PEARLS

VOL. I. MAY, 1898. NO. 2

IDEALISM AND IMMORTALITY.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

CONCERNING the immortality of the soul, it would, perhaps, be more satisfactory to first feel positive of the real existence of a soul in man. Consciousness of our intellect, emotions and will is intuitive evidence of its reality. It is impossible to imagine that atoms of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon can independently think, feel or will. It is certain that the physical brain, "a compound of water, albumen, fat and phosphate salts," could not operate of itself and create thought. Man simply dwells in the flesh; it is the ego that wills the action of the bodily man, and he knows that this individuality is not physical. We do not recognize personality in the form, but rather in the thought and will of the ego.

In the time of Berkeley, the materialists, under the able leadership of Locke and others, to all appearances demonstrated conclusively that, as it cannot be seen or felt sensuously, there can be no soul; that what we understand as spirit must be a purely physical molecular movement in the

brain, produced by external sensations. This argument inspired Berkeley with the conception of the immateriality and non-existence of all finite objects. He took the argument of Skepticism, using the same logic with which they denied the being of spirit, and proved that man by his senses alone was mentally unconscious of all material phenomena.

By relying entirely on the senses, we presume the reality and permanence of finite phenomena; but when we depend upon the intellect we can prove reality, absolutely, only of beings of thought. We really do not perceive a thing by sight; our continual experience of association, when the idea or presentation is mirrored to our brain, makes the comparison that the idea resembles some previous appearance, and we call it that. However, this is really foresight; not knowledge *a priori*, but the reverse. It is the same with the sensations of feeling; we really prejudge the shape or form of an idea as it resembles some previous idea, and in our fancy we make it that. But we cannot be positive of any existence, except in one way; that is, by the Cartesian method, "I think, therefore, I am."

Yes, granting that the being of soul is not physical and, therefore, not subject to the laws of decay, this alone does not show its eternity. If we conceive the existence of soul as commencing with the personality of the ego, we have only proved its immateriality in Space and not its eternity in Time. If it has a beginning in Time, it is not eternal, and ultimately must end in Time. The ordinary soul is not conscious of a re-incarnated past or of a pre-existent being. Its ego is a new personality. But our intuitions and innate ideas of morality, good, and truth, together with our knowledge of God's attributes, show that we have this latent memory of a former being in the Deity from whom we have issued. As we are eternal, then, without beginning, so our spirit must remain without ending.

The disappearance and reappearance of many of the phenomena of nature have been interpreted by comparative mythologists as the sole origin of the conception of immortality. Agnostics therefore assert, that as nature is materialistic in all its teachings, man must despair of all hope of another life. Every people, from the beginning, has believed in immor-

tality, and the Jews, who were entirely free from nature myths, believed that Jehovah was the God of the *living* souls of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, not of the non-existent dead; *Ex. iii.: 6.* The mind cannot imagine anything beyond its experience. It could not, then, have conceived of a life beyond the grave, except that it had been either divinely or innately revealed. The imagination of primitive man would not have presumed to build another life out of decomposition and seeming annihilation without some supernatural revelation.

Physically, we cannot prove that man's earthly life is less finite than the rest of animal nature; it is entirely sensuous. Unless his intellect rises to the realization of the infinite possibilities of the soul, I do not understand wherein he may hope for immortality. Unless he comprehends the infinity of Spirit and feels its Reality, above finite matter, wherein has he the capacity for attaining the immaterial life of infinite being? Regeneration has no bearing on the flesh except that the body is completely surrendered at the birth and beginning of a new ego. Is not regeneration, then, the revival of potential immortality, and is not immortality Love? The resurrection comes in this life, for Christ was to bring it, and truly proclaimed, "I am the resurrection and the life"; *Matt. xxii.: 32;* for if the life is to cease for any period at death, it is surely not immortal.

As to our condition and appreciation of eternity we have this knowledge:—Science tells us that the entire physical universe, in time, must dissipate and ultimately fade away. We know that at death this is but our condition, simply an annihilation of the physical. If our ego is but a covetous desire for finite, material pleasures and comforts, then when these things are no more, it will be no more. If it has not Love, the unchangeable, the illimitable and eternal feeling, it is doomed to the destiny of all finite things. All else shall pass away, but Love shall never perish. In that awful mystery following death, if we wish to be congenial with the Eternal Spirit, we must be like it; and we know that Spirit is Infinite Love. To believe that we are of Love, and in this Love throughout endless Time, is to conceive of the happiest state of being; for eternity

is not a place, but a condition of the soul. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality," which is nothing more than the finite acquiring the infinite Love. If a soul develops this potential Love, it achieves the Infinite and becomes immortal.

As to the condition of our future life, it is not so much its eternity in Time that should be considered, as the depth of its Love and Feeling. Not only should it be infinite in Time and Space, but also infinite in its state of supreme Being. It rests with man to make it so. By invoking the divine into his soul and maintaining it he achieves the fullest Eternity. He has more, then, than length of life; he has the infinite intensity and depth of Being.

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Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolves from night to day.
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head,
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep.
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

LONGFELLOW.

A Transaction in Souls.

BY ANNA KALFUS SPERO.

DORADO, a seeker of truth and so a servant of humanity, had become anæmic and wasted. Her mind had been absorbed by hundreds of other minds as water spilled upon sand is drunk by thirsty pores—her soul was well-nigh evaporated. She fancied that she saw it ascend in volumes as tangible as sea mist, and, perched upon white clouds, look down to mock her before it shook out its wings to rise to the invisible.

As you now know she was a dreamer and a seer.

