

NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE:

THE PARADOX

OF

SPIRITUALISM.

BY

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"TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER," "BRUSHLAND,"
"HOURS WITH JOHN DARBY."

passed

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INTRODUCTORY.

THAT which was the origin and is the meaning of the report of the Seybert Commission was the origin and is the meaning of the volume in hand. It is known to more than a little multitude of people that a fund was left, several years back, to the University of Pennsylvania, in trust, to be employed in examination of the so-called "spiritistic" phenomena of the times. The gentleman leaving this fund had implicit faith in the reality of such manifestations, and it was his intention, as is well known to the writer, to secure influential means, first, as to endorsement, which he never doubted would be the result of an examination, and, second, as to extension of a good enjoyed by himself. This trust being accepted, a committee was appointed to carry out its intentions. This committee, as it is understood, has earnestly and faithfully labored at the task imposed on it, and is now about ready to make public a report of what has been done.

Commencing a like work at the same time with this Commission, the author of the volume in hand finds concurrence as to the conclusion of the labor a matter at which he is very well pleased, seeing that remedy will be found at hand for correction of mistakes not unlikely to exist. As to the course pursued by the

Commission in its work, and as to deductions reached by it, he is profoundly ignorant.

A reader whose concern shall carry him into the substance of the volume in hand will quickly discover that spiritualism is a matter about which, in the estimation of the writer, a great deal is to be said. He will assuredly quickly see that there is but one entirely satisfactory way of learning the subject, at least of feeling it, and that way lies with cultivation of spiritual.

The author trusts to be pardoned for suggesting that greatest interest is to be found in the volume by a reading that shall leave the chapters on The Hypostases and the three Rosicrucian Circles treating of Matter, Ego, and Soul, until the other parts of the book be read; as after such a manner of reading interest is attracted by the curious and uncommon, while intelligence is later to be satisfied by analyses which make up the substance of the intermediate chapters.

In the estimation of every "common sense" person in the land, spiritualism is the antipodes of "nineteenth century sense;" the latter, in the estimation of all such people, being the highest sense, the other the lowest nonsense. Paradox is with the two.

All knowledge obtainable out of what is ordinarily esteemed learning rests with three premises. The first of these premises is with Aristotle, and teaches that

"Common Sense is little better than no sense at all."

The second is with Zoroaster, and teaches that

"He who knows himself knows all things in himself."

The third is maker of itself, and teaches that

A thing is to the sense that uses it what to the sense it seems to be; that it is never anything else.

In these three irrefutable aphorisms is the foundation of what is offered.

The term "Spiritus Sanctus" is used as a heading in the Rosicrucian sense; meaning, not "Sacred Spirit," but laboratory, or sanctuary, of the spiritual.



SPIRITUS SANCTUS.

PREFATORY.

I.

EXPERIENCES IN TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

Shall a man not believe that he sees what he sees, or may he doubt that he has heard what he has heard?

Dr. W., a friend and acquaintance of the writer of these pages, a relation which has existed for thirty years, is the medium in the spiritistic illustrations here offered. This gentleman is an active member of the Seybert commission,—a commission widely known among occult people, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate the spiritualistic phenomena of the times. The Seybert commission, as its personnel is familiar to the writer, is unexceptionably well composed; indeed, it is not going over-far to predicate that the same number and character of men, as fitness for purpose is concerned, would not easily be duplicated in any locality of the Union. Dr. W., although a medical man by education, is not engaged in the practice of the profession, but is the head of an old and extensive manufacturing establishment, the ramifications of which reach throughout the borders of civilization. Amongst business and professional men the reputation of the gentleman for what the American terms “level-headedness” is proverbial.

The preceding in way of introduction. Recitals which follow

are descriptive of seances held between Dr. W. and the doctor who writes in a common search made by the two for the discovery of a Ground of Certitude.

It is assuredly to be premised that, as unspiritual people are concerned, the occult would seem to have no way of making its existence recognized save by manifestations to the senses. Shall a man not believe that he sees what he sees, or may he doubt that he has heard what he has heard? It is to be accepted that the records here made have been put down with regard to closeness and accuracy of detail after the most careful manner at the command of the writer. It is also desired to lay emphasis on the fact that common sense, or, to better express this, the common senses, were exercised to the utmost extent of their vigilance to detect and explain the presence and nature of the mysterious agency at work in the manifestations described.

The attention of the doctor who writes and of his *confrère* was first directed in the way of investigation, to occult phenomena, by an unexpected experience that occurred to the former, and which was as follows :

On the afternoon of a certain day in the fall of 18— a gentleman of great learning, well advanced in years, the son of a father who, prior to his departure from material environment, was amongst the most famous of the professors in Philadelphia's university, dropped into the doctor's office, kindly bringing an invitation for a meeting with a widely-known writing medium whom he had engaged for a seance to be held at his house in the evening.

To say that the invited one was not delighted at an opportunity which was to afford intercourse with a something of which he had heard much yet seen nothing would be to dissemble indeed. The hour of appointment was anxiously awaited, and when arrived found him amongst the first of arrivals. Not the very first, however, for on entering the room he beheld himself preceded by a judge of wide prominence and a physician scarcely less celebrated; besides these, by some half-dozen ladies, a general of the army, and a retired merchant of fortune. Seated at the piano, quietly thrumming out a half-played tune, was an unassuming, modest, and honest-looking man who was presented as the medium.

Looking quite out of place with elegant surroundings, there lay upon the piano a bundle done up in ordinary coarse wrapping-paper, which, when opened, was seen to contain a dozen common slates; the package having remained undisturbed, as explained by the host, that his guests might see it exactly as received from a store where the purchase had been made, and which had been entered for the first and only time a couple of hours before.

A few minutes of general conversation was followed by an invitation given the judge, the physician, and the writer to take each a couple of the slates and to pass, with the medium, to a large circular table occupying the centre of a dining-room directly across a hall from the parlor in which we sat. Over this table was a chandelier of many burners, all of them blazing brilliantly; upon it were a number of sheets of ordinary fool's-cap paper and several lead-pencils.

Being seated, and quiet observed at the request of the medium, question was made as to whether or not spirits were present. After a little while faint knocks were heard as if coming from the under surface of the table, the faintness of which seemed to the discomfiture of the medium, signifying, as he asserted, absence of interest on the part of any spirits present in the individuals assembled. Attempts to get slate-writing resulted in absolute failure.

Response to questions becoming dimmer and dimmer, interest and curiosity subsided, and a move was made towards the salon with a view to joining the other company. The slates, carried by the writer with intention of returning them to the pile, happened by accident to be in a lifted hand, which position brought them in close relation to the head, and while crossing the hall he heard, to his unspeakable surprise, scratching as if writing was being done upon them by a pencil. This being observed by the medium, who was directly at his side, decided a return to the table, where occurred the following series of incidents:

"Is there," asks the medium, "a spirit present who desires to communicate?" To say that the responsive knocks were vigorous is scarcely to express it. So impressed was the medium that he declared unhesitatingly that no question could be asked that

would not have answer. The sitter was requested to write upon strips of paper the names of three persons deceased who he could have any reason to suppose might have desire to hold communication with him. At this time he had just finished writing, under what seemed some odd circumstances, the book "Two Thousand Years After;" and as this volume is an attempt to carry to its conclusion the argument of the Phædo as to the immortality of the soul, and its composer was full of the association, he wrote the names Socrates, Plato, Aristotle. These slips were rolled into little balls and laid in front of the medium, who, taking up each in turn, asked if it stood for a spirit present. To these questions there being no response, it was accepted that further inquiry might be made.

It would indeed be beneath the dignity and honor of pages designed here to be represented should perversion of conditions or ambiguity be indulged. The inscriber, from the beginning of a literary career which now numbers six books, this being the seventh, has found accompanying the work a sense of strange association with an author who passed along in the year 18—. This association has made its way into every volume; it will surely be found abundantly in this. It makes itself felt as a nature trying to drive out and take possession of the place of another nature. It is succeeding, and it is hoped will succeed until a new and superior life has taken the place of an old one.

The name of this author was written upon the face of paper concealed closely by an overhanging hand. The eye of the medium could not by any possibility have seen what was being put down, but instantaneously, synchronously, the man's hand, which had in it a pencil, flew with lightning rapidity over a page, repeating, but in reversed condition, the name inscribed. The table gave forth sound of powerful knocks throughout its whole circumference.

It was a first experience, and it was peculiarly in consonance with a state of mind. It seemed undoubtable relation with a double. Every fibre and impulse responded.

The medium himself was, or assumed to be, astonished. "Ask," he said, "ask anything. Get proof, get absolute proof, of spiritual

relations while opportunity is by. Ask anything; there is, I am sure, nothing that can be inquired which will not be answered." If the excitement of the man was assumed, he is to be credited with being a fine actor.

"There is an experience," it was replied, "known to no human being but the speaker. It is an incident which has proved a perplexity to all investigations. It has an added strangeness in that one event connecting others of three weeks' duration is to be comprised in a single word. Let this double, which you say is now in you, write this word, and not to believe seems impossible."

There was not a second of hesitation. The pen preceded, if possible, the thought; the word appeared on the face of a sheet lying before the medium.

The inditer is writing of the occasion as it was. The sudden appearance of the word exhilarated, intensified, overwhelmed him out of all ordinary worldly caution and prudence. He jumped from the chair and rushed into the next room, telling the wonderful thing to strangers, who listened with open eyes and ears, even if not all of them with entire credulity.

This, as remarked, was a first experience. To it is desired to have added and to have understood something before proceeding. The world is full of books, yet are nearly all players, after some fashion or other, at masquerade. Honesty, as to inwardness, is an exception. Writers do not open themselves, but keep a buttoned coat, so that what is beneath is not to be seen. If a man be impressionable, let him not conceal the virtue, for it is indeed of a virtue that an impressionable man is possessed; neither is such a one to overlook that here lies definition of genius, and that with gifts rests responsibility. It is the impressionable man alone who is capable of seeing, hearing, and feeling things not recognizable by the masses. Music is through musicians, poetry is through poets, the spiritual is through the spiritual. There is a second matter, here personal, but not needing apology. The inscriber of the present pages is now comparatively advanced in years, his ambitions are all outgrown, his estimates of men and judgments long ago made out; prospective has centered in present

and introspective. For thirty years a teacher, his own life, life-thoughts, and life-works mixed up with the lives, life-thoughts, and life-works of Ionianism, Sophists, Platonists, Aristotelians, Stoics, Mystics, Scholastics, and Moderns; discussing with young men questions philosophical and metaphysical, and considering with the old that most important of all things,—“ground of Certitude,”—he has come to esteem that he would like to place on paper something which, after a manner, shall be autobiographic of these experiences, relations, and work, and it is in such spirit that the pages here indited are penned. They are meant as a legacy to many well-remembered students; are to be an old friend transported into new quarters; are to keep in mind the class-room, and to tell of things happening and that have happened since the separation. Best of all, perhaps, the friend here found is in the fashion of a book which will keep quiet, or repeat the old, or invite to new experiences, as may be found most agreeable.

To come back to the experiences: great excitement is no help to clear thinking. The night of the return from the interview with the medium was spent in a state of restlessness that entirely banished sleep. Convincing proof seemed to have been afforded of relation with a dematerialized personality. Was it possible to deny the singular and peculiarly special proof afforded? Next day at noon a private visit was made to the medium. The result of the interview was an increase of the mysterious. Scarcely a word had been spoken, the ordinary salutation of “good-morning” not unlikely, when the medium lifted from the table a clean slate, and, holding this for a single moment beneath the table, handed it to his visitor covered with writing, to which was affixed the signature in full of a close relative whose body had been buried in a village graveyard of a neighboring State thirty years before. This accomplished, the slate filled and refilled itself with messages from the source of the preceding evening; some of these being replies to queries, others of common and unimportant significance.

The writer is here to remark a strong impression made by the medium as to honesty and religiousness of nature and purpose, and this seemed warranted in an interview occurring two days later,

where writing was done on the slate to the effect that the manner of relation being employed was of crude import quite unworthy of an intercourse capable of being enjoyed, and that hereafter the instrument need not be employed as a go-between. It requires to be added that at each visit compensation for the time of the medium had been made by placing a fee upon his table.

The present experiences are entitled "TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS" for the reason that they deal with acts accomplished after occult manner. An exception to such physical signification is just here to be recorded, and with it ends relation with the present medium. He had "made up his mind," the man said, "to study medicine, and, being of very limited means, would like to offer in exchange for advantages he trusted to gain by attendance on certain of the writer's clinical lectures whatever of profit might lie with looking into the subject of his gift in the direction of mediumship.

"Treating you as an honorable man," it was replied, "who introduces a subject, which, after the aspect in which it is presented, is new and impressive, it is to be asked if you yourself are unconscious as far as explanation of this writing is concerned?"

"Entirely so," he replied.

A bargain of mutual service was agreed on, and that same evening found the bargainers closeted in the museum of a hospital, where the surgical studies were to be pursued. Six meetings were held, to each of which the writer brought his own slate, the medium being allowed to lift and to put it under the table and in drawers or wheresoever it pleased him, but the six meetings passed without so much as a line or a letter appearing. There was return of the primary phase, however. The man would write quickly upon a sheet answers to queries, concerning things of which it seemed quite impossible he could have knowledge. It was asked, to afford a few examples: "In what year did W. depart?" The answer written was correct, the name of the month being added. "Whereabouts in Europe is E. now living?" The answer, "Paris," was right. "What is the name of a friend now in mind, and where was his last place of residence?" The reply, equally correct with the preceding, was, "Mr. S., Wilmington, Delaware."

Familiarity with, or even the single repetition of, an experience diminishes vividness as to impression made. On this occasion the doctorly characteristic of accepting or rejecting nothing without investigation strongly reasserted itself. What the doctor did was to light what he calls his "Familiar," a meerschaum kept for duty in the dissecting-room, and to cogitate over the matter as the smoke rolled in rings toward the ceiling. "This double," it was finally said, "was nursed in his last sickness by the barkeeper of a certain hostelry in a certain far-off town. Will he name the house and the man?" There was no response. The name of the house had gone temporarily from the questioner's memory; that of the barkeeper he had never known. The medium sat opposite; his head rested upon his hand; his eyes turned hither and thither as if expecting to get sight of something. Quite an hour passed, during which infrequent knocks were heard, but no attempt made to answer the questions. Suddenly, after this lapse of time, the name of the house came back to the questioner's mind. Almost instantly the medium commenced to spell "M-i-d-d-l-e-s-e-x." It was the word. "Try now the name of the nurse," it was asked. The medium gazed intently into the eyes of the speaker, but his tongue found nothing to tell.

There was here in the difference a revelation, but a revelation solely out of the observer's consciousness. The medium had never as yet told anything but what was already known. It was the manner of telling which had startled and confounded. Relation was of a character not beyond explanation by physiology. Suspicion instantly made a thrust at credulity.

"It is even as seen and has been told," said the medium, rising and taking up his hat. "What you are to know is to be through yourself. We have no occasion to meet any more." And we did not meet any more.

. . . Credulity was thrust out, not killed; not even particularly disabled. It was not writing upon a slate that was an overwhelming wonder. But where, or what, was the art, science, sense, or thing of occult signification which seemed to know all about unspoken secrets?

Passage is here made to the mediumship of the gentleman and student, member and worker of and with the Seybert commission, whose initial introduces the pages; and as now direct part comes to be taken by the writer, the personal pronoun will be employed.

"We will unravel or lose ourselves in these mysteries," I said. The conversation introducing this remark followed the experience recorded; as many as three years, however, having elapsed.

"I will entreat the spirits," he answered, "in the line of transcendental physics."

"And I," was my reply, "will court and invite the psychic." I might readily promise this last, as at the time I was knowing to and had myself become a seer of visions.

It was fully a year after the compact,—a year which had seemed to change my friend into an alchemist, and which certainly had grown a feature of concern into his open countenance, otherwise such a feature was assumed,—when a note was received asking a meeting at his house with several gentlemen, who, like ourselves, were interested in occult investigations.

It was not entertainment for idle hours that brought this company together. All had become familiar with mysterious manifestations. All were knowing to claims made in high and in low places concerning the new faith. Bible and tradition were become obsolete with many. Certainty was inferred to have taken the place of hypothetical and fallacious. Eyes now saw for themselves. Ears now heard for themselves. Touch now touched and measured for itself. Revelation had descended to association with common sense. To deny or to doubt the new faith was to doubt that one had seen, heard, and felt what only to-day or yesterday had been seen, heard, or felt.

The time of a first meeting was the night of March 13, 18—; the place, a house situated on a prominent street in the heart of the great city of Philadelphia; the room, not hid, as in the days of alembics, in a garret or cellar, but being a great oblong square, brilliantly lit by a modern chandelier. Everything bore the stamp of beauty and freshness, the host alone excepted; he carried himself as one wearied and distraught and anxious for an occasion to be by.

What occurred at this meeting was written out two days later by urgent request of the *confrère*, an urgency not at all comprehended at the time, but which later showed agreement with the Aristotelian aphorism that "common sense is little better than no sense at all,"—an aphorism brought quickly enough to the understanding of students of occult matters.

Inviting his audience to seats at one end of the room, the *confrère* placed a chair at the other end, in which chair the writer was invited to be seated. Now were handed him a slip of paper, a lead-pencil, and a book, the last to serve as a support while using the knee as a stand. Upon the paper a question was to be written. The *confrère* retired to the other end of the room to afford opportunity for the writing to be done without possible oversight by him. Advantage was taken of this absence to note upon the paper the question "What is evolution?" The paper was instantly folded, the writing being within. The writer was directed to enclose the slip in four envelopes of increased sizes. Into the first was placed the question, and the envelope sealed. This was put into a second, the second into a third, the third into the last. On each were written the initials of the writer. The whole was then placed into the inside breast-pocket of a coat worn by the writer, and this was closely buttoned and kept so during the whole evening. Dr. W. did not touch the paper after the writer had taken it into his hand. A second question was written at the same time and under exactly similar circumstances by another of the persons present, a like disposition being made of it.

There was now handed to the writer by the *confrère* a hinged slate, with the request that examination be made with a view to seeing whether it be other than it seemed. Such examination was made by three or four of the gentlemen present, no discovery following. This being settled, the writer was furnished with a screw and screw-driver, by means of which the slates were related and a sticker placed over the screw-head. The slates were next enclosed in a sealed envelope by the writer, and kept carefully under direct observation,—that is, they lay upon the holder's lap, immediately beneath his eyes, and with sixteen other pairs of

eyes bent all the time upon the enclosure. The light of three gas-jets illuminated the proceedings.

Now were handed the gentleman referred to, and also to the writer, second slips of paper, with request for repetition of the questions. Such repetition being written by each, Dr. W. put into their hands common cylindrical wooden boxes of not greater diameter than an ordinary lead-pencil, entrance to which was by means of a lid connecting itself with the body cork fashion, into which boxes, after closest examination as to false bottom, sides, etc., the papers were placed by the writers, the tops of the cylinders being put into place, and the boxes as to circumference, including the relation of the lid with the body, enclosed and fastened by mucilage-covered paper. The boxes were of plain wood, such as hold the cheaper kind of hair-pins.

Next there was handed to the writer an empty box, made of mahogany. Close scrutiny showed nothing different from an ordinary case of its general kind. The lid was related to the body by common brass hinges; there was a lock and there was a ringed handle for convenience in carrying. In this box the wooden tubes containing their enclosures, which, up to this moment, had not left the writer's hands, were placed and the lid closed. Next a key was furnished the writer, who, after locking the box, placed the key in his pocket. Succeeding this seals were used by the writer, the keyhole being covered and the body and lid conjoined by gum stickers. Upon the seal covering the keyhole the initials of the sealer were peculiarly written.

At this stage a third box, made of common pasteboard, was brought to the table, and into it was dropped the mahogany box just spoken of, an immediately succeeding performance being the enveloping in paper of this wooden box, together with a careful cording of it with twine.

Now was brought still another box, this of paper. Into it was placed the nest, made by the three boxes just described, together with four handkerchiefs furnished from the pockets of gentlemen standing around. This box was also wrapped and tied up in paper. Succeeding, an empty wooden box was brought to the table, which, after being examined, was locked, sealed, and wrapped

securely, the key being given into the care of the writer. The slate, untouched, remained in the hands and under constant observation.

At the *confrère's* request the gas was now turned off, the room being in darkness. A gentleman present commenced to play upon a parlor organ standing in the room. Soon was observed an indistinctly-defined phosphorescent hand, which passed slowly about the apartment on either side of the room and from one end to the other, and at various heights between the floor and the ceiling. Not a sound save of the music was heard. The *confrère*, standing at one end of the room, asked if spirits were present prepared to do his bidding. In answer there were three raps, seemingly upon a table in the centre of the room. "Will the spirits write answers upon the slate?" Three raps in reply. After a pause of a few moments: "Is the writing done?" Three raps, signifying yes.

"Lights," said the *confrère*. The jets were lighted. "Expose the slates." First the envelope was torn off, the sticker over the screw being found undisturbed. The screw-driver was now brought into requisition, and the slates, being exposed, were found covered with writing,—upon the one side answer to one query, upon the other side answer to the other. These answers were direct and explicit replies to the questions asked.

The writer has to interpolate that during the dark portions of the seance the slates were tightly held in his hand.

On opening the pasteboard box containing the rest of the boxes, heretofore described, and the handkerchiefs, these were found missing, while in their place was an accordion; and in the wooden box, which was locked and corded empty, were found the nest of boxes and the handkerchiefs. The seals and marking were critically scrutinized before being broken. There were found, besides the original two cylinders containing the questions, two others of similar character. The two holding the questions were seen to be sealed precisely as originally placed. In the complementary two were found equally direct answers to the questions as were those written upon the slates, but of different wording.

On subsidence of the overwhelming surprise, the *confrère* seated himself upon a chair. The lights having been turned off for a

moment, he was found intricately knotted up in a rope tied at the ankles and below and above the knees. The wrists were also tied, and in turn bound down to the knees. Offer of a large sum was made to any one who in fifteen minutes would untie the knots without the use of a marline-spike. The lights having been again extinguished, but for a single moment, a heavy iron ring was found to have been placed on each arm above the cords which bound the wrists together. These rings were then slipped along the *confrère's* arms and carried up to his body by a gentleman present, who next took up a chain, passing which through the rings, the two were made almost to meet by the drawing back of the shoulder-blades, the chain being locked while the apparatus was in such position. The lights were now again turned off; the rings, together with the still locked chain, were in a moment thrown upon the floor.

The accordion which had so mysteriously found its way into the locked and roped box was now corded securely by one of the guests, with a multitude of turnings and knots, and placed upon a table, together with a mouth-organ and a number of different-sized bells, the table being close alongside the host. The lights were again turned off, and music from the two instruments sounded freely, while the various-toned bells were rung singly and then simultaneously. Reillumination of the room discovered the *confrère* to be tied up as before; yet what impressed those present most was that the accordion remained certainly undisturbed as to a single turn or knot. In response to the common suggestion that imitation of the accordion had been secured from the harmonica, Dr. W. assured his guests that what had been heard was music from the accordion itself,—the particular one at that moment before them upon the table, still so tied that no one else could draw a sound from it. The light being now put out, and the organ music brought into requisition, a moment or two sufficed to show the magician not only free,—the rope lying untied and unknotted upon the floor,—but the wonder-worker standing composedly at the other end of the room.

A succeeding accomplishment was the tying of knots in an endless rope. This is the performance in which originated Professor

Zöllner's book on the fourth dimension of space, and which had perhaps the greatest of all influences in converting a number of German savans to spiritualism.

A wonderful part of this performance, so far as Dr. W. is concerned, lies in the fact that he had never heard of these knots until his attention was called to the matter by the writer on this special occasion.

"You know of the Zöllner knots?" queried the writer.

"No," said the *confrère*; "never heard of them. What are they like?"

It was explained that when Mr. Slade, the professed medium, visited Professor Zöllner at Leipsic, a common rope was taken, the free ends of which were attached by means of seals, thus converting the line into a circle. The portion of this circle held by the seals was laid upon a table and kept covered by the hand of Zöllner, the loop being allowed to fall to the floor. At the opposite side of the table sat Mr. Slade. It is written in the Leipsic professor's book, "Transcendental Physics," that in broad daylight, Slade's hands remaining upon the table and being covered by the free hand of Zöllner, four knots were tied in his endless rope.

On the conclusion of the explanation—the writer, in the mean time, having knotted the free ends of a rope held at the moment in his hands—a circle thus prepared was thrown towards Dr. W., with a request, laughingly made, that his spirit try a feat impossible to earthly physics. Taking up this circle and turning himself so as to conceal the manipulations, the *confrère* gave the writer the profoundest surprise of his life by throwing the circle part of the rope back in less than half a minute with two complete knots tied in it.

Dr. W. then produced a rope of some twenty feet in length. This cord, having been examined inch by inch, was taken by the writer and converted into a circle by attachment of the free extremities to either hand, twisting these about his different fingers so as to insure undoubtable fixation. The lights having been turned out for the space of about a minute, the circle of this cord was found with fifteen knots upon it. Close examination, made

under much light, by twisting, pulling, and biting, discovered nothing different from any common rope.

Still another mystery shown by Dr. W. consisted in taking two lengths of common tape, over which a napkin-ring was slipped. When this was pushed to the middle, it was tied by a common knot made of the tapes. In apposition with this fixed ring two others were placed, these latter being slipped upon the tapes from either end and the knotting repeated. Next a coat was supported upon the tapes, the arms being threaded by them. The ends of these tapes being held at opposite sides of the room by gentlemen of the audience, the operator quickly removed the rings and handed them to the spectators. A moment more sufficed to show the coat alike cleared, the ends of the tapes being still held and their continuity remaining unbroken.

Another demonstration. He took a piece of rope and tied two knots in it, so as to leave free ends of about two feet in length and a loop sufficiently large to be passed over the head, the remnant of the rope being a circle resting upon the floor. The loop was passed over the head and about the neck of the writer and the free ends given into his grasp. Next was laid upon his lap a common cast-iron lathe-wheel weighing about twelve pounds. The light being put out for a moment, this wheel was found strung upon the circle of the rope.

