Deep, and still deeper, fall
The crystals of its pall;
How will it ever come to life again?
Frozen in its fair youth?
Buried alive? In truth,
It waiteth only for the warm Spring rain.

But why this hard ordeal?
Is the gain, then, so real?
Ask yonder farmer, he will tell thee true,
"The Winter wheat's the best,
Worth double all the rest;
'Tis firmer, whiter, and keeps longer, too."

If, then, within thy life,
Sorrow and care and strife
Cover thee in, and freeze thy tender youth,
The rain will surely fall,
And melt away thy pall,
In chilling Winter, thou hast made thy growth.

Thy resurrection morn
Shall come. Thou shalt be born
Into the love that shall forever grow.
The love which shall transcend
All thou hast known, dear friend,
As Summer's warmth transcends October's glow.

The promised dawn's begun!
The glory of the sun
Edges the gray clouds with its rosy light.
The mists dissolve away
Before the coming day,
That which seemed cold and dark, is all made right.

CLARA J. L. PIERCE.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

METAPHYSICS IN PROGRESS.

The present age seems destined to take its place among those defined during the past centuries as ages of especial advancement in particular lines, distinctly as an age of mental development. Not alone in cranial expansion, or in mere intellectual advancement in matters pertaining to physical life on the animal plane, nor yet in an increase of such powers of the mind as pertain to contention with one another for selfish purposes; but more particularly in an all-around development, growth and cultivation of the powers of thought through logical form and mathematical processes of construction, which train the thinking faculties for exact work and bring forward the hidden qualities of the true mind of the God-made man. This form of development has been gradually forcing its way, at first almost imperceptibly, among all classes who think at all, and especially among those who think for a purpose in the various lines of professional work, and in educational channels, in the pulpit, in the schoolroom, in the professor's chair, and at the editor's table, with the result that in many of the chief aims in life, in religious and educational affairs, in social and political problems, and even in amusements and daily occupations, a more serious and thoughtful attitude is apparent, showing an inclination to think out the problem and determine its whys and wherefores, and with a powerful movement in the direction of changing whatever course may be found not thoroughly productive of good results. Tradition, with this class of minds, counts for less than it did twenty years ago. The cause, the reason, and the remedy, seem uppermost in the determined action of the earnest member of society as the nineteenth century nears its close, and this tendency can scarcely fail to produce

results valuable to the succeeding generations, as by it many errors of former belief are being eliminated and truths possessing greater power are being discovered and embodied in the rules, laws and methods of human life.

In all this we see the beginning of the formation of the fruit of the tree which has been developing from the metaphysical seed of spiritual truth sown by the philosophers of the earlier centuries, and which has been gradually working its way up into the light of human understanding—the divine truth germinating in human soil. Its universal application and mighty force are perceptible in mechanics as well as in the higher and finer forces of nature, which are gradually being brought into useful operation as man gives rein to his thought powers and looks out into the vast space of infinite activity always wide open to the trustful gaze, but which the narrower teaching of the bigoted beliefs of the recent centuries had rendered as unapproachable and out of reach.

In this reopening of the avenues of intelligent investigation into the mysteries of universal truth, we see the greatest possibilities for mankind, and we rejoice at every progressive step taken by any investigator in any field of operation. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of developing the higher metaphysical truths in connection with this progressive action, as that is the real foundation of the kind of thought which has given birth to every valuable discovery, invention, and idea of better conditions of life, which has appeared upon the horizon of nineteenth-century progress. Metaphysics is the Science of Being, and Being includes everything that *really is*; therefore, to learn a new truth of any sort is to gain knowledge of that which transcends physics in some degree, and consciousness of its activities opens up new pages in the book of inexhaustible reality, where new laws of the operation of spiritual truths force recognition, and invention follows the discovery. As the mind opens to the truths of spiritual activities finer material forces present themselves before the vision and more powerful laws are discovered. And the end is not yet. The quiet earnestness of unselfish, thinking minds, will disclose still finer forces in nature, and the world will continue to grow brighter with every discovery.

TELEPATHY.

The fundamental law that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense, is henceforth open to science to transcend all we now think we know of matter, and to gain new glimpses of a profounder scheme of cosmic law. Instead of seeing in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life, I prefer to say that in Life I see the promise or potency of all forms of matter.

SIR W. CROOKES.

“The intimations of the night are divine, methinks. Men might meet in the morning and report the news of the night, what divine suggestions have been made to them. I find that I carry with me into the day often some such hint derived from the gods, such impulses to purity, to heroism, to literary effort, even, as are never day-born. . . . I rejoice when in a dream I have loved virtue and nobleness.

“With a certain wariness, but not without a slight shudder at the danger oftentimes, I perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair, as a case at court, and I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish, to permit idle rumors, tales, incidents, even of an insignificant kind, to intrude upon what should be the sacred ground of the thoughts. Shall the temple of our thoughts be a public arena where the most trivial affair of the market and the gossip of the tea-table is discussed, a dusty, noisy, trivial place? or shall it be a quarter of the heavens itself, consecrated to the service of the gods, a hypæthral temple? I find it so difficult to dispose of the new facts which to me are significant, that I hesitate to burden my mind with the most insignificant, which only a divine mind can illustrate. . . . Think of admitting the details of a single case at the criminal court into the mind to stalk profanely through its very sanctum sanctorum for an hour—aye, for many hours; to make a very barroom of your mind’s inmost apartment, as if for a moment the dust of the street had occupied you—aye, the very street itself, with all its travel, had poured through your very mind of minds, your thought’s shrine, with all its filth and bustle. Would it not be an intellectual suicide? By all manner of boards and traps threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law, excluding trespassers from these grounds, it behooves us to preserve the purity and sanctity of the mind. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember. . . . There is inspiration, the divine gossip which comes to the attentive mind from the courts of heaven, there is the profane and stale revelation of the

barroom and the police court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications. Only the character of the individual determines to which source chiefly it shall be open, and to which closed. I believe that the mind can be profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. They shall be dusty as stones in the street. . . . I think we should treat our minds as innocent and ingenuous children whose guardians we are, and be careful what objects and what subjects are thrust on their attention. . . . Every thought which passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them. Routine, conventionality, manners, etc.; how insensibly an undue attention to these dissipates and impoverishes the mind, robs it of its simplicity and strength, emasculates it."—*Thoreau*.

THE NUMBER TEN.

After the perusal of the highly interesting article by Mr. Hazelrigg, "The Number of a Name," in *Intelligence*, the idea was suggested to the mind of the reader of the possibility of the number ten being the basis, so to say, not only of "calculus" (using the latter word in its broad sense), but also of all our "sacred" numbers. For example:

- (a). Four, Deity— $1+2+3+4=$ 10.
- (b). Seven $1+2+3+4+5+6+7=28$ and 2 and 8= 10.
- (c). Ten $1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10=55$ and $5+5=10$.
- (d). Trinity $(a)+(b)+(c)=30=$ 3×10 .
- (e). Five = 10+2.
- (f). Nine; *material*. Not equal to Deity, perfection or ten, though but little below. But what is not spiritual is material.

V. L. PERRY, M. D.

THOUGHTS ABOUT LEARNING.

By learning Science comes, but only by the learning of learning does Wisdom come.

The learning of learning is the scholarship of all, the tutorship of all.

Let us learn with the wise, let us learn with the ignorant; with the wise we may learn what is not, through that WHICH IS; with the ignorant that which is, through WHAT IS NOT.

D. JOSEPH FONSECA, LL.D.

METAPHYSICAL HEALING—PHILOSOPHY.*

All Truth is one: therefore, there can be but one ultimate Principle of truth to comprehend. The manifestations of this one essential principle, throughout the universe, are countless, and within its own element each manifestation becomes a Principle of Action. Each investigator does his best to comprehend the principle recognized. The name that he gives to it is necessarily limited by the degree of his comprehension of the subject.

The working laws which proceed from the active Principle of this living Essence of eternal Truth are the only avenues of a true healing power. It is through the natural working of some one of these laws, either realized consciously or stumbled upon accidentally—thereby calling it into action without conscious recognition—that every mental healer produces results.

The true laws of Being are spiritual laws; they reflect in mental action. All so-called physical laws are results, on the material plane, of the natural activity of spiritual laws, from which they reflect through the mental mechanism, as does an image from its substance. The physical laws are copies of the spiritual, and depend absolutely upon spiritual activity for existence. The SPIRITUAL, therefore, is the REAL, while the material only seems to be real. It does not stand the test of *actual, self-existent Reality*.

These laws, being infinite in number and variety, and eternal in operation, are so subtle that they are frequently called into action by the individual without conscious knowledge of the fact, either on his own part or that of the recipient of the power. This is liable to occur with any operator, unless he becomes thoroughly versed in spiritual law; and he may be led to suppose that the result produced is brought about by some particular action, apparent to him, but which in reality had nothing to do with it. This common error has led to much confusion of opinion with regard to the power which heals. It is the origin of more than one material method of cure and more than one fanatical belief.

Mental or spiritual healing is rightly effected by either consciously or super-consciously calling into action some law of Being, and bringing the recipient into harmony with that law; consequently, MENTAL HEALING is a natural result of the harmonious action of the true laws of Being.

The laws of Being are all clearly established and definite laws

* Extract from Lesson 2, of Course I., given by The American School of Metaphysics, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1898, by L. E. Whipple.

—unchanging facts of the universe. They admit neither of belief nor disbelief, every act producing its corresponding results.

All that avails in the act of healing through any particular method, is the degree of Truth which that method contains. Opinion or belief contrary to fact only hinders the work, in this as in any scientific investigation.

The laws of Being are a Unit of law, alike in character and quality, and one in kind. These laws are always exact, certain, true, unchanging, eternal, perfect, whole, good, therefore harmonious and real. They represent spiritual principles.

Undemonstrated opinion is of no permanent use to any one. The actual demonstrable truth is all that is of avail in progress. A belief is useful during investigation, as is the assumed number; but when a conclusion is justly reached, fact takes the place of opinion, becoming KNOWLEDGE, at which point opinion or *blind belief* disappears and a truth becomes permanently established.

A Belief may be right; but, on the other hand, it may be wrong. The fact that there are so many conflicting opinions with regard to any of the important problems of Life, each upheld as firmly as the other, makes it absolutely essential that a clear demonstration be made. The self-evident fact that two entirely different theories cannot in any event both be true, suggests that either may be the false one. The only way, then, to know what is true, is to test each theory in life and learn the results to mankind of living that theory. Opinion in advance of demonstration is worthless; and for Opinion to override demonstration is a crime, alike against the perpetrator and the public.

The object of Metaphysical Healing is to establish health for the individual, the nation, and the race; indeed, for mankind, in each and every degree, and in all phases of existence—in body, mind, soul and spirit. Nothing short of this could rightly be called "Metaphysical" healing.

BEING is life—living reality. In its complete sense, it includes *all* life; ALL REALITY. Everything that really is, therefore, is some part of Being.

Man is the name used to denote the highest known, most full and complete MANIFESTATION of Being.

A perfectly healthy man is one who is in harmony with all true laws of real Being. The healing act, therefore, is the restoring of natural conditions; or, leading one who is suffering the consequences of unnatural actions, back into the harmony of his own being.

In order that this may be accomplished through our ministrations, we must understand man himself in all the details of his manifested

being, together with the true relation of each to every other expression of Being. If you rightly and sufficiently study Man, nothing further remains for investigation, for in him is epitomized the essence of every law and every principle of the universe. The physical body, being a part of the material universe, dwells within it, and contains the essence of all material elements. The soul represents the activities of the spiritual universe, and dwells in spirituality, being purely spiritual in nature.

Studying Man as the manifest law, carries one back in comprehension, to the fundamental principles of pure being from which he springs. As manifested Being, man includes all that is beneath him, in both the material and the spiritual universe. His spirit is a microcosm of the spiritual universe, containing the manifestation of all real principle; his body is a microcosm of the material universe and includes the action of all its laws. Even seeming laws are simulated in its modes of action.

The laws of action of the material universe are *inversions* of the activities of the spiritual Universe, and appeal only to man's sense-nature. Proceeding from the spiritual, through reflective action, they become inverted in the process of reflection and appeal only to inverted sensation. The action of the five senses, therefore, is *INVERTED ACTION*, through which no *real* information can be directly obtained; consequently a clear exercise of the spiritual faculty of reason becomes necessary in the working of every problem in *REALITY*.

The reasoning faculties having been exercised for so long a time under the evidence of the five senses (which are external instruments), some material evidence of an idea is usually demanded at first; consequently, man's studies of Being usually begin in materiality, where they are limited to the plane of reflected and inverted action. If confined here, inverted and erroneous reasonings lead him to the conclusion that the material is *real* and in some instances that there is nothing real but the material or physical.

In metaphysical philosophy all reality is considered as *BEING*. We hold that Being is Spirit; therefore, that Reality is necessarily spiritual; that the true and only *real* Universe is a Spiritual Universe of Principles and Ideas, of which this material universe is an imperfect and incomplete copy—an inverted reflection. It is a manifestation to the five senses only and is recognized only through their limited and inverted action. Everything in nature, beyond the limits of their power of action, escapes notice, passing unrecognized.

The material universe is known only through the sensations of this material life; hence, it is a manifestation in sensation or a *SENSE-*

MANIFESTATION. It is incomplete, because when all of the spiritual that can reflect in shadow on the sense plane alone has become apparent, there is still a residue of Reality that will not manifest to sense; hence, the physical is not, strictly speaking, a complete manifestation, but, instead, an *incomplete reflection*. The underlying SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLE is not seen or recognized in any phase of sense action. This is the reason that it is denied existence by the one who relies entirely upon his senses for evidence;—he cannot recognize it.

This universe exists, in its present form, for the sake of the soul's experience and ultimate enlightenment. It has been rightly called the "schoolroom of the soul." It is also a *graded* school and each department demands its own degree of completeness. It is necessary to man now because of his lack of knowledge of the higher, which makes it necessary for him to gain knowledge by experience.

The SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE exists directly from Being, as a true system of unlimited, living activities, not as a world filled with limited personalities. Spirit is limitless REALITY; matter limited *appearance*.

We may properly study the life of Being to such extent as we can, through its manifestations here, if we bear in mind the fact that materiality only *manifests* the real, but of itself is *not* the real; and that it is limited and confined to the evidence of the five lower or animal senses. In this attitude, while necessarily dealing with materiality, yet we refuse to clip the wings of our spiritual faculties and are ever ready to mount upward in understanding as we succeed in grasping the higher truths of Life.

Exercising reason with regard to the evidence of the senses, we discover on every hand, in Universe, Solar System, Planet, Continent, Rock, Ocean, Stream or Plant; in Animal, Vegetable or Mineral; in fact, in every minute part of everything recognized—a clear evidence of movement, motion, action. This active movement invariably assumes some definite mode or method, which suggests a well-defined purpose to be attained. Such purpose necessitates an intelligent power greater than the action of earthly things, to determine the purpose, establish the method of movement, and cause it to continue in operation.

This activity and purpose may be observed in the form, structure, color and perfume of every blossom; in the definite shape and character of each leaf and twig and every part of the plant; in the flavor of the fruit; in the wavelike grain of the growing tree; in both the rippling song of the wave and the harmonious rhythm of the tide upon the seashore; in the sombre harmony of the mighty planets comprising our solar system, as well as in the lightly tripping melody of the

most distant stars of this vast Universe. It may also be recognized in the form, structure, growth and movement of mineral, vegetable and animal bodies to a scarcely less marvelous degree than in the physical structure of man himself.

The entire material universe demonstrates in the movement of its every atom, molecule, and part, the existence of an ACTIVITY WITH AN INTELLIGENT PURPOSE, and constantly moving forward to accomplish that purpose—an incessant movement, motion, activity of life, everywhere, always manifest in a multitude of forms, and ever ready to be recognized by the individual.

The Emotionalist limits this activity to his own comprehension of powers and laws; his next step is to personify his limited idea (an impulse of his emotional nature) and to attribute the activity and conscious purpose to the personality thus imaginarily created. Failing to prove the false ground of his feeble argument, he usually demands blind belief in his theories, frequently attempting to strengthen his position by asserted Inspiration.

The Materialist denies the spirituality of infinite activity, but, in so far as he recognizes the activity, he calls it "latent force" or "latent energy." This theory, however, fails to account satisfactorily for much of the highest and most important phenomena involved in every living organism. The true Scientist blends these extreme views, recognizing material action as the *objective expression* of the ACTIVITY OF INTELLIGENCE; the intelligence of spirit reflected outwardly in materiality; the spiritual life of Being, reflected on the sense plane, to be observed through sensation; the manifestation, through *objective action*, of the intelligent purpose of SUBJECTIVE BEING.

This theory of the nature and source of UNIVERSAL ACTIVITY is the only one which accounts for all the modes of action met with in the various phenomena which man is forced to recognize. No other theory stands the test of both philosophy and science in investigation. Every theory based entirely upon materiality leads finally to a vacuum, and leaves the investigator vainly grasping at empty nothingness. Even nature abhors a vacuum. Reality is neither empty nor vacant. On investigation Spirit always proves substantial and ever present.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

Even the materialist Condillac, perhaps the most logical expounder of materialism, was constrained to say: "Though we should soar into the heavens, though we should sink into the abyss, we never go out of ourselves; it is always our own thought that we perceive."—*Emerson*.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE IN A DREAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—I have thought that the readers of the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE might be interested in a dream I had two nights ago.