Dorado might say this—

> If I but close my eyes—not even in sleep,
> Just drop my eyelids down—in swift, soft sweep,
> Gay garlands float by, out and far away
> On airy sea transparent, still and gray.
> They might have dropped from cornices high up
> On Grecian walls, or from a Dresden cup
> Slipped loose, grown to natural proportions
> And recognizance of Beauty's motions,
> And the bright spirit of Life in flowers,
> And formed procession for immortal bowers
> Beyond the air that stretches still and gray
> As any waveless, wan, enchanted sea
> That bares, then blurs, to sense a mystery.

She was harassed by an uncontrollable, automatic working of her mathematical faculty, which impelled her to count the surfaces, edges, or parts of most volumes upon which her eyes rested; and when her eyes were shut she would count the surfaces, edges, or parts of recollected or

invented volumes. She counted every stair that she ascended, every visible button on the waistcoat and coat of the man who stopped to speak to her, or those on the dress waist of the woman who sat or walked in front of her. She had not completed a resolve to banish the tyranny of this habit, before she found herself again counting something.

Dorado had a house in the Land of Flowers between southern seas. It was tenanted by two strange beings who despised money and sent as rental a yearly tribute of yellow globes of oranges or pomelo, or shells that brought in their spirals the sound of the wind-sea in the tops of the pines, which is the sound of the water-sea, and she resolved to go unannounced to these tenants of hers that they might make no preparation for her. She cared little for them. They were unknown. She needed cure and the land of flowers

> Where creep
> Lush tangled vines, and trees moss-bound in sleep,
> Shade scented bay heads where shy deer, that shrink
> From wind-pelt of pine cones, trail down to drink
> Amid prone lily-pads, that shift and blink,
> And lily-buds that clean-veined sweetness think
> Through all the year.

Dorado meant to be no more trouble than one of those lily-pads in a little lake sunk in the sand like a big, full cup; or a native orchid hung on a house-beam and bursting into brilliance on a diet of air.

With the last northern birds she took her flight southward for Paradise—a place that promised the bliss of rest and renewal.

At the terminal station Dorado found only the stationmaster, the hotelkeeper and a black boy. She asked if the latter knew the way to Moonflower Villa.

Yes, he knew.

How could they get there? They could walk. It was four miles, and they walked. The roads, made only by usage, were hard and level. They were in a country of sand.

They passed lakelets, quiet as heaven, picturing all the pines that

grew on their rims, and lilies lay in the pictures; and once they passed a white egret, standing with one leg uplifted and all its snowy plumes still as those of a painted bird. Dorado looked back, to see it in moveless contemplation of a white shadow beneath the water.

At Moonflower Villa the front door stood open. The porch was hung with the golden-belled jasmine of the far south. A vine seed had sprouted in a crack between the sill and the hall floor, and the young vine bent its aspiring head contrarily away from the light toward the interior of the habitation.

Dorado heard no sound within. No sound came to her from the thousand aisles of the pine forest. She looked above. Three blue herons were there, for an instant, beating their rapid way southward. She watched their flight and saw them drop down athwart a light that shown out as from a great fire lighting up a wide sheet of water. Presently Dorado knew that it was the moon, and a moon to be remembered forever.

"Where are they—the people? Who knows?" she said to the black boy.

He held out his empty palms, with his head pulled down between his shoulders and his shoulders pushed up around his ears, and the gesture said:

"Nobody."

"Who are you?" Dorado asked, feeling lonely, yet strangely conscious of presences in the air.

He repeated the gesture that said "Nobody," and she divined that he was dumb.

Dorado went into the south room and sat in a low white chair by the window. A great blue moonflower bud waved in and touched her like a cool bubble and gave its odor for greeting as it opened wide.

The walls and ceiling were pale sky-blue, with suggestions of the mauve glow of sulphur flame. The floor was covered with a blue carpet. There were six stars grouped in the ceiling over the white bed, but they glowed like six opals in shifting light. Two pictures were hung opposite

each other. One was that of a woman, but I can never tell you what she was like, for she was covered with a veil caught up in drapery like refined cobwebs and pinned to her breast with a star. Dorado knew that it was a woman, for her beautiful hand was laid on the drapery, and where her fingers touched it they seemed to unite it to her heart in five places, and over each finger-tip was a strange shimmer, phosphorescent and transpicuous—a luminous ghost of a star that hovered near, but did not touch her.

Dorado saw but one hand.

The subject of the other picture was a man, and his veil was caught to his beard as if it were pinned, and his beard was very white. The backgrounds of the pictures were white also, and the frames were white and silver. They were like winter, with everything under the snow, yet you can tell white trees from white mileposts and all the earth things from the white sky.

Not until she had observed all these details did Dorado see the white woman's other hand; it held a scroll thin as a collodion film, shot through with the sparkle of letters that seemed traced in a flux of spar and star; and, mystery of mysteries, the white hand stretched forth and dropped the scroll!

Dorado gathered it in her cold fingers and unrolled it. The silver words glistened in the moonlight that sifted in at the window with what was not mist nor cloud, yet I know naught else to name it.

The story Dorado read was of one older than the earth, and it was this:

The Lost Pleiad was one of seven, the fairest, for the young who die early become altogether lovely. The Pleiades were intimates of Dian, the virgin Moon Maid, and with arrows and hunting shoes and "tucked-up garments for speed" they forded dark-pebbled waters and reedy haunts and ran in the olden woods.

Then life altered for the Pleiades and they became fugitives, for Orion chased them, and, to end the strain, Jupiter changed them into stars that come in the spring and bring rain to the new-born things of that birth-time

of Nature, and favoring winds that bluster to blow tawny sails over tawny waters, and waters that are green as jewels or blue as the blue eyes of immortal women who looked down the slope of Olympus.

Six of the Atlantean girls married gods, but Merope married a mortal, and became ashamed of mismating, and so faded away. She married that Sysiphus who fettered Death to the joy of mortals, for no one died till grim Pluto set him free and he claimed Sysiphus.