In still another demonstration fourteen rings were employed, no two alike. These were of cast and wrought iron, of cast and wrought brass, of rope, of wood, of leather, of tin, of pasteboard, etc., and one was the rim of an old silk hat. These rings were of varying sizes and of different weights,—from six to twelve inches in diameter and from a couple of ounces to a couple of pounds each. These various rings were placed by Dr. W. upon the right arm of the writer, reaching from shoulder to wrist. Next the operator's left hand was grasped in the full light by the left hand of the writer.

The doctor at this point asked that special attention be given to the anatomical relations of the grasped hands, in order that any attempt on his part to effect a solution of continuity between them might the more readily be detected. Due attention was given the

hint, and two hands, as it seemed to the writer, were never more carefully and intimately united by muscular grasp. The light being now put out, considerable commotion ensued among the rings, and they appeared to slip down the left arm of the *confrère* and to be pushed up the left arm of the writer.

The gas being relighted, all the rings were found upon the writer's left arm, note of the fact being added as to positive conviction that no change had occurred in the grip of the hands.

In order to meet the explanation of possible substitution, Dr. W. gave into the hands of the writer a heavy polished and nickel-plated iron ring, with request that a ribbon be tied to it, and that a piece of the end of the ribbon be cut off and preserved for matching at the close of the experiment. The ring being held in the left hand of the writer, his left hand and that of the *confrère* were firmly joined and the light again extinguished. In an instant the ring was snatched out of the writer's hand, lights called for, and at the same moment the ring was, with apparent force, hung on the right arm, the hand of which still grasped that of Dr. W. Subsequent comparison of the piece of ribbon given into the writer's possession with the end of that still tied to the ring showed the two portions as relating exactly.

Dr. W. next allowed his feet and hands to be securely tied each to a separate chair, he sitting in one chair with his arms extended in opposite directions, the hands grasping each the arm of another chair, his feet resting each on an additional chair. The hands and feet were then securely tied each to a separate chair. There were laid on the floor beside him four large brass rings. The light being again extinguished, a few moments sufficed to show a ring on each arm and leg, above each cord and knot. A careful examination of the bindings by the four gentlemen who had, each after his own method, tied the knots failed to show that the rope had been interfered with. Again the lights were turned off, and in less time than it takes to note the occurrence the rings were thrown violently to the floor, light called for, and the *confrère* found as tightly corded as ever. . . . Another moment of darkness and he stood upon the floor free of his bonds.

Some wonderful exhibitions were given, in which was answered

promptly writing done on folded slips of paper held against the medium's forehead. One singular exception to the correct reading of these slips was when Dr. W. gave the name of a gentleman, when in the paper his name had been suggested only indirectly by mention of a journal which he edits.

Various other demonstrations entirely incomprehensible were given, the company being at complete loss to account for the manifestations. Several highly-intelligent gentlemen, including a well-known doctor of divinity who was present, spoke subsequently of their profound bewilderment over the strange experiences of the night, accepting that clearest evidence seemed afforded of the agency of occult force.

As a conclusion to the evening's seance, two common slates were marked, and a question having been written upon a piece of paper, which paper was laid between them, the slates were wrapped together and enveloped. This envelope was next carefully tied in position with twine. Five masses of sealing-wax were next used as further security for fixation of the envelope and twine, and these masses were impressed with a special mark, to make which required a seal in the possession of the writer. These enveloped and sealed slates were placed in a closet familiar to the writer for years,—a simple closet with shelves holding medicine-bottles,—the door of which was locked. Later the door was unlocked, and the enveloped slates were taken out. The seals were first minutely examined by means of a magnifying-glass, and no disturbance whatever could be detected. The envelope being removed and the slates exposed, one of them was found full of writing in answer to its enclosed question. It is to be added that a piece of pencil, about an inch in length, which had been placed between the slates was found broken into small fragments.

A repetition of this experiment was made, in which the writer was assisted by several of those present. Ingenuity was exhausted in trying to so complicate the wrapping and sealing that no human skill should suffice to overcome the obstacles intended to prevent access to the slates. But, as before, although every fold of the enclosing paper, every turn and knot of the encircling cords, and every seal were found intact, so far as a most careful and thorough

examination could determine, the slate, when exposed, was found to have been written upon, and explicit reply was received to the question which had been asked.

The development of the *confrère* has advanced to a point where manifestations constitute a series of overwhelming surprises. From what I have been seeing and continue to see of the power exhibited through this man, I can have no hesitation in expressing a positive promise to any one requiring for his conversion to the new faith such occult exhibitions, that a common stone may be picked from the street, placed in the open light of mid-day, upon the marble surface of a table, the eyes being never removed from it, no covering of any kind being used; that this stone after a few moments may be lifted, a conversion, as would be verified by every sense, into pure gold; or, with as little doubt as to success, I may assume that putty will be found changed into bread, or a splinter of wood into a stick of steel.

Here are recorded, in words written at the time, the progress and manifestations of a seance.

“I am seated in the library of my *confrère*. The date is March 11, 18—, a year later than the record just made. The time is nine o'clock in the evening. The company assembled numbers nine persons. The room is brilliantly lighted.

“Dr. — reaches me a simple bag containing a score of common visiting cards, the character of bag and cards testifying to the senses in examination. The cards have questions written across their face. I am requested to select or to take any one of these cards from the bag, and, after reading the question privately, drop it back. One, lifted at random, read, ‘What is anthropology?’ Dr. — now turned to the common centre-table of the apartment, and, taking up a double slate which lay upon it, handed it around for examination. To assure myself that there is no chemical or concealed writing, I examine with every care the four faces of the slate. I chalk and re-chalk these thoroughly, and sponge, rub, and re-sponge them. Next I screw the frame together, not having allowed the slate in the mean time to go out of my hands, and, this done, I hold it uncovered in the air.

"After perhaps two minutes the *confrère* asks if the spirits have written. Response is in the form of a double knock made apparently upon a distant table, these two knocks signifying 'No.' After another minute three knocks are heard, implying 'Yes.' Placing the slate now upon my lap and removing the screw, the two approximal faces are found covered with lines, written evidently with a common slate-pencil; these lines affording answer, after a learned manner, to the question so secretly scanned by myself. This answer is in shape of a double reply, with marked differences as to construction of the definitions. The communication found on one leaf is signed Noah Webster. The other purports to be written by Ben Jonson.

"The sponge which has been used to test the slates is now lifted from the table and again applied, when the writing rubs off as do any slate-pencil marks."

The Zöllner Knot under Original Test.—A reconsideration of the matter and a careful re-reading of Professor Zöllner's book combined to arouse a doubt as to the absolute oneness of the manifestations of knot-tying, as I had seen it, with that which had impressed to the extent of converting to the new faith the eminent and learned German and his no less eminent and learned friends. I spoke this doubt to the *confrère*. Like other mediums, he is emotional. "Occult," he answered, "is to be accepted as of such different signification from Open that tests or conditions should make no difference as to accomplishment. We will see what we shall see!"

It is now to be mentioned as something that would seem to have strangeness related with it, that attempts at knot-tying under all kinds of odd conditions seemed from the date of this conversation to get mixed up with all our meetings, this continuing quite a year, undoubted attempts being made on two separate occasions to repeat in America the wonderful things seen in Europe.

It was on the date of May 11, in the year succeeding the second described of our seances, when a hasty note from the *confrère* bid me to a gathering of spirits who had promised that the meeting should be attended with the manifestations of the Zöllner knot

at the hands of an equally powerful force with that one which had accomplished it in Germany. The promise went further. It implied that any heretofore unthought-of test might be demanded. Nothing in the way of transcendental physics, it was implied, was impossible to the spirit that was to manifest. The mortals were not to hesitate at asking any seemingly impossible thing. The occasion was to be one that should settle the great question as to the existence of a fourth dimension of space; solid should pass through solid unmistakably and unquestionably.

I here turn to a note-book and copy as closely as possible the seance as it occurred, having at the time of writing been extraordinarily careful not to allow the slightest incident to escape observation.

"The room is brilliantly lighted. The *confrère* and myself are seated either side of a marble-topped table directly beneath the chandelier. Upon the table lies a simple length of worsted cord, measuring six feet; beside this, an ordinary visiting-card, having two holes punched in it, a stick of sealing-wax, a threaded needle, and a lighted wax candle, supported in its stand.

"I take up the cord and examine it thoroughly to satisfy myself that there is no deception as to integrity of continuousness. I am unwilling to trust to anything but my own senses; I must see and feel to be satisfied. I pull this cord, twist, untwist, and work at it in every way. I make myself sure that it is nothing different from what it shows, namely, ordinary cord as it is found for sale in the shops.

"I now take up the card and pass the free ends of the cord through the perforations, crossing these ends and passing them in turn back through opposite holes. A succeeding step employs the thread and needle, the common length of the cord and the two ends being firmly sewed together. This accomplished, wax and candle are brought into requisition, the wax being melted upon the crossed and sewed cord, as this relates with the card, thus making the two articles practically one, and insuring a circle of cord not possible to be broken without discovery.

"Preparation thus made in correspondence with the test received by Professor Zöllner, I lay the card, holding the cord,

upon the illuminated table, placing my hand so as to cover it on one side to about one-fourth of its width, while the medium covers it on the opposite side after a similar fashion; this laying on of hands being with a view, as expressed by the *confrère*, to furnish reserve force, to be drawn on, if necessary, by the spirits. The loop of the cord is thrown over one side of the table and lies upon the floor.

“The requirements are perfect as to the minutest detail; nothing is omitted. Shall we witness this greatest of all possible tests? We sit silently facing each other. No word is spoken. Suddenly raps are heard as if coming from the floor; one, two, three; this is the usual signal for accomplishment. Quickly the loop is lifted. It holds five hard-tied knots.

“What shall we say? What is to be said? As truly as I saw so truly do I describe what I saw. May a man do aught but accept a faith attested by such a miracle? Shall one wonder at what was begotten with the learned German savans?”

Were unlimited pages at command, multitudinous wonderful experiences had with the *confrère* might be recited; two, associated with slate-writing, must conclude the limitation.

Five persons sat in the usual room of meeting, among these being the medium. A sudden impulse coming to me, I pick up a common, single, perfectly-clean slate and hold it above my head asking for a communication, in which request I am earnestly seconded by the *confrère*. A minute later I look at the slate, finding it covered with writing, the following being a copy of what appeared:

“MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—The roads leading to error and truth run closely and continuously side by side. Let this message, conveyed to you in mid-air, convince that there is power, as yet unrecognized by mortals, that is able to do things entirely beyond the ability of men.”

The communication was signed with a very familiar name.

Another of the company, overwhelmed at so inexpressible a phenomenon, takes the slate, washes it, and, holding it up, asks favor at the hand of the spirit. As in the case recited, a single minute sufficed for a communication.

"Convince me! convince me!" cried the astounded guest, after reading the matter, "that there is no deception by erasing what has been written." The slate was again held up, and in a moment drawn back; there was neither sign nor mark upon it.

There are door-steps leading to the *Spiritus Sanctus*; this is the one that rests upon the ground.

II.

PSYCHICS.

HERE attention is directed to the matter of visions. A letter from a lady, written with view to professional advice, notes as follows: "Yesterday morning, starting at the foot of the stairs with the intention of going to the third floor, I saw with all the distinctness of life a person standing at the landing above looking down at me. As I advanced the figure disappeared." The lady tells of another occasion where, on entering a room, a woman was seen lying apparently asleep on a lounge, and who vanished only on being approached within a few feet. Other equally striking incidents are related.

A very short time back a gentleman entered the office of the writer who pronounced himself a convert to spiritism on the ground that with his own eyes he was the frequent beholder of a spirit-form, which he had come to recognize as a Familiar in constant attendance on him. An irrefutable proof to the mind of the observer lay in the fact that no hallucination as to dreaming could exist, seeing that the spirit never made its visits at night, but, as in verification of its reality, would rise into presence and disappear in the bright light of mid-day, and never at any other time.

"The spirit comes quickly into view and disappears slowly?" was asked him.

"Yes."

"And it proves its reality by standing between you and the sun?"

"This is always its position."

"What shape does it take?"

"In a very bright sunlight I see simply the trunk of a human being. When the light is not so bright there is a gradual shading off as if the extremities were trying to show themselves."

"Facial features indistinct?" was suggested.

"Come to think of it," he observed, "have never particularly noticed."

"You see this phantom when walking the busy street of the city as when in the solitude of a country lane?"

"I cannot doubt," the man replied, "that the form is that of a spirit which is ever near me, even though not always seen."

"Consciousness of such association with the dematerialized keeps you filled with a sense of delight and safety?"

"It is to me," he replied, "irrefutable proof of the existence of life after dissolution of the body. I have no longer any doubt, for faith has been turned into reality. I have been blessed to find the something compared with which everything else falls into insignificance."

Yesterday, February 20, 18—, a professional interview was had with a young woman who beholds the air filled with black streamers, while a mind was brought which was full of blacker forebodings. "Pestilence was in the air. A little while and every door would show crape. Forsooth, the end of the world was at hand." She was sure something terrible was about to happen. Nearly every bell-pull had crape attached. The exceptions were few. Crape was everywhere, and the brighter the day the more pronounced, as if in making contrast, was the blackness. A person more pessimistic and more completely overwhelmed by forebodings it would be hard to find. Many similar experiences with seers of spiritistic phenomena have been had by the writer in his professional capacity.

What is a doctor to say of things like these known to be seen, not only of hearsay, but, as is now to be related, by personal experience?

What immediately follows is an account of occult visitations copied from a note-book, much of the writing having been done at time of occurrence of the incidents recorded.

The reading is as given.

"Shortly after laying my head upon the pillow last night (no date) sensation of touches close by the ear were experienced, as though a mouse might be jumping about, these touches on several occasions reaching the face and producing impressions which brought the hand quickly into requisition with a view of brushing away the intruder. Later, face after face, mostly those of young children, gathered about the bed; these would appear as if emerging quickly out of an impenetrable blackness immediately back of them, and with gentle but rapid motion approach more or less closely. At times a face would vanish as if dissolved, not unlike the disappearance of a soap-bubble; at other times I looked intently into some one countenance, seeking familiar features. Appearance and disappearance impressed me as varying from a moment to a minute. Several of the faces approached with such rapidity that my hands involuntarily went up to guard against collision.

"18—. Another manifestation" (copied, like the preceding, from diary). "I was lying in bed; the room was dark and cold, a window being open, after my usual manner of sleeping. It is not at all unlikely I had fallen into that kind of light sleep known familiarly as 'cat-nap.' Suddenly I was startled into vivid wakefulness by a sense of the presence of somebody in the chamber. Casting a glance towards a dressing-bureau, I saw plainly two people standing by the side of it. At an adjacent window, leaning against the jamb, was the person of a stalwart Indian. Above my head, floating slowly and gracefully away, was a black-clothed female figure. One by one these different forms gradually disappeared after the manner of dissolving views; not, however, until opportunity had been allowed for plenty of time in which to satisfy myself that I was fully awake. I am profoundly impressed as to the difference between these experiences and a dream."

Here I add, parenthetically, that I continue to be influenced

in some way by the floating female figure. Whatever I happen to have thought or to be thinking since the vision, I indulge continuously, in spite of myself, in desire and hope to meet it again.

Night succeeding that last alluded to. "To-night I have had another visit from the Indian seen yesterday. The dress, the place occupied, and the position were all precisely the same. Disappearance was, however, almost synchronous with appearance.

"*Sunday, January 13, 18—*. While sitting, this afternoon, in contemplative mood, being widely awake, I had my attention drawn to appearances which presented in the atmosphere of the room. The sights seen were not less diversified as to changes in color from what is experienced when the eyeballs are pressed, differing, however, even as the pictures of clouds attain sublimity when put in comparison with the pigmental attempts of men. These pictures I watched with shut eyes for quite an hour, endeavoring the while to find or to obtain explanation in familiar optical derangements,—endeavoring, but failing to arrive at conclusions.

"*January 15, 18—*. Last night, almost immediately on getting into bed, and while absorbed in a contemplation of the beatific vision of the Sunday before, I saw the form of a man suddenly project itself from the location of a mirror and as suddenly disappear.

"*January 16, 18—*. While lying with open eyes last night, my look being riveted on the mirror from which the form of the night before had projected itself, desire being intense for a repetition of the visit, the image of a person approached from an opposite direction, but had no sooner afforded me a momentary glimpse than it dissolved and was lost.

"*January 27*. Curious as to possibilities and probabilities, and being at liberty this Sunday afternoon, I avow and vouch for the following experience: I took a slate, and, balancing it upon the tips of my fingers, supporting it thus against the top of a marble table, I ask, with little faith, that it will spell out for me a communication, suggesting that a move in the right direction signify a proper letter named, and that mistakes be corrected by movement to the left. After some ten minutes spent in waiting, the

slate exhibited evidences of motion, and, later, the following sentence was fully and fairly spelled: 'Why reason beyond a cause?' Initials were given of a spirit purporting to be the writer.

"*Wednesday, January 30.* I had been in bed but a very little while on the evening of this day, when suddenly there appeared and disappeared, too quickly to allow of any special description, the figure of one dressed in sailor garb, and who might have been about five feet in height. Later,—about ten minutes, perhaps,—I caught an indistinct glance of what seemed to be an unsuccessful attempt at an Indian materialization. I saw plainly a fringe of feathers arranged as a head-dress, while lower down appeared a still fainter exhibit of the edge of a blanket. No body was to be seen. Synchronously, apparently, with this last, the form of a person flitted across the room and disappeared. A still succeeding phenomenon was the appearance of a plainly-dressed woman, who approached within two feet, and stood immovable, allowing good chance for a look directly into her face, after which she disappeared with the quickness of a broken soap-bubble.

"*February 2.* Last night, while lying in what perhaps was a doze, I was suddenly awakened to a state of acute consciousness by the instantaneous appearance of a circle of little children, who, with hand grasping hand, suddenly encircled me; one, directly in front, was as rosy-faced and as vital in appearance as any mortal child to be seen, and I was permitted a long gaze before disappearance. Later, an indistinct and hazy adult face showed itself.

"*February 3.* Went to bed at eleven o'clock, and lay awake hoping for manifestations. Was startled after about half an hour by seeing a hand thrust out of the darkness holding a basket filled with flowers. Later, a form stood at the bedside, which permitted me to scrutinize it closely for one or two seconds before disappearing. Still later, the shadows of a man and woman appeared over the foot of the bed, floating from the left to the right.

"*February 4.* Morning, 12 A.M. One hour ago I went into the chamber where I meet the things being described, and, after closing the door, sat down with a view of seeing visions when undoubtedly

awake and free of any possible confusion in the way of unconscious dreaming. After being seated a few minutes, having my eyes fixed at a view of the white ceiling, points of light, enveloped by aureolæ, began making their appearance, which lights, after a moment of fixity, would pass, some slowly, some rapidly, from place to place over the wall, otherwise would fall floatingly in the direction of the floor. Alternating with these were vivid flashes and the flickerings of flame, the latter not unlike that made by the gas of burning coals. Later, a series of clouds, varying in shade from pea-green to almost black, waved over the ceiling; these continuing for quite quarter of an hour. Finally the upper portion of human forms began to appear and disappear, these coming and going exactly as those seen at night; a little later the wall showed nothing but its usual staring white surface.

“*February 5.* Last night a dream, a fully- and fairly-appreciated dream, showed me the face of a female figure, so filled with life and animation that I awoke with the loudly-spoken cry, ‘See, it is alive!’”

I add here what appears in my diary emphasized with a large interrogation mark. “The life-like face seen in the sleep is fully recognized as expressive of the common familiar dream; it was undoubtedly a memory, a residual impression of the afternoon. I lay awake between the hour of this dream and the morning, being overwhelmed with a mental query as to the difference between the most vivid of dreams and the nature of what I have been seeing outside of dreams. What I have been seeing requires other explanation than that pertaining to dreams. What I have been seeing are materializations of—of what? Just now I will not at all concern myself as to this ‘what’; whether deceptions or realities, I will not interfere with the new sight come to me. These real unreal things and people mystify and delight me. Am I finding introduction to a world within a world,—a world where form needs no corporal body, and where motion exists without instrument? Startling, yet delighting, the idea that the departed remain; that the past is one with the present. What, I am beginning to ask myself, is provision for a life where person is atmos-

phere, and which, if not a purely subjective existence to my own self as a percipient, is irrefutably a subjective existence to something else? To what else? What are muscles and bones and brains but matter? What is atmosphere but matter? What is anything that eye can behold or ear hear but matter? What is matter? No learning, as I well know, has yet illuminated the world which affords the slightest idea of the meaning of matter outside of what is to be appreciated of it through phenomena.

"Aristotle, as I remember, differentiates men from brutes; unwisely, however, as it must be agreed, in according reasoning faculties to the former which he denies the latter. Will it not be a happy thing to accept as brute or as simple man what has been seen and heard as realities, interfering not with the consoling sights and sounds by cold inquiries?"

"*February 8.* Last night I was awakened out of sleep, beholding my dressing-bureau draped by a white lambrequin, which dressing continued in place for a length of time, which enabled me to view it curiously and closely with eyes which a good rubbing assured me were wide open. The disappearance of this drapery was after the manner of a dissolving view."

Forms human and forms general exist with the immaterial more truly than with the material: "Image and substance are not essence."

"*February 9.* While lying awake shortly after going to bed on this date, two young girls robed in red suddenly appeared standing by the side of the window, the exact spot being that occupied on his different visits by my Indian materialization. This apparition permitted me a reasonably satisfactory inspection, the figures vanishing only after I had concentrated the most earnest gaze on them.

"*May 5.* An interval of three months, in which I have found myself excluded from all relations with the new-found. Yesterday evening saw a cat staring at me from a chair immediately after my getting into bed. The chair stood in front of the window. A little later caught a momentary glance of the robed figure of a woman.

"*May 6.* Saw this night the tall person of a woman emerge out

of the darkness, and disappearing after that short space of time which admitted of her making a bow.

"*May 10.* Went to bed at nine o'clock. Awakened suddenly out of sleep to behold, standing near, a person of small stature, the color of whose skin and the general appearance indicated a Hindoo.

"*November 5.* This long interim. To-night, after being in bed for perhaps an hour, unable to sleep, the seated form of a woman, dressed in cross-barred stuff, appeared near the bed, disappearing only after I had obtained a good view of it. There was nothing at all familiar in the face.

"*Friday, midnight, November 25.* Spent the evening with friends in conversation on the subject of apparitions. Went to bed at eleven o'clock. Lay awake, thinking of matters described here on preceding pages. I feel reasonably certain that I had at no time given way to sleep. Suddenly there appeared the stooping form of a well-grown child running from the direction of the foot of the bed toward the west wall of the room. The interim between appearance and disappearance was only sufficient to admit notice of the fact that the dress was a quiet cross-bar. Quickly succeeding, three other forms showed themselves in succession, each permitting, however, but a flash-like glance.

"*Sunday night, November 27.* As in the case preceding, I get up and light the gas, writing down the experience at the time of its occurrence, that mistake shall not creep in. Spent the evening out, the record runs, returning home a few minutes after eleven o'clock and going directly to bed. Awakened out of sleep to behold standing in the middle of an entrance-door the fully-dressed form of a young, matronly-looking woman, who held something between her hands, the apparition impressing me at the moment as representing a person caught in the act of watching, or rather of viewing, a sleeping person. The disappearance was precisely as would be witnessed in the jumping back of a watching person so discovered. Later on in the same night I was again aroused into wakefulness to perceive a man dressed in gray pantaloons standing directly at my bedside. Why I did not reach out with a view to touch this form I am at a loss to understand. Certainly,

time enough was allowed. The disappearance was with the characteristic rapidity. The quick lifting of a slide from a magic lantern represents it.

"*November 27.* On this night saw two bunches of grapes; these I distinguished, however, as existing after the manner of a dream. A vision and a dream have come to be separated to my understanding by a line of demarcation that is absolute.

"*December 13.* This night I had no sooner turned off the gas than small lights appeared in whatever direction of the chamber the eyes were turned. These lights, individual at first and not larger singly than a pea, soon assumed motion, passing from point to point in the room. Occasionally two would rush impulsively as if intent on accomplishing a purpose, a beautiful but evanescent picture being the result."

These phenomena were watched until weariness denied further observation, and I turned reluctantly away.

"*December 28.* This night had an experience out of which has grown the present book. What this experience was is to be left to the matter of a succeeding chapter. Suffice it here to state that it has had found in it the culmination of a life spent in study. It has discovered a long-sought ground of certitude; it has afforded to him who writes the *summum bonum*. Since this night (December 28, 18—) I have had but a single vision, and this related with the experience just alluded to. I have been shut up, as it were, with myself and with what I recognize as my ordinary every-day intelligence. Between the vision and what is the real commencement of these pages, as shortly to be understood, a full year elapsed, during which a sign lay in stillness without unfolding itself."

There are door-steps leading to the *Spiritus Sanctus*; here is a second one.

III.

DISILLUSIONS.

WHAT has been offered is known to almost everybody as being the foundation, or ground of certitude, of the spiritistic or so-called new faith. "I have seen, I have heard," is the asseveration. "Shall a man not believe that he sees what he sees, or may he doubt that he has heard what he has heard?"

When the pessimistic lady alluded to in the preceding chapter had concluded her story of the black crape to be seen everywhere, an immediate answer consisted in dropping a trifle of a solution of sulphate of atropia into her eyes. Atropia placed in an eye enlarges the pupil of the organ to its greatest extent, thus affording a free, open window through which, under proper illumination, one may see all that is on the inside quite as plainly as is beheld what is on the outside.

To light up the inside of an eye the person to be examined is placed with the back to an Argand burner, when the operator catches the flame upon and reflects it in focalized form from the face of a mirror pertaining to an ophthalmoscope.