The dream was in connection with a lady whom I meet occasionally, a person, I should imagine, who would not be in the least in harmony with me. In my dream she came to my house, bringing a large, heavy and very ancient volume, with a highly polished brass or gold case around it; the case looked like gold bars. She remarked that she knew I would be interested to see so rare a treasure. We opened the book and found it written in a language we neither of us understood, but I suggested it might be Sanskrit. Every few pages we came to one that was illustrated, which looked very much like the finest Chinese painting on a kind of rice paper.

The dream was so vivid that I can now see that old relic of antiquity and those exquisite little Chinese miniatures on the rice paper as clearly as though they were physically present.

This morning I met the lady and informed her of my dream. She asked me on what night I dreamed it, and informed me that on the same evening she attended a lecture, delivered by an Assyrian, whose subject was the Copts, their language, their Monastery, and their wonderful books, centuries and centuries old. He spoke of one in particular which is kept in a heavy silver case. It is written in the Coptic language, in which the Greek alphabet is used with some few additions. He spoke of some chambers in a Palace, the floor of which was covered to a foot in depth with tablets of clay covered with cuneiform characters. In many cases these characters were so small as to require a magnifying glass to read them. These tablets, consisting of some ten thousand distinct works, formed the library of some great Monarch. You see her lecture and my dream were on the same subject.

There seems to be some occult connection with the evening lecture and my dream on the same night. In this connection I wish Prof. C. H. A. Bjerregaard would give us an article on the subject of dreams.

THERESA F. COGSWELL.

Bishop Lardner adduced nine reasons to show that the only and solitary proof that Jesus was an actual living man, known in his day to people, was a clumsy forgery by Eusebius, who forged the writing of Josephus.—*Lucifer*, Sept., 1889, p. 72.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SONGS OF DESTINY. By Julia P. Dabney. Cloth, white and gold; 180 pp. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A most fascinating book of poems, written in the line of the new thought ideal, and which deserves a foremost place in this class of literature. A perusal of the verses is an increasing delight from first to last; they breathe of the pure essence of poetry, and beneath this there lies a true metaphysical thought. There are so few verses written from this standpoint that one must welcome these with satisfaction and pleasure. The dainty binding of white and gold is an added attraction.

HER BUNGALOW. An Atlantian Memory. By Nancy McKay Gordon. Cloth, 234 pp., \$1.25. Hermetic Publishing Co., 4006 Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

Those who are interested in soul-study will find in this attractive little volume some idealistic experiences set forth in most original and charming manner. Throughout the book, its theme, "Come Up Higher," inspires and appeals to the reader. Full of a graceful and poetic imagery, its pages also teem with realistic, as well as idealistic, thought. The first part is written in parable; the second is a vivid description of the last days and destruction of prehistoric Atlantis, skillfully portrayed.

THE GREATEST THING EVER KNOWN. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, 55 pp., 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

All who have found pleasure in and have derived benefit from Mr. Trine's works will give an appreciative welcome to this little volume. It is written in the Author's usual clear and simple style, and intended for "the people," to some of whom its central theme, "the essential oneness of the human life with the Divine," may come like a revelation. The reader is taken, step by step, to a realization of this great truth. Mr. Trine gives an interpretation of the life and mission of Jesus along metaphysical lines, which may be read by earnest minds with benefit.

 AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

MODERN ASTRÖLOGY. Monthly. Annual subscription, 12 shillings; single copy, 1 shilling. The Theosophical Publishing Society, London, 26 Charing Cross, S. W.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly. \$1.00 per year, 10 cents single copy. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. Monthly. \$2.00 per year, 20 cents single copy. Theosophical Publishing Co., 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. Annual subscription, \$5.00; single copy, 50 cents. Published at Adyar, Madras, India.

UNITY. Monthly. \$1.00 per year, 10 cents single copy. Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

MERCURY. Monthly. \$1.00 per year, 10 cents single copy. William John Walters, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

THE DAWN. Monthly. Annual subscription, \$2.00. 44 Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

THE
METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 8.

A DEFINITION OF WEALTH.

There are two standards of value, one real and the other fictitious; one permanent and the other shifting. It is a propensity of the human mind to forego the idea and deal with the symbol, and, as money is the symbol of wealth, to invest the material world, organic and inorganic, with a material value, and to write dollars and cents over the face of God's fair Earth; and so it comes that society is well nigh submerged in the stream of opulence that flows from the human mind, that symbolic stream which quenches not the inner thirst, that affords "not any drop to drink."

There is perhaps no subject which labors under a more general misapprehension than that of wealth. While economists have dimly predicted an inward as well as an outward wealth, they have preferred to treat it directly as that which has an exchange value and to class it as a species of utility, but of a base order, having reference only to the material welfare of man. And herein lies the fallacy of the worldly concept of life, that it would deal with material issues as separate from spiritual, whereas in fact the material is but the reflex of the spiritual, and can no more be rightly considered as a separate entity than a corpse may be regarded as a man; and though political economy may admit that man *has* a soul, it nevertheless does not recognize it as an asset.

It is a shallow sophism that money will buy everything; it will buy everything but happiness, everything but peace, everything but Truth, Wisdom, Love. It will buy servile allegiance but not respect;

it will buy a book but not the ability to read it; it will buy a coronet but not nobility of character. In short it will buy the symbols but not the substance of things.

To inherit money may or may not prove beneficial; but to inherit the conviction that money constitutes wealth is always a calamity. There is this difference, moreover, between earning money and acquiring it, that the one contributes to character and the other requires character to withstand it. Two payments are made for all honest work; the first is in money and is counted, the second is in patience, in dexterity, in tact, experience and courage and is not counted.

An adequate cultivation of the mind renders much money superfluous; a real contentment needs but few dollars. They have forsaken Virgil and Horace for the applied sciences, but the classics would, none the less, augment the wealth of imagery and of thought. Culture forever protests that money is not wealth, but its symbol, merely; that "money will not buy a single necessity of the soul"; and the Spiritual mind exhorts us to seek first the Kingdom of God—to work for that in life which shall endure. And it is not to Recardo or to Adam Smith, it is not to political but rather to spiritual economy that we shall look for a right understanding of wealth.

From the world's view of wealth readily follows its dogma of success. Money is to-day largely the measure of success—a business which is profitable; a profession which is lucrative. But the ample perspective of history reveals success to lie only in the character of a work and thus is assigned a truer value to a work of Phydias or an ode of Pindar than to contemporary art or life. Inventors have lived in garrets; there are monuments of literature which brought paltry sums to their authors; prophets have been stoned! Was the inventor then less rich in ideas; was the author less wealthy in diction; had the prophet any the less an ownership in Truth? It is but a poor standard of success that is measured by gold and silver; a noble bearing, a lofty brow, a kindly smile, a self control, a healthy body, a clear eye bespeak a success which is more real. The only victory worth making is the victory over one's self; the only real success lies in the development of character and insight; the only thing worth seeking is the soul; the only thing worth possessing is the Truth;

the only thing worth living for is Love. And this is the greatest success—to have ennobled your environment, to have done good, to have given happiness, to be happy; for Virtue alone wears a serene smile, and Wisdom only is truly happy.

It shall become apparent to every thoughtful mind that despite the fetishism of the dollar, it is not money but love that rules the world. Prince Sidartha renounced a throne, and in the garb of a mendicant went forth to enlighten men and to teach the supreme doctrine of Love and of renunciation. Jesus, in the name of Love healed the sick, raised the dead, gave sight to the blind—and his life was a giving and a doing for others; a torrent of beneficence and kindly deeds. Yet, He who is called the Light of the World was a penniless wanderer in Palestine. Think you the world of Annas and Caiaphas esteemed the life of this man a successful one? Do we esteem any one successful to-day who has not a house over his head, be his preaching ever so eloquent? But these lives are momentous facts that somehow subvert all our standards of success. And though in the growth of civilization the examples are no longer applicable to present needs, the Principles and Ideas are none the less so, a fact to which the world offers tacit recognition, for with all its getting and all its self-seeking it is still lead by inspired mendicants, whose sole possession is Wisdom. What of the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, the kings—is their memory grateful to mankind? What of the great names of science—have their discoveries on the whole contributed to make life happier or nobler? How is it that the names of simple men outweigh the influence of empires and of dynasties?

It fatigues to be constantly reminded of the so-called wealth of men—that man should so universally be judged according to the symbol. Wealth is *capacity*, not money; the capacity to love, the capacity to appreciate the beautiful, the capacity—above all—to hear and apprehend the monitions of the Spirit. He who possesses the symbol merely, not knowing the thing symbolized, is often the poorest of men. It is said the inventor is always poor; so he may be in money, but so is Cræsus poor in invention. Poverty is relative. He who is rich in equipages is often poor in health—in sinew and

vigor to climb the mountains. Must we be taught that there is no poverty to the Soul. We have wealth to the extent that we apprehend the principles of Being. It is no appraisal of a man's wealth, indeed, to say he has certain stocks and bonds, for every man owns Heaven and Hell.

I repeat that wealth is Capacity; capacity for wisdom, capacity for doing good, capacity for entering into the lives of others. Egotism is a kind of pauperism; to see everything always from a personal standpoint is to be incarcerated within the four walls of a self-made prison and to exclude a wealth of human love and sympathy. Incapacity to grasp the true meaning of life; incapacity for expressing the good that is in us; incapacity for recognizing the good that is in others—such is poverty. To be poor in love, to be poor in thought, is to be poor indeed. What avails a vast estate if we live in a crack; to what end a private observatory if we dwell in the cellar of our being; of what use broad acres to a narrow mind?

The only real wealth lies within, and no outer semblance shall gainsay an inner poverty. The richer the inner life the greater the outer simplicity. There are men who never find themselves until they lose their money: there are beauties that never become apparent until the purse is empty. When we have found the soul what can be added to or taken from us? We shall cherish the soul in the silence and leave the trappings of the world—the tinsel and gewgaws. It is expedient to have our possessions within, compact and available, that we may be in good marching order and shall not be hindered on the journey. Better internal forces than external incumbrances.

Ah! To live free from perturbation, tranquil! serene! How do we call ourselves men—who are driven by care, we who are slaves to a calling to the end that the vanity may be pampered, the stomach appeased. Fear, toiling to lay up against a “rainy day” is meanwhile forging chains. But to the serene mind there are no rainy days. Real necessity requires only the work of men and not the toil of slaves. Surely there is a high price paid for luxury; simplicity would lift a burden from the shoulders. Reflect, that after all, the quintessence of things may never be bought. We can only buy according to our capacity; we read in the book only the measure of

our own enlightenment; we see in the work of art only the degree to which we are receptive to the Beautiful, and conversant with the principles of art. Nor can there be obtained the full significance of that to which somewhat is not contributed—the work of mind or hands: the artist, the artificer, the craftsman retains always an interest in what is bought of him. The gardener laying out a flower bed will abstract a share of its meaning and its beauty. What are these things sought after? Are they worth the best part of human life? Is the diamond more beautiful than the raindrop on the barberry leaf; or ruby, than the cardinal flower as it gleams solitary from amidst the low alders; is there woven fabric more delicate than the spider's web? Is there aught more precious to a thoughtful man than leisure; leisure to reflect, to meditate, to worship? What a commentary upon society that men have not time to observe nature—nor time to reflect upon what they are, nor why they may be here!

Values are not always apparent, and a hasty judgment would often overlook that which is best. There are delicate lovely blossoms so fragile they may not be plucked from the grassy meadow in which they grow: so is it with our fairest visions, expressed in words they can never be, for their subtle and ethereal quality escapes us. The sand dunes and the desert have been made to burst in bloom, and where once was a dreary waste the Gold of Ophir now twines about the branches of the pepper trees, the heliotrope and the lemon verbenas stand high in air, the Cherokee runs riot and the Maréchal Niel hangs its heavy head. And this much will love do for the barren life: no desert but shall be bright with flowers: no Sierra but shall have its snowplant. There are kind hearts under rough coats: there is a vision of Truth in lowly minds. All that glitters is not gold and there is a gold that does not glitter.

We hear of men to-day in India who can neither read nor write and are yet profoundly versed in the science of Being; men who have never owned a single piece of gold, but are rich in the Soul's realization of freedom, and who rejoice in the wealth and power of self-control and self-union. There are men who wander from village to village along the dusty Indian roads, calling practically nothing their own, in whose eyes shines the light of peace, on whose brows is the

stamp of wisdom. Men of remote and inadequate ways of life these, as judged by Western standards; yet must we bow to the superiority which lies in a serene Consciousness, though housed in a barren exterior, for a true sagacity perfects always the inner life and dwells within the sanctuary. And what shall we say, we of rich externals, but no serenity, no self-trust?

Every man comes into the world with a title to all that is; it remains for him to prove it through capacity. There is a prior title to this lake, this forest, these mountains, than any that is on record. All recorded titles may prove defective, for like people's names they seldom fit their owners. Such an one has a deed to the shore of a lake, but its beauty eludes him and he foolishly cherishes the possession of so much muck and mire, and is weighed down with his cubic yards of earth. Another is ravished with the beauty of this same fair lake; it is to him a consolation and an inspiration, and he springs aloft in the joy of his spiritual possessions. Have done with this cry of poverty, and reflect that for you have been painted and chiseled the masterpiece, for you have been garnered all wisdom, for you races have lived and wrought; that in the dim Past poets wrote for you—looked over the heads of their unheeding fellows and said, "I salute you, you who in ages to come shall commune with me—for you I write." Ponder this, and consider how august a personage you are and never more belittle yourself or live other than nobly. And how marvelous the working of the divine laws that a little book should live through the ages—to come in at your window and open before you its message at the appointed time; that seers should prophesy and philosophers meditate and historians write for you. You whose inheritance of Beauty is as wide as the Cosmos, and as deep; whose estate of Wisdom is as great as your own Soul; whose property in Love is as large as your own heart.

There is a storehouse of undreamed-of wealth to which every soul may have access: knock and the door shall be opened to you. Is not Truth an adequate legacy? Is not the kingdom of God a sufficient inheritance? For what bauble shall we remove them and preserve a semblance of reason? It is not currency reform—neither a gold standard nor the free coinage of silver; it is neither protection

nor free trade that shall bring the "good times" we so eagerly await. But it is spiritual-mindedness, right living and right thinking: it is Love in the world—more coöperation and less competition. The perfection of the credit system is one indication of the degree of civilization, but trust in God is a greater. There is a spiritual as well as a business acumen. We soon pass judgment on the banker who fails to note the proper value of securities, or neglects the world of affairs: but here are we all foolish bankers who pay no heed to spiritual values, which alone are enduring.

In this plea for a right understanding of what constitutes wealth, I would not be thought foolishly to disparage the good offices of money. Manifold are its beneficent uses. But whenever that which is ordained a means is falsely elevated to the dignity of an end, a goal in life, the perversion worketh woe. Money as a means is an agent of love; as an end it is a cause of sorrow, a breeder of strife, and only when returned to its proper place does it fulfil its beneficent function. Not until the gold of the *Niëblung* is restored to the Rhine does peace prevail. Let us acquire money, and let us spend it if in so doing we may quicken the generous impulse and expand the heart, and not come to shut our eyes to the wealth that lies within. A wise man regulates his expenditure by what is fitting, and not by what he can afford; no man can afford to spend upon himself more than is needful; none can afford luxuries where others lack necessities. He is the richer who is content with less, not he who, having much, needs more. But prudence lies not in spending little, but in spending wisely, and it is a poor economy that saves money and lets go generosity. Would that we knew more of the beauty of simplicity and of the value of a stern and frugal way of life, for high living ever discourages high thinking, and when most lavish to the body we are penurious to the soul.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

Moral philosophy, morality, ethics, casuistry, natural law, mean all the same thing, namely—that science which teaches men their duty and the reasons of it.—*Paley*.

INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION

Now that the theory of evolution is generally accepted as true, both by science and theology, we learn that this theory of creation is not new and modern, but one that was believed in by the Saracens, Alexandrians, Chaldeans and Ancient Hindoos. It was taught as part of religion, as far back as we can trace the records of time. Lost to the western world, possibly through a misinterpretation of Genesis, as meaning special creation in six days, in place of natural creation by evolution in six long periods of time, it has been rediscovered by modern scientists, by their patient research into Nature's methods, aided by their own rational methods of thought.

Modern scientists have formulated this theory by means of the inductive method of reasoning. Ancients received it through the deductive method, as it was taught them by their great religious teachers and incorporated in their Scriptures. One who enjoys both methods of thought, finds much interest in noting the relations between the two, the ancient and the modern.

The modern evolutionist with microscope, telescope, photography, etc., traces the phenomena of form-building, in logical steps, from gaseous, nebulous matter, to mineral and on to man; from the simple cell, to the complex form. The ancients add to this external view, an internal one of sequential growth of life, the two acting and reacting upon each other, in every form and life, but with the inner the cause and substance of the outer, the outer revealing the method of the inner.

Moderns follow the sequential form-building by a thread of cell transmission, heredity, atavism, etc. Ancients connect the sequential inner lines in their various phases of activity, from kingdom to kingdom, by a thread of invisible heredity, each life linked to and built upon its own life in the form of the past, the connection carried over by virtue of the law of conservation of energy and correlation of forces. They claim that there are laws of Dynamics, of static and kinetic energy immanent on spiritual and psychic planes of nature as

well as on physical planes. Thus according to spiritual atavism, we were our own remote ancestors in their various stages of race development.