I wonder if he were not glad to go with Death, after the weary toiling up the mount of Knowledge to slip and lose and toil again toward unattainable heights.

He was so great and lore-mad that he forgot to cherish his fair young wife till her tender heart and self-respect were wounded and she could only die, for the heaven-born woman was like her sisters among you; she must fade and lose the light of earth, and thus light be doubly dimmed if him she loved was forgetful.

But Merope lay like a lily on the rest-sea till her sorrow, too, was dim, dimmer, and gone, and she entreated to become incarnate like her sisters upon earth, to be blest enough to be loved, and not too high to mate with the man of earth. Her wish was granted. Through nubilous skies, where the purple clouds of winter rain set a pansy for thought, her spirit fell to a land between great waters, where a common mortal lived whom Death conquered in time.

Merope's mortal part has become the Moon-plant. Her blue eyes look at you from its blossoms. It wreathes your roof-tree and runs along the great pine and gives the earth her mortal sweetness, but to you, Dorado, I, MEROPE, DO GIVE AND BEQUEATH MY SOUL.

It was coming in to Dorado then, like a mist or a cloud, or what else I know not, but Dorado received it, the soul of a star, and held it with the remnant of the human soul left to her,

> Held its splendor and its fire,
> Held its own divine desire
> On to rove with beamy world-lights—
> Sky-gods glowing from great sky-heights.

Ignis Fatuus.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

BY H. EDITH GRAY.

A YOUNG maid, called Life, sat in a wood weeping. Around her lay broken playthings. And there came to her Youth, who said, "Why weepest thou?" And Life lifted up her face, and looked upon this radiant being. "I am looking for a rosy light and a form that I often see in my dreams—I think the light means Love or Happiness, it is so beautiful, but when I awake I cannot find it anywhere."

"You must not weep, you will find Happiness if you will only look long enough, everybody meets her at some time, and usually she is found walking by the side of Love."

"Is Love her brother?" asked the maid.

"Ay."

"Then perhaps that is the shadow I see in my dreams. I shall be sure to find her when I meet Love." And she brushed away the tears and walked on among the wild roses and the elm and beach trees.

After many days poor Life began to think she would never find the light that was Happiness. But she met a lovely vision called Hope, who was almost as young as herself, and who told her not to despair.

One day, when Life had grown into a woman, she met Caprice. Then it seemed to her that Caprice and Love were the same, and that she must

be near Happiness. She went on in utter forgetfulness of all but his presence. But one night, as she lay asleep, there came to her a vision of Happiness and a shadowy form beside her—the dream she had so long forgotten; and then she suddenly remembered what Youth had told her. And her dream troubled her; she knew that she had cared more for Caprice than for the beautiful forms that had led her on before; she had been content to stay by his side. So she strove to forget her dream. Soon Caprice tired of her, and in the evening, when she thought he was quite near her, he suddenly disappeared among the paths. She looked for him many days and called his name aloud and wept and prayed, but he never returned.

Life grew much older after this, for she missed his tenderness and companionship. And as she walked wearily on in the paths where the tall pines had strewn a brown carpet, so that she could not hear her footsteps, she came upon an old man who sat reading a large book. And Life went up to him and asked him who he was.

"I am Knowledge."

"Can you show me where I can find Love and Happiness?"

"Why do you want them?"

"I need them, but I cannot find them."

"I can give you more than they."

"Can you?" said Life eagerly.

"If you will stay with me I will give you all you will ever need for body, soul and spirit."

"Then I will stay with you and you shall teach me out of your large book." So Life stayed with Knowledge many days, and she was much interested and really began to think that perhaps the old man was right after all.

Only once when she was looking for some stones, roots and flowers, that Knowledge had told her to find, she saw through the stems two figures in the distance. One of these was a woman, the other was Caprice.

And then she forgot all about the roots, and leant against a tree and

thought of the past; of the days of passion and illusion, and she knew that Caprice was not Love, but now she had neither.

And she went back to Knowledge with aching heart and empty hands, and she said, "Farewell, I must leave you; you are very good and I care for you, and you have shown me much for which I sought, but you cannot give me Happiness, even if I am content without Love."

"Daughter, stay awhile longer."

"Nay, my master, I have seen Caprice and another woman, and they seemed so happy. I loved him once; but there must be somewhere for me the joy that I once knew, only higher and better, and I will yet again seek out the vision of my dream. I fear that Caprice and Love are much the same, but I will seek out Happiness. Farewell!"

And whenever people asked her what she was seeking, she told them of her dreams of Happiness. Many laughed at her; some listened with tears in their eyes.

"Ha!" sneered a cynic, "you may seek long. She does not exist; it is only a dream, a will-o'-the-wisp! It has led many astray. Make the most of your time, do as others do, and don't go on a fool's errand."

"Nay," said a gentle woman called Resignation, "I once had your dream and I know how real it seemed; for you—you may yet find her; I am too weak, I cannot travel farther, but I will pray for you." Life thanked her and hurried on. And after many months she stood outside a great Cathedral in the City of Pain, and, as she passed the open portal, a voice was saying, clearly and earnestly: "After all it does not matter if she exist or not. To fill a niche in the world, and to fill it usefully, is all we can expect. That will bring its own content, and Happiness is hardly a flower that grows on earthly soil, and when it does, it is only within reach of the few."

Life stood still, a dull despair at her heart. Should she give it all up? As she was thinking, a grave, strong man came out of the Cathedral.

"Who are you?" he asked her gently. Life told him of her quest

"I am Humanity," he answered, "and preach in that Cathedral."

"I have been listening to the end of your sermon. Tell me, do you really think my beautiful light is only a dream?"