The centre of the ophthalmoscopic mirror is a very small hole, and by applying the eye close to the back face of this an examiner is saved the glare of the returned rays, while at the same time he finds himself looking into a chamber that is brilliantly lighted. Examination of the eyes of the person under consideration, made by use of the means described, revealed that the bulk of the inside, in place of being jelly-like, as is natural, had become fluid as water, while, floating in great freedom in this fluid, were quantities of thread-like black bodies which had originated out of the pigment of an inflamed layer of the tunics. It is quickly recognized that the streamers of crape had explanation in shadows cast by these threads of pigment upon the retina, and as well is it recognized that nineteenth-century sense (the ophthalmoscope is a recent invention) resolved quickly a phenomenon showing wholly as occult to common sense.

The man attended so complacently and happily by a spirit revealed, under the same form of examination, a similar liquid condition of the vitreous humor. In place, however, of the pigment threads there was to be seen a floating particle of cholesterine in one of his eyes, having a dumb-bell form, and this of such likeness with the human body that a much less vivid imagination than was possessed by the gentleman would have converted it, as did its possessor, into an attendant spirit.

The lady whose letter describes the apparitions seen upon the stair-landing and in other places is without other disease of the eye than what oculists call myopia, or short sight, but she is at this very moment of writing encased in an unyielding plaster jacket with a view to the cure of excessive irritability residing with the brain and spinal cord.

What the writer saw are of a character of vision associated with vaso-constriction of the nerve-centre of equilibration, and the continuance of such sight admonishes a physician of danger. It is not to be denied that there is a wonderful attraction about the phenomena, and that, not unlikely, an infatuation may develop in the connection which opposes investigation. Spite of this, a little pathology quickly resolves ghosts into hallucinations; a multitude of ghosts, at any rate.

Let us here delay our pace and go slowly. Is a seer of visions to be classed as a sick man always, or only sometimes, or how, or when?

Out of nothingness it is found possible that something may come. The little oval of an egg, failing everybody else as a support, turns into a table for Columbus.

As a poet is apt to be deemed akin with a madman, so, after a manner, the seer of visions may be put in a category with sick men; after a manner, truly.

Who will follow closely in what is now written?

There must exist difference of condition in what the physiologist calls the cerebro-spinal system, a modification of equilibrium, if distinction hold between what is known as a genius and an ordinary man. By equilibrium is implied harmony. A musician, paradoxical as it seems to say so, is a man who is out of harmony.

A poet, while full of song, is out of harmony. So, too, an architect, while full of proportion, is out of harmony. Harmony implies that no one sense preponderates its fellows. Perception is with the thing that perceives. A deaf ear hears nothing at all. The ear of a musician is constantly ringing with sounds. Architects see construction when looking into vacancy. The poet is overwhelmed by beauty beheld where nothing is seen by an ordinary man. Can any one affirm that the poet makes beauty, the musician song, or the architect buildings? And if one cannot affirm this must he not necessarily accept that these things are existences in themselves? being, however, essences or ideas of what have to find illustration in words or notes or stone in order that ordinary men get cognizance of them.

Recognition is alone through means. A limpid stream which, to the natural eye, is crystal in its purity and cleanliness, is found changed, to him who uses a microscope, into an ocean filled with monsters, hideous and frightful to look on. All life is habitation to some other life. Nothing in the universe shows what it is. Men walking about in freedom are not conscious, as knowledge of the great multitude is concerned, that they live in the bottom of a sea forty miles in depth, and that their bodies are kept from falling off into space or from flying to pieces by a weight which presses them with a power of some fifteen pounds to every square inch. I am to ask myself if, being able to explain the unreality of one spirit, sufficiency of skill, as to perception, would not afford explanation of unreality in all? Finding out, however, what I have about disgusting and frightful-looking fringed monsters which live by thousands in a glass of water, and knowing that in drops of vinegar a multitude of serpents are met with, I may wisely hesitate and not be over-ready with a reply to the query.

Common sense is little better than no sense at all. Common sense, which is the sense of animals at large, shows neither fringed monsters nor vinegar-eels; monsters and eels which are as much realities as anything in the universe is to be accepted as real. Forming a judgment out of analogies, I am led to see that science itself leads to an inference, that the apparently empty atmosphere may be a world of life, separated from ordinary human

apprehension simply by reason of senses not applicable, by reason of coarseness, or crudeness, to purposes of intercourse. Out of the processes of exclusion I may draw and accept an inference that men are associated with spiritual things which are seeable by him alone who is able to see.

Out of harmony means simply out of, or apart from, common sense. Every musician and every poet and every architect differs from "common-sense" people, otherwise these would be just like everybody else and not that which distinguishes them from the others. Acuteness of sense is of nature or of education. The Bibles of all religions are filled with accounts of visions seen and voices heard. As the Christian's Bible is concerned, these examples are too familiar to require special reference. How were these visions seen, or were they not visions at all, but hallucinations?

Here we will consider in as few and as simple words as possible conditions known as Objective and Subjective.

A thing of objective signification finds illustration in a company of beasts surrounding a man when he visits a menagerie. A thing of subjective signification has like illustration in a herd of imps or a group of angels seen by a man when he lies upon his bed in an attack of fever. The first is appreciated as a reality; the latter is understood as unreality. These two are distinctions made by common sense.

Every so-called reality is but the expression, through relation with material, of an ideal. A body, so to speak, is an idea materialized. Truly it is, and always has been the case, that idea of a thing precedes construction; hence idea is the real thing, and construction is simply the representation of a thing done in whatever may be the material used. Accepting this indisputable truth, which are we to receive as the real, the beasts of the menagerie or the imps and angels of a sensitized brain?

A system of philosophy known as Idealism places all existences in a condition known as percipient; that is to say, the sweetness or sourness of a particular fruit is not in the fruit itself, but in a tongue that tastes. Music is nowhere but in an ear that hears. Grandeur exists only with him who has grandeur. Beauty

is not in a face looked at, but in eyes which look. This is an expressive, embracive, and wide-covering philosophy. Who that has ever visited a menagerie, and suffered from fever, but recalls the equal reality as to impression of surroundings associated with the different occasions? John, when at the island of Patmos, saw a vision. The word of the Lord comes to Hosea and Habakkuk and to Haggai and to Zechariah. Poetry, music, and architecture come to poet, musician, and architect. Are not poetry, music, and architecture existences? Are they not existences before finding expression, or materialization, in words, note, or stone? Are words, notes, or stones anything save environments?

John certainly saw, and Hosea and Habakkuk and Haggai and Zechariah certainly received. In like manner seeing and receiving have been going on and will continue to go on. The matter is as to quality and signification. Many in number are the poets, the singers, and the architects; but the words and the songs and the structures that are of concern to others besides the individual are few indeed. What are we to say, on the other hand, of words which enlarge by the reading, of notes that intensify in the singing, of buildings that grow greater as looked on? We may say only as to quality; source is the same. Wine is wine whether found in water-jars or in grape-skins.

Swedenborg sees visions. Jacob Behmen sees unfolded the inner meaning of sticks, stones, and grass. The tinker, John Bunyan, sees lying out before him a road leading to a holy city. Do I need faith to believe in these things? I know their reality in knowing of a oneness which relates objective and subjective.

I explain these and all visions in explaining my own. A subjective sight or object is a consciousness arising out of or existing within one's self. Then it has nothing to do with any influence existing externally? But what about music and poetry and architecture? I saw visions. A state of mental activity, begotten of much thinking about and relation with psychical matters, placed the brain-cells in a state of superexcitability. How my visions were created and seen finds illustration in fixing the gaze for one or two minutes on the flame of a candle burning in one end of a

long room, then turning the look from the light to a darkened corner, when the flame is seen in a new situation. The light is seen where it is not by reason of this same superexcitability, only in the latter case the excitability is with the eye-nerve. The so-called spirit-lights will show themselves in number to any one who will risk the production of, or who happens to be laboring under, the condition known to doctors as a subacute or chronic retinitis. Astral projections are of precisely similar signification. The president of the American branch of the Indian Society of Theosophists affords me illustration in this direction. On an occasion, some six months back, I had spent the evening with this gentleman in conversation on the subject of psychical phenomena. We parted at midnight. At seven o'clock the next morning I suddenly awoke, beholding the astral of the professor standing at my bedside.

I saw. What I saw was a subjective, or an instantaneous dream. Otherwise expressed, I saw a residual impression that was wholly within and not at all without, just as the double of the candle-flame alluded to is seen within and not without. I saw, however, undeniably, a personality which to itself, and to the world, possesses objectivity.

After a precisely similar manner, it is in science to be assumed that all visions are seen. The longer or shorter time a vision remains depends entirely on the receptivity existing with the brain-cells, the susceptibility being greater or less as influenced by circumstances. The flame of an Argand burner, impressed upon a very irritable or sensitive retina, and then suddenly extinguished in an absolutely dark room, will continue to be seen sometimes for a period of several minutes. If a retina be unsensitive, all light disappears instantly with the original flame.

The science of visions is not at all difficult to come at: to allow, however, of nothing back of vision is to pronounce at once the Christian's Bible and the Bibles of all other people deceptions and lies. It is to pronounce as well a fiat as to development; an assumption that there is nothing back of effect; that nothing remains to be learned or understood. It is, undeniably, to pronounce the pronouncer a thing of strictly dual nature, a person utterly lacking as

to composition in the essence which distinguishes between men and brutes.

The idea to be conveyed is that natural and spiritual law, as regard is had to relation of means to ends, is common law. The eye that sees neither fringed monsters nor vinegar-eels, comes to see both as it advances in the line of optical development. The line of optical development is the duplication of the common sense of sight by association with refined and high-power magnifying lenses. To see spiritual things, spiritual means are to be possessed. Natural sight and spiritual sight are exactly in accord with the instrument. To look through smeared glass is to see smears only. The form of inspiration, it is to be repeated, is the same: results accord with clear or smeared instruments.

It is here that a spiritual reader will pause, that through means of looking in upon himself he may find clear explanation as to what is meant. I myself have had a ride upon Mahomet's camel, and have been carried to heaven. In turn I have been snatched from the hump by the spirit of Dante and whirled into hell.

There are door-steps leading to the *Spiritus Sanctus*; this is the third one.

IV.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY SENSE.

WHETHER two or three or many years passed in intercourse with transcendental physics stands nothing to the purpose. The *confrère* and the doctor have been witness to so large an extent of manifestations in the particular direction that little or nothing seems left to see. It is indeed to be premised that acquaintanceship has been carried to its ultimum.

The *confrère* has shown himself a wonderful medium. No desired signals on floor or table, no ghostly messages upon slates, but come responsive to his call. Solids pass through solids when so commanded; floating luminous hands seem ready to do his

bidding. No cords, chains, or locks seem to have restraining force over him. He reads without seeing, and is fettered or unfettered by invisible hands.

Genius and medium are discovered to us in these manifestations as terms and conditions strictly interchangeable. Physics, whether of transcendental or mundane nature, is always and necessarily, as has been evolved, within the realm of common law; there is never an end without relation to means. The manner of the spirit or genius of the *confrère* is somatic,—that is to say, it works with tools. A doubter, unappreciative of the identity of genius and of somatic instrumentation and medium as to performance, will not be likely to find himself lifted by the unfolding of processes. He will more likely denounce the fact which he accepted an hour ago, simply because his intelligence has been brought to comprehension of its means. He will still stand, however, overwhelmed with the miracle done with the water-pots at the marriage-feast, yet, because he has comprehension, after a manner, of a physical law concerned in the process, he will deny utterly the miracle as it repeats itself directly before him each season in the vineyard.

What is just said is in consideration of what is to follow. Common sense is incapable of anything save the uncomplicated processes of sight, taste, hearing, smell, and touch. These are the five media of animal relation with things external to itself. Uneducated senses are necessarily not reliable, for the reason that no two persons perceive alike by the use of them. What is beauty to one is ugliness to another; harmony to one is discord to some other one; the sweet to this tongue is the sour to that one; a pleasant essence changes in the nose which smells to an offensive odor. Common sense is designed simply to relate things to wants that employ them; it knows nothing, and is incapable of telling anything as to the real nature of a thing.

A roofer finds in pigment a paint for the protection of his tin; a Raphael discovers in the same color means to the expression of an inspiration. Color proves something entirely different to tinner and artist. The same thing becomes not at all the same thing; earthy in one hand, it is heavenly in another hand.

Common sense is incapable as to differentiating, measuring, or estimating. These latter qualities are strictly properties of education. Nineteenth-century sense differs from common sense as expressed by educated taste differing from common taste. Nineteenth-century sense finds, or searches after, a law governing the miracle. It comprehends ventriloquism, and thus measures the voice overwhelming an Indian as speech is heard from a spirit of the air. It knows the arcana of chemistry, and from bottles, empty of everything, as estimated by an uneducated eye that looks on them, it pours forth a stream of living water. It shows a sitter's face transferred to a card. It takes a sheet of paper, immaculately clean and white, and electrifies the ignorant as in presence of the sun a message appears upon it. It stealthily rubs a trace of mercury over a silver coin, and startles the beholder in discovering solidity turned into softness.

Miracles, all of these, in the sense that anything is a miracle. Done by occult power, these things, in the sense that anything is occult. Everything is in law; the matter is to understand law. Nineteenth-century sense is learning law rapidly.

A whip is an appeal to a beast; it stings the flesh: the hurt is soon gone. A whip is an appeal to man; it makes a cut that is internal; the scar never fades out. Yet a lash is a lash. Difference in a lash lies with what perceives difference. A thing is to the sense that uses it what to that sense it is found to be; it is never anything else.

Open is occult, save to an opener. What opens the shell of an oyster to the advancing tide is no mystery to an oysterman; a child, on the contrary, beholds with wonderment. The sacramental wafer is an incomprehensible mystery to the ignorant. Appeal here is to unresponsive, uncultivated sense. A consecrated wafer is to the learned, at the same moment, a piece of dough and the body of Christ. Appeal here is to cultivated appreciative sense.

Occult and open are what is found in them, and this finding, as understood, is different to different people. The *confrère* explains his long retirement and intercourse with the spirits. His *spiritus sanctus* is shown to be a common laboratory, his Familiars a free

purse and the elements of the arts. Yet who may help results to individuals? An unspiritual man unlearns in learning. A doubter doubts the more in seeing nothing while deeming that he has seen all. Still the pious flock to Naples in hope of beholding the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, but no single one of the multitude stops in his garden to consider the miracle of a bud thrust from a stick. The hand of the God, existing everywhere upon the road, is beheld by devotees nowhere but at Naples.

Differences are not to be helped, perhaps. The *confrère* sees what I do not. I see, not unlikely, what he does not. Appeals of the God to men are after a various manner.

The sequel to transcendental physics opens at a breaking-up seance with a long and hearty laugh on the part of the *confrère*. He retires for a few moments, and returns with a large box containing his "Familiars."

"We will unravel," he says, "the mysteries of the occult. Spirits, show yourselves!" he commands. The spirits did show themselves. They proved to be—— What I learned at this particular seance, of the character of spirits, has not only been written out, but occupies proof pages from which at the present hour I am engaged in expunging the experiences; this out of the fact that the whole matter as it shows in print seems so supremely and ridiculously simple, that while personally I do not fail to laugh at the deceptions as boisterously as does the medium, yet I am unwilling to even indirectly reflect more than has been done on the common sense so valued as a possession by many honest spiritualists, who esteem as little better than a fool him who denies the seeing of what has been seen and the hearing of what has been heard. I put the matter in a line by saying that the *confrère* made a medium of me, in the line of transcendental physics, in the course of a few hours. I know to-day just what he knows of the art, albeit well satisfied that twenty years of practice would not yield me his wonderful skill in legerdemain. It is to be added that the matter lies with not seeing what is seen nor hearing what is heard. The whole is a fact of sense deception, and no demonstration might be offered more directly in point of proof as to

the unreliability and nothingness of what is lauded as common sense.

That which importantly concerns the interested searcher after means of relation with the higher world is the finding out that table-moving and rappings, floating hands, writing upon slates, and other like mediumistic performances have nothing to do with spiritualism; and that, if the subject is to be comprehended, further understanding is to be gotten.

There are door-steps leading to the *Spiritus Sanctus*; this is the fourth one.

V.

CONFUSIONS.

A PERIOD between the old and the new. The time, like all moving times, comprehensions not in place, and neither hand, heart, nor brain knowing satisfactorily where anything is. Believing, doubting; hoping, despairing.

Inquiry, directed by little or great learning, finding God and the beautiful and the merciful everywhere. Observations, influenced by the same nature of erudition, seeing the devil and the hateful and the pitiless everywhere.

Looking as an optimist, and beholding nothing but an overruling Providence. Looking as a pessimist, and finding little but the malevolent. Looking as a philosopher, and seeing the meaning of things to lie with paradoxes.

Finding the macrocosm of the universe in the microcosm of a grate. Seated in meditative mood before glowing coals, having before one a panorama of life. Flames rushing up the throat of a chimney, ashes falling into a pit. Red changing to gray. Hot becoming cold. Power declining to weakness. Animate sinking

to inanimate. Form losing itself in formless. Identity merged in contrariety. Image back into essence. Phenomenon again become noumenon.

Changes in the universal which reverse themselves; ashes getting upward by means of the stalks of growing plants; gray morning lightened into red evening; coldness made warmth by relation with a mid-day sun; puny childhood waxed into giant manhood; decomposed fertilizers correlated into life-sustaining corn; running water as solidity carved in ice; germs which no sight can differentiate enlarging into individual selfhoods; ideas become living form through image; waves falling back into the sea.

Water cooled in the depths of forest springs for the delectation of thirsty lips. Slime running in ditches for the gullets of tadpoles for which it is food. Air in which birds fly blithely. Dense woods for the hiding of timid deer. The sea for fishes. Broad-chested, full-throated, bellowing buffalo bulls; the prairies for these. Valleys for fruitage; the mountains for outlook. Pain to warn of danger. Joy to commend the right. Bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial. Difference between life and death no difference at all. Bodies for the materialized; bodies for the dematerialized. Bodies heavy enough to weigh down scales and to wield heavy tools; bodies light enough to walk upon water or to float in the air. Bodies visible and invisible. Corporal and spiritual essences. Passions of the body, ecstasies of the soul. Joy and luxury everywhere. Exhilarating songs. Sparkling wines. Children full to wastefulness of costly luxuries. Women bespangled with diamonds pleasuring until the break of morning. Well people, people never tired; lounges and couches everywhere. Men possessed of coffers that overflow. Prayer never made without immediate answer. Prayer scarcely breathed until immensely reciprocated.

Considering the love of God and the kindness of men; the lovely heaven and the beautiful earth; nature's abundant gifts. A world filled with beings, every being blessed with office; a world of law where nothing is error but what opposes law; a world of absolute justice. A world going round and round forever; having no stopping-place. Considering the feeding of helpless

things by helpers; the stabling of cows in well-littered stalls; horses pampered with golden oats; swine filled to fatness, their skins glossy with oil; chickens and ducks and turkeys tenderly housed and cared for. Considering intelligent man working for the unintelligent brute. Considering a humming-bird fed on nectar by a flower.

Considering beautiful scenes; a field of clustered wheat-sheaves, the intervening ground yellow with undried stubble. Over the field white and gray cloud-rifts mellowing into haziness mid-day sun-rays. All around a fence of living green. Here low bushes giving wild blackberries, dwarfed trees bearing the chincapin clambered after eagerly by the children of farmers. In the front of a picture a great oak having wide-spreading branches, under which harvesters gather, wiping the sweat from nut-brown arms, or, with long-stretched necks, drinking from home-grown gourds. Beyond the field a world of other fields; scenes as fair and riches as plentiful stretching away in the near lands and away into distant lands; beauties and riches and luxuries for everybody.

Here a midnight full moon illumining a plashing stream flowing out of green depths lost to sight in the distance. In the nearness a damming back and tumble of water over fallen logs; red moss clothing an overhanging rock. Along fern-bordered flat banks clusters of the pink almond blossoms. Arborescent trees, their leafy crowns amongst the clouds. Tangle and thicket and impenetrable wild, confining thought and imagination to a single spot. A picture to carry away for a frame,—a picture composing the looker to rest.

Considering, on the other hand, cries and groans coming from a wreck at sea; banks of merciless, unrestrained waves falling upon the deck and filling the hold of a fated ship; swirls, long and angry, gathering strength in a race of miles, high-topped, phosphorescent, tumbling masses of water washing praying fathers and mothers and screaming, terrified children into the jaws of sharks; torn sails, splintered planks, everything rifted and broken up, nothing left to take hold of. No hearing ear, no helping hand, no Providence.

Considering sick and maimed persons growing worse daily. Considering the unheard supplications of priests and the unhelped workers in hospitals. Considering the cancer-stricken pushed into a grave. Considering tornadoes and the overflow of rivers. Considering the stopped-up throat of a diphtheritic babe. Considering a simple old woman, who, with Bible in one hand and cross and beads in the other, climbs wearily a long hill leading to a temple; considering whether or not the old woman will get what she goes after. Considering the nun, with her black veil, who marries Christ. Considering the trying to be better than God shows himself to be, by keeping up coast-stations for the help of wrecked sailors.

Thoughts of trembling, terrified swine in a corner of a pen, trying vainly to get away from a knife. Thoughts of chickens and ducks and turkeys, pulled from a roost, their heads twisted off, their bodies thrown upon a snow-bank to flop out the death-agony. Thoughts of a humming-bird's helplessness in the hands of a boy. Thoughts of beeves sliced into meat, and of the stuck throats of heifers.

Thoughts of children crying for bread. Thoughts of weary women toiling into the midnight hour. Thoughts of homeless men and the "move along" of the policeman. Thoughts of unrequited labor. Thoughts of prayer as prayer, of beseechings going continuously to the God, but never, never, never an answer coming from the sky. Doubt everywhere.

Atlantis,—not at all an unparalleled story. The time, perhaps, a summer's afternoon; nameless thousands in holiday garb celebrating a feast-day, throwing kisses to the God, chanting pœans of thankfulness for abundant blessings seen everywhere, in prostration before a host, confident under a sheltering arm. Priests in church attire, maidens bearing garlands, parents happy in children and children joyous in parents, marrying and being given in marriage, building and tearing down, planting and rooting up.

—An ominous rumble coming toward the land from out the depth of the sea; a sudden overwhelming crash, a mighty water rising and a continent sinking, mountain waves drowning measureless valleys, hills covered over and disappearing, nameless

thousands aghast and screaming for mercy, nameless thousands bruised, buried, crushed by the surging, whirling torrent.

—A very little later, and long, soft-flowing waves in dreamy stillness rock to sleep with mother-like softness a gull resting upon the sea,—a nameless single bird floating upon the surface of deep waters that roll over Atlantis, over its streets, over its lines of shade-trees, over its priests, its maidens, its parents.

Doubt everywhere, belief nowhere. Constrained to laugh at the silliness of people who materialize for the God a human ear; kneeling never any more; faith and trust gone with the winds; certitude a myth.

There are door-steps leading to the *Spiritus Sanctus*; this is the fifth one.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE ROSICRUCIAN WAY.

HERE a field of different signification is to be introduced ; let the page not be passed unread.

At the present position the reader finds himself in presence of trickery, visions, and confusions ; albeit not without some preparation for what is to follow. Legerdemain, as it professes association with the spiritual, excites his disgust. Visions he may be excused for putting to the account of a disordered head or stomach. Confusions have been with him, not unlikely, for so long a time, that he inclines to dismiss the whole subject as pertaining to things not to be unravelled. Here assuredly stood the writer at one period of his investigations, but here assuredly does he not now stand. The intention of the volume is to show other things than these already described, which other things are to him who holds the pen a haven from which he is reasonably sure that he will never depart.

How far, and to what extent of directions, investigations have been carried by the Commission of the University is not known up to the present moment, save to the members of it ; as implied in the introductory page. The investigator writing the present experiences was but a very short time, however, in

originally concluding that it was waste of time, patience, and charity to encourage or countenance the dealers in miracles. Spending labor and means in following the "lo here" and the "lo theres," using in many instances the same mediums employed by the Commission, he found his disgust increased in proportion with his experiences.

A different estimate, however, made itself felt as the result of examinations continued and of thoughts aroused. Credulity ceased to be entirely despised, and ignorance was discovered as a not impossible teacher of lessons. The circle of the subject being completed finally, it was appreciated that "extremes meet," and that if it be foolishness to affirm, it is not always wisdom to deny, seeing that knowledge makes evident the fact that nothing in the Universe that is seeable, feelable, hearable, smellable, tastable is anything apart from what it appears to be to a particular user; that no one thing is precisely the same to any two persons in the Universe, consequently that one person sees, and naturally, what another does not nor cannot see.

Come to full and unwavering recognition of the truth that every man is a life to himself, that macrocosm is one with microcosm, understanding of self was perceived to lie with understanding of life in general, and to lie nowhere else. It was perceived that apparently mysterious revelations live with the opening of simple paradoxes, and that realities lie with imaginations in the case of him or her who is capable to the conversion. In a word, the secrets of use and sight are found to lie with an aphorism,—

"A thing is to the sense that uses it what to the sense
It seems to be ; it is never anything else."*

To-day, looking toward beginning from his ending, the holder of the pen inclines greatly to qualify his contempt for the materializing mediums. It has come to be perceived, if from nowhere else, out of the visions described as beheld by himself, that one may see where another does not see, and that honesty may exist on a face which to an observer is a lie. It has as well come to be perceived that what can be nothing else than super-mundane to ignorance becomes most ordinarily mundane to one who understands.

Truth lies with the process known as Exclusion, wherever else it may lie. The process of discovering the declarings of Exclusion lies with the ROSICRUCIAN WAY as the only way. The pages now depart into this Rosicrucian way, and it is safely to be promised him who will follow that spiritualism shall come to be fully comprehended ; not only comprehended, but seen and felt to be the heaven and heavenly state after which men aspire. At the entrance of this Rosicrucian way are to be shown, in the instance of the present journey, a mystical couplet and mystical lily sprays which are to be understood as symbols of the only spiritualism and as Keys to the Universal.