This is the true reason why History repeats itself. Moderns claim that where force exists there is matter; and vice versa, there is no force without matter, no matter without force. Ancients claim that where force and matter exist, no matter how simple and invisible its form, to man's physical eyes or microscope, no matter how narrow its range of activity, there at that centre of activity is life, a feeling of being, a species of consciousness. In other words, there is no such thing as dead matter. Life is at every point of space and time. Spirit and matter, as two extreme ends of the same pole of substance, are the dual aspect of that underlying formless something we call Life. Force and Form exist in indissoluble marriage relation, as a phase of life or consciousness, or the manifestation of a centre of being. This marriage is for the purpose of the gradual evolution or expansion, of each centre of consciousness, into final expansion through knowledge and love, into the life of the whole—the all Consciousness. To the ancients, everything is alive and divine in a certain degree, in exact accord as it can respond to this Universal Spirit of Omnipresent Life, in which “it lives, moves and has its being.”

The Life manifesting in this Universe, that which man calls God, The Logos, The Oversoul, is one aspect only of that One Great Absolute Existence, which Spencer names the Unknowable, and the ancients call “That.” As this manifested Universe grows old and dies, from that Great Unknown will the eternal substance of its life be evolved into a new and higher universe. And the mind of man staggers and faints as it tries to conceive of the possibilities of eternity, “without beginning or end.”

The phase or aspect of the Great Unknown, manifesting as the Life of this present creation, is an All-conscious Loving Intelligence. The Divine Self of that Life, eternal in itself, changing in his various manifestations, to suit the needs of his creatures, is the Father in Heaven of each and all. In every one, and even in the atom, is a latent soul, a spark of that Divine Eternal Self. This divine fire within,

called life, is the secret of its future evolution. The name we give this fire is consciousness. To name this does not define it, but to see in its emanations or vibrations the creative cause of the lower, slower rates of vibration we know as energy, matter, and form, is to receive a key unlocking a new door into the mysteries of that Omnipresent Potency, the Divine Storehouse of Ceaseless Life.

At every centre of being, fire burns, fed, nourished, and increased by the Omnipresence of the One Divine, Living, Loving Fire of All Consciousness. Because of its increase or expansion of consciousness within each form, does evolution proceed. In mineral matter of crystalline forms is manifest life in its lowest stage of consciousness, in its slowest rate of vibration. It is the tiniest spark of fire possible to keep alive. It is life locked in its most rigid embrace—in the narrowest range of activity possible on earth at the present time.

This postulation of Omnipresent life or consciousness constitutes one of the vital differences between the Ancient and Modern views. Ancients claim that no matter how "dead" something may appear to man, to God it is not dead, but having a place in the active existence and purpose of evolution. Nothing is at a dead standstill. Everything changes, evolves. Minerals evolve, and "future generations will turn to the sun as a place where such an evolution can best be studied." *

Other modern corroborations of Ancient theories are coming to the front among the foremost scientists of the day, although very few realize what it means to strike "dead matter" from the rôle of creation's drama. Prof. Roberts-Austen, in his text-books on Metallurgy, and Prof. von Schroen, in Italy, in his investigations of "life in stones," "vital sparks in crystals," are announcing their discoveries as proving that minerals and metals are alive. Prince Krapotkin, in reviewing the late metallurgic discoveries, says in *Nineteenth Century* of February, 1897: "It becomes more and more apparent that a solid mass of metal is by no means an inert body, but that it also has its own inner life; its molecules are not dead specks of matter, but they never cease to move about, to change places and to enter into new combinations." It is further claimed that alloys are "real worlds

* Prof. Roberts-Austen, lecturer to the English Royal Institute.

almost as complicated as an organic cell," which should be studied as "living organisms," in which the three states of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous, can at any time be found existing together, though unseen by our eyes. Prof. von Schroen's discoveries of "vital sparks" in crystals, are spoken of in the scientific press as "one of the most astonishing demonstrations of modern times, and to be classed only on a par with the great discovery of Darwin," which revolutionized previous scientific theories. See Marques "Scientific Corroborations of Theosophy.") Seeing life in every kingdom but the mineral, Moderns are here on the verge of viewing this also as the Ancients do. Ancients see Life everywhere, and God as the One Life. He dwells in the Universe as Man does in his body, sustaining and controlling it, but far nobler and grander than his physical expression, and conscious both within and without it; the source, sustainer and regenerator of every individual cell in that body, impelling from within its further evolution into larger and larger lives.

What the amount or quality is, of the state of consciousness of an atom, in its gaseous, liquid or solid state (apparently, for even Moderns admit that hardness is only a quality, representing a certain rate of vibration), is as inconceivable to the human mind as is the size of atoms or microbes, so small that thousands can find room at the same time on the point of the finest cambric needle. Both are inconceivable, one is no more impossible than the other. While moderns teach the infinite divisibility of matter, ancients hold to the infinite divisibility of states or degrees of life or consciousness in these inconceivably small atoms or tiny beings. Moderns define an atom as a centre or vortex of whirling motion of inconceivable rapidity, within an homogeneous substance which they call Ether. Is not the postulation of activity without consciousness or a feeling of being or life, an absurdity?

Crooke's chemistry also admits that all atoms issue from one single basis, called "Protyle." Ancients claim that an atom is a centre of life, revealing through its vibration a phase of consciousness. Further, it is the vibration of this consciousness which emanates, produces, creates and evolves what we know as energy and matter, building forms after divine patterns stored up in mind of the All Con-

sciousness. Each centre of Life, in every form, mineral, vegetable, animal or human, receives from this Universal Life its conscious life and form, in exact accord with what it can receive on its inner stage of evolution. An atom is a soul, and the forms, called chemical molecules, are the vestment or body of the Atomic Souls, as our complicated bodies are the vestments of our souls, each cell in each form having its own life distinct, but lower and subordinate to the life in the whole form.

The ancient theory claims that the purpose of evolution is not form-building, but expansion of consciousness by means of this ceaseless and repeated form-building. This is virtually creation of consciousness, by means of experiences gained in activities, in various forms of mineral, vegetable, animal, and human stages of evolution. Evolution is God's method of creation of that invisible something we call consciousness, and later of Individual Spiritual Beings, who can share more and more of his All-Consciousness. The limits of this expansion are, of course, as inconceivable as the other extreme the inconceivably small. In every atom is hidden or involved into its centre, the latent and future activities of God Himself, the possibility of becoming "perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect." "Every Atom in the universe has the potentiality of self-consciousness in it and is like the Monads of Leibnitz, a Universe in itself and for itself. It is an atom and an angel." The awakening of this Divine potentiality is the secret of the creation of consciousness, and thereby of the evolution of this Universe of forces and forms. Because of this Divine Invisible Involution, is possible this visible evolution of forms and activity, resulting again in Invisible consciousness in more and more subtle matter. While Moderns confine themselves to matter, in seeking causes, ancients perceive causes descending from the spirit or invisible end of life as both the source and essence of all forces, substances and forms involved into each centre of being.

The descent of the Spirit of Life, of this Divine Fire of All-Consciousness into matter requiring long periods of time to reach the mineral, is half the process of creation; the evolution of individual "consciousnesses" from mineral, atomic lives to human beings is the other half. The ceaseless involution of potential life into atomic centres,

the gradual slowing down into lower and lower rates of vibration, produces denser and denser conditions of matter, until in the mineral kingdom the turning point is reached in the lowest limit of consciousness. The evolution of this involution, infolding through gradual increase of active consciousness, results in higher and higher states of consciousness differentiations into individual beings, in subtler and more ethereal forms.

This involution accounts for the constant existence of elemental and simple organisms; they are the ceaseless, endless operations of life. This is creation without beginning or end. It is the secret of the law of continuity, the continual improving of life, the continual descent or involution of spirit into matter. If physical, organic evolution alone accounted for this universe of forms, the simple cell-like organisms would long ago have disappeared from our earth. Darwin tries to explain this standing still of simple forms, but utterly fails. Ancients see in the "apparent" standing still of these simple forms, the new life ever pushing forward in a continual spirit descent into matter. With each cell division a new life comes in and the old passes on into higher forms. (See Weismann's Somatic and germ-cell Theory for the source of scientific muddle of organic evolution.)

If "something" had not been involved, nothing could have been evolved. Something never comes from nothing. Involution precedes evolution and the two work hand in hand to produce the gradual evolution of this something we call Consciousness.

"The ancient teachers of evolution, less exact in detail in following the evolution of form, were more accurate in fact in postulating a something which alone could make the external evolution of form of any intelligible purpose." *

It is this seed of Perfection, this Divine inherent potency stored within, which makes for evolution on physical planes, for righteousness on mental and moral planes, for Individualization and Union with the Divine self on spiritual planes. Thus the Divine Spirit in Nature, God brooding over every step of the long travail, "Himself cribbed, cabined and confined," in his creation, bursts one fetter after another for the expanding consciousness within each form, by a gift

* G. R. S. Mead, in "Simon Magus."

of free inpouring of his own life and consciousness. This Divine sharing the self sacrificing of God in manifestation, is the Lamb "slain from the foundation of the world." By limiting Himself temporarily in creation of each form, that, in the end he may share with his offspring, each a spark of his Eternal Self without beginning or end, his Divine knowledge, powers and bliss of existence, he reveals a supreme law of that existence: love and self sacrifice.

To the Ancients this Involution and Evolution are correlations. This Divine Omnipresent Life, is ever quickening with more and more life each centre of consciousness, vegetable, animal or human, as fast as that centre can receive and make use of it, whether its phase of activity be form-building, character-building or spiritual soul building. With each inpouring or awakening, a new phase of life awakes another degree. One more kind of Divine potentiality becomes active and therefore conscious. This awakening through use of powers, increasing step by step, is the only possible method of creation of consciousness, say the ancients. Consciousness, with certain properties or powers, cannot spring into being out of nothing at physical birth. There is no such thing as special creation in any realm of nature, and consciousness is not an emanation of matter. "By no possibility can thought and feeling be in any sense the products of matter. Nothing could be more grossly unscientific than the famous remark of Cabanis that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile."* So with the materialistic conception of life as the result of matter, repudiated by modern philosophers, theories on this point in the West seem to be in a transition period, and we are forced to drop old theories before new ones are adopted. When modern science extends her rational ideas of evolution, growth as the method of creation on invisible as well as visible planes of nature, she may see that each life is born from a psychic and spiritual past, as well as each form from a physical past. •

Ancients claim that any being, whether conscious through chemical activity, vegetal life, animal sentience or human rationality, must die to one form and phase of life, disappear for a time into invisibility, before it can be born into another life and form, with its

* John Fisk, "The Destiny of Man," page 109.

appropriate properties and potences, in which further evolution can take place. Likewise every such birth indicates past lives in past forms, up to the stage of present form and consciousness, or powers of expression in that form. "An entire history of anything must include its appearance out of the imperceptible and its disappearance into the imperceptible. Be it a single object or the whole universe, any account which begins with it in a concrete form or leaves off with it in a concrete form, is incomplete." *

This law of ceaseless round from invisible into visible and back again to the invisible, the Ancients call the cycle of necessity. It is only through this repeated form-building that evolution can proceed. This is true of man, the earth and the universe itself. This is because the real causes of evolution are on the invisible planes of nature, ever pushing at each centre down, out and up. In each form in the ascending scale is awakened more and more of this Divine something, which we may name Life, Intelligence or Consciousness. Each being comes into birth from the invisible, in the form which fits the amount of consciousness—that consciousness a conservation of past energies, "plussed" at every step by Divine Influx of Latency. Its use of that form constitutes the phase of activity belonging to that form and life. The exact correspondence between the inner life and outer form is unceasingly preserved by the law of vibration of its consciousness, the process of building unknown to itself, but conscious to the universal sentiency or Spirit of God. He thus holds before each being an exact picture of the inner state of consciousness as reflected in form and environment. As a result of activity in this form, an inner awakening is evolved, an increase of powers, bringing growth and expansion of consciousness. It outgrows its present form by this inner expansion, and bursts its fetters in death,† as the vibrations within grow too rapid for the quality of matter in the form (the matter itself a certain rule of

* Herbert Spencer, "First Principles."

† This explains the God of the Ancients as a Trinity—Creator, Preserver and Destroyer (or Regenerator). The law of destruction, or what we call death, is as necessary a law of growth as birth. Increased powers of life must have higher and higher forms to manifest in, in order to evolve higher and higher conscious beings.

vibration). The inner being, consciousness, soul, call it what you please, escapes from its form into the invisible, higher planes of ethereal substance, with all its acquired properties or faculties conserved at its own centre of being, to await a new birth in a higher form. Here we see kinetic energy, stored up in its static condition, until time for its kinetic expression, in more complex and subtle form and powers, which are possible because of their Divine Involution.

It is Divine additions during life's activities assimilated, and worked up into new faculties during the static state of being, which is the real cause of evolution. After each rest period, the inner being is ready for more complex, subtle and delicate organisms than its last one. This causes progression, and its outer methods are seen in such secondary causes as Variation, Natural Selection, etc.

Where Moderns see in the lower phases of activity, a law of conservatism and correlation of energy and forces, Ancients perceive an expression of differentiation of consciousness, an actual transference of life from one substance or form into another substance or form, with an imperceptible (to the physical eye), divine addition in the invisible transfer of consciousness. We see this transformation of properties or activities, with its inner transmigration and differentiation of life, taking place as chemical action in the mineral or world of elements. Gradually in higher types of life and more complex forms, there appears the element of time, necessary for the cycle of change from visible into invisible and back to visible form and activity. This makes the process of gestation in seed, egg, or embryo necessary. Various phases of this law of transformation or transmigration, seen in Metempsychosis, Metamorphosis, and Metempsychosis, appear in human life in the law of Reincarnation with a period of conscious rest between lives, in heaven of good memories and aspirations, of short or long duration in just accord with individual causes in each life. For man alone has free will. This cycle of necessity, activity in incarnation, rest in invisible state between incarnations, Ancients regard as the only possible method of creation of consciousness, its individualization in man, and future expansion in more subtle and refined forms. Continuity of law gives the promise of evolution,

in future lives towards perfection. Salvation or perfection of the spiritual individual and his appropriate vesture, can only be obtained here on this earth, where the past has been accomplished. What heaven this earth will be, when all have finished this spiritual evolution, man in his present, limited, animal consciousness cannot conceive. The earth herself will change as its inhabitants do.

Moderns in their comparative anatomy, show that man has his bodily substance, organs and functions, in common with the animals below him, and that the same forces of chemical, vital, sentient and even mental activities go on within his organism.

Ancients claim that man has his life and consciousness from a common source with that of the lower kingdoms; that the same underlying substance, Life, Spirit, Consciousness, or Intelligence, call it what you will, is the Divine Essence in and through all. The Sentientcy or Consciousness in all, is One in Essence, differing only in degrees, in stages of evolution or expansion. As far as the animal consciousness is evolved, it experiences the same sentient, passionate, emotional and even mental states of being that man does; and further without this subtle, active, substance we call animal consciousness, as soil for germinal development, the human and self-conscious individual soul could never be born, evolved, created. In other words, it is this animal consciousness, plus the awakening of the Divine Involution or Birth from above that results in the evolution, creation of the individual human soul. The Below must meet the Above, at every Involution and Evolution.

HELEN I. DENNIS.

(*To be continued.*)

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her! 'Tis her privilege, through all the years of this our life to lead from joy to joy; for she can so inform the mind that is within us—so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us.—*Wordsworth.*

MY ASTRAL GUARDIAN.

My life seemed exceptionally desolate and dreary. No ray of light pierced the clouds that darkened around me, and often I pondered gloomily on my dismal prospects. Having lost, through the changing fortune of politics, a position I had long held, and which constituted my only means of support, I was alone, in what seemed a cold, selfish world, dependent for subsistence upon the small amounts occasionally derived from contributions to the newspapers or journals. This avenue, however, like all others, being overstocked, rendered this means of existence most precarious and I never knew one week that I should have bread and butter the next.

Many weary days and sleepless nights were spent in the painful endeavor to solve the problem of how it would end. Soon lines of care and anxiety traced themselves upon face and brow; violent headaches, from overwrought nerves and nights of tearful agony, brought deep circles under the eyes and many gray hairs before their time.

Under such conditions is it surprising that I was well-nigh forced to the brink of suicide? I seemed a bark adrift upon a stormy ocean, with no kindly hand extended to save me from being dashed to pieces by the relentless waves. There seemed no place for me in all the wide world, and I determined to leave it as soon as possible. But—what then? After the grave what awaited me? Annihilation, probably—but if NOT? As Shakespeare says, “There’s the rub,” and, like Hamlet, I felt almost inclined to bear the ills I had, than fly to others I knew not of; still, existence here was unbearable. Could I only know! In this age of skepticism there is such a proneness to doubt even the Deity, and to think this life is all; that the soul dies with the body, and the grave, in closing over the mortal remains, swallows up forever all there is of life. Yet, I could not quite believe, something within seemed to say that life would indeed be a farce, if this were all. Oh, to be able to explore the mysteries of the beyond!

I once read of a man who, in his sleep, was lifted out of his

physical body and in astral form traversed this world in company with the shade of a departed comrade, learning many a dark secret hidden from mortal ken; and mingling with the spirits detained here below, waiting until their poor physical frames should have withered and turned to dust before they could be released, he gained an important lesson, and, returning to mortal consciousness, proclaimed to the world that all must be cremated at death, who would be free from the miserable semi-existence of hovering in astral form around the grave for periods of months or years.