"Nay, it may be a reality, but you cannot reach true Happiness till you are pure. You can only become that by doing good to others; then, perhaps, you will see her clearly. I must go, for I have much to do in this city. Perhaps we may meet again when we have both found what we seek."

Life thought over his words. "He is right," she told herself. "If I am to see her it can only be when I am fit to receive her, and to be that, I must work. I will seek no more, I will stay here and educate my soul."

And it happened that while Life tarried in the city, war, famine and disease, and all kinds of misery afflicted the inhabitants.

And in her new resolve, Life helped the helpless, nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, made peace between those at enmity, and shared their joys and troubles. But Life grew feebler, and her worn face was haloed by masses of silver thread. One night when she had gently closed the eyes of a poor woman, beside whose death bed she had been watching, she fell asleep in her weariness. And in her sleep there came to her the good angel, Death. When Life awoke she thought at first she must be dreaming. "Where am I?" she asked of the white-robed angel.

"Thou hast crossed the river that divides matter and spirit; thou art henceforth not Life but an immortal Soul."

And Life wondered, and felt exceeding peaceful and content—she was young and beautiful again, as she had once been. "Tell me," she asked suddenly, "shall I now see the glorious beings who have haunted my thoughts? Was that golden sheen but a creation of sleep? Did I seek vainly?"

"Nay, the visions of thy dreams were not vain—but behind the veil they are but visions; to those within they become realities." They moved away together toward the rosy sheen in the distance. "Behold your dream," said Death, as he pointed to the misty hills, and then he left her.

And Life gazed, shading her eyes with her hand; at first she saw nothing. Then appeared the glorified form of a man. And somehow the new-born immortal soul was not afraid and moved toward him with hands outstretched. It seemed to her she knew this spirit well—had known him all her life. His forehead reminded her of Knowledge. The eyes had all the depth of soul that had the face in her dream, the radiance and beauty of remembered Youth glorified his form, while the tenderness of Caprice and the dignity of the preacher at the Cathedral were blended in his bearing.

"You are mine," he said slowly; "I have been waiting, my Life. When you were sad and cast down I was with you all the time, but you could not see me clearly in your dreams, for your whole mind was fixed upon my sister Happiness, and then upon another. Come, see Happiness; you and I will go to her together."

And Life felt a joy she had never known before and a peace that had no sadness in it, as Love led her to his sister, Happiness, who welcomed them with a radiant smile. And then Life saw again the rosy light of her dream.

"You are like your brother," said she, gazing on Happiness. "Yea, Life, we are alike, yet different. He who has Love needs not me, but he who knows Happiness yet needs Love to perfect him," and she turned away to embrace a tired spirit that was coming slowly toward her.

"See," said Life to Love, "that is Resignation, and that is Humanity who is leading her. I remember her wistful face. I am glad they have come."

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 towards the sun journeys towards 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.*

Paul's Wife.

BY BARNETTA BROWN.

(*Continued.*)

PREPARATIONS for departure were soon complete, and it was with a sense of relief that both ladies found themselves, one morning not many days later, in the deep stillness of the forest. After the noise and bustle of the large hotel, the quiet of the little log-hut was like a benediction; and silently they sat on the rude steps and let the peace of the woods descend upon them, while they gazed at the wild bit of nature spread out before them. In the little clearing on the margin of the lake stood two log-huts, one belonging to Mrs. Harding, the other to the man who owned the clearing, and who earned his right to earthly existence by catering to the wants of the many camping parties that frequented this part of the wilderness. On one side of the clearing stood two rough sheds, covered with pine boughs and open in front, where the remains of campfires showed the use to which they had been put. Across the lake and all around it, except where the little clearing stretched its tiny length, grew the pathless forest, dense and green, its dark depths fascinating one into exploring its mysterious intricacies. The waters of the lake, fringed by the shadows of the giant trees around its brim, gleamed brightly in the sunlight in contrast to the wooded darkness, and the cool breeze bore sweetly upon its wings the scent of pines.

Mrs. Harding and Alice enjoyed this quiet and were at rest. Both sat lost in thought. Mrs. Harding was thinking of Alice. For three years only, had she known the girl. Before that time, Alice had been to her only a niece at a boarding-school, the daughter of an only brother who

had died, and whose wife had managed to support herself and the child until she, too, wandered out of this world into the great hereafter, leaving Alice alone.

Then Mrs. Harding, long a widow and used to following her own devices, had bravely undertaken the charge which thus fell to her. She had patiently broken in upon her cherished routine of life, to give Alice all the advantages she could; but never had she felt any satisfaction in it, more than that which accrues from duty done, until this present moment. Now, glancing at the girl's dreamy face, she felt a genuine interest arise within her, as she pondered upon the rapid change she had witnessed from frolicsomeness to seriousness. None had been more lightly gay than Alice; none, apparently, more frivolous; yet at a touch, as of a magic wand, she was transformed from an irresponsible, playful kitten into a very earnest young woman. Mrs. Harding's curiosity was piqued. It was as good as a play. How would it come out?

Alice was thinking of herself. She had left behind her at Marchfield Inn the first volume of her life, and was quietly opening the second. She accounted herself an entirely new heroine; and, while there was a sadness in saying "Good-by" to her old and familiar self, there was also an interest in becoming acquainted with her new self. Her nature responded to the earnest touch. She did not attempt to smother the strange, new, serious thoughts and emotions, but accepted them all cheerfully and tried to understand the consequences they entailed.

"I can never be the same," she thought. "What is the use in trying to go on with the old life. It would be just pretending all the time. I ought to be glad I can be serious-minded. Somehow I never knew it before. All my life had been boarding-school, with pies stuffed in the piano and candles and matches hidden in the waste-paper basket; all dancing and gayety, with little thought or care, until this Summer, when, in the midst of the fun, the great solemnity came marching in and crowded out all the rest.