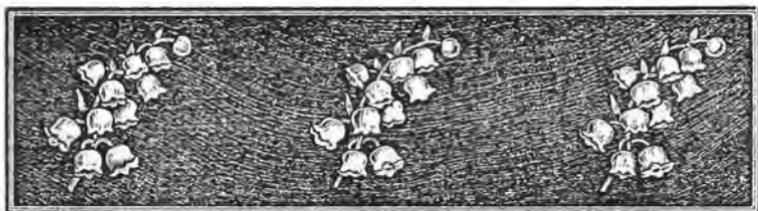
* See the author's book, "Two Thousand Years After."



I.

THE ROSICRUCIAN WAY.

Day, night, the day again,
Yesterday, to-morrow, eternally the same.



HERE the mystery of the Arcanum. Here entrance upon the way of development. Here Yoga Vidya—a road leading everywhere. Here all that man has to do with, or that has to do with man. Here the Universal.

In the couplet and symbol heading of the page lie, hidden to non-initiates, all that is between beginning and ending, or which is beginning and ending. Here is the gold found by alchemy. Here is an Alcarraza holding the elixir vitæ and the liquor adolescentiæ; full and running over. Here are the earth, heaven, hell, life, death of the Illuminati.

All knowledge that is beautiful to the soul, satisfactory to the self, that is associative of lofty and lowly, of width and narrowness, of riches and poverty, of caste and proscription, of cold and heat, of zenith and

nadir, of wrong and right, of material and immaterial, of surfeit and hunger, of swiftness and slowness, of unrest and tranquillity, of impulse and recoil, of preceding and following, of love and hate, of sublime and contemptible, of fire and cold,—this all lives with that which is the essence of couplet and symbol. Couplet and symbol belong to the Spiritus Sanctus of Rosicrucianism.

Rosicrucianism is the wand of a mystic and the staff of the simple. It is the implement of the philosopher. It is the drab coat on a Quaker's back. It is marriage and the denial of marriage in strange sects. It is the sermon. It is silence. It is assertion and denial. It is at the same time coalescence and antipodes. It is oneness and difference. It is color and absence of color. It is ornament and blemish. It is marvel and absence of wonder. It is depression and exaltation. It is coming from and going into dust. It is comprehension of severalty. It is apprehension of union.

Yoga Vidya starts with simple history and self-evolved inferences. The history may be gainsaid; the inferences are foundational.

. . . To strive after and to get hold of the secret of the Arcanum. To learn of the mystery of the philosopher's stone. To get entrance into the Spiritus Sanctus. To accomplish the circle of the Universal.

. . . For a brute beast, the grass under its nose; nothing else. For an alchemist, gold. The elixir vitæ and liquor adolescentiæ for the Immortal. For Illuminati the fruit growing in the midst of the garden.

. . . Living with material and immaterial. Court-

ing the company of the disembodied. Understanding the oneness of death and life. Being told and learning. Eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and coming to know as gods know.

II.

ROSICRUCIANISM.

Who is Rosicrucian ?

He is Rosicrucian who precedes nose with sight, and who has come to apprehension of difference in eyes.

. . . He is Rosicrucian, whosoever or wheresoever, that is favored with perception of surface within surface and of face beneath face. He is to know himself as not Rosicrucian who sees nothing of lines between lines, or who is without recognition of the openness in occult. He is to know himself as not Rosicrucian who is without desire to meditate or to unravel. He is not Rosicrucian whose needs find full supply in the materialistic.

History.—Appreciation of Rosicrucianism is entrance, and the only entrance, upon the way of development.

Rosicrucianism, as understood by non-initiates, relates with the mysterious, and, as estimate of the ignorant is concerned, with the diabolic ; both are wrong.

In the fourteenth century was born one Christian

Rosenkreuz, the name of which man, translated into English, means Rosecross. This person was a German noble, who, as he grew into years, developed wonderful inclination toward meditative and speculative studies. He is to be pronounced a born metaphysician. To appreciate the character of this representative individual, and through him that which is represented as a guild which has the peculiar reputation of being everywhere and yet nowhere, is to start with an assumption that his philosophical career commenced at the basis of the Ionian school, which basis is understood as accepting the composition of all things as lying with one or with a combination of four elementary bodies: the particular one, according to the teachings of the founder of the school, Thales, being water; according to Anaximenes, a close successor, air; according to Heraclitus, fire; according to Empedocles, things at large being existent in a mingling and then a separation of the mingled; this flux lying with earth.

Here, where the studies of Rosenkreuz commenced, begin, necessarily, the investigations of every man who is to find out the meaning of himself and his relation with the universal. Rosicrucianism, in its highest and best sense, signifies material, spiritual, and intellectual evolution; and evolution, after this manner, implies the student life. A Rosicrucian, come to the order of what is called an illuminatus, or an illuminated man, means one who has himself become, in a sense, God. Such a man comes naturally and necessarily to be esteemed singular by his fellows, and it is strange if this singularity possess him not with the reputation of laboring under hallucination. Rosicrucians are divided

into alchemists, immortales, and the class illuminati just alluded to.

Rosicrucianism, individualized, differs nothing, as far as the fourteenth century is concerned, from what it is found to be in the nineteenth. Alchemy is in a sense the start-point. Alchemy proposes to itself the transmuting of lead into gold and the crystallization of morning dew into diamonds.

Riches, in the shape of precious metal and jewels, is the ultima thule of young manhood, just as cleared ground upon which to grow bread is that of a young and pioneer colony. Rosenkreuz, while almost a boy, conceived the possibility of acting on the premise of Empedocles in compelling gold and diamonds to show what they are through analysis, arguing that as they are neither earth, fire, air, nor water, the composition must lie in some union of these supposed elements, there being nothing else in which it could lie. It was an intrinsic deduction that analysis might be duplicated, or conversed, by synthesis; hence, to find out what is the composition of a thing is to possess one's self with the power to make the thing.

Here is inauguration of the day of alembics and of the occult of the alchemists. It will be felt as natural, and as akin with the selfishness of men, that crucibles should be set up in hidden places, and that experimenters, in pursuit of a great secret, should grow recluse and mystic. This mars a page in the history of the master.

Failing in his own laboratory, Rosenkreuz passed from the environments of his home to live with the traditions of Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Gymnoso-

phists, and it is averred that here, aided by his own analytical genius, he did in truth learn how to make sun-gold and dew-diamonds. Out of this developed, in turn, the "Fratres Roris Coctus," brothers of concocted dew.

Succeeding naturally the alchemists come the immortales. Bread is nothing without time and appetite to eat it; much less are gold and diamonds to him who finds no days left him in which to spend. The alchemist grew quickly into the most unenviable of men. Lacking one thing, all else was counted as nothing. Gold was had, but Fate had the alchemist. The need was time,—time and eternal youth. Metamorphosis was absolute. Alchemy revived under a new name and with a new aim. Again the fires of laboratories in hidden places were lighted. Men, old and bowed with anxiety, were to be met searching beneath the trees and carrying from the fields bundles of exogens too heavy for their bent backs to bear up. The waters of springs were analyzed. Journeys long and formidable were endured, not unlike the search recorded of Ponce de Leon, or that infinitely more dangerous one, the expedition of Jason to Colchis for the recovery of the "Golden Fleece." The search was for an Elixir Vitæ; at first for more than this, for a Liquor Adolescentiæ. Exhaustion begotten of effort was succeeded by renewed effort and further exhaustion. Always on the verge of a grand discovery, the immortales one by one fell palsied and fainting into their boiling caldrons, or were overcome by fumes which poisoned them; this, or they lay down by the waysides; otherwise, as is recorded by the vulgar, were caught up and

carried away by devils and genii. The story is simply one of history repeating itself; Menedemus trying to revive his failing body by inhaling the breath of children; David courting to his enervated frame the lustiness living with the vigorous youth of Abishag.

After all, an elixir of life and a liquor of youth were found. Avaricious in the pursuit of knowledge, Rosenkreuz acquainted himself with the sublimities of the Vedanta philosophy and made himself familiar with the Greek schools of Plato and the Alexandrians. Here body differentiated itself to his understanding as a thing of little significance; a mere shield-bearer to a principal standing within or behind. Ego, Eros-like, had arisen, an intangible tangibility; not to be doubted as the real existence; seen and understood as not capable of being lessened or heightened or deepened or broadened by elixirs; a something carrying no purse, neither possessed of neck nor finger for ornamentation. The life and meaning of man were seen to lie with Ego. Body was recognized to be external.

Few of the misunderstandings of men are more curious and unexplainable than misconceptions concerning the Rosicrucians. In a worm-eaten encyclopædia, which has descended in the writer's family through the generations of two hundred years, Rosicrucians are described as an hermetical cabal, who appeared, or at least were first taken notice of, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; professors of secrets whose principal idea was a philosopher's stone, a sect of fanatics at whose head, in England, stood Robertus de Fluctibus, and, in Germany, Jacob Behmen and Michael Mayer. Concerning Behmen, or rather

Boehm, the most modern biographical dictionaries perpetuate the crudity of Hallam in writing of his supernatural illuminations as lacking in the power of transferring a light to others, quite overlooking the fact that uncouched cataractous eyes cannot see. Here language will be wisely slightly changed to accord Rosicrucianism better with what is to follow. While, during any period between the fourteenth century and the present hour, a band of workers interested in chemical pursuits may have taken as a society name that of a master in the art, and while it very well may be that Rosenkreuz himself organized such a band and retired with fellow-workers to unravel such mysteries as lie with the composition of gold and diamonds (surmising, not unlikely, what modern chemistry seems never to think of, namely, that elements are no elements at all, being simply phenomena arising out of and going back into a primary or noumenon, which, had Empedocles named it matter, instead of earth, would be recognized to comprise all that the science of the present day knows of the abstract); yet here is simply provisional association, and not, as surmised by some, a secret and continued order, as, for example, that of Freemasonry, with which, in the estimation of many, Rosicrucianism is more or less identical.

It is not at all to be denied that savants, called Rosicrucians, used language not fully understood by those unfamiliar with their nomenclature; thus the writer of an article in an English encyclopædia says of them, out of such misunderstanding, "In fine, the Rosicrucians, and all their fanatical descendants,

agree in proposing the most crude and incomprehensible notions and ideas in the most obscure, quaint, and unusual expressions." Let this criticism be measured by the language of the present chemistry when compared with names and terms familiar to the popular ear. A chemist prefers request to fellow-chemist for HNO_3 or HSO_4 , meaning by these symbols to ask for nitric or sulphuric acid,—symbols full of meaning to the inquirer, empty entirely of sense to the unlearned.

There is a closely-printed little volume entitled "Apologia Compendiaria Fraternalitatis de Rosea Cruce," written by Robertus de Fluctibus in reply to strictures appearing against Rosicrucians during the time of Charles I. and the Protector, which, although I have never seen it, I feel sure is entirely familiar to me in its contents. This is so predicated because true learning leads but in one direction, and Robert Fludd was learned. Perhaps full expression is given of this in a quotation from Jennings, who refers to Shelley as one who if he had not been so great a poet would perhaps have been equally eminent as a metaphysician,—that is, when age and experience, as he puts it, had ripened and corrected original brilliant crudities of thought,—a constant declaration being upon the poet's tongue to the effect that most men, at least most thinking men, spend the latter half of their life in unlearning the mistakes of the preceding half. I know this English Rosicrucian as an illuminatus and not as an alchemist. There was but one way for him to write, and that I may be sure is the way of his pages.

The alchemy of the sixteenth century was simply the infancy of the chemistry of the present day. Is it

not known that chemistry is a worker of natural miracles? Are there not found coming out of the crucibles daily things richer than are to be compared with gold and diamonds?

Alchemy is and was material, so also is and was man's body material. Out of the glasses and furnaces and crucibles came a genius, which, under the name *EXCLUSION*,* is found to be a light which illuminates remote and near, the physical and the metaphysical. By and through a use of this process of *EXCLUSION*, *immortales* developed into *illuminati*.

Recognition of the fact that the body is external is the meaning of illumination, and this, in turn, is the true and whole meaning of an *illuminatus*. To attain to consciousness of a tripartite nature as belonging to man, is to get above accidents as it is to be above concern. Body is matter. Ego is intangible, immortal, and unchanging individuality; nothing in nature can hit or hurt it: the bag of human bones may be beaten, but Nicocreon cannot pound Anaxarchus. Soul comes to be understood out of recognition of matter and Ego; and so, as Zoroaster first asserted, "He who knows himself, knows all things in himself."

In every sect are people who are of it, and in it, by name only. What the confused thoughts and writings of an alchemist are to the perceptions of him who has advanced to the state of an *illuminatus*, so, and nothing different, are the perplexities of modern spiritists to the illuminations of a spiritualist; noth-

* Knowing what a thing is by knowing what it is not.

ing is hidden save to him who cannot open ; darkness to one is light to another.

It would not be at all difficult, because of free illustration being at hand, to follow here with pages treating of Rosicrucian symbols; of the signification of the phallus, of the gnostic amulet, of druidical stones, of the seven vowels chanted as hymns to Serapis, of the twelve divisions of the circle, of the Egyptian scarabee; these are, however, externals, as will appear to any person who comes to see them from the inner side, and they serve only to illustrate the intellectual passage from externals to internals, otherwise expressed, to show the reaching of noumenon through phenomena.

Ultimate of illumination is consciousness of the fact that Ego, even while in the body, may live a life of its own independent of it, hence knowledge of the fact of spiritual existence and proof obtained through the intercourse with Ego.

Knowledge of Ego exists in understanding of hypostases.

NOTE.—The symbols of Rosicrucianism are to be met with widely not only in the sixteenth century but in ancient and modern times. Going back to the Parthenon of Athens and the Pantheon of Rome, melodic notes and passages are found inscribed, inferred to be charms addressed to spiritual beings inhabiting the air. That carved upon the portico of the former consists, in the treble, of the notes *d f d*, and in the base the note *a*. The address upon the latter is in the treble alone, and consists in the sounds *g c c e g*. To sound these notes upon an organ is to appreciate a dreamy solemnity residing in them. A lotus-headed sceptre implies religious authority. A snake-headed staff, military authority. The collar of Esses is associated with the Order of the Garter. The coupled "S. S." has the meaning of "Sanctus

Spiritus," that is, the third of the principles of the Trinitarian hypotheses. The "Fleur de Lis," of which the three feathers constituting the crest of the Prince of Wales is a disguise, refers to producer, means of production, and thing produced. The "Delphic E" means the half of the cabalistic zodiac: it was the sign by which Gnostics indicated the "Saviour." Stones, as relations were had with their use on certain days, signified good or bad fortune. The color yellow is appropriate to Sunday, as it attracts the propitious influence of the planet it represents. Pearls and white stones, but not diamonds, are for Monday, this being the day of the moon. Rubies and all stones of a fiery lustre are for Tuesday, or Mars's day. Turquoises, sapphires, and all blue stones are for Wednesday, the idea being that this is the day of sylphs who reside in the spiritual atmosphere in closest relation with humans, and who are seeking constantly means of communication; blue stones, representing, as they do, the vault of heaven, are implied as a way to such communication. Thursday, being the day of Thor, sacrifice, stones of sanguine tint are worn. Friday is the day of Venus; the color is green. Saturday is the day of Saturn, the oldest of the gods; special honor is paid in the wearing of the diamond.

The significations of symbols are, of course, scholarly, nor are they less beautiful. Bread and wine are symbolical of the body and blood of Christ; more than this, become real body and blood, according to the faith of all Christians, in the consecration. Symbolism, in Rosicrucianism, is not to be objected to when understood. The flag of a country is, in a sense, the country itself.

III.

INFERENCES OUT OF ROSICRUCIAN EXCLUSIONS.

HE is ROSICRUCIAN who lives in looking at the nature of things and in getting understanding of one's relations with himself and with the universal; getting at the secret of transmuting bars of lead into gold, the composition of that elixir vitæ the drinking of which renders the drinker immortal, and in studying into that illumination which discovers that true knowledge consists in "knowing that you know what you know and that you do not know what you do not know."

Comprehending, out of understanding, with Zoroaster, that for a man to know himself is to know all things necessary for him to know in himself.

Recognizing, with Platonists, that correspondence between analysis and synthesis corrects imperfections as to judgments existing in defects of senses and reason.

Accepting, with Epicurus, that pursuit of pleasure is the highest wisdom.

Considering man in his relation to himself and to the universal. God, the devil, celestial and terrestrial. Occult and open. The bigness of littleness and the littleness of bigness. The strength and the weakness, the mortality and the immortality of man.

Being brought into a state of profound content,

through comprehension. Recognizing self as a part of a universal whole, yet as a something forever separate and individual. Recognizing the import of universal.

Getting hold of the meaning of things; rejoicing ever with appreciation, enduring never without consolation. Understanding that pleasure and suffering are conditions of proper and improper relation.

Finding truth to be entirely apprehensible. Seeing that the real does not conceal nor obscure itself. Learning that life is a circle where there are no dark corners. Doubting never any more as to the purpose of being. Expert as to the office of feet and hands, mind and soul.

Cognizable to the confusions of philosophers in their confounding of things. Separating clothes and body and body and person. Appreciable of environment. Come to understanding that self is one thing and that soul is another thing. Having gotten hold of the meaning of an unpardonable sin in discovering it to be self-explaining and self-proving. Satisfied as to the existence of God in coming to a sight of Him upon the outside and the inside of men. Proving to one's self that one's self is God.

Able to grasp the meaning of an infinite eternity in an infinite now. Making nothing at all of the idea of an hereafter, knowing the present to be all that has been or that can be.

Comprehending, with Alexandrians, that recognition of the infinite means necessarily that the recognizer has himself become the infinite.

Coming, in highest wisdom, to care for nothing or

to think of nothing but the hour that is; having learned that there is nothing else to care for or to think about.

Recognizing that an end reached is according to a way taken.

Accepting that conformity to law, not violation, insures most against mishaps.

Appreciating that good and bad are not things of themselves but things of relation.

Enlarging being by increasing knowledge. Determining through the seen the existence of unseen. Understanding that the blackness of night is by reason of earth turning her back to the sun. Seeing the meaning of shadow to lie with light, and that to face about is to find the real. Perceiving what is involved in the fact that a beast is at its best when living powerfully and aggressively for self, and that a man is at his worst when so living. Understanding as fact that faith can remove mountains: smiling in derision at the idea of faith being able to remove anything: learning what faith is. Opening an enigma that both teaches and denies the existence of an overruling Providence. Finding out what alone will hold up when one leans against it.

Deriding the doctrine of a resurrection while being able to prove it true. Seeing a cocoon and a coffin to be alike; that the way to a butterfly is through a worm. Apprehending what is meant by a body terrestrial and a body celestial. Getting out of experimentation the differentiations of materializations and dematerializations. Smiling at the embalming of Egyptians and at the burying of Christians; knowing the law of matter.

Not at all confused in accepting self to be the same self forever, holding at the same time with Pythagoras that he was Euphorbus of the Trojan war, and that, with Empedocles, he had lived as boy, girl, beast, bird, and fish.

Listening to complaints of unanswered prayers; astonished at the profundity of an ignorance which wastes time in prayer. Seeing a nation turned idiots asking for life of king or president. Hearing the preacher begging for rain and the preacher pleading for drouth. Regarding generals who, in opposite places, entreat for success to side in sectional and fraternal strife. * Compelled to rebuke prayer, yet yourself hourly praying and never failing to receive answer to prayer.

Rosicrucianism, standing in the light of the nineteenth century, possessed of the immortal elixir, repeating, mockingly, "O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?" Standing by the bedside of one who struggles to break the environment, seeing nothing different from a locust casting its shell, the wakeful going into a dream, or a birth of higher evolving itself from one of lower signification; knowing as simple change of association what others call death.

A door shut and fast locked against the confusion of outside things; yourself seated in meditative mood, listening to an inner voice and working at the opening of paradoxes; yourself profoundly content in what you have learned yourself to be, yet full of commiseration for afflictions endured by others. Asking yourself as

to why and wherefore and as to distinctions and differences. Knowing what is the province and what is not the province of senses and reason. Awake to a light shining out of spiritual illumination. Having learned the source of instruction and where to apply for understanding.

Rich in absence of possessions. Healthy when weighed down by disease. Alive in death.

A believer in ghosts and demons; yourself a maker and dispeller of things occult and mysterious. Yourself knowing yourself as maker of heaven and hell; yourself your own god and your own devil, and a god or devil to other people. Yourself brute beast or divine uplifter. Yourself able to reach to the antipodes or bound to a spot. Yourself having learned that there is neither forward nor backward, looking at that which alone is. Yourself overwhelmed in consideration of the dead ear of Christ. Yourself finding a horn in your hand to call Christ to his office. Yourself alive to the existence of a wall that separates prayer and answer. Yourself having discovered self to be Christ. Yourself the resurrected Christ.

Coming at last to understand the oneness of profound and simple. Coming at last to rest in absolute tranquillity.

IV.

THE HYPOSTASES OF GOD AND
GODS AND OF BEASTS.

FOUNDATION.

HERE a chapter pertaining to foundational knowledge of the Arcanum other than material, as reached through processes of Exclusion residing in Illuminati. Here a window looking in on the true and only spiritual.

With comprehension of Hypostases is ground of Certitude; meaning by hypostases simply the component parts of which anything consists, and meaning by certitude that which is irrefutable truth. Rosicrucianism, finding itself advanced by reason of chemical and general philosophical analyses to understanding, accepts, out of this process of Exclusion, that the beginning of that higher knowledge, which, once come to, takes of itself hold of the human and carries him forward until all and everything is apprehended which relates man with himself and with the Universal, lies with recognition of the third of the principles of the Greek hypostases, namely, recognition of the Holy Ghost of the Trinity; denial of the existence of which, as later on is to be shown, is possible alone to beasts, whether these be of shape like unto men or brutes. Denial of it is also necessary commission of the unpar-

donable sin,—a sin, the nature of which, as is also to be shown, is self-explaining and self-proving.

This third principle of the hypostases is essence of the meaning of the Brahminical salutation, "To the Divinity that is within you I do homage." It is also wholly explanatory of the passage in the Christian Bible, reading, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Holy Ghost is a certitude *known by every man, absolutely, with whom it dwells, and not known, possibly, where it does not dwell*; the principle of knowing lying with possession, and of not knowing lying with the Alexandrian dianoetic that like is alone capable of knowing like, as where sight is absent nothing is seen. *Knowing Holy Ghost is knowing, necessarily, the existence of God.*

The hypostases of God are Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; this, expressive of severalty in Oneness. In the material universe water, ice, moisture are illustrative.

The hypostases of gods—meaning by this term perfect men—are matter, self, Holy Ghost.

The hypostases of beasts—including in the term all men not occupied by the Holy Ghost—are matter and self.

MATTER.—Matter, of which the bodies of men and beasts are alike composed, is that common Something of which the earth at large and all things occupying it are made up. It is stone, vegetable, and human body, and it is human body, vegetable, and stone; thus back and forth forever. It is an entity changing daily, hourly, momentarily, its manifestations. It composes to-day

part of the body of a man, to-morrow it is of the soil of a field, another day it is the fruit of a garden, and still some other day it is a bird, fish, brute. Matter departs from form and gets back into form; disorganizing, resurrecting, this forever and forever. What loses identity is matter, not form nor self: these are immortal. Yet may the form of a crab advance to that of the perfect apple; a boy grows into the man. The apotheosis of a creeping, crawling, smearing worm is a flying, floating, emblazoned butterfly; the apotheosis of a grain of wheat is a stalk of waving grain; the apotheosis of a mortal is a celestial.

The grain of wheat is known to us in no other sense than terrestrial. Materialization, in man, takes on dematerialization. Yet is this last not any more mysterious than the other. Form is a mould in which matter ensconces itself. There is a density of land and a density of water, and still another density of air, yet are land, water, and air one. Body occupied in the dream state is not less real to its possessor because materialized eyes see nothing of it.

Who can understand? It is easy to understand. What apotheosizes is self in man and beast, form in the lower organizations.

SELF.—Self in man and in animals at large is one with form in wheat, trees, and rocks. Self is individuality. The bodies of men and worms break up and go whence they came; self rehabilitates; the worm gets to itself wings and bright colors in compensation for the dull garment laid off; man advances to a spiritual plane and associations; this last meaning, however, nothing different, as heaven and hell are

concerned, from what relates with him when in seeable form. Self, or Ego, as understood by philosophers, is that primal of man which is the man; matter and Holy Ghost being things of association. It is not necessary, in order that men exist, that they have bodily form through relation with matter, as this entity is familiar to a materialized eye; neither is the possession of a soul—meaning by this Holy Ghost—a necessity to a human life.

HOLY GHOST.—Everything has office and meaning. The office and meaning of a watch is to hold and carry around the time of day. The office and meaning of bellowing herds seem to be to furnish meat to men. The office and meaning of men are according to the man: full intention is likeness and purpose with the God.

Extent of likeness and purpose with God corresponds with extent in possession by men of the Holy Ghost. Like corresponds with nothing but like. The God is absent where He is not seen. Watches there are that tick-tack, yet which tell never anything as to the hours. Herds there are that moulder back into dust, having performed no intermediate office. Men there are who are born and go away, leaving the mission of manhood unaccomplished.*

As a watch differs practically from a turnip in nothing but office, and is nothing better than the vegetable when office is not found with it, so men relate with beasts or with the God according as Holy Ghost is absent or present. As eyes, ears, touch, taste, and

* See book entitled "Two Thousand Years After."

smell are instruments in men without which the self cannot act, so, after a not dissimilar manner, men are designed as instruments of the God. Means to ends is the law everywhere, and the God himself is not found to relate differently from this to the world. The meaning, then, which separates beasts and men is capability on the part of the latter to receive and act in the Holy Ghost. Not receiving nor holding is necessarily not exhibiting; hence, prayer in presence of a beast man results in as little heed as if uttered to a brute beast: the commerce of God with men is through men.

What finally becomes of a watch that refuses to conform with the meaning of its intention? and what finally becomes of a fig-tree that will give no fruit?