Oh, for the power to shake off, for a time, this mortal coil, and, gazing into the mysteries of the tomb, learn whether eternal rest can there be found! I have it! I had heard of an adept, learned in the science of occultism, who claimed to be able to leave his body at will, and commune with the invisible spirits of the air. He was accredited with wonderful hypnotic or supernatural powers, and, at the age of one hundred years still preserved the appearance of youth, having seemingly discovered the "fabled fountain," for which, through all ages, so many have sought in vain.

To him I resolved to go and learn if for me could be lifted the veil that hides from mortal view the future state. On preferring my request, and the reason for it, to this learned man, he looked steadily into my face for some moments, as though penetrating to the depth of my soul. At length he said: "So, my young friend, you desire to know the secrets of the 'charnel-house'? Your motive, though natural, is unworthy, and did not your face reveal more than your words betray I should say, what you ask is impossible; but from what I can see in a brief glance, I conclude that yours is a spirit worth saving.

"You are possessed of possibilities little dreamed of by yourself, to enable you to discover which, I will put you into a condition where, if endowed with the qualities I seem to see in you, you will find revealed all that you desire to know, and, I need not add, when you return, your suicidal intent will have vanished."

He took my hands and, bidding me fix my eyes upon his, gazed upon me with orbs that seemed to grow in size and brilliancy till they resembled coals of fire: gradually a mist gathered before me, and I

saw only those eyes, like two stars illuminating the gathering darkness that each instant grew denser and blacker, and, dimly through the numbness creeping upon me, I felt myself slipping down—down; suddenly I seemed lifted up and carried through a light atmosphere, which pervaded and passed through me as I floated in its midst.

Gazing around me I became aware of the most brilliant light surrounding and illuminating myriads of airy forms, of which I was one. As I floated dreamily onward I found myself led by one whose majesty of form and mien proclaimed him a superior spirit of the atmosphere. His starry eyes and noble countenance, lighted with a beauty none in mortal form has ever beheld, seemed strangely familiar; and as I felt the soft clasp of his hand and benignant glance of his eyes I experienced a delicious sensation of ecstasy such as I had never known before. Yet there appeared nothing new or strange in it all. I seemed always to have been in the enchanting presence of this glorious being, and when he spoke the music of his tones fell not strangely on my ears.

“Thou troubled and weary spirit,” he said, “it has been given to me to guide through the aerial regions of life thy wandering way. A Supreme and All-Pervading Intelligence has so decreed, that thy longing may be satisfied, thy hunger to taste of the tree of knowledge be appeased. Know, beloved of my soul, that to none are granted this glimpse into things eternal save those who, having in part worked out their salvation in the past, by a life of noble sacrifice, have through some error of mind darkened their present intelligence, and so obliterated the path to development. To such it is given to have their shadowed pathway illumined by rays from a divine intelligence, the effulgence of which will reflect even an image of heaven.”

As he ceased, a picture seemed to unfold itself before me, and, looking intently, I saw the world—not as it now is, but as it must have been long ages since.

A great city is swept by a scourge and many are fleeing in terror from it. Dead-wagons halt at door after door and tear from the grief-stricken inmates the loved remains not yet grown cold. A hos-

pital is filled with the dead and dying; in their midst move from bed to bed a few noble men and women, who, alone, of all in that plague-stricken place, remain to administer to the sufferers. Among these nurses I see myself, not with the stamp of unhappiness and discontent, now so painfully visible, but with a countenance upon which the light of a noble purpose shines with gentle radiance.

With me was the imperfect expression of the divine creature now beside me. Imperfect though that physical representation was, I recognized it and turned my wondering gaze upon my guide. Regarding me with a look of gentle reproach, he said: "Knowest not, I am thy astral husband? that through all the ages we two have been one, and that but for thy one fault, which necessitated thy reincarnation upon earth, to work out the law of thy being, thou wouldst now be with me in eternal bliss? It is not for thee to know the nature of that sin—thou wast tempted—and in an evil hour resisted not. For which both thou and I separated for a period must be—I to roam the aerial fields of life unfettered, save by thy erring soul, dear to me as my own, for in truth thy soul is mine and mine is thine. Thou must accomplish thy salvation now, or, failing, return to earth again and again till thy fault is expiated, unless, having purified thyself in part, thou incarnate on the planet which I shall show thee."

Placing each an arm around the other, we glided on amid endless numbers of spirits, till descending through a denser atmosphere, we found ourselves on the planet Mars. Here, people very similar to the inhabitants of earth, were going about attending to their pursuits. I could see but little difference between them and those of my own sphere. "These," said my companion, "though seemingly not superior to the people of earth, are in reality a degree removed above them, having attained a consciousness of their divine relation to a Great Intelligence, they have greater spiritual discernment and know the object of their existence here. They strive to overcome the carnal tendencies that cramped their spiritual development on earth, and by lives of righteousness and unselfishness, to free themselves from physical embodiment and dwell in spirit only.

"Many accomplish this here, but many others are obliged to incarnate in other spheres before reaching the state of perfection which

will enable them to throw off forever the mortal shell. Further, I cannot take thee, thou hast taken the flight thou so desired, and penetrating into things invisible hast learned all thou hast need of; it only remains that thou act out the little drama, yet to be performed by thee, in thy short earthly career, so that further preparation may not be required ere thy entrance upon the *real stage of life*.

"Now, dear one, ere thy return to the sphere where for a brief season thou must remain imprisoned, learn well the lesson I give thee—that they who seek to alter the plan of the Divine Mind, by thrusting off the physical envelope ere their work through that medium is done, must undergo many transmigrations before reaching even that state from which they have fallen. Farewell, I may not keep thee longer. I will be with thee often, as before, but henceforth visible to thy mental perception, I shall be able to strengthen and aid thee."

As he finished, I felt myself moving from him as though drawn by some unseen hand, and looking back, I saw his shadowy form more and more dimly through the widening distance. I stretched out my arms toward him, in the vain endeavor to linger longer in that bright presence, but, with a loving smile he vanished from my gaze, and in another instant I found myself returned to my physical body and to the world.

Glancing around in a bewildered way, I saw the adept, with eyes fixed on me as before. "Art satisfied, my friend?" said he, smiling. "More than satisfied," I cried; "You have done more for me than had you given me all the riches this world contains. I know now why I live. Things which before, were meaningless, now have the deepest significance. I rejoice where before I was sad; and every seeming misfortune, henceforth I shall regard but as a link in the chain of events, sent by a Divine Hand to raise me higher on the ladder of progression."

"'Tis well," said the adept, "I did not send you hence in vain. 'Tis useless to admonish you not to forget—you *cannot* forget. I know enough of your experience in the invisible world for that."

Returning to my boarding place, along a crowded thoroughfare, I observed a peculiar expression on the faces of many whom I passed,

and correctly guessed it was due to the great joy beaming from my face. Yes, this joy of a new-found love, a new-found life, thrills me, fills me with an ecstasy never before known. What care I for poverty, privation, or the thing the world calls pain! Never again will they have power to make me suffer! I know they are but shadows formed in the astral world by our ignorance, and materialized by our wrongdoing. For did I not learn the lesson of life while on that psychic voyage, projected thither by the learned adept and guided through realms of light by my beloved twin soul, my other self?

Reaching my room a surprise awaited me. On catching a glimpse of myself in the glass, in place of the pale and careworn face of the few hours before, I saw one flushed and radiant; eyes that shone with brightness reflecting the peace within and cheeks glowing with perfect health. Not a line or wrinkle remained to mar the effect, and my hair, once so gray, had returned to its proper shade. Was I glad? Yes, earthly vanity had not departed, and I could rejoice in rounded and rosy cheeks, bright eyes and brown locks. And since, I have had no solicitude over finances; my journalistic career has been most successful.

The secret of it all is, *trust*. Knowing that a Divine Providence shapes our end, we have but to recognize His work in all things, and ere we express a desire, behold it is ours!

“ A glorious song of rejoicing in my innermost spirit I feel,
And it sounds like heavenly voices in a chorus divine and clear.

Oh, the glory and joy of living! Oh, the grand inspiration I feel!
Like the halo of love they surround me with new-born rapture and zeal!

I gaze through the dawn of morning—I dream 'neath the stars of night;
And I bow my head to the blessing of this wonderful gift of light.”

EMMA LOUISE TURNER.

Thou canst remove out of the way many useless things among those which disturb thee, for they lie entirely in thy opinion.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Distrust authorized unfaithfulness; often our fear of being deceived teaches others to deceive.—*Seneca*.

THE PASSING OF DOGMA.

(Concluded.)

The next great phase of antagonism to ecclesiastical authority made its appearance soon after the fierce conflict of the Church with the Deists had spent itself. Since the days of the Reformation it had been the especial business of papal encyclicals and ecclesiastical councils to denounce in bitter terms each successive advance of the secular sciences. The Church had extinguished the life of Bruno by consuming in flame his martyred body, and silenced Galileo's lips by the fury of relentless denunciation.

But the truths which those champions of learning had revealed could never be obliterated, even though their bodies were crushed beneath the juggernaut of persecution. What, then, was the nature of the last conflict in which ecclesiasticism engaged, only to suffer one more ignominious defeat? As we have seen, the real cause of the conflict between the Deists and the theologians was the false and offensive interpretation of the relation between God and man. Dogmatic authority insisted on locating Deity wholly without the plane of humanity, refusing to recognize a basis of unity; scouting the doctrine of the immanent or indwelling Deity—the identity of truth wherever in the universe it may be discerned. God was so contradistinguished from man as to appear to be the exact opposite. The corruption of God in man was virulently denounced as blasphemous heresy.

Had the authorized teachers of Christendom understood the God whom they professed to worship they would have discerned the contradiction in terms of their definition of Deity and sought a higher understanding. They conceived of God as omnipotent, immutable and external. If he be possessed of these qualities then manifestly he is all-inclusive and there can be nothing in the universe but God. Therefore man, "the earth and all that is therein," yea, all the universe, is but the manifestation of God, and He is in All and is All. For God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He is the

permanent principle and inexhaustible essence of Being; He is that without which nothing is and from which all that is proceeds.

God cannot be one thing in Himself and another thing in man. He cannot be one kind of a God in the Bible and another kind of God in Nature. Truth is universal and forever identical. If there be aught in the world that can be recognized as God it is Truth. And what is Truth? It is the correspondence of the conception with the perception, of the subject with the object, of the idea with the reality. Therefore that can be the only real and true world whose manifestation is in accord with the Divine Idea, and that Divine Idea must be everywhere expressed in the universe or there can be no criterion of Truth and the cosmos would be unrealizable. Unless God dwelt in man and realized his full and perfect idea of himself in so-called creation, no possible just or trustworthy relations could be established between Deity and man or the universe. The God in man is the perfect God—the All-God—or there is no God of whom man can become cognizant. For God is a unit, perfect, complete, whole. He is this or nothing. But if he is perfect he must be without flaw or fault; if he is whole he is indivisible; if he is complete he cannot be scattered into parts; if he is a unit he is ever the same, for a unit is essentially permanent and unvariable. To condemn man as wholly outcast from God—his exact opposite as night is of day—is, in truth, to say that man has no existence. For if Deity is all, then there can be no opposite except the opposite of all—which is nothing. Either, then, that man, whom theology persists in describing, can have no existence or its God can have no existence. For “nothing” is all-exclusive—where there is nothing there cannot be anything. And “all” is all-inclusive—for where all is *everything* there is no room for nothing.

The old theologian is, therefore, logically driven to the conclusion that God is all that is and there can be no opposite—hence, man is the full and perfect expression of God; or that man, being the opposite of God, limits His universality, and He is not, therefore, perfect, infinite and complete.

Two complete and infinite opposites cannot coexist. Therefore the universe is either complete, infinite and coextensive with God or

God is not complete and infinite. For if the universe is infinite and yet is not coextensive with God, then there is no room for God and hence He does not exist. Contra, if God is infinite and yet not coextensive with the universe, then there is no room for the universe and hence it does not exist. Therefore we must conclude that the universe and God are coextensive and coexistent, hence coincident and identical, infinite and entire. Therefore to study man is to study God. Anthropology becomes theology. Also to study Nature is to study God. Science becomes religion.

From such reasoning we can fully realize the illogical and absurd attitude of those unlettered dogmatists who hurled anathemas at the progress of scientific research and involved the pure and exalted religion of Jesus in needless and humiliating defeat.

Absurd, indeed, to imagine that the Wisdom of Deity would be limited to the confines of one of the smallest books of earth, subject to the exigencies of time, and the deterioration of usage, and yet could not be discovered in the marvels of Nature or the endless revelations of the universe.

With ludicrous inconsistency these dark counsellors of ignorance ceaselessly chanted this refrain, which their book of revelation proclaimed: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Limited by the abortive theory that the Bible was the scientific text-book of Nature, every extra biblical effort to study natural phenomena was denounced as not only useless, but sacrilegious.

St. Augustine insisted that inasmuch as the earth would soon disappear from creation according to the prophetic utterances of the Bible, all effort to study its nature and the phenomena of the heavens was a worthless waste of time. Man should study the Bible only. Nature could teach him nothing concerning which his soul should find any interest.

When Copernicus startled the world by his revolutionary astronomical discoveries, Martin Luther thus referred to him: "People give ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves, not the heavens or the firmament, the sun and the moon.

Whoever wishes to appear clever must devise some new system, which of all systems is of course the very best. This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy; but Sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the *sun to stand still, and not the earth.*"

Certainly this argument was incontrovertible when the Bible was avowedly the infallible and plenary expression of the Divine Will.

Here is the fearful pronunciamento of the Holy Inquisition against the discoveries and consequent astronomical theories of Galileo:

"The first proposition, that the sun is the centre and does not revolve around the earth, is foolish, absurd, false in theology, and heretical, *because expressly contrary to Holy Scripture*; and the second proposition, that the earth is not the centre, but revolves about the sun, is absurd, false in philosophy, and from a theological point of view *opposed to the true faith.*" *

Throughout the entire struggle of the human mind to free itself from the trammels of ecclesiastical ignorance and apprehend the discoverable facts of Nature there ever hung suspended the Damocles sword of the inquisitorial anathema and the tyranny of Biblical authority.

All this may sound like very ancient history and seem out of place in a modern discussion. Nevertheless it is well to recall these reminders of the retrogressive tendencies of ecclesiasticism, for the age has not yet wholly escaped from these entangling hindrances.

Says Dr. Andrew White in "Warfare of Science and Theology": "Doubtless this has a far-off sound; yet its echo comes very near modern protestantism in the expulsion of Dr. Woodrow by the Presbyterian authorities in South Carolina; the expulsion of Dr. Winchell by the Methodist Episcopal authorities in Tennessee; the expulsion of Prof. Toy by Baptist authorities in Kentucky; the expulsion of the professors at Beyrout under authority of American Protestant divines—all for holding the doctrines of modern science, and in the last years of the nineteenth century." (Vol. I., p. 129.)

Thus we see how very slowly Christian authorities came to realize the tremendous importance, even for religion's own sake, of a pro-

* See White's "Warfare Between Science and Theology," Vol. I., p. 137.

found and thorough knowledge of the universe which, if there be any God, must be his expression and fulness. Nevertheless not until recently has it become apparent to them that the exact students of Nature were far more truly the discoverers of the Being and Will of God than ever could be found in the confines of the Book of Revelation.

When Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and La Place scoured the heavens to search for new worlds; when Avagadro and Lavoisier penetrated through infinitesimal forms to unlock the mysteries of chemical affinities and the strange force that held matter in fixed and mathematical relations; the Church, unfortunately, could not understand that instead of seeking to dethrone Deity they were constructing the only rational pedestal upon which an acceptable and consistent Deity could be established.

When, however, the encyclicals of the Vatican and the bold resolutions of synods and councils denounced the discoveries of the world's greatest scientists as false because unscriptural and unscientific because heretical in theology, they but stultifyingly insisted that the God who had revealed Himself in the Bible had not likewise revealed Himself in Nature. That the Bible's God is *sui generis* and Nature can neither voice his purpose nor express his will.

If "the firmament showeth the handiwork of God"—it is of a God wholly contradistinguished from the Bible-God; and, though his existence is manifestly revealed in Nature's laws, nevertheless concerning Him the Bible has no revelation.

It is strange that the old theologians did not perceive the drift of their logic and the ironical upshot of their syllogisms.

By insisting that the scientific discovery of Nature's laws were untrue because anti-Biblical, they either force their Deity to personify a lie (which Jesus says is the exclusive prerogative of the Devil—"the father of lies"); or that Nature's laws are the true expression of the Divine Mind and therefore the Bible is false and cannot consequently be the "word" of an honest God.

But logic, of course, was not the especial equipment of these ancient warriors, whose purpose was simply to maintain the supreme authority of ecclesiastical dogma in every conflict that might arise.

In the great battle which the church waged against profane science

she again suffered humiliating defeat, simply because she misconstrued the motive and purpose of her antagonist and could not possibly believe in his honesty or sincerity.

But at the present hour the ecclesiastical authorities are engaged in a conflict which is the fiercest of all the ages, because upon its issue depends the very continuance of the church's existence and the authority of the teaching of those scriptures which are her "rule of faith." The church fought against the Deists, denying that God dwelt in human reason and conscience. She suffered an inglorious defeat. The church engaged in conflict against the scientists declaring that God did not dwell in his own creation and therefore could not be discovered within its confines. Again she suffered an irreparable defeat. And now we are in the midst of a conflict which we may call the Battle of the Documents.