"It is strange to be so different, and I shall have to learn myself all

over again; but, on the whole, I am glad of it. Fun is not life, I suppose, after all. Life must be more and deeper and better; but it seems all chaos and chance—this meeting and parting. Is it so, I wonder! I cannot think it; and yet, if I am to meet him again, how will it be—by chance or plan!" And as she gazed dreamily into the distance, completely lost to all her surroundings, vaguely in her young mind—so vaguely, she could not have worded them, had she tried—thoughts took a dim and ghost-like shape.

Ah! how strange if the whole universe be ruled by law—all of it but the things of love, the greatest things of all. One cannot see it plainly. The mist of life obscures much, and in the clearest atmosphere near-sighted human nature is sadly in need of eye-glasses; but, as souls slowly learn to discern more clearly, does it not seem that those lives which follow truly their best purpose and talent and use, must naturally gravitate to the congenial lives? Are not lives driven asunder by their own falseness, their own blundering ignorances, their own vanities, conceits, and follies! Will not a simple, honest, sincerely true life, freed, as such a life must be, from all side-drawings of baseness or foolishness, find all that is highest and best? And the highest and best of all is love—that permanence of feeling which gives solidity to life underneath its frothy surface and makes possible happy comradeship to its end. As water, untrammelled, seeks and finds its level, so love, unhindered, will find its very own.

Dimly Alice realized something like this. What she discerned appeared to her as truth; and as the shadowy thoughts passed in review before her mind and vanished into the purple haze over the lake, she was able to answer her own question.

"If I go truly along the lines of my life, it will meet his again, if we are the ones to be together. If I plan or scheme or try to find him, I am simply losing direction. He will be true to himself, that I know. I must be true to myself and leave the rest with time. Well, well," with a sigh, "let us see what comes first in the new dispensation."

She roused herself and turned to her aunt.

"Auntie, we are not over-burdened with this world's goods, are we?" she asked.

"Well, no dear," replied her aunt; "but we do very well so far. Your supply is likely to run out soon, as we have used, little by little, nearly all your mother left. There was not enough to invest; and I, you know, have not enough for two, unless we wish to live in a third-story back room of a musty boarding-house for the rest of our lives. There would be this for the summers. I thought you would marry."

"I prefer earning my living in another way," said the girl, almost coldly; then added, in a different voice, as she laid her hand on Mrs. Harding's:

"Auntie, I am going to be an artist."

"Nonsense, dear, you could never be an artist," laughed her aunt. "Besides, they never make any money, anyhow."

"I mean a practical artist, a designer. You don't know how well I can sketch, I think. I'll just show you."

Alice ran for pencil and paper and soon succeeded in proving to Mrs. Harding that she possessed a talent worth developing.

"I shall design room-furnishings, house-decorations, and all that," Alice continued; "and you will see that I shall succeed."

Suffice it to say that, after her rest and thought in the quiet of the woods, Alice plunged into life earnestly. A course at a school of design soon developed the power she had recognized in herself; and in a year's time she was filling, most acceptably, a position as designer with one of the large house-decorating and furnishing firms in New York.

(*To be continued.*)

I should define the Classic by the word *healthy*, the Romantic by the word *sickly*. In this sense the Nibelungen Lied is as much a classic as the Iliad. Most modern productions are romantic, not because they are new, but because they are weak, morbid and sickly; and the old are classic, not because they are old, but because they are strong, fresh, healthy and cheerful.—*Goethe.*

Freed from Error's Chains.

BY F. BOOKER HAWKINS.

(*Concluded.*)

Roberts: And do you think that you can save me, sir?
Dalton: I do. Abstain from drugs and medicines.
Roberts: And, pray, what do you give! What shall I do?
Dalton: There's naught for you to do except to keep
Your mind at ease and worry not.
Roberts: But, sir,
'Tis only weakness of the mind.
Dalton: You're wrong,
My friend, for mind is ever strong and free
From all disturbances. Most theories
Are false because they 're based upon untrue,
Misleading premises.
Roberts: Do you deny
That pain exists except as people think?
Dalton: I do.
Roberts: Then why do children fade and die,
Since they themselves think not of pain, disease?
Dalton: Because their parents, friends or others hold
A fear o'er them. If in your thoughts there are
Anxieties or pictures dark, they will
Reflect upon your child and he will feel
Disorder in the physical. If, on
The other hand, your thoughts are wholly free
From shadows grim and you can realize
That there is naught to fear; that all is good;

That mind is not enslaved to things we sense,
Then comes the time when laughter fills the air
With music sweet, and all is peace and joy.

Roberts: That mind is wonderful and strong, I'll grant,
But I am unprepared to understand
The arguments that you set forth. I pray
That you will do your utmost, sir, to make
Me feel that life is as you picture it.
I'll come again.

Dalton: Yes; every day, until
You feel quite sure you're master of yourself.
Have patience, friend. You'll conquer all at last.

II.

One month later. Enter MARGARET ROBERTS.

Margaret: I'm sister to John Roberts, sir, and bring
You tidings sad!

Dalton: Dismiss your fears and tell
To me the cause of your anxiety.

Margaret: Oh, sir, my brother, he whom you have seen
So often here, is worse than e'er before.
Two days ago he with a man caroused.
Since then he's not without his liquor been,
And now he's sick in bed. What shall I do?

Dalton: 'Tis well it's so. Your brother's life is safe.
He is but passing through a change and needs
No help from things material.

Margaret: I hope
And pray he'll soon get up. And will his thirst
Come back to put him into torment worse
Than it has ever been?

Dalton: No, no, my child!