People with whom the Holy Ghost is most abundantly found are the simple and virtuous; this, either because of the simplicity and virtue, or because these beautiful traits are creations of the presence. With people self-wise or over-sufficient, with the proud and uncharitable, with all who are without understanding as to common good being the only good, with him who fails to see that gifts are in men as almoners only, with the supercilious and malevolent,—with all these the Holy Ghost is absent, otherwise so lacking in measure as to be incapable of making itself felt.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.—Existence of the unpardonable sin is difference between man and brute. Appreciation of this by human beings is the matter of greatest concern in the whole world.

A matter of such momentous and stupendous signification is to be assumed as no mystery, but as being ordered to be self-proving and self-explaining, and

this is found to be pre-eminently and irrefutably the case. Nothing is uncertain ; nothing is lacking.

ARGUMENT.—God and Heaven being identical, absence of God is necessarily absence of Heaven. God is absent in the dual man by reason of non-occupancy of him by the Holy Ghost. The location of the kingdom of Heaven being within a man, and Heaven and the presence of God being accepted to be one and the same thing, it follows that he who has not the Holy Ghost as part of his composition is necessarily not of Heaven.

Unpardonable sin associates in no mind with any other idea than that of a something which excludes from Heaven. What excludes is here understood. It is left with men to enter or stay out,—*i.e.*, to permit or correct a state of unpardonable sin,—*i.e.*, to be their own Heaven- or Hell-makers. The difference between a man and a brute lies simply and alone with the capability possessed by the former to receive occupancy by the Holy Ghost ; no man being a man without this capability. A man may refuse such occupancy and live a life of fourscore years, a composition simply of self and matter ; his nature and being allied in every sense with creeping and crawling things. He may, on the contrary, enlarge and dedicate himself as a temple which throws its doors widely open, and he is entered and becomes filled with the Holy Ghost, and thus subserves material to immaterial ; ego to God. He becomes God, inasmuch as God becomes him. He is in Heaven by reason of the oneness of this with what he has become. To refuse occupancy by the God, to deny him coming to his own, is doing nothing differ-

ent from denying or putting away what almost everybody seems so anxious to obtain.

Hell is simply Heaven negated. It is inexpressible prescience and mercy on the part of the Creator of law that this wonderful thing is the case. Beasts, it is inferred, are not made to need or to enjoy place on the spiritual plane any more than the inviting and mighty hill-sides are designed to prove of delectation to fishes. But to man co-occupancy and the glory of both Heaven and earth are given. With him is a capability to climb, to attain, to enjoy. Here is nothing at all mysterious, nothing that belongs exclusively with any future state of environment or condition. The association is with Now; with every present hour, every present moment. To put away the godly and spiritual until one finds a new kingdom through the outlet of a grave is to come never to anything but what a beast is thought to come to; it is to be as entirely lacking in conception of Heaven as it is to be enlarging understanding of Hell.

Yet what a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful God, that Hell exists in relation with mortals simply as a thing of contrast! a multitude, a great multitude, deeming flames pleasant. So swine enjoy a trough.

ARGUMENT COVERING THE UNIVERSAL.—Celestial, or dematerialized, body is entirely one with terrestrial, or materialized, body. God, the unseeable, is one with God, the seeable.

Matter as material and as immaterial, God as seeable and as unseeable, are self-proving and self-explaining existences. The One is in all. The All is in one:

This to the enlightened Rosicrucian, be he Christian or heathen. The process of exclusion lies strictly with analysis: it is to find out what a thing is by finding out what it is not. The term Hypostases is simply a sound if inner meaning remain undiscovered.

Finding out where God is and how he is, and finding out where Matter is and how it is, and what man's relations are with God and what with Matter, this is covering the full circle of Rosicrucian illumination. The circle of an Illuminate is not, however, the beginning of a mark which, in its perfected state, is to constitute the circle: higher rests upon lower, attenuated upon dense, spiritual upon earthy; the road to a mountain's top is by means of footsteps begun at its base. Rosicrucianism, having discovered that everything is explainable to him who keeps himself in the way of explanation, will accept nothing or have nothing but what, like his sun-gold, shall pass current through the tests of the metallurgist. "There are phenomena," says the Rosicrucian, "and these are beheld everywhere, and under all kinds of form and manner. Is phenomenon one with effect? Is an effect a thing in itself? What is an effect or phenomenon? If an effect is not a thing in itself, it arises out of something back of it. What is the something?"

None save the very simple—otherwise the peculiarly endowed and highly favored, especially as this doubting nineteenth century is concerned—come to spiritualistic conceptions save as the genuine Rosicrucian finds himself afforded such rich and beautiful possessions; that is, being influenced through things which are as steps leading to the Spiritus Sanctus. A first

step to a Rosicrucian is his first experience in analysis. A first lesson to an illiterate man is, not unlikely, his first sight of a phosphorescent hand moving through darkness independently of apparent agency.

Nineteenth-century people are not very simple people; they certainly are not peculiarly nor specially endowed spiritually; they have come, however, to an intelligence that needs to have reasons associated with faith; and if reasons are not in place of foundation, edifice is found of little signification.

First, as to God and his hypostases. Here illustration that a fool may read as he runs. Here sight at a glance of the Universal. Here analysis of greatest seen lying with least. Matter is least.

Discovery and understanding of God are after the manner of discovery and understanding of Matter; discoveries, the two, equally self-verifying and irrefutable. Rosicrucianism starts, as do men at large, with the infantile idea that God is known just as directly and as unmistakably as is Matter. Here is beginning of his way. A very little later he finds out that phenomena are mistaken by him for what he deemed the things themselves; more than this, that, as matter is concerned, this is an essence which no human may possibly take hold of or see; that in itself it is "without form, and void." This knowledge required not the perception of an illuminatus; it was come to by alchemy in its laboratory. Taking up, for example, a human body, chemistry found this to be easily resolvable into water, and this water, in turn, even more easily resolvable into gases. Thus, it was speedily recognized that true body, or matter, is a some-

thing the most unlike possible to that which is mistaken for it. Is it necessary to add anything? Matter shows itself to a sense as it is of concern to the sense. It is not at all to the tongue what it is to the nostril, nor is it to the ear what it is to the sight. Matter is, yet is not at all, its phenomena. It is, as chemistry exhibits and demonstrates, an invisible noumenon. It is visible phenomena, however, in the shape of men's bodies, of land and houses, of sky and water. Matter being invisible in and of itself, confusion at once disappears as to difference between bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial. Celestial is change of phenomenon as to environment; it is certainly to be apprehended as not at all less real because of lack as to form that is seeable, or tasteable, or smellable, or touchable. Matter is the correlative; it is the unseen ether; it is earth's carpet of grass; it is heaven's dome of sky; it is the picture hanging against the wall; it is the wood blazing upon the hearth; it is of the pig grunting in the pen; it is of the orator preaching in the pulpit.—What is it? Known through its manifestations. A celestial body approaches evidently nearer the real than does the terrestrial body.

The God makes himself evident through phenomena. Design, as phenomenon, is everywhere. Matter is found to have its changes under undeviating and absolute direction. Seasons are found ordered in requirement to harmony. Water runs downward in form of streams until needed to run upward in form of moisture. Forests moulder not, but change into coal-mines, that the needs of a thousand years be supplied. The microscopic insect finds limbs as well ordered to

purpose as does the ponderous elephant. The spheres roll in an eternal harmony, coming never into collision. Immensity, immeasurable, incomprehensible, unthinkable, is phenomenon of Designer.

—Has a Rosicrucian eyes that will pierce the antipodes? Has he ears that can hear the rush of world by world as movement and rush are eternal in space? He has, as he discovers, what he needs. Matter is a certainty to him. God is a certainty to him. Having come to understanding that the day concerns the day; that matter, as it is to the purposes of the day in which he finds himself, will hold together when nailed or sewed; that it will harden or soften; that it is to be made light or heavy, white or black, cumbersome or enduring; having discovered that it is with phenomena alone that he possesses means of contact, he at once gives over associations which he understands belong not to to-day. To come to these associations he bides the time and tides of nature, comprehending fully that time and tide are forever, and that invisible is in turn visible.

Settled into tranquillity by entirely satisfactory recognition of noumenon through phenomena, an end is reached where instrument becomes negative and prepared for use. Analysis has shown the Rosicrucian what he is; more than this, what he can become as to his Ego. If, out of his understanding, he put office before self, he learns directly of the God as the God comes to live in and to make use of him.

The law of relation of God with men is found to be little different to the law of relation of matter with men. Ego may environ itself with fatness; it may move

about in leanness; its environment may be wholly matter; it may be a temple and a carrier about of Holy Ghost. Ego is an Independent: it may select or follow where and how it will; it may spend and be spent with the brutes; it may ally and find itself a companion of the God.

A chapter, this, considerative of ending from beginning; too early introduced, however. The Rosicrucian way, while leading eventually everywhere, is at the start a single path. Let here interpolation break a connection, that new commencement be made. Let too that reader who has failed to get from the chapter just read full idea of Theosophic meaning and processes return to a study of it when what follows shall come to be understood. Not possibly knowing the God yet easily and simply knowing Him is not at all necessarily a Rosicrucian paradox.

Steps forward, steps backward. Spiritual master to-day; material master to-day as well. Spiritualizing, rising; materializing, sinking. The greater light, then a lesser getting between it and the sight. Let the interpolation be a mirror showing a Rosicrucian hardly yet come to the tranquillity of an illuminatus.

V.

SWARTHMORE.

WHY Swarthmore in connection with Rosicrucian thinking and living? Swarthmore relates with the scholarly; it affords definition of Spiritus Sanctus as the term associates with Rosicrucianism and with the state of mind of him who here writes; things being within and yet without; being without and yet within.

Who that has found a laboratory for himself cares, or has occasion to consider, whether or not a man called Rosenkreuz ever existed?

Whether or not, to be of the guild, one must be by nature a Rosicrucian? Whether or not the putting on of a drab coat makes a Quaker?

Whether it is possible, or, if possible, desirable, to court the alembic and to court something else at the same time? Whether it is well or profitable that a person live two lives at once? Whether it is in accord with demands which belong to the day for men to recognize over-closely that making to themselves riches is necessarily increasing in poverty? Or, that waning to poverty may mean waxing to wealth?

—Whether or not others besides Rosicrucians are prepared to apprehend the paradox of getting camels through eyes of needles?

Swarthmore a Spiritus Sanctus;—its peacefulness and restfulness; its most Quakerly of Quaker meeting-houses; its imposing college dedicated to learning.

On the one hand absolute nature and simplicity; on the other that which is represented in the vapor of crucibles and by the analyses of philosophers;—all and everything about appealing to and exciting the Rosicrucian instinct. God! I think to myself, why does a man, once here, not stay forever?

—Yet, on still another hand, life, as it is, and its duties. Remembrance, as a doctor is concerned, of sick men and women lying in hospitals; the knowledge that by-ways and alleys are filled with people who are not Rosicrucian, and who do not, and perhaps cannot, understand.

Here at Swarthmore, the remove of a few miles only from the whirl and strife and contentions of a great city; here the associations which invite to meditation and to speculation; here rolling fields of grass and grain and luscious fruits; here clouds breaking the glare of a summer mid-day sun; here clouds gathering and lifting moisture out of damp places, flowing rain over dry spots. Evidence here of the mighty capability conferred on mortals. To the right of the meeting-house, upon the stone entrance-step of which at this moment I sit writing, a great seat of learning, its massive walls surmounted by aspiring domes. Immediately in front an observatory holding a sweeping glass which shows around and beyond the stars. Down somewhat lower the contrasting station of a railroad: winding tracks, swift-moving trains, busy men and women being carried hither and thither.

Evidence, too, of a deliciousness living with nature. Right at the door of the meeting-house, a step only to the left, a clump made up of chestnut, oak, hick-

ory, firs, with an odd mixture of cherry-trees. The floor of the clump berries of the wild rose, flowers of golden-rod and cheerful aster, long unmown grass. Among the leaves music singing an æolian song, soft and soothing as the old stone meeting-house proves restful and religious. From among the golden-rod and asters and red berries the voices of crickets and katydids. Upon a great swing two jacketless college boys, one in a white shirt, the other in checkered blue, faces ruddy brown, limbs lithe and agile, throats full and running over with laughter, the boys swaying back and forth, now touching with outstretched feet limbs just under the sky, now sweeping the asters and grass and red berries; boys fresh and vital in hearts and muscles and nerves and bones.

. . . Moved after a little while to another place; Crum Creek lying for the moment in a deadness of stillness, the face of the water flecked with fallen leaves, the yellow faces of which tell of the nearness to August of autumn. Here a prostrate tree-trunk, mouldering and getting back into the universal. Chestnut burs grown a year ago, dried hemlock leaves breaking at a touch, withered ferns dropped over upon the moss beds; a squirrel here, dead and fallen into a crevice of a great rock. Across the stream a triangle of meadow, and above this a hill-side bordered by hand-planted trees. Among the trees a high frame and the symmetrical blades of a windmill, telling further of man and of his conveniences. . . . Red leaves being dropped by sapless twigs. . . . Still song after song, sung by the grasshoppers, the katydids, and the crickets.

—Suddenly a quick wind coming from somewhere beyond the brow of the hill; acting as lash to the still water; driving the stream and the yellow-faced leaves; frightening and stilling the grasshoppers, the katydids, and the crickets; twirling and casting to the ground dead limbs of old jungle; bringing pattering drops, which beat for a moment a tattoo upon the green protecting roof overhead, and then speed in hurry under the arches of a near bridge.

—Chaste and restful Swarthmore! Beautiful Swarthmore, seat of Quaker felicity! Surely, saith the heart, "Here hath peace taken up her abiding-place." The Rosicrucian saith, "Here is Spiritus Sanctus."

. . . Spiritus Sanctus! found as well among swamps and brushlands of Jersey; found in silent valleys lying between great mountains; found where tempestuous waves thud ceaselessly the sand and the rock; found as one wanders reflectively along a railroad track; found as upon the lapstone is beaten the leather; found as a reader scans the proof of authors; found as the farmer sows seed or gathers the harvest; found as an old woman knits stockings or where decrepit men hobble on crutches; found amongst illumined clouds; found down in the blackness of coal-mines,—being within and yet without, being without and yet within.

—Transformation not more strange as to scene than to state of mind. The stage of a theatre. The exquisite feminine form. The muscular masculine form. The proud minuet of operatic ballet,—swaying; swaying with dreamy grace and delicate ease and gracious stateliness to and fro, to and fro, to the inspira-

tions of soft music,—swaying. The eye made liquid by belladonna; the blackened brow and blacker painting of the underlid,—swaying. The delicate raising and kissing of hand; the head bent over and looking up; the flash and fire of glances,—swaying. The short-cut and looped-up skirt; the girded and drawn-in waist; the bust of sculptured whiteness,—swaying. The high-heeled shoe and arched instep; the braided white ankle; the swell and symmetry of limb,—swaying, swaying.

—Gray hairs and white beard catching motion and swaying. Sighs for a liquor adolescentiæ. Lesser coming to eclipse greater. Matter coming to master soul. Scowls for wrinkled fingers which may no longer feel the softness of velvet. Scowls for the sunken instep and the spindled shanks. Disgust of swaying which corresponds not with other swaying. Long white beard and long golden curls; contrast and hatred of person.

Nature agitated and calling aloud and angrily for renewal of freshness. Body rebelling against soul. A hungry mouth excited with desire for the flesh-pots. Again in the ear memory of voices and words. Again in the eye sight of faces and forms. Again in the nostril scents of nameless perfumes. Again in the taste fruits sapid and luscious. Again in the touch thrills and responses.

Youth declaring itself not dead. Hand reaching out for the wine-cup. Thoughts of running horses and unrestraining reins. Nights in a gambling-house. The winged yacht and the dashing spray. The wrist-to-wrist encounter with fencing-swords. The climbing

of foreign mountains and the rope holding together venturesome travellers. The boisterous play of shinney in the village street. The run away to sea and the return. The venturing into and exploring caves. The narrow quivering from rattle of drum and scream of fife.

—Passed-away things back again to memory. Absolute dissatisfaction with the world as it is. Envy of the unwrinkled skin, of the swift foot, of the brown hair. Envy inexpressible of the swaying.

Memories of Heidelberg and its tun; of the Neckar running from the hill-land to the flat-land; of the watching of duels in the Angelplatz; of the pledging in great tankards the health of kaiser and presidents. Memories of a Righi Culm and of its neighbor peaks encased in silver and gold. Memories of break-neck speed in the rolling of diligences as chains give way in the declines of the Brünig. Memories of jerking, driving waves, met at the exit from Dieppe. Memories of blinding sprays in the English Channel. Memories of evening sun-rays reddening the white cliffs of Albion. Memories of Brighton ablaze with excitement in the presence of royal personages, and memories of the spurring and prodding of racing horses at Lewes.

Memories of Scotch hills and of mist-covered lochs. Memories of the Rhine as followed from the bleak North Sea to the dancing, leaping, laughing waters at Neuhausen. Memories of the ice-Alps as seen from the streets of sweltering Zurich. Memories of Lucerne and of long trout discovered in the crystal clearness of the lake of the Cantons. Memories of Lausanne and

of midnight moon-rays covering the face of Leman.
 Memories of snow-garbed Jungfrau contrasting with
 the surrounding greenness of summer-time.

* * * * *

—Back from the enticements and allurements of
 the theatre. A night of sleep. Again in a library.
 Not longer swaying, but measuring.

—New thoughts and impulses entirely. Analyzing
 self and considering the meaning of the universal.
 Pitying youth in that it has come to nothing beyond
 sense of material enjoyments. Glad in the possession
 of wrinkled skin and of long white beard, finding
 them to mean so much more than is meant by fair
 complexion and brown tresses. Rejoicing in delicious
 contentment out of a look at coffer in possession full
 to overflowing of sun-gold and dew-diamonds. Edu-
 cated sense again in place of common sense.

Yet oh, the grand seasons of living!
 And oh, the grand Nature! And
 O the grand God!

* * * * *

—Steps forward, steps backward.

VI.

A ROSICRUCIAN CIRCLE.

CONCERNING MATTER.

"WAS man nicht dekliniren kann
Das steht man als ein neutrum an."

The couplet of the German grammarian, while holding no absolute truth, can yet be happily parodied to afford groundwork for our analyses ; as,

What shows itself not one thing or another
To the processes of Exclusion, that is nothing.

I will now begin at the very start-point of a way that leads nowhere but to the Olympian height, inviting him to climb with me who is without other instrument than feet with which to make the ascent. I will promise that fellow-traveller, who has not been up the mountain, that when the top is reached he shall find himself looking down, beholding and understanding many new and beautiful things ; if, indeed, he shall not behold, and understand, the Universal : climbing from ledge to ledge, looking from effect to cause, is the single only manner of Rosicrucian development.

It is recorded in Plato's dialogues that one Hippocrates, a young man of family and of parts, desirous of becoming a citizen of note, went, accompanied by

Socrates, to place himself as a student under Protagoras the sophist. "What," asked Socrates of Protagoras, "do you propose to teach my beardless friend?" Turning to the youth, Protagoras replied, "Young man, the advantage you will derive from associating with me is this,—that on the very day of your coming you will go home a better man than you were before, and the same on the second day, and on each succeeding day you will make further progress."

If any one familiar with Protagoras incline to doubt his ability to make good the pledge, no one will dispute that if, in the sophist's chair, the greater teacher Philosophy be placed, what was promised is to be attained.

To comprehend philosophy is to become a philosopher. To be a philosopher is to be a possessor of tools, and of trained hands with which to work tools. Rosicrucianism is one with philosophy.

Let us understand each other by beginning with a definition. When Pythagoras was in Peloponnesus, the king, Leontius, asked him what his art was. "I have no art, I am a philosopher," was the reply. The king, never having before heard the word, asked its meaning. "This life," said Pythagoras, "may be compared to the Olympian games; for as in this assembly some seek glory and the crowns; some by the purchase and by the sale of merchandise seek gain, and others, more noble than either, go there neither for gain nor for applause, but solidly to enjoy this wonderful spectacle, and to see and to know all that passes; we, in the same manner, quit our country, which is heaven, and come into the world, which is an assemblage where

many work for profit, many for gain, and where there are but few who, despising avarice and vanity, study nature. It is these last whom I call philosophers; for as there is nothing more noble than to be a spectator without any personal interest, so in this life the contemplation and knowledge of nature are infinitely more manly than any other occupation."*

Another definition of philosophy—one, perhaps, to be preferred—is by a modern. In this a philosopher is presented as a man who attempts to get comprehension of the Universe. This second includes the former, as well as every other aspect of the circle: a whole must contain its parts. It is to the whole that a philosopher's studies are to be directed. The whole is the Universal. The Universal is past, present, future. It is beginning and ending. It is intermediate. It is an eternal Now.

Knowledge is of two kinds: it is of Comprehension and of Apprehension. By the first is meant an ability to compare derived out of experiences. By the second is implied cognizance existing in a Something which needs no experiences for its fruition,—*i. e.*, the Spiritual light; or, to express this in the language of that great and peculiar Rosicrucian, Jacob Behmen, the "Divine illumination." To demonstrate the possible existence of this duality in knowledge illustration needs but to be made by reference to the double nervous system found related with men; the one, the cerebro-spinal, knows nothing but what it collects to itself from the outside; the other, the ganglionic, has its

* See the author's book, "Thinkers and Thinking."

meaning entirely within itself: it knows, and feels, and acts as well on the first as on the last day of its organization.

Comprehension is in the use of what are known as the Senses; it means learning attained by sight, touch, taste, hearing, and smell. There is no immediate knowledge of the world and of its associations obtainable otherwise than through the senses. It is to be added that senses, like knives, may be sharp or dull.

Apprehension is a means of knowledge possessed of limitless significance. It is of no connection with animal wants,—certainly of no connection with the five senses which pertain to requirements of organic life. If it be considered as a sense, that sense is a peculiarly special one, and has nothing to do with the functions and well-being of muscles, bones, and viscera. It must relate, if it relate with anything, as a medium of connection and association with the spiritual.

Accepting, for a present purpose, that a man is individual,—that is, that he is a Selfhood, related with a great universe which revolves about him, and with which, compulsorily, he must live in accord,—he is to understand how inquiries are wisely made.

By the senses are meant media of communication. Hardness in stone is understood by touching such a body; sounds harsh or sweet are measurable in the undulations passing across the drum of the ear; sweetness and bitterness are contrasted in taste; odors, offensive or grateful, are distinguished through smell. An individuality lacking as to the senses, or possessed only of such as want in acuteness, shows as idiot or

sciolist. So, after a not unlike manner, he who is possessed of worthy senses, yet refuses to learn by touching, seeing, tasting, hearing, and smelling, this one, too, shows as idiot or sciolist; difference between idiot, sciolist, and the worldly-wise being simply and wholly as to the extent to which a man has touched, looked, tasted, listened, and smelled.

Senses which pertain to a man as an animal have no relation with things external to the meaning of animal organism. Senses deal with things that are like themselves: eyes look, they do not smell; nose smells, it does not look. The instruments of touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing die and break up when that organism of which they are a part dies and breaks up; they are of earth, earthy. Look at and analyze as we may, there is found with the common senses of men nothing different from the tearing eye-tooth that secures to the carnivore its prey, or nothing dissimilar to the rough tongue that tears off the grass for the herbivore. An only distinction is as to refinement in ends: a lion, alike with a cow, and alike with a man, touches, tastes, looks, listens, and smells.

As senses pertaining to organism are concerned, no dissection, no analysis, no deductive reasoning can show difference between field-mice and men. Hawks have, indeed, advantage over humans in sharpness of sight; buzzards smell where the man perceives nothing; a horse pricks up his ear where silence oppresses the traveller. Difference as to quality of sense between brute and brute is in degree; between man and brute it is the same.

But man eternally holds his head upward. He finds

his way through the murkiest of clouds; he scales the empyrean; he hugs closely the breast of the God,—some men, not all men.

Means to ends are ever a necessity. The spiritual feeling is universal. It differs in acuteness, but it is everywhere that man is. Men may be found who are idiots spiritually; a great multitude are sciolists; a few, on the other hand, are demi-gods. Idiocy and sciolism differ as sense, and as the use of sense, is concerned, and nothing on the earth or in the heaven is to be taken hold of save by means of a sense. If the spiritual sentiment be admitted to exist, it follows that man is possessed of other than the organic senses. This accords scientifically with what the Bible teaches: "The brute looketh downward, the man upward." There is no sense common alike to humans and to brutes which will carry to any intercourse outside the domain of matter. What the Spiritual sense is a Religious knows by reason of possession. The physiological anatomist does not know what it is by means of his art, but he is able to come to a knowledge, through the process of Exclusion, that there is a something related with the human composition that is capable of dealing with and affirming of existence beyond the Noumenon and characteristics of Matter. As a correlative to his conclusion, it follows that man is a being having relation with a dual existence; consequently that there are two conditions which he is bound to consider and to provide for.

This sense of Apprehension is nothing at all different from what we call the Soul; and here it is, and here it is only, that distinction is to be found between men

and brutes. It is the Divinity which does, or which may, reside with men. Apprehensional knowledge, it is to be repeated, is knowledge existing in that which is Knowledge itself.*

As the senses of organic life are understood to express relation of man with the material, so this sense of spiritual life explains his connection with the immaterial. To express it differently, and perhaps better, the one is human, the other divine.

Here a question pertinently propounds itself to scientific inquiry: Can a man be without a soul? Certainly men are to be found wanting in eyes, so that they stumble. If soul be identical with the divine principle, a multitude of people are assuredly encountered, in whom, to say the best of it, little is to be seen that is holy.†

What we are reading for is to find foundation. To secure it we are to begin with getting understanding of ourselves. Zoroaster is right: "He who knows himself knows all things in himself."

First. How does a man know that he exists at all? Truly there are wonderful arguments for and against. We shall come to these, not unlikely, as we are prepared for them. The French philosopher, René Descartes, stood one time where many are not unlikely still standing. He was seeking a foundation upon which to build. He was a good Romanist. In the sense that he feared to make a mistake by aggressiveness, few were influenced more by that cardinal prin-

* Refer to chapter on Hypostases.