When some years since a mere boy, having scarcely attained maturity, but a profound scholar and erudite Christian, wrote a book on the Christian "evidences," purporting to overthrow all the established convictions of tradition, it sent a shock throughout the confines of dogmatic Christendom which has not yet abated.

It was useless for autocratic dogmatists to scout and ridicule the name of Dr. David Friedrich Strauss, for his work was of such stupendous importance in the world of scholarship that it could not be laughed aside or treated as a jest. It was not an effusion of flippancy—but the lifework of a mighty soul whose earnestness was as intense as his erudition was broad.

The battle inaugurated by that coterie of scholars called, by way of derision, Rationalists (just as the expositors of the Upanishads were called in the later reforms of the Vedic religion), is still continuing, and every thinking man is forced to buckle on his armor and engage on one side or the other.

It is now nearly seventy years since Dr. Strauss uttered this startling sentence: "It appeared to the author of the work, that it was time to substitute a new mode of considering the life of Jesus, in the place of the antiquated systems of supernaturalism and naturalism. * * * The new point of view which must take the place of the above is the mythical. * * * It is not by any means meant that the whole

history of Jesus is to be represented as mythical, but only that every part of it is to be subjected to a critical examination, to ascertain whether it has not some admixture of the mythical. The exegesis of the ancient Church set out from the double presupposition: first, that the Gospels contained a history, and, second, that the history was a supernatural one. Rationalism rejected the latter of these presuppositions, but only to cling the more tenaciously to the former, maintaining that these books represent unadulterated, though only natural, history. Science cannot rest satisfied with this half measure; the other presupposition also must be relinquished, and the enquiry must first be made whether in fact, and to what extent, the ground on which we stand in the gospel is historical. This is the natural course of things, and thus far the appearance of a work like the present is not only justifiable but even necessary."

In 1835, when these words were written, Dr. Strauss was simply making an academical declaration, intended only for students and investigators, little dreaming that the masses would ever heed his remarks. But when a few years later a second edition was demanded of his "Life of Jesus," he rewrote it in popular style for the general reader, so sudden had been the revolution in popular interest.

There is even a still more startling illustration of the rapid reversion of popular opinion to the authority of dogma and creed in the life and writings of Matthew Arnold.

In 1862, Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, wrote his famous "Inquiry Into the Pentateuch." Of the convincing quality of this critical work W. R. Greg ("Creed of Christendom," p. 11) says: "It is, I think, all but impossible now for any one who has really followed these researches, to retain the common belief in the five books of the Old Testament, as either accurate, strictly historical, or Mosaic—quite impossible after perusing 'The Speaker's Commentary' on these same books."

But the year following the publication of Colenso's great work, Matthew Arnold, who afterwards (10 years later) wrote "Literature and Dogma"—a work even more advanced than Colenso's—bitterly denounced him for his daring and inconsiderateness.

Says Greg ("Creed of Christendom," p. 20): "If we wish to meas-

ure the progress made in the last few years by the general mind of England in reference to this class of questions, we could not do better than compare what Matthew Arnold has written in 1873 with what he wrote ten years earlier. In 1863 he published in *Macmillan's Magazine* two attacks, singularly unmeasured and unfair, upon the Bishop of Natal, condemning that dignitary with the utmost harshness and severity for having blurted out to the common world his discoveries that the Pentateuch is often inaccurate, and therefore as a whole could not possibly be inspired; that much of it was obviously unhistorical, legendary and almost certainly not Mosaic.

“He did not, indeed, affect to question Dr. Colenso's conclusion, but he intimated that such dangerous truths ought to be reserved for esoteric circles, not laid bare before such babes and sucklings as the mass of men consist of. * * * And now the critic himself comes forward to do precisely the same thing in a far more sweeping fashion, and in a far less tentative and modest temper. He avows that the general belief in Scripture as a truthful narrative and an inspired record—as anything, in short, that can in any distant sense be called ‘The Word of God’—is quite erroneous; that the old ground on which the Bible was cherished having been cut from under us, those who value and reverence its teaching as Mr. Arnold does, must set to work to build up on some fresh foundation in the minds of men.”

It is quite manifest that since Dr. Strauss wrote his epochal work in '35, a complete revolution has taken place in the world of scholarship and criticism, and to-day scarcely any one can be found who lays any claim to a critical understanding of the Bible who believes in the old conception of its origin and preservation.

The Battle of the Documents is therefore the last battle in which Christian dogmatism fought stubbornly and blindly, only to sink again in inglorious defeat.

The age of dogmatism and mental slavery has passed; the age of freedom and individual exaltation has come.

We are experiencing in our age the spiritual Renaissance like to the intellectual Renaissance of the 14th and 15th centuries. Those centuries witnessed the resuscitation of the literature, art and philosophy of ancient Greece. We are to-day witnessing the resuscitation

of the spiritual freedom which was the characteristic of the first centuries of the Christian Church.

The Greek theology was founded in the freedom of the individual and the authority of the conscience and reason.

The Roman theology was founded in the debasement of the human reason and the autocratic sway of papal authority. Since the fourth or fifth century the Roman theology has been all powerful throughout Christendom.

Even the Reformation, although it revolted from the authority and dogmatism of the Roman Church, instituted, after its own establishment, a theological autocracy quite as dictatorial and enslaving as that of Rome.

But to-day we are hearing the returning notes of freedom which once rung true in the early days of Christianity.

“Christian theology was the fruit of Greek genius and had its origin in the Greek city of Alexandria. * * * Alexandria had become more thoroughly Greek than Athens in the days of its renown. For the first time in history thought was absolutely free. * * * In such an atmosphere it was inevitable that the largest hearing should be accorded to him who spoke most directly and powerfully to the heart, the conscience and the reason of the age. * * * The Christian thinkers in Alexandria gave the outlines of a theology which for spirituality and catholicity could never be rivaled, till in an age like our own, the same condition which made its first appearance possible, should make its reproduction a necessity.”*

Every doctrine of that theology would be condemned by the dogmatism of to-day as the rankest heresy. That theology enabled Justin to declare that there were many Christians in the world before ever Jesus lived. Just as Toland in the 18th century insisted that “Christianity was as old as man.” Justin declared that Socrates, Heraclitus and all good men of whatever faith or nationality before the advent of Jesus were as truly Christian as were any of his followers. That the Christ was a spiritual principle in Nature which found its expression in all human beings to the extent to which their conscience was clarified and their reason enlightened.

* “Continuity of Christian Thought,” Allen, pp. 33, 34.

And so to-day all Christendom is awaking to the consciousness that God, who is everywhere, indwells in all the thoughts and aspirations of the human soul, whether that soul be found in a Greek, a Jew, a Hottentot or a Malayan.

Intelligent people now discern the fact that it is better, truer, safer, to promulgate the doctrine of the indwelling presence of Deity in humanity than that they should stand in defense of any partial and distorted definition of inspiration.

Even though it could be proved that the Bible is a book whose every word and syllable actually descended from the lips of God (as anciently the superstitious believed), what would that avail for me if the truth were not likewise in my soul a revelation which I could realize and apply in practical life?

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
But not within thyself, thy soul will be forlorn;
The Cross of Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,
Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Inspiration is worthless, however sublime and poetic, unless it causes the resonance of its utterance to echo in one's own heart, and becomes transmuted into spiritual energy in one's own being.

Here, then, is the great, the immortal, truth which has been in every age the pivot around which all other truths have revolved, which has sustained every intellectual and spiritual renaissance of history, namely, that God is in us all, in our inmost consciousness, in our thoughts, our dreams, our hopes, our pains; yea, that he is in all nature, in all we see and feel, in every spear of grass and every swinging star; in every grain of sand and every ray of light;—and that the profounder be our penetration into the dark abyss of Nature or the sacred arcana of our beings the nearer we come to Him and know that He is, as Paul says, "in and above and through us all," and that in Him we "live and move and have our being."

Such a conception of Deity is not only not anthropomorphic, but it deifies man and Nature, and thrills the universe with a sense of the divine consciousness which makes its every atom and feature sacred as it is beautiful.

HENRY FRANK.

NATURE'S ENCHANTRESS.

I had arranged my fishing rods, rifle, and the other paraphernalia necessary for a summer's outing, satisfactorily in a corner, and threw myself into my seat with a sigh of relief as the train pulled out of the Central Depot. No regrets entered my breast as we left the crowded city, which had already become too hot and dusty for comfort, though the season was not far advanced.

As the day grew and waned, I wearied of my book and began to interest myself in my fellow passengers; they were a very changeable community, for I was sure that I was about the only one remaining who had boarded the train at C.; as I continued to study them, however, I was compelled to make one exception, for there was a young lady whom I was certain I had seen at the city depot. I vaguely speculated as to her destination as I studied her back, for that was the only view which providence permitted me. It was, however, a most interesting back, and worthy an artist's study; a mass of wavy auburn hair, with little stray locks gently caressing the pink sea-shell ears; and crowned with a stylish hat, which, contrary to women's hats usually, did not offend my sense of the eternal fitness of things. Once she put up an ungloved hand to her head—such a beautiful hand, and on it sparkled a single costly gem.

Twilight was just deepening into darkness as I reached my destination and began to gather up my belongings. To my amazement the young lady did the same, and I felt almost indignant as the possibility occurred to me of having my sanctum invaded by a mere butterfly of fashion, for such I supposed her to be.

I had spent several summers in this quiet northern retreat, hunting and fishing, but more than all else, wandering through the woods in search of the always new botanical specimen and studying the ever-varying aspects of Nature.

The last I saw of the fair intruder was just as she stepped into an old-fashioned carriage and was driven away, and I concluded as the

days passed and I saw no more of her that my petty fears had been groundless—even regretting that they had been, for I could not forget the charming and stylish back which had occupied my attention so pleasantly during a part of my journey.

Subsequent events, however, tended to banish from my memory this ever-recurring vision, until it passed completely out of my mind.

One day I had taken a longer tramp than usual into the forest, and weary and warm, threw myself upon a mossy knoll to rest; the soft murmur of the leaves overhead, the twittering of the birds, the cool greenness, all contributed to lull me into a condition closely bordering upon slumber; and I lay there, half dreaming, with an indescribable, delicious languor creeping over me; I had never before felt so at one with Nature, and it seemed as if some wood-sprite must have cast a spell over me, so thoroughly had I lost myself; when suddenly I felt impelled to look around me, and dreamily cast my eyes here and there, seeing nothing, however, but the vistas of green trees stretching out in every direction, and above, the patches of blue sky peeping through the leaves. Then mechanically I raised the field-glass which I always carried with me. Surely I must be dreaming! but no, the mind was on the alert, keener than it had ever been before, only the body had no impulse to move.

But what was this that had opened before me? A magician's wand must have been cast over my senses to create such a picture of loveliness!

There was a glade formed by Nature's own hand, with arching boughs overhead and climbing vines which festooned themselves from branch to trunk and from trunk to branch again. Graceful ferns were there nodding in the gentle breezes; peeping violets raised their modest eyes to the heavens, and the merry brook dashed over the stones and glinted in an occasional beam of sunshine.

But this beauty of Nature was not what held me enrapt, though I had never before found so perfect a spot in all the forest; there was a higher beauty there; just as I raised my glass, a nymph, a fairy, an angel—what word can describe her?—floated down the vista of trees and stopped in the fairy glade. She seemed not to touch the earth, so effortless was her motion, and as she came I saw that

her feet were bare—such dainty, perfectly formed feet! A loose, flowing robe, caught round the waist with an ivy wreath suggested a perfect form; her arms and throat were bare, her face framed by floating, wavy, auburn tresses in which the sunbeams lingered and nestled with warm caress. The face puzzled me; it was beautiful, no one could question that, but it was not an earthly beauty, though the features and coloring were perfect, the eyes had an expression whose like I had never before seen, and this expression deepened as I continued to watch her.

The first thing she did upon entering the glade was to bend above the brook, dip her hands into the cool water and then her little feet; she caressed the drooping ferns, kissed the tender violets; then, taking a position near the edge of the brook, nestled her feet among the soft mosses, and began a series of motions which seemed magical to me, and produced magical results. Her arms were raised to heaven; her lips moved with the leaves, her body swayed with the branches; she seemed an intense vibration of life. Soon all sorts of odd things began to happen. A bird flew down from a neighboring tree, then another and another, until she seemed surrounded by the winged creatures. They alighted on her fingers, her shoulders, her head; they seemed to trill messages into her attuned ears. Little wild creatures—squirrels, chipmunks—came frisking about her feet; the minnows in the brook formed a shoal at her feet; a brightly streaked snake coiled himself up cosily on a mossy log close by her side.

I was spellbound; I could not move and would not if I could. I continued to watch the fair enchantress while the timid creatures played around her, ever becoming bolder and bolder, till they seemed to caress her—snake and all.

After a while the motions ceased, and they were all as still as death; then the maiden turned, and slowly vanished from the glade; the birds flew to their nests, the squirrels and chipmunks returned to their haunts and the snake to his hole.

The spell was lifted; I laid down my field-glass, stretched myself with a yawn and took out my watch. I had lain there for three hours without moving; no wonder my muscles ached; the shadows

were lengthening, and I perceived that I must hasten before darkness caught me in the wood.

I wandered about for some time before I found my way out of the forest, and thus lost all trace of the wonderful glade, which I had resolved to visit again in the near future. For days I searched for this magic spot, but always in vain, and I finally concluded that I had been the victim of a beautiful dream.

Fate did not destine me to settle the matter in this way, however, for I saw the fair nymph again in the course of a few weeks wandering by the lake's edge. This time she seemed a veritable water-sprite as she walked along the sands, dipping her feet in the clear water and peering into its blue depths. After a time she entered a little skiff nearby and pulled out a little distance from shore; leaving the rower's bench she leaned far out over the stern, reaching her arms down into the water, seemingly oblivious of all the world, and of me as I stood on the bank ready to save her when she should fall in, as I was sure she would. But I was disappointed; she did not fall overboard, and my disappointment was lost in amazement as I saw the boat surrounded by fishes, vying with one another as to which should approach the nearest to her down-stretched hands. While I stood there she resumed her seat and rowed away out of sight beyond a projecting point of land.

For days I wandered by the lake side, but did not behold again the witch who haunted me continually. I was determined to solve the mystery and discover who she was and where she dwelt, but I was baffled at every attempt.

At last the time had come for me to return to the city, and I decided to devote my last day to hunting partridges in the forest.

The summer had nearly passed and I had accomplished nothing. I had spent my time chasing a phantom and without a hint of success; I was chagrined, but resolved to make the best of it.

As I made my way carefully through the wood, gun in hand, I seemed suddenly to come into a familiar atmosphere, and joyously recognized the vicinity of the magic glade. I fought off the delicious languor that began to creep over me, and raised my field-glasses to reconnoitre. Yes, there she was, only this time surrounded by more

and a greater variety of earth's creatures than before. I saw that partridges flocked to her in quantities and the fingers holding my rifle tingled; but horrors! what was that around her waist this time, its head trailing on the ground? It was a black snake and my blood ran cold.

Suddenly there was a whirr of partridges close to me; I raised my gun, turned and fired. As the report died away there died away with it a despairing shriek; I turned again; my eyes seemed omnipotent! What had I done? My beautiful enchantress was there—but, oh! heavens! Her wild consorts had all fled—all but one; for there, with fangs extended and flaming eyes, within two feet of her face, was that loathsome serpent; my blood froze in my veins. The girl's face was blanched, her eyes dilated with fear. A strange, cool decision took possession of me. I raised my gun, took deliberate aim and fired again. I had hit the mark; the serpent's head was shattered into a thousands atoms; the girl fell—had I killed her? I dashed forward, picked her up in my arms and bore her away from the disenchanted glade, now lashed by the writhing body of the headless serpent. I knelt with her beside the shady brook, and dipped the cool water upon her deathlike brow and upon the slender wrists. Long she lay—a broken reed in my arms—and as I bathed her head and forced my own life-breath between her colorless lips I could not but note her rare and perfect beauty. What had her strange behavior meant? and was I to blame for this dreadful dénouement?

Slowly the color crept back into her cheeks; the white eyelids fluttered open, and she looked up, startled, into my eyes. Gradually the memory of it all came back to her, and convulsive sobs shook her frame. I comforted her as best I could. She seemed such a child that I soothed and quieted her almost as I would a babe.

I dared not question her—the frail white lily; but she allowed me to assist her home and said that I might call in the morning, when she would be more fit to express her gratitude for my kindness. Eagerly I accepted. I postponed my journey until the late afternoon train, and went as early as propriety would allow to call upon the sweet, guileless child—for she was little more than a child. I was ushered into the old-fashioned parlor by a sweet-faced old lady, who

said, as she opened the door, "Here, dearie, is the gentleman." I looked around for the child; she was not there; but standing before the window at the farther end of the room was a strangely familiar figure; very stylish, with a mass of auburn hair whose escaping ringlets caressed the pink ear shells.

She turned as I was announced and came forward with outstretched hands; I was confused, embarrassed. Could this be—yes, it was the same; the wood-nymph, the water-sprite, the fair enchantress, my one-time traveling companion and this peerless woman were one. Embarrassment wore away after a time, and before the morning visit ended I had learned the solution of the mystery.