Margaret: Oh, thank you for your blessed words. I feel
That what you say will come to pass. My faith
In you is strong, and though I understand
Not what you do, I seem to see a light.
God speed the day!
Dalton: Amen! Your prayer is heard!
Your brother soon will throw off error's chains.

III.

Same scene. One year later. Enter JOHN ROBERTS.

Roberts: You see I'm here again. 'Tis not a man
Who cringes low with fear. I do not know
What you have done to make a man of me.
I only know I'm changed, and shall not strive
To solve the mystery. I wish to thank
You, sir, for what you've done; this is not all.
I've come to compensate you for your work,
For now I'm busy at my desk again
And life is as you said 'twould be.
Dalton: I am
Rejoiced that you have realized at last
That mind is real, supreme. You've grown to know
Yourself in all respects.
Roberts: The past is like
A dream.
Dalton: In truth it was a dream because
It was not real.
Roberts: I'll let it pass at that,
For now the fever in my brain is gone;
My nerves are strong, and passions that were wont
To rule, as 'twere, my life, have cooled and I
Now look upon all things with different eyes.

Dalton: The truth is always visible to those
Who seek its living light. It shines for all,
Not for a few. The time has now arrived
To draw in bold relief the scenes of homes
Where temperance true abides. Pure happiness
Has come to stay. We're slaves no more to fear,
Nor foolish jealousy! We know that life
Means love, and love itself exists in truth.*

THE MOUNTAINS.

I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire,
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self;
Come up higher, come up higher—
Think not that we are cold,
Though eternal snows have crowned us;
Underneath our breasts of snow
Silver fountains sing and flow
And restore the hungry lands."

—JAMES G. CLARK, in *The Arena.*

When God becomes a reality to us, we feel a nearness to all people, a sense of sympathy and quickened life that we never experienced before. The beauty of nature touches us, and the sky smiles on us in a new and beautiful way, because we have entered into right relation to God, and through him to all created things.—*Helen Bigelow Merriman.*

* This is a true account of an actual experience with a case treated by metaphysical means. It has been duplicated, to the writer's knowledge, by various practitioners in many instances, which go far to prove a genuine power of the mind to help these poor unfortunates—so hopeless in the hands of worldly schools.—ED.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

OPEN COLUMN.

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.

A PREMONITION.

My two little sons and I were spending the Summer with my parents in one of the beautiful small towns of Michigan.

One day I sat darning stockings, and hurrying, because it was almost time for the baby to awake from his morning nap, and my little Clifton, four years old, would soon be sent home from the kindergarten school not far away.

Looking up at the clock, I saw that it was almost 11.30, the hour that he came, and a sudden feeling of worry about Clifton took possession of my mind.

In vain I reasoned with myself: "He has come home safely every time"; "It is only such a little distance"; "He knows the way, perfectly." The feeling of uneasiness deepened into positive fear, and I slid my needle under and over the threads of my darning, with nervous haste, saying to myself, "As soon as I finish this *one darn*, I will go and meet him." The clutch of fear upon my heart compelled me to throw down my work, and start, catching a shade-hat from the hall rack, as I ran past.

I heard the waking baby call me, as I passed the window, but I knew

that Grandma would hear him if he cried.

In a moment I had reached the corner of the street which led to the kindergarten. It was a quiet, shaded street, and as I stood at the corner, panting a little from my run, I could see my little son, coming quietly homeward, and I chided myself for my foolish and unaccountable fear. I watched the dear little figure, coming idly along, quite unconscious of my gaze.

Once he stumbled and fell, but, having no audience, did not cry. Presently he saw me waiting on the corner, and a glad light flashed over his dimpled face, and he ran toward me, his yellow curls floating out behind him.

Just before he reached me, I had become conscious of a strange noise, a series of irregular thuds, seeming to come from the ground.

As I stooped to meet the little lifted arms, suddenly around the corner rushed a horse, mad with terror. Swinging from his neck, a broken carriage tongue was making wide circular sweeps in the air, and he lifted, at every plunge, the tangled remains of a carriage, from which he could not get free.

I slipped inside the open gate on which I had been leaning, and involuntarily crouched down over the boy, behind the massive gate-post, just as the horse passed us, and plunged along the sidewalk, over which, but a moment before, the child had run to meet me.

Planks were broken and torn from the walk, by the hanging debris, and the young shade trees were damaged by the swinging carriage-pole. Had my boy been alone, had he lingered a little, death or frightful injury must have been his portion. When we entered the house, Grandma was tending the wide-awake baby, and she said, "Daughter, what makes you carry that great heavy boy? In this heat, too! Why, you look pale as can be! I couldn't think where you had gone. I had no idea Gran'ma's darling was left here all alone, bless his little heart," and she kissed the baby.

But I still held fast the boy that I had hurried to meet. And so awed was I by the strange call that had made me throw down that unfinished darn, and hurry away, that I could not, even to my mother, narrate this strange occurrence.

MRS. MCVEAN ADAMS.

Souls cannot die, they leave a former
home, and in new bodies dwell, and
from them roam.
Nothing can perish, all things change be-
low,
For spirits throu' all forms may come
and go.

OVID, *translated by Dryden.*

RESOLVES.

On this I am resolved: That by right living,
Right loving, and right doing all I can—
To prove by true compassion and true giving,
The universal brotherhood of Man.
For now I know that all there is of living
In future worlds — all real peace and bliss—
Depends upon my doing, loving, giving
The best I have to do and give in this.

I'm going to cleanse my mind of false impressions,
And fill it up with what is good and true;
For I'll attend Truth's school for several sessions,
And learn again as other children do.
And when I've learned one lesson, and can live it—
Can prove that it is just and true and right—
I'll teach it to my fellow-men, and give it
To all who grope in darkness for the light.