† See "Two Thousand Years After."

ciple of scholasticism which directs that individual convictions are never to array themselves against the conclusions of Mother Church.

The state of mind of Descartes was this. He was learned to the extent of knowing the philosophies of the ages and the traditions of the church. The fault, so far as his own satisfaction was concerned, lay in want of a ground of certitude. Things were not to him self-proving. A thing that was not self-proving he held not to be a thing at all; that is, he held it not as a truth capable of universal acceptance. A system of philosophy, he maintained, was only solidly to be constructed when a foundation was secure, and which foundation would bear the unyielding demands of the universal. A first fact in such a base was to be found, if found at all, in recognition of a something that should contain in itself its own verification. The something found by Descartes—the something on which is built the Cartesian system—is the famous aphorism, familiar to almost every student. "*Cogito, ergo sum,*" "Man thinks, therefore he is."

Not at all unfamiliar is the fact that faiths and systems array honest seekers against one another. The earth holds 1,274,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these people 353,000,000 are Christians; 8,000,000 are Jews; 120,000,000 are Mahometans; 1,000,000 are Parsees; 483,000,000 are Buddhists; Fetichism numbers 189,000,000 worshippers. Mighty in influence is Christ. Mighty too is Confucius. Possessed, however, of the greatest number of followers is the prince Gautama, founder of the Buddhistic religion.

He who would comprehend for himself as to every-

thing solely as a philosopher, is to start by laying aside, temporarily at least, any traditional faith of which he finds himself possessed. The intention is to depend primarily on the animal senses, finding, by the agency of these, understanding of what is learnable through them. Attained to this degree of knowledge, confusion in spiritual matters is capable of being dispelled, as are complexities in mathematical problems by the presence of demonstration.

Accepting the *Cogito, ergo sum* as expressive of certitude, the Being that recognizes itself is to inquire and learn as to what kind of a being it is. This learned, the Being is to pass on and inquire as to things which concern and relate it with the Universal.

Let us anticipate for a moment and consider of that which directly relates with our individual requirements and associations. An individuality, called a man, finds itself standing in the midst of a great universe. Under his feet is ground. Over his head is sky. The first is covered with growing things and with creeping and walking things. The other shows ether reaching into infinity. Suns countless, and planets in number not to be reckoned, are before him. Immensity confronts and confounds him.

Thus assuredly stood individuality at the beginning ; thus stands man to-day.—Man, but not all men. All see the growing and the walking things, all look on the sky, all behold immensity, but all are not confounded. A blind mole burrowing through the ground and a man's eye scanning the heavens are the same, as to material. Flesh and grass are one. A human soul despising a passion that forces it into contact with vice

is of a piece with Almighty God. So, too, Ego is something different from both.

Can we understand ?

Man is an individuality. There is no doubt that this Ego may stick a finger of its environment in the fire or withhold it from the flame. If the man be unlearned, no master-guard stands over warning him when infection is in the air and death is snapping at his heels. He is his own doer and undoer, his own raiser up and his own puller down, and raising up and pulling down are exactly in proportion as knowledge is possessed by this Individuality and as use is made of it. Man is an animal. He is also a god, or can be. He can give one to the use of the other. He can deny one relation with the other. There are men who have no souls. Science finds no conscious immortality for matter. Mind is matter. All of body is matter. To get apprehension of immortality requires that man learn of things which are outside of physical organization.

To afford emphasis to what is to be advanced I point to this skeleton that hangs before us;* it was brought only a few weeks back from Paris. It is an odd suggestion, but I want you to notice the peculiar hang of the lower extremities. I have never seen skeleton legs like these. Every time I look at these bones I incline more and more to the fancy that this man knew the Champs Elysées well, and that life and means and prospects were danced away by him in the Jardin Mabille. I hold to this fancy, knowing that a Jardin Mabille sup-

* From class lectures.

plies the almshouse and that the almshouse furnishes skeletons.

Turn your eyes to this second object. It is the embalmed body of a woman from over whose heart have been removed the concealments of muscle and skin. There is here no soft silken raiment. No bouquet emits sweet odor. The gift of friendship, or of deception, glitters not out from the bosom. Where once was warmth there is now coldness. Where passion sat enthroned now is nothing but stillness. This was lifted from the chilly marble slab of a morgue and brought here.

"One more unfortunate
Gone to her home."

Whence? Whither?

Turn your eyes still again to these expressions of mortality; this time as students prepared to deal with the metaphysics of the very practical science of anatomy. I say the metaphysics of anatomy. The metaphysics of the subject is the higher anatomy; it is consideration of the something of which anatomy is the image.

Our consideration is of Matter; just here of this alone; of the matter which makes up the bodies of men and women.

"What is this skeleton? As to answer I have no doubt. A skeleton is the bony framework of a body. The whole made up of many pieces: over two hundred in number. Any piece analyzed is found to be a combination of animal substance and earthy salts. Does it seem strange that a teacher of anatomy, after thirty

years spent in the dissecting-room, should be found admitting that he has never seen a bone?"

Here is a femur: the long and heavy thigh bone. Here are a Rosicrucian's acid bath and a slow-burning furnace; the latter possessed of an oven from which air can be excluded. Let us get understanding of the admission.

"What is the femur?"

"The femur is a bone described as made up of a shaft, extremities, processes, ridges, and holes called foramina, and which has its being by reason of a union of gelatine, blood-vessels, lime, magnesia, and soda."

"Then there would be no bone if gelatine, blood-vessels, lime, magnesia, and soda were absent?"

"It follows that, if these be the bone, absence of them would be absence of bone."

"But what as to the form of the bone? would this too be absent?"

"Form shows itself as one with constituents."

"With all, or with part, of constituents?"

"With all necessarily, as when part of a thing is away it is not in shape as when all were present."

"Then we are to say that part of this femur being away form could not be as when the part was not away?"

"We would say, as of chair or table, part being away, form is away; that is, form as it represents the thing in its integrity."

"But as to what constitutes a thing: whether this be constituents or form?"

"Not form, surely, else figures of things would subserve purposes equally with things themselves."

“A thing, then, is its constituents?”

“It is this or it is nothing.”

“Let us see. Here is a bone just lifted from the acid bath. What shall we name this bone, and why?”

“It is to be named femur because it is a bone held up a little time back, and it is as to every particular of form what it was before.”

“Here, then, is a femur held up alike a little while back; it possesses form in every particular as before; it has just been lifted from the oven. Shall the name continue for it?”

“Undoubtedly, seeing that it is a femur.”

“That is, seeing it to be femur in form, and accepting form, in the instance of such a thing as a bone, to be identical with presence of constituents?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Yet in the bones held up there has been removed by the acid every particle of lime, magnesia, and soda, and by the fire alike every particle of gelatine and blood-vessels. Constituents here are entirely lacking; yet, according to the definition, bone remains?”

“It would seem proven that form and constituents are not the same.”

“The form being found here remaining, while constituents are absent, form is to be accepted as femur?”

“Out of the showing it would seem undeniable that form and femur are one.”

“Constituents having disappeared, it would seem as proved that simple figure rather than substance is reality in all cases?”

“It seems proved that figure is the real and persistent.”

“Yet here the femur taken from the oven is now simply pressed in the hand, and form disappears instantly in a shower of dirt that falls to the floor. The femur, lifted out of the acid bath, parts as instantly with the distinctive form as manipulation rolls it into a ball which a boy may throw at freedom without regard to neighboring glass.”

“It is demonstrated that neither substance nor form is essence.”

“It is demonstrated that what is known of Matter, and its relations, are of phenomena and not of noumenon; that to know a bone would be to know an Entity, of which shafts, processes, and foramina are simply and wholly phenomenal expressions.”

“Then it is to be declared that a thing is not what it seems to be?”

“It is to be declared that nobody in the universe knows what a bone is, save as phenomenal expression is concerned. The thing we call real is only the shadow, as it were, of an essence. Presence of shadow is proof, however, of the existence of essence.”

“This is explanatory of Anaxarchus's contempt for the threat of Nicocreon to bray him in a mortar?”

“It is explanatory of an estimate in which matter is held by the philosopher.”

Rosicrucianism having gained a ledge or premise, holds and fixes it as a base about which to concrete or from which to depart.

As femur, or the material body at large, is concerned, the Rosicrucian comes to understand it as Essence serving temporarily the uses of Ego. What Matter is as to its reality he knows that he has no means of

knowing, and that knowing is of no concern with wants or purposes. On the subject of Matter he is at rest, by reason of understanding its relation with himself. The understanding he has reached is as follows:

1st. That a human body is of the same material as a curb-stone.

2d. That the wonderful instrument called brain finds familiar representation in the toy called a kaleidoscope; and that one is not a bit differently immortal from the other.

3d. That there shows itself, out of a process of exclusion, conducted even only so far as analysis of Matter, a Something which is not matter. The analysis demonstrates the something to be of individual signification; further, that body is to it what a flute or other instrument is to harmony.

4th. That as it is the office of a flute to afford harmony voice, so, in no dissimilar manner, is it the office of mind, muscles, and bones to serve the purposes of Individuality.

5th. That when Individuality is absent, body is in precisely the condition of an unoccupied house. An unoccupied house is without mission; it may as well be tumbled into its own cellar. We tumble bodies from which the Ego has gone out into a grave.

6th. That as a flute is insignificant or great, according as it is acted on by harmony, so, in like manner, body is mean or mighty, as it is occupied.

7th. That means relate with every end. That Ego requires the hands of matter with which to do, precisely as knives are needed by surgeons for the accomplishment of operations.

8th. That a flute or a knife is in the way of its highest meaning when it is dead to its wood or its steel, acting wholly, solely, fully in the harmony or skill that plays upon or uses it.

9th. That the sole office and meaning of human body is to serve the purposes and intentions of Ego; that because it is found in a state of constant change it is of relation to the Self as clothes, in turn, are of relation with it,—this, and nothing different; that body is to have consideration only as a phenomenon which suits wants; that an Ego's body, or environment, is never any two hours, or even any two minutes, absolutely the same; that body has its proper consideration when measured simply as a tool is viewed.

Bone is Matter. The whole body of a man is Matter. The rolling oceans and the mighty continents are Matter. Nobody has the slightest idea what Matter is. This apparently so solid Entity is found resolvable, even through such crude means as the ordinary senses possessed by humans, into apparent Nothingness. The Senses which do the resolving show themselves to themselves as nothing. This is science. It is irrefutable science. It is, too, the beginning and ending and intermediate of Agnosticism. The true Agnostic is one who has studied the Material, *abscissio infiniti*, as the manner is called,—that is, by the process of Exclusion, until he comes to repeat, but in other import than used by its author, the line of Thoreau,—

“The wind that blows is all that anybody knows.”

The versatile and great scholar, Goethe, puts his con-

clusions in the mouth of Dr. Faustus, who is made to soliloquize as follows :

“ Philosophy, ah I and law and medicine,
 And, woe is me ! theology also,
 Now I have studied through with burning zeal ;
 And here I am at last, poor fool, and am
 Wise as I was before ; professor called,
 And doctor, too. And now for these ten years
 I've led my pupils by the nose,
 This way and that, and up and down, and see
 That we can know—just nothing.”

To be able with Goethe to know “ just nothing,” and to be able with Zoroaster to know “ all things in knowing one's self ;” here is antipodes of distinction between Agnosticism and Spiritualism.

But how to know ? For the Rosicrucian there is but one way : finding out by analyzing. Tradition and faith are nothing at all to a Rosicrucian. He has his Philosopher's Stone in his process of Exclusion. Where this responds, he accepts ; where it denies, he rejects. A philosopher's stone is one with educated senses. The use of the latter is the advantage of the former.

A modern author says, “ Let us accustom ourselves to thought of evil that may come.” Come to what ? The allusion is to evil coming to body. Epictetus shrugs his shoulders in derision when his leg is twisted to its breaking by the brutal Epaphroditus, remarking, with a smile, “ It is nothing, the body is external.” The difference between the modern author and Epictetus is another expression of the difference between Agnosticism and Spiritualism. Agnosticism is the way

up the mountain; Spiritualism is the garden of the gods at the top.

The term Exclusion, on which so much stress is laid, means simply finding the garden by following the way.

Agnosticism defines itself and the world, inclusive of man, in its declaration,—

“ Everything that is is Matter.”

As we have understood, a brick is matter, a potato is matter, water and air and fire are matter, brain is matter; if a man be not Something besides matter, it follows, necessarily, that his concerns and meaning differ nothing from other matter-composed things. It having been shown that matter, in itself, is not at all what the senses which constitute man's judgment—namely, touch, taste, smell, hearing, and seeing—are wont to regard as this entity, that while it is substance it is yet without form, that while sapid there is nothing to taste, that while odorous a flower is a myth, that while it is the reverberating sea grinding a beach there is no water, or that while it is chains of high mountains and stretches of measureless plains there is, in reality, nothing at all to see, who is to wonder at the confusion and at the absolute nihilism which is Agnosticism? An Agnostic repeats, after the manner of his wisdom, words spoken by Pyrrho two thousand years back, “*It may be so ;*” “*Perhaps ;*” “*Such as it is is possible ;*” “*I assert nothing, not even that I assert nothing.*”*

Agnosticism is a department of scientific evolution

* See the author's book “ Thinkers and Thinking.”

which it is becoming in every intelligent and inquiring person to inform himself or herself about. The word itself is so comparatively new that it has hardly yet found place in the English dictionary. The idea, on the contrary, is so old—as will be shown presently—that it originates with Thales in his famous question, "Who and what is man?" asked just six hundred years before the birth of Christ.

Agnosticism is the same—if expressed after a different manner—as Darwinism. It is the same as spontaneous or natural selection or evolution, under whatever name presented, or however called. It is scepticism which sees all the God it knows anything about in the brick, in the potato, in the water, the mountains and the plains. It is what has held, and continues to hold, in its discipleship some—many, indeed—of the learned savans of the earth.*

Matter, says Agnosticism, is the sum of everything; it is everything that is either comprehensible or apprehensible: beside matter there is nothing out of which to make judgment. The measure by which an Agnostic measures is the use of the rule recognized in philosophy under the term common sense. Now by this term is not meant that indefinite some-

* It is certainly not here the idea to make foolish outcry against the religiousness of Darwin and of a multitude like him; the scepticism of such is not at all the scepticism of the uneducated; it is not at all scepticism in the common idea of the term. To say "that it is scepticism which sees all the God it knows anything about in the brick, the potato," etc., means saying that in the estimation of such God is unknowable after any other manner than through what is seen in phenomena.

thing which is on the tongue of every person who disagrees with the actions of his neighbors, but it implies the five media of intercourse which relate men with the world as it is outside of them, and that these five media tell us everything we require to know and everything that it is possible to know.

When a man starts to build a house his security for a satisfactory result lies with the foundation. Consider in turn the stupendous importance of a foundation upon which is to rest the significance of a man's life.

To walk satisfactorily in a road, one is to know that it is the right road. Man is to have understanding of an ending through comprehension of a beginning.

By that reader familiar with the confusion as to foundational premise existing in philosophical systems, as exemplified in the asseveration of Agnosticism, that "premise is impossible," that "man can know nothing, and that there is no use in trying to find out anything," great interest must be felt in a declaration that premise is not only possible but irrefutable, not only irrefutable but, once attained, ever maintainable and holdable.

As philosophy means knowledge, and as knowledge is the beautiful and desirable thing of the world, so the temptation is great to reach here and there, and to wander hither and thither, as one pursues the way of the mountain. But to wander is to incur danger of becoming lost, which accident has happened to a multitude of wanderers, and will surely happen to every one who carries not with him an unerring compass.

No study is more infatuatingly interesting than what is known as Anthropology, meaning by this an inlook at man's efforts to find out who he is, what he is, where he

is. The origin of inquiry, as employment of purely analytical sense is concerned, lies with one Thales, an inhabitant of Ionia, born six hundred and twenty years before Christ, and known, because of his learning, as one of the seven wise men of Greece. Thales was an extensive traveller, was skilled in astronomy, was a geometrician, was prominent as a politician in public affairs, has the credit of being the founder of philosophy, certainly was the originator of what is known as Ionianism. By Ionianism is meant very much the same, if, indeed, not identically the same, as is meant by modern Agnosticism, namely,—

“Everything that is is Matter.”

“The world,” said Thales, “is water, man is water, God is water.”

Another philosopher of this school is known as Anaximenes. His conclusions related all existence with air, which he declared to be the original principle of which all things are formed, and into which all things resolve. Another of this sect is the famous inventor of the sun-dial, Anaximander. His theory apportioned the sum of the all to heat. Empedocles was another of this school. He was a Sicilian, born somewhere about 450 B.C. That he was a man of simple nature is not to be doubted, seeing that he refused the offer of royalty with the purpose of giving to Sicily a republican form of government. The views of Empedocles are to be remembered by us with an object. He himself put them thus,—

“Nature is a clay, a plastic; it is but a mingling and then a separation of the mingled. To-day the clay

represents a man, to-morrow it is a stone, another day it is something else. Nothing is there but a perpetual flux of things; the world of phenomena is a flowing river, ever changing, yet ever the same."

He goes on,—

Who thinks aught can begin to be which formerly was not,
Or that aught which is can perish and utterly decay;
Another truth I now unfold: no natural birth
Is there of mortal things, nor death's destruction final;
Nothing is there but a mingling and then a separation of the mingled,
Which are called a birth and death by ignorant mortals.*

The famous Aristotle, credited by Sir William Hamilton with being the founder of the science of logic, pronounced by well-judging biographers as being not only illustrious among ancient philosophers, but perhaps the most remarkable man, as intellect is concerned, that ever lived; the "peripatetic," as he was called, because of a restless temperament that never allowed of his standing still,—a man who for two thousand years governed the thoughts of the world not less than the scholasticism of Thomas Aquinas rules the thinking of the present Roman Catholic intellectual evolution,—this man, mighty in learning, wrote his position thus: "Matter is, and always has been; yet has it end, but each end is the beginning of a new end."

This Aristotelian conclusion leads necessarily to a digression without which the premises to succeed could not be logically followed.

* See "Thinkers and Thinking," presented after other fashion in that book.

Where and what, agnostically, was beginning will no doubt be a confusion to men so long as the earth exists. One of two premises is certainly true,—namely, that the earth had a beginning, or that it is without a beginning. In our own Bible it is described as to its make and its manner of making, and the age is inferred as about six thousand years. Traditional Chinese history refers, on the contrary, to things said to have happened even so far back as forty thousand years. Merlet, in the direction of geological events, makes calculations as to the age of certain human remains, putting the years at one hundred and forty-three thousand. Surely, at any event, there was an Azoic age, meaning an age without life; for how could life have been possible when the rocks themselves, or that which was to become rocks, was liquid fire? Then surely do water-made stratified rocks prove a Palæozoic age, and here first living things are met with by science in shape of mollusks and fishes. Next, the water fairly dried up, a Carboniferous age. Following this the ages of reptiles, brutes, and men. Let us strengthen this by repeating, but in different terms, the fact that human body is a phenomenal expression of Matter known to the Rosicrucian as protoplasm. Protoplasm is, in turn, analyzable into gases combined with carbon and sulphur. The source, chemically, of protoplasm is the green growth of the ground; man's body thus seen to be simply grass in a changed form. Animal body understood as being protoplasm, and protoplasm understood as being, after a manner, identical with the green verdure of the earth, it is no difficult matter to comprehend that, as lower organiza-

tions go before the higher, verdure must have been before man; neither is it any more difficult to comprehend that animal body resolves into whence it has origin,—this round going on forever. Here the Aristotelian aphorism, “Matter has end, but each end is the beginning of a new end;” that is, an end of grass being milk, an end of milk being flesh, an end of flesh being a fertilizer, an end of a fertilizer being grass; thus round and round forever.

Notice here, as desired to be emphatically impressed, that the philosophy of the present volume is shortly to map out locality and origin of responsible beginning, and that, if such locality and origin be not accepted, then subsequent studies are to be esteemed as of simple educational import, and not as a guide to life and to living, which the inauguration set out to make them.

But let us take a glance at man’s evolution as he is known, not to tradition, but to absolute observation and inspection. For heed! not until we have travelled a long way do we as philosophers come up with our Bible. Indeed, as Descartes puts it, “until ground be found to stand upon, a philosopher must deny both God’s and his own existence.” Certitude in philosophy must be absolute. No tradition, no system is to be taken for granted. Where ground is not immovable there is no foundation. Materialism—absolute materialism—is the *science* of beginning; there cannot be any other *science* of beginning.

Darwin evolves man from the anthropoid ape, and an ape from a reptile, and a reptile from a conjunction of Silurian and vegetable life, and Silurian and vegetable from palæozoic rocks broken down into soil; and

the palæozoic rocks are a birth of the waters, and the mollusk came from a monad that preceded it, and the monad that preceded it came from—came from—. Professor Haeckel, the foremost champion in Germany of materialistic views, cuts the Gordian knot after this very summary fashion: "The primitive monads were born in the sea by spontaneous generation, as saline crystals are born of their mother-waters." This being accepted, Archimedes might come back; for the fulcrum to enable him to lift the world, after which he inquired, has been found.

Lefevre tries for a start after this manner: "Living organisms result from chemical combinations. The organic contains nothing that is not contained in the inorganic,"—fluidity, crystallization, cell, vegetable or animal organism, sense, thought, are modes of motion."

Many hours could be consumed in referring to men's inquiries into a foundational ground from which to start and upon which to find themselves able to build a structure that zephyrs, not to say hurricanes, will not bring down as tumbles the playhouse built of cards.

Accepting the tracings on some bones of the pliocene period, detected by the Abbé Burgeois, as expressive of the oldest vestiges of men, we are carried to an age when the human differed nothing at all from apes able to strike with stones and sticks. He cracked bones to get at the marrow. His resting-place was a cave or the concealment of a leafy tree. He fought to satisfy hunger. He knew good and evil simply as he was warmed by the sun or conquered by the cold.

How did he come from that to where he is? He

came, and comes, simply as a torrent differs from a rivulet. He differs in constitution, or, if you prefer the word, in progressive development, from what has been overcome and advanced upon.

Put it in this way: No man can compete in jumping with a kangaroo, for the reason that the latter has stronger thigh- and leg-muscles. Fishes swim and men go to the bottom: the former have fins. An eagle soars and the ox walks; the bird can fill its bones with air.

Advance in man is through refinements or relation of his material attributes. Man has a brain instrument of greater range than any of the lower animals. Here is the intellectual power of a man, and here is the difference between man and man. Observe: there were Silurians that moved with agility, and yet a mussel is a Silurian. A sloth moves so indolently that his motion is hardly to be seen. The sapajou, a member of the same family, seldom stirs save in leaps.

Here let us leave the Material of animal body and of the world at large as it is known to Agnosticism. To trace from the question of Thales to the refined and irrefutable physiological premises attained in the present day would indeed afford a beautiful field for study, but it would mean, not unlikely, for all except trained students, loss of the straight way by which we are to bring the less hardy to the mountain-top.

APROPOS.—As water, to be held, means the possession of a retaining vessel, in like manner recognition of Ego lies, with Rosicrucianism, in appreciation of Matter; that is, out of the use of the processes of Exclusion a Rosicrucian is led to know that there is

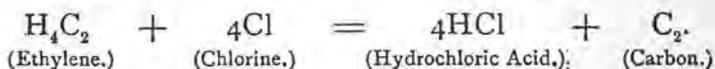
something beside matter. If the reader who has the book in hand is without this appreciation, he cannot take and hold, after the mediate manner, of what is to follow.

Two terms growing more and more into general understanding are Exoteric and Esoteric. The students of ancient philosophic systems found themselves divided into classes under these two heads. This division is not at all an arbitrary one, but is a necessary condition of what Porphyry and Jamblichus speak of as "degrees of initiation," which, however, is only another term for "degree of knowledge." Both Pythagoras and Plato, and as well the Alexandrian mystics, had doctrines which they taught publicly to all; they had also other doctrines which they taught secretly to the initiates,—*i.e.*, to disciples informed enough to comprehend. Agnosticism treats of the Exoteric, or external; Spiritualism deals with the Esoteric, or internal. The way of a Rosicrucian, who will take nothing, or believe nothing, on the *ipse dixit*, or on faith, is to spiritualism through agnosticism; through exoteric to esoteric.

INVISIBLE MADE VISIBLE.—A piece of carbon, say charcoal, if combined with hydrogen gas, is made invisible as a gaseous compound, known to science as Di-Carbide, or Ethylene, H_4C_2 . This invisible is to be brought back into sight by mixing in a tall jar two measures of the gas Chlorine with one measure of the gas Ethylene, procured as above, and then quickly applying a light to the mouth of the vessel; a flame is seen in which the Chlorine and the hydrogen unite,

forming Hydrochloric Acid. The charcoal, carbon, being set free, falls in the form of a black smoke.

The following is the chemical equation :



Still, in turn, a physiologist may take this carbon and, by a process familiar to everybody who eats and digests, put it into a human limb, in form of muscle, through the road of the stomach.

He is not Rosicrucian who fails to understand through such a demonstration as here made the Oneness of material visible and invisible. Observe, a common eye sees and recognizes a body called carbon. A chemist takes this body and unites with it hydrogen gas. Now it is shown to another common eye, which sees nothing. Does not a chemist recognize the carbon as well in its second as in its first state? May he not invoke this invisible and will not the carbon re-materialize so as again to become seeable by the eye of a non-initiate?

He is not Rosicrucian who finds himself confused concerning things described at the same time as known and unknown, as visible and invisible, as real and unreal. A thing is always to the Sense with which it is in correspondence what to that Sense it seems to be; it is never anything else; solid is solid to touch, object is object to the eye.