"I have always been interested in occultism," she said; "and out of this grew my ideas—peculiar, perhaps, to you. I had learned much of the development of the intuition and longed to come into that oneness with Nature which would enable me to commune with her and understand her various language; fortunately, my old auntie wished me to spend the summer with her, and the seclusion of her home, with its surroundings of wood, hill and lake, offered me the opportunity of putting many of my theories to the test. The intuition, you understand, is pure instinct, and I knew that this, properly developed, would draw all animals to me through their instinct. I placed myself as near to Nature's heart as I could; I nestled my bare feet against her brown bosom; I removed all restrictions of fashion—let my hair float in pristine simplicity. I bowed before my subjective self and besought it to come forth and teach me; it obeyed. You say you watched me at times; then you know to what degree of success I attained. Yesterday was my last day in the forest, for I return to the city to-day. I was taking a loving farewell of my forest friends, when a loud concussion disturbed us all. A few seconds before this a foreign element had intruded itself, as of a person not in sympathy with us; I felt it, but could not explain it; then came the crash. It was a rude awakening; it not only scattered my friends but aroused myself to objectivity and fear. As my normal objective self took the ascendancy my creatures became afraid of me and saw in me the enemy which had burst upon them; they all fled but the serpent, which could not escape so easily, owing to its position

around my body; before he had extricated himself I had sent forth vibrations of fear and loathing which he resented and would have revenged. You say that you slew him. I knew no more until you awakened me; you say you thought me a child; I was at those times, and always look much younger than I really am, owing to my subjective recreations. Behold in me, however, a woman of not tender years and a woman of the world."

I expressed surprise at what she told me and regret that I should have been the unwitting cause of the calamity from which I had fortunately rescued her, but she silenced me tactfully, remarking that I must always be *en rapport* with the witch as on the first two occasions, and then no counter vibrations would disturb the unfoldment and completion of the action.

Need I say that many times since then I have been *en rapport* with my fair enchantress, and that now, in our own home, I often experience that sweet languor and restfulness of being subjectively one with her?

We traveled home together that day and have traveled together ever since.

WINIFRED E. HESTON.

RAPTURES.

O, heart of mine, when thy throbs beat, beat
 With a thousand joys and wishes sweet,
 And when hope and gladness in thee meet,
 How thou canst love!

O, soul of mine, when thy calm, pure eye
 Doth search throughout infinity,
 For the shining light of the great To Be,
 How thou canst see!

O, mind of mine, when a mighty truth,
 Sage in might, but fresh with youth,
 Teaches thee wisdom, then forsooth,
 How thou canst think!

ILLYRIA TURNER

THE HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANCIS STEPHENSON.

NOTE TO OUR READERS.

In this department we will give space to carefully written communications of merit, on any of the practical questions of everyday life, considered from the bearings of metaphysical and philosophical thought, which, we believe, may be demonstrated as both a lever and a balance for all the difficult problems of life.

Happenings, experiences, and developments in the family and the community; results of thought, study, and experiment; unusual occurrences when well authenticated; questions on vague points or on the matter of practical application of principles and ideas to daily experience, etc., will be inserted at the Editor's discretion, and in proportion to available space. Questions asked in one number, may be answered by readers, in future numbers, or may be the subject of editorial explanation, at our discretion. It is hoped that the earnest hearts and careful thinking minds of the world will combine to make this department both interesting and instructive to the high degree to which the subject is capable of development.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

To emancipate oneself from the slavery of selfhood, through the development of the soul-power, which, alone, releases the divinity within, so often imprisoned by that predominating element—Self, is the one and only path that leads to the shining heights of the Spirit. In this way it is possible, even amid the turmoil and conflict of earthly life, to attain to that state of peace and eternal calmness which shall enable one to overcome the influences of the world sufficiently to pass unscathed along Life's journey.

Self-love—so easily wounded, is at the foundation of most of the troubles of life. The personal self is continually on the alert to parry attacks which are more or less imaginary; whereas, the more highly developed self—the real individual—preserves a serenity that cannot be disturbed. The circumstances which shatter the personal self can have no power to touch the soul, and the higher the development on

this plane, the more impervious one becomes to the influence of sense-illusion. There is nothing so desirable as to possess that divine equanimity which gives clear vision, perfect self-control and a poise that all the thunders of the ages cannot shake.

The cultivation of one's highest ideals and the endeavor to live according to them, is one step in the march of spiritual progress. To attain to this is not easy, but there is little value in easy acquirements; in proportion to the difficulty is the worth of anything. A man's ideals are like a hand outstretched to lift him higher, to ignore which leaves him in bondage to sense. No other slavery is so fatally demoralizing.

Material prosperity—the possession of wealth—tends to encourage every sense propensity, and the facility with which the mind withdraws itself from higher things to become steeped in sensation, proves the importance of a firm grasp upon one's faculties, ever striving to keep a steady foothold amid the whirling waters of Life's troubled stream.

Let the timid heart be comforted! Love casteth out fear, and guides the wandering soul back to its heavenly home.

THOU ART.

Thou wast, thou shalt be, and thou art
A life spark from the First Great Cause—
A flame propelled forever on
By Truth's unalterable laws.
A little flame, so pure, so bright,
So certain of its Sacred Source,
Fanned by the breath of God it takes
Through grief and pain its onward course.
For thee Progression's ladder rungs
Are fashioned by thy hand alone
From fragments of the mighty truths
Thy Real Self hath made its own.
On these thou climbest lofty heights,
And with each higher step doth see
Life's grander possibilities,
And what existence means for thee!

Truth fills the measure of the life
 Thou ledest in this house of clay,
 While through the windows of the soul
 Love's sunshine filters, day by day.
 And whilst thou art, life without end,
 Thy Higher Mind—the God in thee—
 Doth move thy lower self to acts
 Of justice, love and charity.

The Silence holdeth endless store
 For thee, when thou hast understood
 That all therein is thine to take,
 And use for common human good.
 Since it is thine, reach thou and take,
 Nor for Life's treasures beg nor plead;
 Take thou—nor fear the vast supply
 Will fail thy real, unselfish need.

Upon thy thirsty, yearning soul,
 Truth falleth as the gentle dews;
 No fact is there thou mayst not grasp,
 No law profound thou mayst not use;
 Know thou the Law—then stoop and take
 A blessing from a seeming curse—
 The Law that sees the tiny flower,
 That holds the mighty universe!

Thou shouldst not cry "How long? How long?"
 For time doth not exist for thee;
 Thy mortal life span is a drop
 Of dew lost in a boundless sea!
 And in the light of ages past
 Thou'st proved that earth life's but a breath—
 Had slept and waked, and waked and slept,
 And called the passing slumber "death."

The gift of gifts is thine—*Thou art*—
 And life's sweet mystery and plan
 Its holy purpose hath revealed,
 In man's relationship to man.
 Thou art! When sun and moon and stars
 Shall pale, thy Real Self still shall be;
Thou art—a ray of Light Divine—
 Heir unto immortality.

EVA BEST.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Transformed is human life
 From sin to goodness grown,
 From weakness to the height
 Of Christ—God doth enthrone
 In man His wondrous self.

Unfolding in His light
 Soul smiles, and sheds its peace
 Like fragrance on the air
 Till righteousness increase
 And freedom is proclaimed.

'Tis now the reign of love
 Shall lift the doubting heart,
 Nor crown nor cross betray
 Aught but the spirit's past
 Of Truth's triumphant power.

The Omnipresent Good
 In glory shines o'er all,
 While love's creative word
 With visions bright enthal
 And worlds anew are born.

CLARA ELIZABETH CHOATE.

FINDINGS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

LETTER IV.

"THE WILDERNESS,"

AUGUST 31, 1897.

DEAR COMRADE.—I am delighted by your sympathy. It gives fresh force for the battle of ideas.

We left off last time at your question about self-watching. "Watch, lest a thief come."

You have to watch on each plane in two ways. First, there is the physical or sense thought—then the physical world. Next, it is self again in its ascent to a higher plane; and again, the higher environment. Next, observation of the soul in its breathings of the Divine. It is only by observing that *anything* is learned, and we progress only by what we learn. To watch, is of absolute importance. Watching is subjective and objective.

You ask, "What is Peace?" By peace, I mean cessation of strife.

To others it means—absorption in the Infinite. There are those who practice to absorb the conditions of the Spirit, and the result is a transcendent tranquillity and purity of desire. But no *consciousness* is achieved save the consciousness of Peace, unless in those rare souls who have conquered and eliminated all worldly desires, and who have become perfectly conscious of the nature of the Universe, through the facile use and absolute control of the intellect.

It is consciousness that we must achieve, even in the Spiritual life. The spiritual side of life is different in its workings from the experimental life.

In regard to hate. You say you cannot help but hate. You say, too, that it hurts you, both in mind and body. This, then, is the best reason why you must stop hating. No one is obliged to do that which he does not wish to do. You do not wish to, therefore you are not compelled to hate. What good did hate ever do you? Well, then, are you not wasting yourself? Leave Justice to Nature. This is especially hard for the just mind that does not understand; as in a strong sense of justice there is always a spice of revenge or retribution.

And here I turn over your pages and find a new inquiry, "What is sleep?"

The *physical* sleep is rest for the body. What does the body in sleep? It absorbs and does not spend its strength. What does the mind in sleep? It rests. Every image is quiescent. Rest, on the lower planes, is the period of reaction.

The regularity of the sleep period is brought about by the effect of the night period when in the old days there was nothing to do but to sleep. Some animals, however, who have not sense to notice the night, do not take note of the sleep period, but rest when they feel tired. With the soul there can be no sleep, for sleep is not needed. The nature of activity is to absorb. Time, toil, pain, sleep, death and change exist only on the lower planes. I think I notice a more spiritual power in the majority of people in the morning. Perhaps the soul has a better chance to impress its pure influence on the fresh, responsive mind.

You ask me, ambitious soul! as to *when* you can teach. When you *know*. No one can give till he has received. He may try to hasten his hour—it cannot be hastened. Nearly always, the student is in too great a hurry to give—from a feeling that it is expected of him. This is a tradition, and the cause of much sorrow and failure. Better not teach till the nature becomes *full* and overflows.

You say again, that you lack *reason*. This can be developed by cultivation on the lower planes, through books of criticism and science

and by hard interrogation. Question everything, for everything is a famous puzzle—and be assured that the answer is written somewhere. Every result carries its cause with it. Every faculty must be cultivated, then grasped; when *all* of the mind is made clear and natural and is grasped in the Whole—then soul is free to undertake *conscious* work. But the mind cannot be grasped till it is in a condition of easy response, and this must not be until after much cultivation. But before this state is achieved, great nuggets of Truth may be had, by mighty effort—but they are in the rough and not altogether clear and trustworthy.

Keep clear of the dead past! It belongs to the floating refuse of emotional life. It is the graveyard of the mind. But push on and on till *past* interferes with the I which has nothing to do with its past, except to carry on its debt and to dismiss it. Memory can only pertain to phenomena and is useful on the mental plane—and also on the material plane as habit.

You are troubled, you say, by not understanding a lightness of mood which comes over you. This is reaction—to such delvers as you. Laugh by all means—why not? It is a slipping off of cares. Did you ever see harm in it? There is no nation that laughs like the American, and there are no such workers.

There is, however, a class of people that seems to have been born without cares. They have such royal good fellowship with *all* things, that no one action seems better than another. There is little development of particularity or sensitive discrimination. But there is, nevertheless, an unconscious action in the desires that will work out into earnestness *some* time, and penetrate to the mind. There are all kinds of journeys over the mountain—but in the end all will reach the shining land. Nobody need live according to rules set by others, and some human beings, and even animals, are ahead of time, or form, in some ways. I have known cats that would not eat mice nor catch them; and birds that would not eat worms, and were very dainty. You will admit that these did better than their forms warranted. Then again, in human beings I have witnessed brave and pure lives with embarrassed bodies.

In regard to growth, once more. To grow, is to add, in physical life. But in order to add, energy must be spent. Life gives activity, sensitiveness and labor, and gains power and consciousness. This is true in regard to *all* vital growth.

But soul, on the other hand, opens to the Spirit and receives. And for the sake of this perfect response, the soul needs all the preparation which can be given by the lower experimental natures. Soul is not

soul until it is created by the aspiration and workings of the I. Aspiration is the rudiment of soul. One soul is more perfect than others, because it is reinforced by more knowledge, and through a consciousness of this it finds a way to realize the Perfect Life. It has the advantage of belonging to the Perfect Life, and thus is in its own country.

Growth, on the lower planes, demands death. To be, we must cast off, or eliminate. When the mind is dead to an idea, it is unresponsive, no matter what the temptation. The idea is at once cast out as a dead thing in which lies no use. It is astonishing to think that we are makers of ourselves, and in so far, creators.

But more than this, we have, through time, created many of the phases of life which, to us, are of the nature of principles, but which are not principles, although they are controlled by laws that seem Universal. The special laws that control body and mind are not the laws that penetrate into *all* conditions, material and spiritual. But the principles which control the Universe are such as those; love, faith, hope, harmony, inspiration (or constitutional food), achievement, aspiration (or growth), reason, observation, individuality, power, will, sincerity, sensitiveness (or responsiveness), knowledge, sense of the beautiful, of reverence (or obedience), etc., etc.

But such principles as death, as waste, as change, excitability or sleep, etc., are World Principles and not applicable to the Spiritual realm. And you will know this is true through your reason. It might be put in the form of a syllogism thus: Spirit and Matter are opposed.

Matter contains phenomena that die. Spirit, therefore, cannot contain phenomena that will die.

Now death, waste, change, excitability, sleep and the like, all pertain to phenomena, therefore they cannot be spiritual principles.

Speaking of your experiences with diseased minds, you say—"Should I refuse the shelter of my fig tree to a wanderer in the Wilderness?"

It is always in the hospitable heart to say, "rest, and refresh yourself"; but I say, it depends on who it is that rests under your fig tree. Abuse is very common, and perhaps the more precious fruit had better be withheld until it is demanded by the true and grateful traveler. Pearls should not be cast before swine. True courage will fight hard for a prize; therefore, abuse not your tenderness or simplicity by the sin of waste.

Good-by, for this time, dear comrade. I must take a breath of air from the laughing hillside. The "outer man" is crying for sustenance. With all good wishes,

Your friend,

MARION HUNT.

JUST DO YOUR BEST.

The signs are bad when folks commence
 A-finding fault with Providence,
 And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
 At every prancin' step they take.
 No man is great till he can see
 How less than little he would be
 Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare,
 He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contentions, and be satisfied;
 Jest do your best, and praise or blame
 That follers that counts jest the same.
 I've allus noticed great success
 Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
 And it's the man who does the best
 That gits more kicks than all the rest.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
 Close to the fireplace broad and wide.
 "Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
 Loaded with toys and many a game.
 "Ho, ho!" said he with a laugh of fun,
 "I'll have no cheating, my pretty one;
 I know who dwells in this house, my dear—
 There's only one little girl lives here."
 So he crept up close to the chimney place,
 And measured a sock with a sober face.
 Just then a little note fell out
 And fluttered low like a bird about.
 "Aha! what's this?" said he, in surprise,
 As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
 And read the address in a child's rough plan.
 "Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
 "The other stocking you see on the wall
 I have hung for a poor girl named Clara Hall.
 She's a poor little girl, but very good,
 So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would
 Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
 And help to make her Christmas bright.

If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's—I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And, "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh.
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's, as it soars on high,
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in,
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin.
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress—
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity, the poor and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky,
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and goodwill" with him everywhere.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LIFE'S HOROSCOPE.

I launched my bark upon life's sea,
The morn was bright;
I hoped to anchor in the lee
Ere it was night.

A favoring breeze shouldered my sail
To speed me on;
It swelled and blew a mighty gale
And hid the sun.

The tempest raged; the sea rose high;
 My heart grew faint:
 All forces came my soul to try,
 Sinner and saint.

The daylight fled—darkness came down,
 My deck was swept,
 My rudder gone, my sky did frown:
 I sat and wept.

Flying before the winds of fate,
 I hoped no more;
 Contented to be small or great,
 I reached the shore.

My bark lay still—in other light
 I read it then
 That those who'd sail life's sea aright
 Must sail again.

REV. R. HEBER HORKIN.

HOW GLADLY FALL THE LEAVES!

“How like decaying life they seem to glide!
 And yet no second spring have they in store,
 But where they fall, forgotten to abide
 Is all their portion and they ask no more.”

—*Keble.*

How gladly fall the leaves
 To rest on the soft bosom of the earth!
 Warmed by the tempered fires
 Of the autumnal sun.
 What joy to feel the tender fingers
 Of the grasses close around them!
 To nestle close and closer, in some sheltered nook,
 To those of kindred fibre.
 And then to thrill through every tissue
 At the melting touch of sun and rain;
 To blend their juices and sink in ecstasy distilled

Into the fruitful body of the earth,
 To rise again mayhap to some glad riot
 Through the rich arteries of the rose,
 Or pulse with solemn joy
 Through the cool lily's veins,
 And at its petaled heart be turned to wine;
 Decanted thence by dainty bees
 In rhythmic molds of golden beauty,
 Perchance to pass the loving lips
 Of some fair woman or some strong man
 And mingle with their lives.

CHAS. A. WINSTON.

RESPONSIVE READING AND MEDITATION.*

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

MINISTER—I am a man and nothing that concerns human beings is indifferent to me.

CONGREGATION—We are made for co-operation; to act against one another is contrary to nature.

M.—Thou shalt not say I will love the wise and hate the unwise; thou shalt love all mankind.—*Roman and Jewish Sayings*.

C.—A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.—*Christian Bible*.

M.—I will look upon the whole world as my country and upon all men as my brothers.—*Roman and Jewish Sayings*.

MEDITATION.