Each effort will do something toward the lifting
Of heavy hearts of those to whom life seems
A dismal voyage—just an aimless drifting
Between the dreary banks of turbid streams.
And I may help my kind to see how certain
Effect must follow cause for each and all,
If I but lift a corner of the curtain—
But rend one fold in superstition's pall.

Hereafter I shall never rail at fate, or
Think the life I lead 's not best for me—
I know the just law of the wise Creator
Has placed me where 'tis right for me to be.
For I may choose to live in joy or sorrow—
To walk the paths of peace or misery;
My past has placed me here, and my to-morrow
Will find me where I've earned the right to be.

The storm clouds of despair I'll fear no longer;
By grief's dark shadow I shall not be cowed;
The rain of anguish can but make me stronger,
For now I see the lining of the cloud.
Inexorable law, unceasing kindness,
Just penances that followed through the years,
I see, and wonder at my mortal blindness,
And grow ashamed of all my doubts and fears.

False aspirations may no more deceive me;
In fetters of desire I am not bound;
I realize that love of life must leave me
Before I reach the ladder's lowest round.
If as I climb one soul asks that I feed it
The bread of life, and I hear that one call,

And, in my selfish haste, refuse to heed it,
I'll find that I have never climbed at all.

I've learned the lesson of renunciation,
And have resolved that earth desires shall cease;
Led by the light of righteous aspiration
I've found the path that leads to endless peace.
As I all thought of selfishness surrender,
I enter that real heaven that lies within—
No heaven to come, nor some far, future splendor,
But *now* doth my eternity begin!

EVA BEST.

OCCUNA'S SWEETHEART.

A tale of the bewitching past relates to Occuna, the Seneca brave, and his sweetheart, a beautiful maiden who lived on the banks of the Mohawk. The lovers often strolled through the woodlands where the city of Cohoes now stands, and, like lovers of all times, these two, in a blessed world all their own, passed blissful hours gathering wild flowers on the hillsides and searching for pretty crystals—the tears of stricken deer. Again they would glide in their birchen bark far above the rapids of the Mohawk and dream sweet dreams.

One summer evening as they sat thus, drifting with the current, Occuna thought only of his love and the beautiful future stretching out before him, and heeded not their course, until suddenly the canoe began to move faster and the roar of the falls sounded louder. Occuna seized his paddle and strove with all the strength of a mighty love for life to get their frail bark out of the powerful current bearing them to destruction. All in vain—the force of the great stream was mightier than Occuna.

The little bark speeded on its fatal course, and the lovers, clasped in each other's arms, chanted this beautiful death song, Occuna beginning thus: "Daughter of a mighty warrior the Manitou calls me hence. I hear the roaring of his voice; I see the lightning of his glance along the river; he walks in clouds of spray upon the waters. Thou art thyself a warrior. O Occuna! Hath not thine ax been often bathed in blood? Hath the deer ever escaped thine arrow or the beaver avoided thy chase? Thou wilt not fear to go into the presence of Manitou?"

Then sang Occuna: "Manitou, indeed, respects the strong. When I chose thee from the women of our tribe I promised that we should live and die together. The Thunderer calls us now. Welcome, O ghost of Oriska, chief of the invincible Senecas! A warrior and the

daughter of a warrior come to join you in the feast of the blessed!"

The little bark leaped over the falls, and Occuna was dashed upon the rocks below, while the girl was thrown far out on the seething eddies and reached shoal water, when she swam to the bank. The tribe honored Occuna with an abode beyond the moon, from which he gazed upon the scenes of his mortal life, aided his friends, and confounded his enemies. Whenever the tribe passed the falls they paused to commemorate his tragic death. —*Troy Times.*

Into a five hundred dollar shanty, put strangers who begin to practice the habit of anticipative thoughtfulness for each other, and we have a home. Put husband, wife and three children into a fifty thousand dollar house and let them avoid this interchange of gentleness and we have only family barracks.—*Wm. C. Gannett.*

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration, they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us. —*George Eliot.*

But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.—*Romans viii.: 25.*

SI. HANK'S IDEE.

"I GOT no time fer hatin' folks," says old Si. Hanks to me;
Of course I meet 'ith some 'at riles my very soul," says he,
Yit, after all, they ain't a man but what, through thick and thin
And everything considered, does the very best he kin.

I ain't no hand for books, says Si., but somewheres I hev read
'At what we are depends upon the shapin' of the head,
And since no man kin shape his head I've wondered if we ought
To hold a man responsible fer shapin' of his thought.

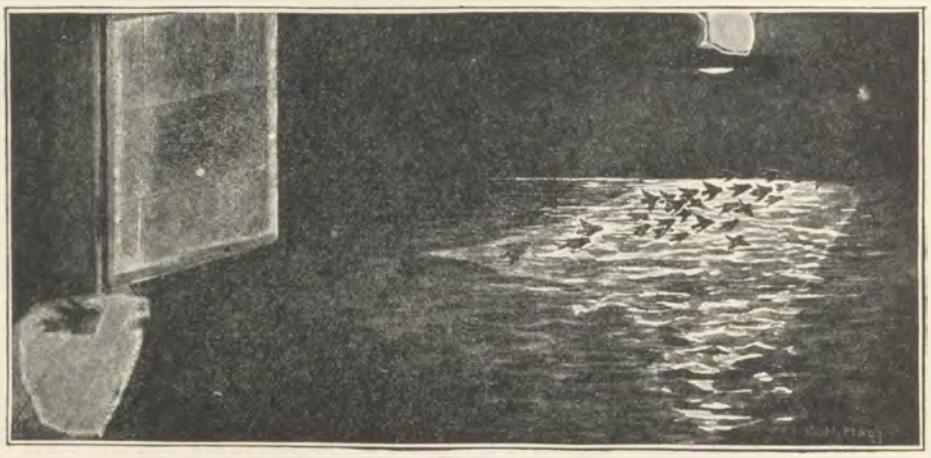
I don't suppose a feller ever stole a horse but what
He *thought* 'twas best to do it, and so, if 'twas *best*, why not?
Of course his thinkin' wasn't right, but who has yit found out
Jest who er what it is 'at sends the things we think about?