Rosicrucianism, possessed of irrefutable conclusions as to the meaning of animal environment, understands that original body is of precisely the same signification as a first suit of clothes. It understands

that attention given a first suit of clothes serves to keep no dust off a present one. It speculates, and entertains itself, concerning the primal materialization, but it relates its work and its uses with what is found at hand; comprehending fully that the meaning of use and user lies wholly with the hour; that these have not, neither have had, nor can have, other relation. Come to such comprehension, as well has there been come to entire indifference as to whether or not original investiture lay in shape of monad, sloth, sapajou, or Adam. How can Rosicrucianism be else than indifferent, knowing, as it does, that Matter is with man and not with man almost at the same moment?—that, at any rate, form and manner of environment are simply tools to be used for ends; ends which vary with circumstances and conditions of surroundings; muscle being needed to fight off beasts, soul being the requirement to accomplish association with the God?

VII.

A ROSICRUCIAN CIRCLE.

CONCERNING I.

"If only you can catch me, Crito, bury me as you please."

SOCRATES, *in the Phædo.*

FOR purposes of plain demonstration attention is again directed to a skeleton. Will a skeleton move of itself? It is not seen to do so. The bones constituting a skeleton are found having their various movements by reason of muscles related with and acting on them. Muscles, then, are to be accepted as the movers about of human bodies? Only indirectly. When nerves which are met with running into muscles are cut, movement stops instantly,—as in paralysis. It is then the nerves that are the movers about of human bodies? Still only indirectly. If nerves be separated from the brain they are helpless, as production of motion is concerned, as strands of cobweb would be found. It is then necessarily the brain that is producer of motion? Still again only indirectly. Brains, human and of brutes, are to be found in number filling the great jars and occupying places upon the shelves of dissecting-rooms, but no one of them has been known to break from its confinement or change locality.

Analysis of a brain shows a construction of wonderful likeness to a telegraph system. Dissections of hun-

dreds of brains, and of their allied relations of nerve-cords and ganglia, made by the writer in a long experience as an anatomist, resolve the complexity into a simplicity as follows, namely, what a battery and cords are to an electrician, that exactly the nervous system is to the user of it; again, the nervous apparatus is to the user of it precisely what a piano is to a composer and player. The understanding to be conveyed is that the nervous system is simply, wholly, absolutely an instrument. Except that it is a more complicated instrument as to construction, it is nothing at all different from a shoe which serves its purpose of covering a foot, from a type-writer which makes letters in response to touches, from a wire and a battery which obey commands and convey messages, or from a violin which screams tones of anguish or laughs peals of merriment, which tones and peals are with him who draws the bow and not acts of the instrument; seeing that when instrument is separated from a player it is nothing but wood and strings.

Truly, the brain is so identified with things known to Ego that it may be likened not inaptly to many things. It is a mirror; it is a sounding-board; it is a hewer and carrier; it is a builder and destroyer; it is a navigator of the sea and as well a traveller through woods; it is the physician working at problems of diagnosis; it is the mathematician conning over problems in figures; it is all that exhibits individual direction and intelligence. Yet exactly after a like manner the battery and cords of a telegraph are to be considered. A telegraph apparatus is a messenger: it carries and brings; it is a lamp to dark places; it is a surgeon cutting with saws;

it is a navigator steering his vessel ; it is a musician playing on a great organ ; it is any and everything which is expressive of office performed by it.

A telegraphic apparatus is means of expression, nothing else. A cerebral apparatus is means of expression, nothing else.

Brain is mind-instrument. Mind is instrumentation.

A brain separated from its user is little more than its bulk of water. If the bulk be squeezed to dryness between the hands, or by means of a press, so completely does the mass disappear that a thimble will hold the residuum. Subject water thus obtained to the action of heat, and in a few moments this will disappear, as, in turn, will the solid residuum if subjected to a like influence.

Man says, "I see," "I feel," "I taste," "I smell," "I hear." The man expresses himself correctly. Certainly it is not a simple lens called the eye that sees. A man never thinks that it is his spectacles that look. What sees is the Self, the I. Optical apparatus, whether the ordinary organ of sight, a set of prepared glasses, or what else in the line of vision, are media of communication ; nothing different, nothing else. The means of smell, but not smell itself, lie with a collection of delicate strings. Hearing is by means of a semi-pulpy cord. Touch is accomplished through the instrumentality of white, hard strings several feet, many of them, in length. When, on the contrary, man says, "I am heated, I am cold, I am hungry, I am famished," he speaks incorrectly, as here are indicated conditions of the environment and not any state or need of the Ego.

What is the I, and where is it?

Nothing in the circle of the Universal that can be thought about or conceived of has being apart from one of three existences, namely, Matter, Ego, and the Creating Power. Let emphatic repetition of this be made. If Anything, or Existence, be of concern to man, or, in turn, if man be concerned or related by reason of his being a living active sentient Reality with any thing or things, this thing or these things are necessarily known by him in a sense which corresponds with the requirements of the relation, otherwise no such relation could possibly exist as that of use and user. The three self-proving existences are

MATTER, EGO, CREATIVE POWER.

Here is occasion for a long pause. Here, at any rate, is the basis of judgment concerning all the uses and relations of the life universal; otherwise here is the philosophical weakness of him who here writes.

Matter as represented by body is proved not to be identical with the I, for the reason, as clearly understandable, that no animal body continues constant to its individuality any two hours or even any two minutes; an I that has become familiar to any neighborhood for a period, say, of forty-nine years, has lost and acquired seven full and complete materializations,—that is, seven bodies have come to and have left it.

I is identical with Consciousness; that is, with That which knows itself; it is identical with nothing else. Let a reader who is not entirely clear as to this position consider the proposition. "I am an I," was the impulsive and enthused exclamation of Jean Paul Richter, as, on an occasion, standing in the door-way

of the paternal house, the internal vision rushed upon him, as he describes it, "like a flash remaining ever after luminously persistent." "For the first time," he says, "I had seen itself, and forever."

I, on the other hand, is not the Creative power, else would consciousness of fulness or completeness reside with it. Ego recognizes itself as no designer of environments incomprehensible to itself. Ego perceives that it can say nothing of things as to what their reality may be, for the reason that it knows nothing of things apart from the manner in which things present themselves to Consciousness. All that it can say, or possibly know, is that a Thing is to Its use what to the sense that uses It it seems to be.

I is the ground of Certitude. Here is foundation. I is identical with Self. The concerns of a man are with what constitutes the circle of his relations; and with nothing else. The proper study of man is man. In man is all that belongs to man and with which man belongs.

User is to be appreciated as separable from instrument; here is the first and chief matter; after this may come a study of brain.

The demonstration, or analysis, of a brain is never so simply, and at the same time so comprehensively, made as when an anatomist commences by drawing on a blackboard a central lobe expressive of the part known as the quadrate body. This body is a square mass situated in the centre of the nervous system, and when looked at poetically impresses as serving as dais or support to a mysterious arcanum resting upon it. This mysterious arcanum is the Pineal gland; the seat, as

maintained by the ancients, of the Soul. Surrounding this Pineal gland on every side is what is known as the Cortical, or gray, material of the brain. This gray material is purely instrument subservient to the requirements and demands of a user. It is, in every sense and manner, except as its superior capabilities and ramifications deny comparison, what the evolving or force-making means of a telegrapher are. This gray material, forming what are known as the convolutions of the brain, is to be drawn somewhat distantly, about four inches, around the gland. A succeeding diagram is to exhibit a countless number of cords which lead from this battery, directly or indirectly, to all the avenues of the body at large, and, by means of special cords, known as special nerves, to the organs of sight, touch, hearing, smell, and taste; leading to and relating with things known as external; to and with everything, to and with every place, with which an I has to do.

A still succeeding drawing is to show in connection with the lines of these different cords a series of what are known as ganglia. These ganglia are lesser brains, or batteries, the office of which is to localize and to intensify office or meaning.

The ganglia are to find another analogy in the inferior offices of a telegraphic system. An inferior office receives from a main office and transmits what is received; an inferior may receive and respond without other than a general relation with its main office. Ego is served not alone by one, but by a hundred brains; so too is a telegraphic system served not alone by one, but by hundreds of batteries.

A final drawing is to show the wonderful fact that the Pineal gland is related by means of two reins which pass out from its inside with every measurable space or point of the nervous system that has been described. An occupant, seated in the arcanum of the Pineal gland, could remain in eternal fixity, yet see, taste, smell, feel, and touch the universal.

In place of saying with the ancients that the Pineal gland is the seat of the soul, let us say that here is the seat of the Ego; or shall we say that Ego is one with Aura, and that its residence is with all atoms, as these exist for the time as environment? It is certainly immaterial as to which may be said, as assuredly nothing is known about the manner of relation. There is relation, however, relation as undeniable, as certain, as self-demonstrating, as relation existing between any instrument and its user.

The I, Ego, Self, differentiates and distinguishes itself. I is itself. It is nothing else than itself.

Can men see the Ego? No mother has ever, with the common eye, seen her child, nor has wife after a like manner seen her husband, nor has sister seen a brother.* Ordinary acquaintance with an Ego is alone through what it exhibits itself to be in the acts of its environment; these acts showing whether it is cultured or uncultured, of high or low degree, good or bad. Here, however, we are not to overlook character and temperament of environment. A great composer cannot express great conceptions

* The language here is of purely physical import, and considers the every-day relation of things; it has a wholly objective signification.

through a corn-stalk fiddle. A massive architect cannot construct out of fragments of stone and sticks. A musician can write no notes if means for writing be lacking. A poet mixes his metaphors if sense be wanting for grammar. Ego may see alone through eyes, hear alone through ears, smell alone through nose, taste alone through tongue, touch alone through skin. There is, however, a something else just here, a very great something else; men see visions when the eyes are shut, a Beethoven hears while deaf, spiritualists behold when in trance. Here is the meaning of Senses back of Senses. Simple illustration lies with nightly dreams. Ego in turn, as suggested, is to be known alone through its manifestations. Charity judges never of Ego in disassociation from environment. An Ego is not to be esteemed ugly by reason of having between it and the looker a noseless or a pock-marked face. Ego is not to be called mannerless where by reason of absence of seeing eyes it gives not place on a public highway. When a man is insane, where is the defect, with Ego or instrument? Can a player play on a broken flute?

How stupendous is greatness lying with comprehensible? During the period of the Middle Ages, when such disputants as William of Champeaux and Abelard discussed scholastic questions in the Sorbonne, one which arrayed scholar against scholar was this, "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" This question, ridiculous to any one untrained in analysis, is seen by the cultured to express difference between ordinary materialized Ego and Ego considered as the pure I; the first being weighable by scales, the

other unseeable, intangible. The question is not a whit more out of the order of things as they exist than if the discussion had considered the possible standing-room to be found upon the roof of a house for men in ordinary environment.

Environment, and character of environment, are accident, otherwise they are something that nobody knows anything about. Here beauty and here truth to be found with Pythagoras.

" Death has no power the immortal part to slay ;
That, when its present body turns to clay,
Seeks a fresh home, and with unminished might
Inspires another frame with life and light." *

Compensation certainly exists. The God is no respecter of persons.

When, as it will be remembered, Socrates was about to drink the fatal hemlock, Crito, his friend, asked him how he would like to be buried. The reply is akin with the verse of Pythagoras: " If only you can catch me, Crito, bury me as you please."

A funeral made up of pomp and parade is quite as senseless a performance as though the burial casket held a suit of old clothes; in truth it holds nothing different; — " body is but a mingling and then a separating of the mingled, which are called a life and a death by ignorant mortals." Mingling and separating, otherwise death and resurrection, are continuous acts.

The Ego put forth by Descartes as the foundational

* See "Two Thousand Years After."

truth or premise, as undeniable and indisputable Certitude, is foundation, and there is not, nor can there be, any other. This foundation rests with the absolute in analysis; it is Ultimate reached through a process of Exclusion, where neither datum nor data can be lacking. More than this, it is self-asserting Apriori, and thus is outside of the pale of any necessity for proof. Here is the origin of the verse of Euripides, although the Greek never heard of the philosopher :

“ Who now can tell whether to live may not
Be properly to die ? And whether that
Which men do call to die, may not in truth
Be but the entrance into real life ? ”

Not Cæsar, but Cæsar's body it is, that in turn passes from the environment of an emperor to ignoble service. I illustrate this to myself, if illustration be necessary, by throwing amongst coals which burn by the side of the desk at which I write pieces of scarfskin picked out of my palms, together with cuttings from nails and strands plucked from scalp and beard. These parts of my body fizzle and scorch and blaze and disappear; I remain. I shall have no funeral over the ashes of the grate. On the morrow, when these ashes shall have been carried away, the I will be without concern as to whether the depositing place is a bright, sunny hill-side or a slum reeking with filth and vileness.

What as to things which go without one knowing of the going? What as to things which come without one knowing of the coming? Difference is certainly no difference at all!

In an Upanishad, a sacred book of the East, well

studied by Rosicrucians, it is recorded that Indra Maghavat lived one hundred and five years as a pupil with Pragapati. The conclusion reached after all these years of study is little different from the premises of Cartesianism, and nothing at all different from the convictions of Platonism. The words of the master are as follows: "Maghavat, this body is mortal and always held by death. It is the abode of that Self which is immortal and without body. When in the body (by thinking this body is I and I am this body) the Self is held by pleasure and pain. So long as he is in the body, he cannot get free from pleasure and pain. But when he is free of the body (when he knows himself different from the body), then neither pleasure nor pain touches him."

—But how does Ego get into body? or how does body get around Ego?

After so simple a fashion as lies with the demonstrations of physiology I may say how environment once existing is maintained even though, as with Maghavat, thirteen bodies have been used and cast during his century of pupilage. From circumference of Pineal gland to circumference of body at large, parts are, in composition, as series of molecules. As any one of these molecules leaves its place by diminution another occupies it through augmentation, hence Form continues filled; waste and repair are the words of physiology, and here is the meaning of the emptying and filling of market-baskets.

But as to origin of Ego?

Everything that is known, *or that can be known, or that needs to be known* of Ego shows itself in the mirror

that is a man's own Self. Our proposition is, as certainly must be clearly understood, that Ego knows itself, as it finds itself, fully, undeniably, perfectly. Nothing not recognized in the mirror of Self is of the slightest possible concern or account. If Matter be not seen by Ego as Essence, matter as Essence is of no relation with it. If God be not seen by Ego, save as Creative power, recognition of God as Creative power is all that concerns it.

There are two quaint verses carved on the gravestone of a certain Robert Crytoft, in the churchyard of Homersfield, which are expressive; they are entitled "Myself," and read as follows:

"As I walk'd by myself, I talk'd to myself,
And thus myself said to me,
Look to thyself, and take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

"So I turned to myself, and I answered myself,
In the self-same reverie,
Look to myself, or look not to myself,
The self-same thing will be."

How shall a writer, such as he who here holds the pen, move from the present situation? The query involves knowledge of the reader. This knowledge being impossible of attainment, there is nothing left but to turn in memory to old students and friends who for the moment are to be particularly addressed. We are acquainted with the speculative lore of the ages, dating from the origin of the question of Ionianism, "Who and what is Thales?" From Greece we crossed to India, learning of Esoteric foundation. Back to the region of the Archipelago Plato enlarged our experi-

ences, passing us, in turn, to the beautiful mysticism of the Alexandrians. From Plotinus, through whom it was, perhaps, we learned the naturalness of the supernatural and the manner of contemplating the Infinite in the process of Ecstasy; through whom certainly it was that first we met and considered the Spinozan Pantheism of centuries, and from whom later we passed to scholasticism, this temporarily holding our attention as long before Carneades had held not only Rome, but Galba and Cato, its censors. Giordano Bruno had invited us by his honesty, and had repelled us by his coarseness. Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Comte, the anatomists, the physiologists, the metaphysicians, and the psychologists, all in turn, forward and backward and backward and forward, we have lived with and come to understand.*

What is to say to the reader who is not of our classes except as follows:

The I knows itself in and of itself. What every human being recognizes and knows as its Selfhood, that is Selfhood. But the man not of the schools is without data to appreciate what wonderful knowledge is this knowing of the I by the I. It is knowledge having existence before the schools. It was foundation in the beginning, it is foundation now. The single, only foundation is

I.

From I is departure,
To I is return.

* See the author's book, "Thinkers and Thinking."

MIND.

Something more needs to be said about the subject of Mind. Mind is expression of will inhering to Ego precisely, and in no other sense, as music is expression of harmony residing with musician. Will-expression is through brain, harmony-expression is through violin or other musical instrument. Brain and musical instrument are exactly of like signification. A musical instrument allows of the giving out of sounds. A brain allows of the giving out of thoughts. Harmony is not of instrument, but of musician. Thoughts are not of brain, but of Ego.*

Here it seems necessary to accord what is meant with physiological observations. What has been written of simply under the term brain implies what is known by the anatomist as cerebro-spinal system. This system lies both within and without the skull, and is made up of parts, prominent among which are to be named the cerebrum, cerebellum, pons Varolii, medulla oblongata, and spinal cord; besides these, ganglionic bodies in large numbers, complicated and multitudinous commissures, together with nerve-cords possessed of special and common signification. In a word, this nervous system is the most wonderful machine in the world. A machine is it, because, like all other constructions, it is found wholly made out of matter. Matter is it as exhibited in the facts of its composition and decomposition.

* Automatic thinking, a condition that surely manifests itself, is habit; it is analogous, after a manner, with automatic motion.

Differentiations as to special office of special parts have been worked out to a fair extent. It is to be implied, with good reason, that ganglia named the thalami optici preside over ordinary sensation, that other ganglia, the corpora striata, attend to the concerns of motion, that excito-motor responses relate with the spinal cord, and so on, down to the refinements of the localizations of Gall and Spurzheim.*

Development and office constitute the differences in nervous apparatus. It is a science which certainly shall reach nothing that attempts the study of the human nervous system apart from nervous systems at large. Extremes lie with man at one end and a monad at the other end. Between is every grade of power.

Proof of difference between the Ego of a human and the Ego of a monad, and of intermediate Egos, lies with difference met with in instruments. This difference in animal instrument is seen in diminution of the cerebrum and in the comparative increase of the sensory ganglia, as descent is followed from the higher to the lower mammalia. In the animal known as the lowest of the vertebrate class, the Lancelot, sensory ganglia have taken the place entirely of cerebrum; there is not so much as a rudiment of this last.

By a Lancelot it is demonstrated that cerebrum is in no sense identical with Ego, while it is as well negatively exhibited, considering a Lancelot, that it is identical, as office is concerned, with what is known as Mind; that is to say, in proportion with the character

* Much new work is being done in this direction which is of profound interest to the physiologist.

and meaning of an Ego so is found its instrument. Inferentially, it is no unjust deduction that absence of cerebrum implies absence of, or at least little relation and intercourse by Ego with outside things.

Again, it is known to every physiologist, be he Rosicrucian or simple direct observer, that the cerebrum may be lost from an organism of which it is a natural part, and yet the bodily life go on quite as before; an only difference being that expressions of mind disappear; offices pertaining to intellection having to be performed for the mutilated animal by an outside intelligence. The writer had at one time in his possession, for a period of several weeks, a pigeon from which the entire cerebrum had been taken away. An only perceptible difference between this and its fellow-birds lay with what has just been referred to. The pigeon would swallow when food was pushed back into its throat, and it would spread its wings if thrown into the air, but the performance of both offices was seen and understood to be purely automatic.

The ganglia constitute, it would seem, the true sensorium of common organism, and with these ganglia lies the power to carry on organic functions independently of outside direction. The power and intelligence of the ganglionic system are the power and intelligence of a law in which the system has its existence; saying this, all is said that is known concerning it; all is said that is of signification in relation with organism; it is matter's law dealing with matter; it is phenomenon.*

* The sympathetic system is allowed to go with simple mention, that confusion may be avoided, as unprofessional readers are concerned. ^

In understanding the law of matter do we not understand that body seen and body unseen are the same?

God is good! In a dream is given Ego the secret of its relation with the Universal.

VIII.

A ROSICRUCIAN CIRCLE.

CONCERNING SOUL.

By the term Soul is meant exactly what has been named as the third of the principles of the Trinity; namely, Holy Ghost. Let him or her who would be clear as to conception and understanding of the philosophy of the volume in hand recognize this thoroughly. Soul, spirit, mind, Ego, and kindred terms, are so promiscuously used as implying the same thing that definition has come to defy definers. Writers and speakers everywhere employ common names without meaning at all common things. The same word is made to stand for things not at all the same. Reader and writer are here to understand each other as to definitions.

Let the two circles considered, and the third, here to be considered, have hours, days, weeks, years given to getting full comprehension of them, if such time is necessary to such comprehension. Years have been given to the study of them by the writer. No man or woman ever has understood or ever can understand

himself or herself in relation with the Universal, unless such comprehension be possessed; not simply as to words, but as to an inwardness living with them. On the contrary, he or she who has this knowledge holds the key of the garden of the gods. The use of the key implies entrance. Not to use the key is to remain on the outside. The whole thing is not more complicated nor less simple than is the use or rejection of a key belonging to any common house.

Let the hypostases of man be repeated.

The component parts of a man, considering him simply as an animal, are Matter and Ego.

The component parts of a man, viewing him in the meaning which makes a perfect man to differ from an animal, are Matter, Ego, Holy Ghost.

Difference as to these component parts which relate with the meaning of a man will well bear to be repeated, as advanced originally in the chapter on Hypostases and demonstrated, as the first two are concerned, in immediately preceding chapters.

MATTER. Matter is understood as one with what the common eye sees of the solid earth; it is one with houses of stone and mortar and with houses of flesh and clothes.

EGO. Ego, meaning by this, as has been defined, the I, the Selfhood, the Individuality, the That which in self-consciousness knows itself, the User of the brain-instrument; this is one with what it is; it is one with nothing else; it is persistence where Matter is change; it is noumenon where Matter is phenomena; it is, while unseeable by the crude senses of the environment of fellow-men, tangibility itself, as repre-

sentation of fixedness and immortality is implied by tangibility. I is not Matter, it is not Holy Ghost, it is not in any way nor after any manner else than what it is. Knowledge of I by I considers no past, embraces no future ; the I of the moment is the I of the universal. That which knows itself is itself. The duty, relation, environment, circumstances, past, present, future of I are with what is found with I.*

SOUL. Soul is difference between I of man and I of brute : any other difference is of degree. Every man is born a common animal,—excepting that the animal man is endowed with a meaning not possessed by animals inferior to him. So far as simple natural law is concerned this is nothing at all different from the fact of there being animals the law of whose organization crowns their foreheads with antlers, while, on the other hand, there are animals who are incapable of growing horns. Man not growing, or coming, to what he was created with the capability to carry, remains necessarily below the plane of his meaning ; he continues exactly as born ; his life, his meaning, his desires, his

* Ego, or I, is not to be understood as identical with Force. The force or mobility of Matter, as matter forms human body, lies with what is quite analogous with that which is the force or motive-power known as galvanism. The force of the Universe lies with relation. A mine filled with sugar and chlorate of potash and a lake full of sulphuric acid while kept apart rest in eternal stillness ; brought together, the earth could be rent in twain by reason of an activity issuing out of the combination. Galvanism secures means to its ends by sinking elements into a solvent. The force of body found at command of Ego is secured by swallowing into the stomach particles of food which, after a like manner with the elements, are acted on by solvents.

enjoyments, his sufferings, his everything, express entire and absolute analogy with common brute life. Soul is identical with Holy Ghost. Holy Ghost is identical with God. All expressions of the Universal are resolvable into one of three Noumena or Principals. There are but three Things in the Universal,—God, Ego, Matter.

God is identical with creative power.

Soul is necessarily one with Holy Ghost, in other words, one with God, for the reason that as there are but three Entities, namely, Matter, Ego, God, and we understand that it is neither of the first two, it must be the last, seeing there is nothing else that it can be.

Let us now, with a view to greater clearness, repeat after still other manner, as in the instances of Matter and Ego, what is desired to be profoundly impressed.

If it be not objected to, it will be assumed as accepted that what has been described as Matter is for the use of body,—for the use of all bodies,—and that in turn human bodies are for the use of human Individualities. Human individuality we understand as the Ego of the philosophers. Using our own language, we comprehend it as that which appeals for the verity of its existence in the I felt and recognized by every person as being Self, no matter what the varying age or changes of the body. Negatively we understand the existence of individuality by the physiological knowledge we have gained of its materializing and dematerializing ability as exhibited to us by that constant necessity which exists for the filling and refilling of market-baskets. We recognize, psychologically, the existence and meaning of Individuality by the nightly

experience had of the ability of Self to leave its body, to wander away from it as one does from his house, and to return to it as one does to a house.* In a word, our present position is that there is a material body which is the Individuality of the unlearned, but which material body is no more the man than it is potato, stone, or brick; second, that the real self is an Existence unseeable by eyes created only with the ability to behold opaque things, and that therefore it is and must remain a phantom except as it is known by itself. The faultiness of judgment which esteems Materiality as one with individuality is seen in that universal recognition of a corpse as a something from which another something is gone out. Is not a body from which Ego is gone out hurried away as are repulsive things? Is there not a certain sense of relief when a corpse is gotten out of sight? Is it not the case that what is called death shows the living that body is not what has been cherished?

If at this point, and in these things, all are agreed, question advances as to the meaning and use of Indi-

* Here is the mystery of Astral projection as expounded by the Theosophist. Knowing, as a physiologist, the law of vitality as manifested by the almost intelligent automatism existing out of the influence of the ganglionic nerve centres, I see no reason to discredit a dream as being anything else than an illustration with which mortals are favored as to separability entire and complete of body and Ego. In other words, I see no scientific reason why a Self cannot, after some manner, get hold of the secret of leaving its temporary home and getting back to it, as, on the other hand, Matter certainly has the secret of passing from the environment of one Ego to that of another Ego; a demonstration furnished every day by the uses of dinner-tables.

viduality. How imposing, how stupendous, as men are concerned, is such question!

Do I not put before us this query just as all would have it put when it is asked, What are the meaning and use of this Individuality?

I use here a good and reliable expression by another, which, if we get hold of it, enables the passing to succeeding premises. The expression is this: "That to which intelligence is confined is that with which alone intelligence is concerned."