The achievement of individuality is the highest triumph in nature. It is the transformation of chaos into order, confusion into harmony. It differentiates the crowning corolla from the in-bosomed sunbeams. It fashions the figures of the stars and defines their orbital processions. It evolves all creatures from monera to vertebrate, from microscopic animalcule to majestic man. It creates the manifold distinctions between nature's myriad features, which make knowledge possible and man supreme because of this knowledge. It registers in humanity the consciousness which centres in self, and transforms a muttering animal into an intelligent being. To know this self is the secret of success.

* From services of The Metropolitan Independent Church, 19 West 44th street, New York City; Rev. Henry Frank, Pastor.

Be not as others, but as thyself must be. Work out your own salvation and evolution by dint of penetration and inward scrutiny. Lead thyself above thyself into the mystic realm of the Undiscovered. Know thou art better than at any moment thou knowest thyself to be; for as one mountain peak succeeds another, so ever does thy towering unconscious self ascend above thyself discovered. Enter the realm unconscious—the kingdom deific! Ascend, ascend, till thou art crowned a king—a god! The potent forces of nature are pushing thee on—on to the revelation of thyself diabolic or thyself deific. Look at thyself fearlessly, without disguise. Art thou a monster? Behold, above thee hovers an angel—image of thyself, but thyself not yet. Seize the image and be clothed in its beauty. Art thou a saint? At thy feet crawls the serpent of self-deception; from thy shoulders, as from Zohak's, leap the horrible monsters that would devour thee. Be on thy guard; contemplate but thy better self—invisible embodiment of goodness, purity, patience, love and truthfulness; and as the morning mists dissolve in the golden light of day, thou shalt become that which thou dost behold. Trust thyself; nevertheless, yearn for thyself yet unrevealed. No other can be thy god—thy savior. The responsibility of being is on thee. There is no vicarious redemption. Rise thou through the mists of doubt and fear and self-delusion to the sunlit summit of thy ascending consciousness. Ascend till thou shalt learn the universal consciousness, and, beyond limitation, know that thou art one with the Infinite. Amen.

LOVE AND SINGING.

The association of singing and sensibility is so intine in the necessity of things, that women have never been good singers without a fervent propensity to love; as expression cannot be acquired nor imitated, love being the sole teacher of it. The influx of love and singing is mutual, and if, perhaps, they sometimes sing because they love, it is proved that oftener they love because they sing; love is the affair of dancers, the dream of artists and the life of singers. LEMONTEY.

A MAN OF RESOURCES.

"I don't know that I need any work done about the house. What can you do, my good fellow?"

"Sir, in my day I've been a carpenter, a barber and a school teacher. I can shingle your house, your hair or your boy."—*Exchange.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CALMNESS AND POWER.

The metaphysical aspects of a calm state of mind, with regard to such affairs of life as ordinarily would result in agitated thought, fear, and perhaps ultimate distress, can scarcely be overestimated. The idea that power is active, seems to carry with it in some minds the notion that there must be vigorous action, mentally as well as physically, or little power will be produced. This fallacy leads one into the habit of indulging in agitated modes of thought, that develop vibrating action, which disintegrates the body and undermines mental forces, thus thwarting the original purpose of the thinker.

On the physical plane it is in a measure true that movement and action are associated with demonstrations of strength and power; yet even here the greatest degree of power shows the least of agitated movement—a fact which speaks strongly for the idea that power and calm are kindred elements.

On the mental plane this becomes still more apparent, and very little observation is necessary to show that he who is mentally calm is keenest in observation, thinks clearly and consequently develops more power for action on a given subject than one who, in anxiety about results, indulges in agitation and vibratory thought action.

On the spiritual plane of actual consciousness, where the being deals with real principles and laws, the rule holds absolutely true in all respects and in every particular, that POWER RESTS IN CALMNESS; for all spiritual activity is silent, harmonious, and correspondingly powerful in its perfect operations. The Spirit is never perturbed, but calmly recognizes the perfect and changeless harmony of the always powerful Principles of Reality. The Soul, when dealing with the Truths of Being, finds no occasion for agitation, anxiety, distrust or the vacillating vibration of doubt, but quietly observes and calmly adjusts its

operations to the quiet purpose of Spiritual Truth, the power of which shines forth in the soul of man in just proportion to his recognition. The Mind, when not absorbed in selfhood, knows that to deal intelligently with any subject it must remain calm, quiet, contemplative, and receptive to the truth of that subject, or its thought will develop no powerful action whatever ; and if agitation be allowed to take the place of calmness its act ends in impotence and is likely to express itself in the noisy demonstrations of worldly opinion, which vainly pumps the air in frantic efforts to prove itself possessed of power.

In all affairs of life the greatest power results from calm, trustful co-operation with the higher principles of reality, which are always active, yet perpetually harmonious, consequently eternally calm and peaceful. It is not impossible to realize such a state of calmness as this, at least to an appreciative degree, even in the ordinarily disturbing surroundings of an every-day business life, though it may take some time and effort to change a habit which has been long indulged. It can be accomplished, and the reward in realization of power is well worth the effort.

THE MATHEMATICAL VALUE OF MAN AND NATURE.

In lifting the veil that hides from our view the line along which philosophic thought wended its majestic way from the earliest time of our civilization up to the present day, we are confronted by two graphic and most striking facts:

First, that the metaphysical conception and explanation of the relations between man and nature are, in general, true, as propounded by the advanced thought of our present age; and secondly, that the line along which this thought travelled to arrive at its particular conclusions was not exactly the universal line, but of a nature unconsciously calculated to serve the ends of certain persons, inasmuch as its arguments were of such a transcendental nature as only to profit the few who were gifted with a more or less developed intuitional faculty, thus leaving the greater part of mankind in the dark, notwithstanding the fact that this very part of the human race possesses a faculty through which it has been, and is, possible to convey metaphysical truths—a channel perfectly in accordance with the line of reasoning natural to the great majority.

This line, which by its nature is universal, is nothing less than the

mathematical line of argument reduced to its simplest form,—a line into which the majority of mankind should be compelled, nay, forced unwillingly perhaps to enter, and entering, never to be abandoned, by virtue of the inherent and powerful attraction of Truth.

By every lover of Truth it is known that *true philosophy* is easy to be grasped, by virtue of its natural simplicity; and that although it takes a long time and much toil to climb the heights of the kingdom of the *wise*, still he, the lover, when nearing the awful border of light, feels and grasps intuitively the unutterable simplicity and innocent *finesse* of the little truths guarding the entrance to the line that separates the twenty-six or more poor, worn out letters of the human alphabet, from the deep overthoughts of the gods so sublime in their immortal grandeur.

So, let us take the simple truths we have learned in the simple garb in which we found them and tenderly let us lay them down at the feet of human reason on the line mentioned above, so that we may be sure of touching the heart of the greater man.

1. Man is a part of Nature — M.
2. Objective world — W.
3. Algebraic formula of Nature: $N. = M. + W.$
That is *Nature* equals *man* + *the objective world*.

4. Therefore, in order to realize Nature, man is forced to join his own self to that of the objective world, wholly as shown in the formula $N. = M. + W.$

5. If $N. = M. + W.$, therefore $M. = N. - W.$, or in other words that Man as he is now equals Nature shorn of a great part of herself, i. e. *W.*, or better still, in order to produce Man as he is now, Nature was compelled to break herself in two,—one part constituting *Man* and the other the *World*; now, the great, most important and tremendous question arises within the breast of the human mind:—where does Nature come in? For, if Nature exists at present as two parts, where is *she* as the *whole*? Where is Nature? Why do we print the word Nature when really there is no such thing extant?

You have never touched, smelt, tasted, seen or listened to Nature, but instead, have loved the golden ox, the broken nightmare, the *part* of nature—not Nature! Nature cannot be seen by mortal eyes, the part cannot measure the whole. There must be effected a chemical combination between M. and W. so as to produce N.

Therefore, taking the above into consideration, let us try our best to perfectly understand, or rather to realize the above formula in our minds, and perhaps we shall then be able to draw lightning from heaven by striking the centre of Truth. MAURICE SLOVONTSKY.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
 Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.
 "The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
 The Turks assert, "than does the sword."
 The Persian proverb wisely saith,
 "A lengthy tongue an early death;"
 Or sometimes takes this form instead:
 "Don't let your tongue cut off your head."
 "The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
 Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."
 While Arab sages this impart:
 "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
 From Hebrew wit this saying sprung:
 "Though feet should slip ne'er let the tongue."
 The sacred writer crowns the whole:
 "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."
Selected.

TELEPATHY.

In the domain of Psychology, we meet with many awe-inspiring mysteries that baffle the most penetrating investigations and the most persistent efforts of the closest students of science. The mind, in its manifold operations, is but a bundle of mysteries. The creation of a thought is a complex act, indescribable and unexplainable. Whence it cometh and whither it goeth there is not a living soul that knows. Scientific appliances may render us some assistance along this line and enable us to examine the mind while in a thinking state, and as it were to photograph our thoughts; but this, doubtless, would be as complex in effect as the creation of the thought itself. Yet, wonderful as it would seem, Edison, the great electrician and wizard of the present age, it is said, has actually succeeded in photographing a thought by means of Roentgen rays. How impossible it seems! How incredible, and yet how true! But if the fact of being able to see the thoughts of another at close range through the mechanism of Crooke's tubes and Roentgen rays is wonderful, still more wonderful is Telepathy, the faculty of reading another's thoughts at practically unlimited distances without the intervention of any kind of mechanism.

Such a feat seems well nigh impossible, but there are many well attested cases on record. One of the most remarkable instances of

telepathy with which I have ever met, was recently brought to my notice through the columns of one of the great Canadian daily papers, the *Toronto Mail* of September 8th. According to this story, which was sent out from Rome, September 2d, a young man named Livio Cibrario, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Turin, while attempting to climb the peak of Rocciamelone, in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body, terribly crushed and bruised, at the bottom of a deep crevasse. Count Cibrario, the unfortunate young man's father, who was at Turin, and knew nothing of his son's expedition to the Rocciamelone, on the night of the accident aroused the family, announcing with tears that Livio was dead. He had seen him distinctly, he said, with blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a voice of terrible anguish:—

“Father, I slipped down a precipice and broke my head, and I am dying.”

The other members of the family tried, in vain, to persuade the poor Count that the ghastly vision was nothing but a nightmare; the bereaved father, however, continued in a state of anxiety bordering upon distraction, till the morning, when the official confirmation of the terrible accident reached him.

This case of telepathy, or whatever name may be given to similar phenomena, is considered all the more remarkable, as Count Cibrario is a very quiet, matter of fact person, and has never suffered from disorders of the nervous system or “dabbled in spiritualism.”

Only two cases of telepathy have come under my own immediate observation, and these have, in a measure, tended to dispel any doubts in my own mind as to the mere existence of such a faculty.

About the last of September of the present year, 1898, the writer's brother and sister drove in a buggy to church, five miles distant from their home. On their return trip, a young man who was riding a vicious horse accidentally rode against the buggy and broke one of the hind wheels so badly that the young people were compelled to make the remainder of their journey on foot. The writer saw the whole affair depicted in a dream, at the exact time it happened, as plainly and unmistakably as if actually present. The accident took place when they were within a quarter of a mile from home, and about 10 o'clock at night, and they awoke the writer, then fast asleep, on their return a few moments later.

Several years ago there was a large and destructive fire in Columbia, Missouri, which originated in Joseph Sterne's livery stable, and thence spreading to the heart of the city, destroyed several of the

leading business blocks on Broadway, the principal business street. On the night of the fire, the late Judge William Victor, who lived six miles from Columbia, had a dream in which he saw every phase and feature of the occurrence as plainly and distinctly as if he were actually present. The next morning at breakfast he told his family that he had dreamed he saw a man in a blue calico shirt deliberately strike a match and set fire to the hay in Sterne's livery stable, and that the fire spreading from this point had destroyed some of the best business blocks in Columbia. Judge Victor traced the course of the fire accurately, and even mentioned the names of the firms that had been burned out. Later, he was very much surprised to find that what he had dreamed was a grim reality. Judge Victor was able to give a very accurate description of the fiend who had started the fire, but no attempt was ever made to follow this clue, and the guilty party, who might have been apprehended, went scot free. Strange to say, a friend of Judge Victor's, in another part of the county, had almost the same dream and was equally as much surprised as the Judge on learning of its being a fact instead of a wild flight of the imagination.

Rev. R. B. F. Elrington, Vicar of Lower Brixham, of Devonshire, England, reports a case equally as remarkable. According to his statement, a Mrs. Barnes, of Devonshire, whose husband was at sea, fishing, dreamed that his fishing vessel was run into by a steamer, and rendered unseaworthy. Mrs. Barnes was very much concerned for the safety of her husband and her son, who happened to be in the vessel, and called out in her dream, "Save the boy." At the same moment another son, who was sleeping in a room adjoining his mother's, awoke suddenly and called out "Where is father?" On being asked what he meant, the young man said that he heard his father come up stairs and kick against the door as he was in the habit of doing on returning home at night. Mrs. Barnes was so alarmed over the occurrence that she reported her fears to her neighbors next morning. News, a few days later, completely confirmed every particular of her dream.

Another remarkable instance is related by William Tudor, of Auburndale, Mass. On March 17, 1890, his nephew, Fred Tudor, slipped and fell in front of an electric car going to Cambridge. He was dragged some distance, and was so severely injured that for some time his life was despaired of, but he subsequently recovered with the loss of only a foot. His mother heard of the accident Tuesday afternoon, and was quite restless and wakeful Tuesday night. The father of the young man was in Gainesville, Fla., at the time. Tuesday night he went to bed in a perfectly calm state of mind and slept very

soundly. About midnight he heard his wife call his name in a tone plainly indicating that she was in great distress. Imagining that possibly some evil had befallen her, or some member of the family, he became uneasy and sent a telegram asking if any one of the family was dangerously ill and whether his presence was needed at home, but no reply was ever received, as the telegraph operator at the other end of the line failed to have the message delivered. This circumstance weighed so heavily on his mind that subsequently he returned home and learned that his fears had been well grounded.

Prof. Charles Newcomb relates a strange story of a man in Chicago who, giving way to an inclination to yield his arm to automatic writing, addressed a letter to himself over the signature of a friend who was in California. Five days later he received a letter from his friend in San Francisco which was an exact duplicate of the one he had written himself.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., there lives a young lady known as Miss Mollie Fancher who has given many wonderful exhibitions of telepathy. These strange feats are vouched for by a leading jurist of that place and her kind benefactor, Mr. Sargent, who also resides there. On one occasion Miss Fancher told her attendants that Mr. Sargent was in Chicago on very important business, and actually gave an exact description of the man with whom he was talking. Mr. Sargent had previously left Brooklyn very suddenly, and Miss Fancher had not the slightest information of any of his movements. On returning to Brooklyn, and learning what Miss Fancher had divined, Mr. Sargent induced his Western friend to visit Brooklyn, and in company with him called on Miss Fancher unannounced. The moment they entered the room she spoke to Mr. Sargent and, without waiting for an introduction, called the other gentleman by name and greeted him as if an old friend. It is needless to add that it was a surprise to both.

On another occasion Miss Fancher's attendant was hanging some pictures for her in several rooms of her house. The attendant was greatly disturbed and annoyed in his work by some strange spirit influence, which seemed to criticise his taste in arranging and grouping the pictures. When he returned to her room, Miss Fancher told him exactly how he had hung the pictures, in what way he had grouped them and in what rooms he had placed them. Apparently her mind or soul had detached itself in a measure from her body and had followed the attendant in his work. Miss Fancher, it must be remembered, is a helpless blind invalid who has been confined to her bed for many years, and she could not have been made aware of any of her attendant's actions through the ordinary channels of sense.

Many other examples of spontaneous or involuntary telepathic phenomena might be mentioned, but those already given are amply sufficient for the purpose of illustration.

Thus far we have considered only cases of telepathic phenomena in which the actions of the agent and the recipient were involuntary and unpremeditated, but there are many cases on record in which telepathic phenomena were entirely voluntary and induced by experiment. Regarding telepathy from this point of view we may say that it is a kind of circulation of mind in a universal system as it were. Every human being is thus a nerve centre of humanity, a ganglion of the universal body, and sensitive to all the vibrations of the human system. As the brain receives and telegraphs impressions to the various parts of the body, so mind may communicate with mind in the universal system.

If two violins are tuned to the same key, and are placed side by side on a table, and a bow is drawn across one of them, the other one instantly responds and vibrates in unison. If they are not tuned properly only discordant beats will result. As harmony here seems to be the first condition of response, so it is in all cases of telepathy or thought projection. In order that there may be any transference of thought the subject and operator must be in thorough accord. Doubtless you have noticed that persons in close sympathy often speak the same thought almost simultaneously and it is not possible to say with whom the idea originated. How far the currents of the air or ether may facilitate or hinder thought projection, is perhaps an open question. The same thing may be said of electricity and magnetic forces.

A few years ago two persons—one in Chicago, the other in Boston—conducted with each other a series of experiments in telepathy. A certain hour, mutually agreed upon beforehand, was appointed for opening the experiments. Each party acted for fifteen minutes alternately as receiver and sender. In order to assist the mind in concentrating itself, each operator had a photograph of the other before him, and in order to establish magnetic relations each held a lock of the other's hair in his hand. A record was made of the messages sent and received, and in every case they were found to be correct. Subsequently the experiments were repeated by the same persons between Boston and Philadelphia by appointment at a certain hour, but without the use of the photograph and lock of hair. The results this time were fully as successful as before. Later, the experiments were repeated by each operator in turn without special appointments, and again gave satisfactory results. But in this last case the operators had undergone a long series of hypnotic experiments preceding this, and were in thor-

ough accord and sympathy. Prof. Charles Newcomb vouches for the truth of the reports of the experimenters.