It's natch'rul fer to hate a man who does a deed 'at's bad,
But no one yit hez ever blamed a dog fer goin' mad.
I think ef folks was *healthy* in their minds they wouldn't sin,
So let's not hang 'em all, but try to *cure* 'em when we kin."

—NIXON WATERMAN, in "*Good Roads.*"

The Classic Review.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



ENVIRONMENT.

The influence of environment is widely recognized as a power, either to make or mar human life; it is not necessary, however, to allow ourselves to be tossed like straws, hither and thither, by the influences that come into our lives. The steadfast soul stands firm, and regards not the buffetings of circumstance, while with divine serenity it directs its gaze upon a world of illusion and enchantment. If all have not attained to this, each can be individual enough to hold himself with head uplifted to the white light of Truth, whence comes the clear insight which will enable him to judge rightly, and live wisely; and, while gathering inspiration from this divine source, he is buckling on an armor of strength, which will carry him safely through the storms and vicissitudes incidental to earth life.

Many a life is wrecked, either by weakly yielding to or violently op-

posing surrounding influences, when a calm, steady soul-poise would have rendered utterly vain, shocks, otherwise most disastrous. If the timid mind could be brought to a realization of its own resources—the divine strength, upon which it has only to draw to find a bulwark, life would present fewer of the difficulties which otherwise make such havoc.

During youth, when blinded by the glamour of the senses, we fail to see the meaning of life; but, with experience comes a realization of a law governing the Universe, which works for righteousness, invariably bringing good out of seeming evil. Then, if we summon patience to wait (and it takes strength to do that) the scales fall from our eyes, the burdens, which lie so heavy on our hearts, melt away as the beautiful sunshine of the spirit clears the atmosphere and discloses the real self, which nothing can mar.

It is not environment that affects us so much as the attitude of Self toward it. These things can be controlled if we dwell more on the spiritual plane, where the vision is clearer to perceive the Truth which shall make us free.

So long as error is allowed to veil the beautiful proportions of Truth, humanity will suffer and the progress of the soul be made more difficult.

Life is a school, where Truth, through false teaching, frequently becomes disguised and assumes a distorted appearance, ofttimes frightening the pupils. Failing to understand reality, many wander into by-paths of sense-illusion, chasing phantoms. Here, they soon become enmeshed in the cobwebs of desire, which, like chains of steel, bind them to the earth, until the aspiring soul, recognizing its divinity, throws off the delusions of sense, breaks the bonds of selfhood and rises hand in hand with Truth, who now appears in all her native loveliness.

Is it not well, then, to pause and look within, to become acquainted with our real selves? Then, with renewed strength and added courage, life can be faced, and adversity be welcomed as a friend, thus turning the bitter to sweet, and the seeming evil into a benediction.

Patience is the key of content.—*Mahomet.*

A FREE PASSENGER.

There are always pleasant people on the Pullman overland trains. Sitting but a little way in front of me was a bright young man, and as I looked at him I saw to my surprise a squirrel peep out of his pocket and look timidly about. Finding the coast clear he came out and sat on the young man's shoulder. Of course, there was soon a crowd about the little animal, but he took the curiosity he awakened in very good part. He had many charming tricks to show off; now he was on the brim of his master's hat, next on the very apex of the crown; then he ran up the arm of a gentleman who extended his hand, and sat unconcerned on the top of his head. We could not contain our delight at this little passenger that was riding without a ticket.

You can hardly imagine the pleasure that this little animal produced; every day he was ready for play. In a short time he would run from one end of the car to the other, eat from the lunch baskets, or nestle in the muff of a lady and go to sleep.—*Amos M. Kellogg, in "Our Dumb Animals."*

The best men ever prove the wisest, too; something instinctive guides them still aright.—*Robert Browning.*

He is esteemed among all, who, whether among his friends and companions, in the midst of enemies or those who stand aloof or remain neutral, with those who love and those who hate, and in company of sinners or the righteous, is of equal mind.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

RINGS.

The enchanted rings of the Greeks and ancients were formed of the gems assigned to the several planets, each set in its appropriate metal. Thus the sun was diamond or sapphire in a ring of gold; the moon, crystal in silver; Mercury, magnet in quicksilver; Venus, amethyst in copper; Mars, emerald in iron; Jupiter, cornelian in tin, and Saturn, turquoise in lead. These rings, if worn in the birth month of the possessor, furthered the progress of his love affairs, and acted as a talisman in many ways. Even in our present day, in various countries, a superstition still exists that to each month is dedicated a precious stone, and that any one, by wearing constantly the stone of his birth month, insures for himself great and unfailing good luck. So to January is dedicated the garnet; to February, the amethyst; to March, the bloodstone; to April, the sapphire; to May, the emerald; to June, the agate; to July, the ruby;

to August, the sardonyx; to September, the chrysolite; to October, the opal; to November, the topaz; and to December, the turquoise.—*Philadelphia Press.*

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; . . . in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony. — *William Henry Channing.*

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.*

A BAD PLACE.

"He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ole heart;
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislatur', but he don't say what it's fur."

—*Dumb Animals.*

Weakness never need be falseness;
Truth is truth in each degree,
Thunder pealed by God to Nature,
Whispered by my soul to me.

ROBERT BROWNING.

REVIEWS.

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