In 1883, Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, a gentleman of high rank in Liverpool, Eng., and Mr. James Birchall, Honorary Secretary of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, conducted an extensive series of experiments in telepathy similar to those just given, which were very successful. Many other wonderful cases are on record which are as strongly vouched for as those already given, but we have not space to enter into a discussion of them here.

In all the instances mentioned the telepathic action has been between minds of living persons, but Hodgson says telepathic transfer may take place just before or exactly at the moment of death. Myers thinks that telepathy exists both between embodied and disembodied spirits. I regret very much that I am unable to bear out this assumption with any recent examples of unquestioned genuineness, but a patient and painstaking search might bring to light such instances. However, it is my purpose to investigate this phase of the subject more fully, and the result of my labors will be given in a subsequent paper at no very distant date.

JOHN W. WILKINSON, Ph.D.

MENTAL IMPRESSION.

The effect of mind on matter is curiously illustrated in the case of young Joseph Hardin, who resided in Wellington, Kansas.

For some alleged offense he was captured by four masked men, whose purpose was to frighten him. They informed him that he was about to be shot to death. Seating him on a box, which he had every reason to suppose was his coffin, and with his back to the riflemen, they blindfolded him and told him to prepare to meet his fate.

His condition can perhaps be imagined, but it cannot be described. He had no reason to believe that he was the victim of a practical joke, and really felt that his last moment had come.

At a given signal a shot was fired by one of the party, but fired in the air, of course. At the same instant another man gave him a tap on the back of the head.

The poor fellow fell forward at the impact and the jokers concluded that he had fainted. They tried to resuscitate him by the usual applications, but their efforts were of no avail. He was stone dead, the cause being heart failure.

It wasn't a bullet that killed him, but the idea of a bullet. He died from the effects of an impression. And now certain people are begin-

ning to ask this rather tough question: If a man can be killed by the idea that he is going to be killed, why can't he be cured by the idea that he can be cured?—*New York Herald*.

PASTEUR'S VACCINES.

SIR.—The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund and his recent statement in regard to vivisection have been the means of reviving the anti-vivisection controversy, and have given to it an impulse it would not otherwise have had at the present moment. There is no argument upon which the vivisectionists have relied so confidently as showing the success of the experimental method of investigating disease as the inoculations of M. Pasteur and his school. In view of the attitude of the Prince in defending that "science," I think a good many of your readers may be interested in some general observations on the subject of Pasteur's vaccines; and it is all the more urgent that a little more light should be thrown upon this question, as it is intended to set up Pasteur Institutes both in England and India.

From reliable statistics as to the average mortality from hydrophobia, both in France and England, the disease in man is proved to be very rare. Pasteur himself has admitted that 80 per cent. of the persons bitten by dogs presumably mad suffer no evil effects, and as, on the authority of an expert—Dr. Charles Dulles, of Philadelphia—"the anti-rabic vaccine has undoubtedly increased the number of deaths from hydrophobia," it is difficult to discover where the benefits of the Pasteur method come in. No less than 300 people have now succumbed to hydrophobia, or some similar disorder, after undergoing preventive treatment; and there seems some ground for believing that the rabies scare, which has for so long been terrorizing the public, is the outcome of the exploitation of the Institut Pasteur.

The Prince of Wales generously extended a helping hand to all that is really bad in connection with the healing art. Vaccination and vivisection were alike favored, and so were the various new anti-toxin serums and lymphs which are now being used and experimented with. All such practices have their origin in uncleanness, and bear no more relationship to sanitation and hygiene than does cheese to the moon. But evidently to the Prince vaccination is "Jenner's immortal discovery." Has he, I wonder, heard of the fiasco of Koch's tuberculin? Why is the anthrax vaccine no longer used in England? Who is it that has benefited from the use of the serum anti-toxin? And what is the result of the rinderpest inoculations in South Africa?

The process of forcing the body into febrile states is vain and

culpably erroneous. No good ever came of inoculation, and no good ever can. The only perfectly clear and intelligible course is to teach that zymotic diseases are preventable by cleanliness alone, if at all. The sanitation and cleanliness which banished the plagues of the past will do the same with smallpox, cholera, diphtheria and all other forms of infectious disease. And yet, though it cannot be shown that inoculation has been of any permanent use, it is now proposed to inoculate and re-inoculate with animal poisons for all such zymotics.

Recurring to the treatment of hydrophobia: in addition to the fact that the Pasteur mode does not prevent hydrophobia, his practice is also declared by men of the standing of the late Professor Peter, the great French clinical, to have given a fatal form of hydrophobia in cases where the patient ran no danger from the bite. It is clearly absurd to waste money and endanger people's lives by submitting them to this treatment, when there is the Buisson remedy, which has frequently been used, and always with the best results. M. Victor Meunier, in the *Paris Rappel*, gives the details of several cases in which it has been successfully used by others; Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz used it as a preventive measure on several persons bitten by a rabid dog. The cases which redound to Dr. Buisson's credit are numerous, one of which is that of a little girl patient who was rejected by Pasteur as past treatment. May I add that literature dealing with the Buisson method may be had gratis and post free from Captain Pirkis, R. N., The High Elms, Nutfield, Surrey, England?

I am, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

79A Great Queen Street, London, W. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

VOICES OF THE MORNING. By James Arthur Edgerton. Cloth, 121 pp., 75 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

This is a book of short poems, many of which voice the longings and aspirations of the toiling masses. There is much poetic talent in the collection, and through it all there runs a faith in the possibilities of a higher humanity and a brighter day near at hand. To those minds that think deeply on the problems of the working classes and the present social conditions, these verses will specially appeal.

A MOTHER'S IDEALS. By Andrea Hofer Proudfoot. Cloth, 270 pp. Published by the Author, 1400 Auditorium, Chicago, Ill.

A book of practical, everyday help and full of valuable suggestions and advice to parents and teachers everywhere. The writer says: "In these pages I

shall not attempt to lay down a law for mothers, but shall strive constantly so to speak as to make the doing of whatever your hands find to do easier, and more definite in its purpose toward ideal life."

The book is written from the standpoint of Froebel, whose ideal methods of education are in harmony with metaphysical principles, and there is much in it to commend it to the general reader.

VOICES OF HOPE AND OTHER MESSAGES FROM THE HILLS.

By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 213 pp., \$1.50. George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

To those who are looking in metaphysical lines for something worth reading, we would commend this "Series of Essays on the Problem of Life, Optimism and the Christ." They are written in the author's usually fine literary style, and will serve to many as a spiritual stimulant to arouse the Soul to new activities, fresh hope, courage and good will.

Concerning Spiritual evolution the Author says: "If we hold the ideal in mind we may know that the conditions favorable for its realization will come the moment we are ready—never before; for we can omit no step in evolution." And again, "The most hopeful reformation that can take place in the human mind is the escape from bondage to dogma or authority, and the discovery of the rich possibilities of a broad and unhampered philosophy of evolution."

THE DOCTOR'S WINDOW. Edited by Ina Russelle Warren. 288 pp.

Cloth, \$2.50. Full Morocco, \$5.00. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.

An artistically gotten-up collection of poems that will be acceptable to doctors and to those who have anything to do with doctors. The poem entitled "Too Progressive for Him" will, we think, appeal to liberal medical men.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Cloth, 687 pp. Washington, D. C.

HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACE IT. Punctuation Without Rules of Grammar. By John G. Scott. Paper, 40 pp., 15 cents. 120 West 35th Street, New York.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Monthly. 8s. 6d. Norfolk Street, W. C., London, England.

THE HUMANITARIAN. Monthly. 17 Hyde Park Gate, S. W., London, England, and at Brentano's, 31 Union Square, New York.

THE FORUM. Monthly. \$3.00 a year, 35 cents a copy. The Forum Pub. Co., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"DIE UEBERSINNLICHE WELT." Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Okkultismus. Herausgegeben und redigirt von Max Rahn. Halbjährlich, 4. 15 Mk. Einzelne Hefte, 80 Pf. Berlin N., Eberswalder Strasse 16.

INDEX.

VOLUME EIGHT.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

	PAGE
ACROSS THE SILENCE, (an Allegory) . . . <i>H. Edith Gray,</i>	183
ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM, <i>John Hazelrigg,</i>	59, 208, 238
AT THE GATE OF DREAMS, <i>Lewis Worthington Smith,</i>	313
CHAPTER ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, A, <i>Alexander Wilder, M. D.,</i>	417
CHRIST, THE, (Poem), <i>Ruth Ward Kahn,</i>	387
CONFESSION OF FAITH, A, (Poem), <i>J. A. Edgerton,</i>	472
CHRISTIANITY AND REINCARNATION, <i>E. W. Keely,</i>	235
COUNTERPARTS THE BASIS OF HARMONY, <i>M. A. Clancy,</i>	9
CRITICISM, <i>H. W. G.,</i>	298
DEFINITION OF WEALTH, A, <i>Stanton Kirkham Davis,</i>	497
DESIGN OF NATURE, THE, <i>C. Staniland Wake,</i>	1
DIFFERENT PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS,	
THE, <i>Frank H. Sprague,</i>	353, 460
DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION, THE, <i>Mrs. Charles L. Howard,</i>	141, 169
DOGMA OF THE INCARNATION, <i>Rev. Henry Frank,</i>	39, 110
EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES, THE, <i>Harriet E. Orcutt,</i>	
	52, 135, 190, 246, 331
ETERNAL LIFE, THE, <i>Frank H. Sprague</i>	262
FALLACY OF VACCINATION, THE, <i>Alexander Wilder, M. D.,</i>	81
FREEDOM AND PROGRESS, <i>Veda Elizabeth Snyder,</i>	388
GIVE ME THE LIGHT (Poem), <i>J. A. Edgerton,</i>	189
GROWTH, <i>Floyd B. Wilson,</i>	301
HIGH OFFICE OF THE POET, THE, <i>Stanton Kirkham Davis,</i>	436
IN ABSENCE, (Poem), <i>Mary Peabody,</i>	269
INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION, <i>Helen I. Dennis,</i>	504

	PAGE
IS GRAVITY IMMUTABLE?	<i>E. S. Wicklen,</i> 363
IS MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN DES- TINY?	<i>C. G. Oyston,</i> 20
LIVE, (Poem),	<i>Kathleen Phillips,</i> 29
LOVE IS GOD, (Poem),	<i>Rev. Henry Frank,</i> 330
MANIFESTATION—AN INQUIRY, (Poem),	<i>Alwyn M. Thurber,</i> 120
MEMORY OF PAST BIRTHS, THE,	<i>Charles Johnston, M.R.A.S.,</i> 225
MY ASTRAL GUARDIAN,	<i>Emma Louise Turner,</i> 514
NATURE'S ENCHANTRESS,	<i>Winifred E. Heston,</i> 530
NATURE'S TRINITY,	<i>M. J. Barnett,</i> 97, 200
NEW LEARNING, THE,	<i>C. H. A. Bjerregaard,</i> 468
NEW RENAISSANCE, THE, PLATONISM AND "BEING,"	<i>C. H. A. Bjerregaard,</i> 375
ONE'S ATMOSPHERE,	<i>Floyd B. Wilson,</i> 103
PASSING OF DOGMA, THE,	<i>Rev. Henry Frank,</i> 369, 449, 520
PERTINENT TRUTHS,	<i>Alexander Wilder, M.D.,</i> 374
PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN,	<i>Hudor Genone,</i> 122
POWER OF BEAUTY, THE,	<i>Maria Weed,</i> 178
RAPTURES, (Poem),	<i>Illyria Turner,</i> 536
RECOGNITION, (Poem),	<i>George Wentz,</i> 459
REINCARNATION,	<i>Albro B. Allen, M.D.,</i> 36
RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN CONTEMPORARY INDIA,	<i>Rev. Andrew W. Cross,</i> 161
RESULTS, (Poem),	<i>Katherine B. Huston,</i> 207
SAN GRAEL, THE, (Poem),	<i>Abbie W. Gould,</i> 254
SON KLEON THE HINDU,	<i>Allen R. Darrow,</i> 255
SOPHISTS, SOCRATES AND "BEING,"	<i>C. H. A. Bjerregaard,</i> 30, 130
STUDY FROM FAUST, A,	<i>Emily S. Hamblen,</i> 442
SYMBOLISM OF NIRVANA, THE,	<i>Harriet B. Bradbury,</i> 25
THEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE, THE,	<i>Rev. Joseph Fort Newton,</i> 321
THOU SHALT NOT KILL,	<i>Shelby Mumaugh, M.D.,</i> 381
TRUE NATURE OF PRAYER, THE,	<i>Stanton Kirkham Davis,</i> 309
TRUE TEST, THE, (Poem),	<i>Katherine B. Huston,</i> 38
VORTEX OF NATURE, THE,	<i>C. Staniland Wake,</i> 289

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT, WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

	PAGE		PAGE
ANALYSIS OF A WAKING DREAM, (<i>Ella Walton</i>),	156	NUMBER TEN, THE, (<i>V. L. Perry,</i> <i>M.D.</i>),	489
ASTROLOGICAL INDICATION OF FU- TURE EVENTS,	149	PASTEUR'S VACCINES, (<i>Joseph Col-</i> <i>linson</i>),	558
CALMNESS AND POWER,	549	PEACE AND PROSPERITY,	344
CHANGE IN PROGRESS,	66	PHASES OF OCCULTISM,	282
COLOR OF A NAME, THE, (<i>E. S.</i> <i>Winslow</i>),	351	PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES AND THE MEDICAL BILL,	154
CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE,	68	PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE, A, (<i>H. B.</i> <i>Tierney</i>),	413
DEPARTMENT FOR HOME WORK, A, 281		PSYCHOLOGY OF INSPIRATION, THE, 406	
FAILURE OF MEDICAL MONOPOLY, THE,	344	RECENT SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC AT GLOUCESTER, THE,	349
FAMED ELIXIR, THE,	221	RESULTS OF VACCINATION, (<i>Alex-</i> <i>ander Wilder, M.D.</i>),	412
FRONTISPIECE,	67	SAVED BY A DREAM,	220
INTERPRETATION OF PSYCHIC AC- TION,	214	STRANGE HYPNOTIC EXPERIENCE, A, (<i>H. H. Brown</i>),	78
LETTERS, (<i>L. E. Holmes, M.D., P.</i> <i>J. Ford</i>),	217	TELEPATHY, (<i>John W. Wilkinson,</i> <i>Ph.D.</i>),	552
MATHEMATICAL VALUE OF MAN AND NATURE, THE, (<i>Maurice Slov-</i> <i>ontsky</i>),	550	TELEPATHY, (<i>Sir W. Crookes</i>),	488
MEDICAL MONOPOLY,	70	TELEPATHY THROUGH LOVE,	216
MENTAL IMPRESSION,	557	THOUGHTS ABOUT LEARNING, (<i>D.</i> <i>Joseph Fonseca, LL.D.</i>),	489
METAPHYSICAL HEALING—PHILOSOPHY, (<i>Leander Edmund Whipple</i>),	490	THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE IN A DREAM, (<i>Theresa F. Cogswell</i>), 495	
METAPHYSICS IN PROGRESS,	486	TRUE EDUCATION, THE,	497
MODERN INQUISITION, A,	152	VACCINATION IN ENGLAND,	410
MYTHOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF CHRIS- TIANITY, THE,	346		

THE HOME CIRCLE DEPARTMENT.

PAGE	PAGE
BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT, THE, (<i>Eva Best</i>), 476	LOVE AND HATE, (<i>Eva Best</i>), 339
BIT OF PHILOSOPHY, A, (Poem), 483	LOVE VERSUS PREJUDICE, 392
FINDINGS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, (<i>Marion Hunt</i>), 271, 340, 401, 480, 540	MEDITATION, (<i>Rev. Henry Frank</i>), 280
GOLDEN AGE, THE, (Poem, <i>Clara Elizabeth Choate</i>), 540	NOT FOR OURSELVES, (<i>Constance Entwistle Hoar</i>), 343
HARMONY OF LIFE, THE, 475	PARABLE, A, (Poem, <i>Clara J. L. Pierce</i>), 485
HAROLD AND ALICE, (<i>Winifred Johnes</i>), 275	PROMISED DAY, A, (<i>Eva Best</i>), 393
HOME CIRCLE, THE, 270	RESPONSIVE READING AND MEDITATION, 405, 547
HORSE INTELLIGENCE, (<i>H. B. Greeley</i>), 483	RIGHT LIVING, 338
HOW GLADLY FALL THE LEAVES, (<i>Charles A. Winston</i>), 546	SELF-DEVELOPMENT, 537
JUST DO YOUR BEST, (Poem, <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>), 544	THOU ART, (Poem, <i>Eva Best</i>), 538
LETTER, (<i>Ernest Benninghoven</i>), 274	TOWN OF NOGOOD, THE, (Poem), 400
LIFE'S HOROSCOPE, (<i>Rev. R. H. Horkin</i>), 545	TWO FLOWERS, (a Song, <i>M. G. T. Stempel</i>), 398
	TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS, THE, (Poem), 544
	WOMAN'S HAND, A, (Poem), 404

1915

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 07462 4977