Now to what is the intelligence of Individuality confined? First, it knows itself. Second, it recognizes itself as not being self-creating. Please heed the next premise closely. A thing that is not self-creating has its office and meaning necessarily in that which is its creator. Conclusion: Individuality is an agent for the reason that every made thing is made for an object, and everything acting with a view to the accomplishment of an object is an agent. Individualities, then, are agents. Agents for what? Agents to what?

Heed again closely. An agent has meaning in the intention which creates it. The fulfilment of an intention by an agent is its ultimatum; is the completeness of its circularity. A common hog grunting and swilling in a pen is what it knows itself to be; it is nothing else than what it knows itself to be. A hog eats that it may digest; it digests that it may eat. If a hog eats, sleeps, digests, and makes lard, and if the hog be without consciousness of anything outside of such a circle, then it follows that lard is the all of a hog; it is the completion of a circle of intention or design. Certainly it would in no way be possible for a hog to

pass to offices of the existence of which the animal could after no manner be made conscious.

After a like manner of showing, the circle of a man's intention is comprised by that which he knows of himself. Every Individuality knows of its intention and meaning through the senses which are its instruments of communication with things not itself; it knows thus, and after no other manner. What follows? A hog has individuality. A hog has the five senses known as belonging to pure functional life; to common animal life. If a man be without other sense than the five described,—namely, sight, touch, taste, smell, hearing,—then it follows that intention and circle are the same with man and hog.

If a man differs in his meaning from a hog, it is to be shown that the former possesses a something not related with the latter. It is to be shown as well that this something is in relation with a need and an intention of a creator,—a something given additionally to man over what is his as common to himself with animals at large; of which animals he is, of course, one.

If a something is to be shown, the something is a Sense,—that is, *like is required to know like*. The suggested Something cannot be what we have come to recognize and understand as Individuality, because we already have this and its office as a common possession of the animals at large. Individuality is the zenith of its own circle; its office is in the senses which it finds provided for its use. Every sense provided for its outlook relates with matter. Its eyes cannot pierce beyond the stars. Its fingers reach only to the centre of the earth. Consider man's individuality as com-

mon to brutes, reptiles, and clams, and from such breadth of outlook ask yourselves whether a hog seen in a pen at Christmas time, and eaten in the winter, is not found back in a pen in the fall. But see! What is eaten is simply material grown by an Ego for a use. The use is the meaning of the office of that particular Ego. Again and again and again, it is to be assumed, will it rematerialize itself as spiders weave for themselves new webs to take the place of others destroyed. Who shall say it has not been thus from a beginning, or that it will not continue thus to the end?

The text of the idea to which we pass is office. Sense and office are identical. Our studies, so far, have distinguished for us Matter and Individuality, nothing more. Stopping here it is impossible to show that a man differs from a hog save in degree of refinement in organic development,—that is, in manner which differs nothing at all from physiological distinctions demarcating hog from clam.

Another Sense is to be found. No, not to be found. Its self-assertiveness made it known to the first man as it is known in degree to every man. Dull and indistinct in some men, it is the light of life to others. What name shall we give it? There remains but one.

SOUL.

An interpolation is here to be made. While the term Sense is used in connection with Soul, it is so employed simply to retain idea of means to end. Saying that a man sees an object is to relate him with such object by means of eyes. Saying that he touches a body is to relate him with the body by means of

fingers. In a precisely similar manner the term Soul, when spoken of as a sense, is meant to imply means of communication. If, a paragraph later, the manner of expression change, and soul be applied as identical with God, accordance rests with that which assumes like to be identical with like. Reference to and study of neoplatonism will show the direction of thought to be as beautifully simple as it is clearly plain.

Then Soul demarcates itself as something different from individuality. Consider for yourselves. If it be not a something different, then men, hogs, and clams are of common meaning.*

Here then the question of all questions. Here difference between man and brute. Here differentiation from Material. Here a road outside of the mountain way to the garden of the gods. Here the meaning of the Brahminical salutation. Here the locality of Heaven. Here the Something received or denied by Ego. Here explanation of good and bad in men.

What is Soul? Like Matter, and like individuality, Soul is to be known alone phenomenally. After such manner of being known, knowledge of it is, however, scarcely less common than is knowledge of individuality. Every man and woman knows of it according to extent of its possession. Not to know it is not to have it.

Soul, according to the philosophy here offered, and according to inductions which will accrue, let examination commence when it will, is identical with the God.

* See the book "Brushland."

Stop just here, interrupts the Materialist, and tell us how and why illuminate Rosicrucianism assumes the existence of a God?

Proof of the existence of God is found in the existence of Soul. Like is to be known only by like. Matter can neither see, feel, hear, taste, or smell the God. The senses of organic life are the senses of animal life. Proof that brutes are without soul is found by absence of it in some men. Soul is not at all a necessity to the animal organization. A man may live without a soul. Soul and God are one. What is called soul is simply God dwelling by his severalty in man. The Bible expresses this simply, yet fully, in the passage, "Keep clean thy heart which is the temple of the Holy Ghost."

To make the matter perfectly clear and to exhibit the grandeur of the capability of the human, let us instance the position of Christ in history as we have learned of it. I will assume for my purpose that the account in the Bible is to be relied on implicitly. Christ was born after the manner of animals at large. As a boy he wrought in a carpenter-shop. Like to animals at large, he was made up of matter and individuality. Unlike to a multitude, his Ego had no advantages, after the ordinary manner, of education. At his crucifixion the animal part of him succumbed exactly as did the animal parts of the thieves executed by his side. The body of Christ was buried. The Individuality of Christ was seen later by his disciples.

Up to this point all is clear to us. Matter died. Individuality does not die. Christ was seen risen from the dead. Mark! he was seen. If it be not

true that he was seen, then the rock upon which the Church is built is of less strength than is sandstone. Let us go back for a moment in thought. We read of Christ as an infant. At his crucifixion we know him as of man's stature. He ate and grew. What he ate and how he grew differs not a jot from the circumstances related with the eating and growing of the millions who preceded and who have succeeded him. As a human body Christ was a man like unto ourselves. He was like unto ourselves or he was not flesh.

But the Christ of the Bible is presented as God. The Christ of the Bible is peculiarly, distinctively the writer's God. The Christ of the Bible is a pre-eminent illustration of soul. He is the exposition of Man's possible relation with the Divine, and is justly a universal example.

I know Christ to be one with God. Knowing this, and feeling that in a few minutes I shall demonstrate it, I have not the slightest concern to trouble myself with the obscurities of immaculate conceptions as to Son and Mother. Science is entirely unable to comprehend these conceptions, nor is it found that Ego or Soul takes hold of them after any manner. Immaculate conception is to be a matter of faith, or it is not to be at all. Philosophy is the antipodes of faith; it seeks proof, not tradition. It is left for theology to deal with immaculate conceptions; philosophy may deal with that only which it is able to comprehend.

Where and what was the Godhood of the carpenter's son?

Here we start in a demonstration of Soul.

Christ had no advantages of education. On a certain day, when the boy was about twelve years of age, being missed and searched for by his mother, he was found in dispute with, and vanquisher of, learned doctors. That was much, yet it was little. Five hundred years before his birth the philosophic age of Greece commenced. Up to the period of Christ's teaching human intellectual brilliancy had never, and perhaps has never since, been equalled. During these five hundred years system after system of philosophy had been advanced and exploded. Now appears this carpenter's son. He was unlearned in the lore of the schools. He knew nothing of sophistry. To-day, nineteen hundred years later, the Christian world bows before his image, seeing in the man Jesus the Almighty God.

Seeing what? Not difference from other men in skin and bones and muscles and nerves. Not anything of difference as to what shows itself in every man as Individuality,—at least philosophy sees not this. Yet seeing something that makes three hundred and fifty-three millions of the most civilized people of the earth worship a carpenter's son.

Will the reader follow here closely and not misunderstand? With Christ and his mighty power impressed upon our comprehension, we give a thought to what is propounded by the Church as the mystery of the incarnation. Yes, a mystery to the Church, the confusion of physiology, an object of ridicule to sceptics. Yet no more a mystery, no more a confusion, no more an improbability than is the simplest problem ever dealt with.

Between five and six hundred years before the birth

of Christ there came into the world a Hindoo child called Gautama. According to legends, believed implicitly by four hundred and seventy millions of people, the birth of this child was attended with wonderful phenomena. All sick people found themselves well. Sun, moon, and stars stood still. The earth quivered to its centre. It being desirable on an occasion that Gautama should afford proof of strength and skill, the child, grown to boyhood, took up and easily used a bow that required the strength of a thousand men to bend. Thrumming the string of this bow he produced a noise louder than thunder. He placed four plantain leaves at each corner of a square and with a single flight of his arrow pierced all of them,—so tells part of his history.

Gautama was the son of a king, and came of what was known in his country as the warrior caste. As a youth he revelled in luxury and in dissipation. There came, however, a time when a feeling as to the utter vanity of the life he was living seized him. In a search directed to finding the means of happiness, a profound impression—one, indeed, which is said to have influenced him to an entire change of being—was made by his meeting with a beggar, a religious devotee, one utterly at outs with the world, but who was possessed of absolute internal composure and peace. Gautama renounced the ordinary life he had been living. To him has been given a stupendous conquest over humanity; and, as propounded by Edwin Arnold, “though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvana, to be only what all other men might become, the love and

gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandates, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrine, and countless lips hourly repeat the formula, 'I take refuge in Buddha.' " Four hundred and seventy millions of people are followers of Gautama.

About the same time with Gautama there was born in the kingdom of Loo a child whose name in English is Confucius. Among the legends connected with this birth is one to the effect that the Ki-lin, a supernatural being, who never appeared among men except to announce some extraordinary event, visited the garden of Shuh-Liang-Heih, the father, leaving there a precious stone upon which was inscribed, "A child is born, pure as the crystal wave; he shall be king without any territorial domain." Confucius started as a public teacher when he was twenty-two years of age. What he taught, what he has accomplished, the fact that he is a very god to the Chinese, need not be enlarged on.

Gautama, Confucius, Mencius, Christ, and the less powerful ones, all in their degree, signify the meaning and expression of Soul. I commit myself to holding the conviction—a conviction which terminates every thought of my mind, which shows itself as the ultimatum of all study—that what is called the soul is nothing at all different from God taking up residence in man, and that the soul possessed by Christ, that which is called the Godhood of Christ, is exactly what is in you and in me proportionately; that to become full of the God as were Gautama and Christ needs only that any man or any woman do as was done. "Do as was

done." What is meant? Everybody knows of the absolute bodily sacrifice of Christ. The man was nothing, the office was all. In every sense of the word the life was a devotion to others. Personally Christ had nothing, he wanted nothing. The will of the Father was the only will. Gautama, after his twenty-second year, came to the same self-abnegation. Of the incomprehensible phenomena described as associated with the birth of this latter, we Occidentals do not deem ourselves irreligious in taking no account. For myself, I did not feel the earth shake, neither did I behold the standing still of sun and stars. Candidly speaking, I care nothing at all in any way about the shaking and the standing still. Look where I will at Gautama, look where I may at Christ, I behold God. Let the mysteries of incarnation and-of shaking planets be or not be, for myself, I do not take the trouble to confuse my brain in considering them. To me these mysteries are not of the slightest concern. I need none of them to enable me to behold the God walking upon earth in the shape of a man.

We understand then. The premise is that the meaning of human Individuality is to act as agent of the God. That God fills Individuality in proportion as individuality submits itself to be filled. Understanding Christ after this fashion, I behold him as one found so able to sink and abnegate the mortal parts that he becomes fully occupied by soul; otherwise by God. This power has the meaning of the divine showing itself through the medium of flesh.*

* On an occasion, St. Thomas Aquinas made a visit to the pope at Rome, whom he found in the midst of large wealth. "You see," said

Mysteries disappear in an appreciation of their subjects. There was one Daniel Lambert. His weight was seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. His fatness made the man known over the reading world. He was famous in proportion as rotundity advanced him beyond the bulk of other men. Was that corpulency any the less wonderful because it existed in a physiological law that you and I know all about?

You and I may invite bodily corpulence. We know all about this. We can get fatness if we want fatness. Not desiring fatness we can stay lean. The mystery of Christ we propound as no greater mystery than this of fatness. Christ's godliness can be invited or repulsed by any man. As fatness is not a necessity to animal life, so neither is soul. Man as an animal may get along without either fat or soul. Men are proportionately fat, in like manner are they proportionately possessed of soul.

Let us try to be even clearer. Nobody has any difficulty in understanding the oneness of water. To recognize severalty in this oneness is only to know that moisture and water are one, and that moisture is everywhere. What moisture is to water soul is to God. Water is the animal life of men. Soul is the kingdom of heaven to men. Who diminishes in moisture withers and dries up, who lessens in soul finds

the holy Father, "that it is not as when the Church had to say, silver and gold have I none." "Nor is it," replied the priest, "as when the Church could command the lame to walk, and crutches might be thrown aside." This illustrative of difference between presence and absence of the spiritual.

himself getting out of that kingdom of heaven which the Bible declares to be within a man.*

Shall we repeat? Who will deny that where God is there too must be heaven; seeing, as has been defined, that it is the presence of God which constitutes heaven. If, then, soul be identical with God, does it not follow that the possessor of soul finds himself godly in proportion to his possession,—that is, does he not find himself in heaven, as he has that which is heaven in him? Consider here a step further. If soul be a good related with the present of men, is not heaven a thing of to-day, no matter what else it may be?

Here we may draw a conclusion. About any heaven or hell of to-morrow we need not trouble ourselves. If any man desire heaven, it is always to be found immediately at hand. To receive is simply to open. To forfeit is simply to keep shut. To be untenanted by soul is to be void of heaven.

Up to this point there has been iteration and reiteration. It is to be understood that the volume in hand means a philosophy for the direction of life and living. The iteration and reiteration lie with foundational premises, and this in a sense which applies wholly to absolute comprehension of the philosophy itself. In other words, in knowledge of foundation is all knowledge.

* The writer has worked out this illustration in his book, "Odd Hours of a Physician."

IX.

A ROSICRUCIAN CIRCLE.

CONCERNING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MEDIUMS
AND SENSITIVES AND MEANS OF INTERCOURSE
WITH THE HIGHER PLANES OF THE WORLD.

"The beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power."
—PARACELSUS.

"Now all things are but altered,—nothing dies."—OVID.

"Happy he who, the voracious bark of Hyle escaping,
And from common bonds released,
With joyful and enlightened mind
To Deity directs his hasty flight.
Happy he who, after heavy terrene cares,
Having ascended the path of Intellect intuitive,
Beholds his goal, shining with light divine.
Laborious it is the whole soul to extend,
In conjunction with all the energies
Of aspirations anagogic.
Do thou make this necessary effort certain
By giving attention most strenuous
To all impulses leading to the sphere supernal,
Thy Parent his aid extending
Will to thee closely appear.
For a certain ray, shining before,
Will illuminate the path occult.
And to thee will unfold the intelligible plan
Of ideal Beauty. O Soul, drinking
Of the fount perennial of immortal good,
Supplicating thy eternal Parent

Ascend, nor for an instant linger,
 But at once, and totally, leave things that hold down,
 And then, truly united with the Father,
 A Deity in Deity you will eternally rejoice."

*Mystical Hymns of Gynesios.**

HERE stands he, who has come to comprehension,
 at the gate of the garden of the gods.

Here stands a Writer at the gate of the garden of the gods, brought hither through the guidance of "Intellect intuitive," unable, however, by reason of limitation as to the higher development, to do little more than open and look in,—knowing well what it is that withholds from the full enjoyment of an unrestricted admission found at the disposal of mortals,

"Beholds his goal, shining with light divine,"

stays by the gate and looks, unable and unwilling to leave or lose a ravishing sight, yet as unwilling, perhaps as unable, to cut away from things which are not to be carried beyond the ordinary terrene.

A holder-on to brass where gold abounds,

A crawler, refusing flight where wings are offered.

At the gate of the garden of the gods. To get in or stay out, as one elects. To fall back, to remain fixed, to advance, as one pleases.

Only a little more to understand that all be understood. Only a single election remaining to be decided that man find himself taken hold of and moved under higher direction or that he continue to occupy a

* "Platonist:" from the Greek.

present place. Here Rosicrucian illumination arrived at the plane of spiritualism.

Accepting man to be what the analysis of the three preceding chapters shows that he is, and accepting, further, with Rosicrucianism, as being undeniable and irrefutable, Zoroaster's aphorism "That for a man to know himself is to know all things in himself," philosophy is appreciated as a great mountain resolvable into a small mole-hill; this out of the reason that understanding man is understanding philosophy; the two being not two but one. Mystery exists alone for him who will not take the trouble to inform himself. Darkness changes instantly into light in the presence of illumination. Physiology is confusion to him only who is not an anatomist. The moon, so far distant to a dog which bays at it, draws near to the man who uses a telescope. Euclid's Asses' bridge is crossable in a hop, skip, and jump by him who is not an ass. The least plentiful diamond is seen to be the most plentiful charcoal by him who knows the characteristics of carbon. The apparent antipodes of zenith and nadir are understood to be one by him who knows that the earth is round and that it revolves.

Here to pass from lower to higher; from comprehensions in physics to apprehensions in psychics. Yet, all law being common law, to pass to nothing that is supernatural, simply to a something not commonly familiar. What is to be appreciated as spiritual is to be found not at all dissimilar to what has been presented as mundane; an only difference lies with plane of relation. Let the remark "nothing supernatural" make impression. Mediums and sensitives, the subjects

of the present chapter, differ nothing from people at large save as poets, musicians, and architects differ from people at large. Sensitivity will always be found identical with mediumship, and he or she who happens to be born a sensitive, or who cultivates sensitivity to the extent of becoming a sensitive, will be a medium of greater or less meaning to That which is cultivated, let the that be what it may, common or uncommon.

A familiar phrase on the tongue of almost everybody is to the effect that "practice makes perfect." This, to put it into the plainest language possible, is what is here meant; the matter and manner of sensitivity, or the matter and manner of becoming a medium, are not a bit more obscure, not a particle more mysterious; to practise is to render one's self capable.

Poets, musicians, and architects are psychical recipients become nowadays so familiar that people have entirely ceased to look on or talk of them as in any wise mysterious personages. The wares of such are bought and sold and appreciated according to quality. Sensitives, as to other and higher things, are undoubtedly to come to the same common familiarity and general recognition; this, out of the fact that the meaning of these latter can be nothing else than absolutely one with the meaning of the former. Understanding of this common meaning being possessed, it is appreciated that cultivation of the spiritual is not at all different, as to principle, from the cultivation of an art or a science. To comprehend that there is no difference as to such cultivation is to find a road of an openness and plainness that the wayfaring man, though

a fool, can see and walk in,—if it please him so to do.

Appreciation and understanding, after so practical a fashion, of the meaning and characteristics of Mediums and Sensitives is the final Rosicrucian step introductory to intercourse with what is called the spiritual world; a world which is, however, to a Rosicrucian one with his own; that is, one with the Universal.

It has been suggested that "the philosophy of one generation becomes the common sense of the next." To the nineteenth century Mediums and Sensitives are tricksters, otherwise are inspired people, otherwise are psychical phenomena. To the twentieth-century people the meaning of Mediumship and Sensitivity, it is to be inferred, considering advancing intelligence, will have become sufficiently settled and familiar to allow of entire understanding of common intercourse capable of being established between so-called mortals and so-called immortals. To express this after other manner, it is not at all unlikely that before the immediately succeeding century shall have passed away mystery as to higher relations will be found so opened and illumined that *oneness as to the universal* will be understood not alone by the initiated, as at present, but by people at large. How devoutly to be wished for is consummation as to such intelligence! Mystery as to relations, where openness is a necessity, is an excuse, and a valid one, not only for unbelief, but for the extreme of irreligiousness; an intelligent man who is directed to the top of a building expects to find included in the directions a stairway or ladder. Mystery, as illustrated in a hundred different beliefs, held by a

hundred different sects, is no strengthener of faith; people doubt where it is found that professors do not agree.

Here the holder of the present pen risks nothing in a declaration that he is without occasion for simple belief through hearsay as to the existence of Mediums (otherwise Sensitives), as he knows positively of the existence of such people; a knowledge which the reader of any degree will recognize as being a possession of his own if he consider for a single moment the poets, the musicians, and the architects; indeed, if he consider simply the adept money changers.

Mediums and Sensitives resolved, through such consideration, into ordinary individuals, the holder of the pen is freed from hesitation as to a declaration that both by nature and education he discovers in himself a medium. In discovery of this first great fact a second of much larger importance has shown itself,—namely, that mediumship, otherwise expressed, that nearness to, or distance from, spiritual things, as with any other thing or things, rests entirely with a man's self; Luther, for example, walking with God in the morning, and hurling inkstands at the devil in the afternoon.

That the largest possible interest shall be carried to chapters succeeding this present one, which chapters are indeed the origin and meaning of the book only, that, considering the materialistic character of readers generally, the pages would have been entirely miscomprehended, if not led to, by what has here been put before them, the holder of the pen is merely to announce that it is an intention to illustrate mediumship at large.

as this priceless possession is to be enjoyed by perhaps any and every person, and as certainly he finds himself able to possess, and as well to lose, the faculty.

Let iteration here be appreciated as to *oneness in the Universal*. There is no death. There could not be such a thing as death and the Universal exist. There are no two worlds. What is called Spiritual is one with what is called material. Degrees of sight, appreciation, comprehension, apprehension, are, with sensitivity, natural or acquired, precisely and after no other manner, as before presented, as sight or comprehension finds itself capable of beholding in water things most unlike to what bears this common name. To simple sciolists water is known as nothing else than water. By chemists water is found to be a combination of the gases oxygen and hydrogen. By microscopists water-drops are discovered as seas provided for the delectation and accommodation of swimming monsters.

To affirm one's self a medium from the stand-point of practice or of cultivation is to say nothing different from what has just been said as to sciolist, chemist, and microscopist; difference as to what is seen, lies with a seer.

What is to follow is, then, Spiritualism, proposed as a thing not any more mysterious than is Materialism; the two, indeed, being assumed as scarcely so much two as one?

Precisely; proposing that manner of a revelation is the same in the instance of a poet as revelations received by John at Patmos, as sights and sounds seen and heard by Saul, as visions given to Hosea, to

Habakkuk, to Haggai, to Zechariah, and, as well, to Belshazzar.

What as to diseased conditions hinted at and demonstrated in the chapter on Disillusions?

It was further hinted that, as with the productions of the poets, the musicians, and the architects, quality and significance settle the value of a production. One-sidedness is not harmony. Sensitives are one-sided—necessarily so when in a state of receptivity. One-sidedness to any particular subject or business is little- or no-sidedness to antagonizing things. It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a non-spiritualized person to behold and understand what are clearly seen and comprehended by the religious. There is not the slightest mystery associated with the suggestion concerning rich men and camels; no more certainly than is associated with the general understanding of a poverty commonly endured by the poets. A rich man makes of himself a sensitive to his possessions; his thoughts being constantly with these, are necessarily abstracted from other things; to see things in the sky and things upon the ground is simply a matter of how one looks; the holder of the present pen finds himself crowded and jammed into the eye by reason of a dozen or so brick houses he is trying to pull through with him. Half concentration is nothing less than confusion where whole concentration is necessary to clearness. Men are to be likened to balloons, both being things which go up or stay down according to what is inside.

There is perhaps no better book to read with a view to getting understanding of mediums and sensitives,

diseased or otherwise, than a work much prized by Catholics entitled "Lives of the Saints." Professed saints of old seem to have been little different from professed mediums of to-day. As these lives appeal to nineteenth century sense, St. Charles Borromeo may justly be continued in the place occupied by the godly Cardinal; charity, love, endurance, self-abnegation shone forth in every action; the Christly in the man appealed, and not in vain, to defects as to morals in the clergy that needed reforming; the plague-stricken and dying lying in pest-houses found the Archbishop continuously at their side; his great worldly wealth was dropped at the needle's eye. As a contrary it may not be unjust to name Saint Simeon Stylites. Holding to rags, festering his flesh by tying rough ropes about his waist, living for years upon the top of a pillar not more than four feet across, performing through a whole lifetime penance of offensive and disgusting character, nineteenth century sense would incline to pronounce such living not less selfish than useless, not less expressive of dementia than of discord.* Stories recounted, not in this book, but in others equally to be credited, of experience possessed through peculiar and special sensibility residing with St. Theresa and with St. Catharine de Sienne show these saints in a debatable light to all save the physiologists; these, out of understanding, remand

* Yet while nineteenth century sense would thus pronounce of St. Simeon there is to be considered an influence exerted on an age where mystery rather than reason influenced. It is scarcely to be denied that the Stylite, or rather his actions, exerted wonderful influences in enlarging what is commonly esteemed the religious relation.

the sisters to the physicians. What is meant is that these wholly to be revered and godly and pre-eminently spiritually favored women cultivated sensitivity to an extent which quite outran the capability of confessors to direct or even follow them, indeed which quite outran, as it would seem, the capability of a flesh-environed mortal to receive or contain. Their own inclined to believe them gone crazy, at times, out of reason of not understanding a relation existing between sensitivity and a portion of the brain apparatus known as the cerebellum.

Concerning what the ages characterize as illusions or as revelations, Rosicrucianism troubles itself to differentiate simply as qualities and significations weigh. It knows how closely sensitivity allies itself always with conditions favorable to hallucinations. It has found out that the line separating the extremely crazy from the extremely wise is not always easily determinable.

What, however, is given out by sensitives is never any line at all. Question is to deal with what a sensitive says; with what he has to tell. Christ, Gautama, Borromeo, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ignatius, St. Francis of Sales, together with a host, Christians, Jews, and heathens, command adoration as to the Divine as this is found exhibiting itself through flesh.

Rosicrucianism, however, while it weighs solely by quality, is yet appreciative of discrimination residing with understanding. Illustration of what is implied is to be made familiar by numerous conditions which suggest themselves in the physical unlikeness of people. Here, for example, is one capable of being fully appreciated by any person attracted to the study of books

of the present character. Patients come to a surgeon for treatment of astigmatism. Is astigmatism an hallucination or is it a fact? An astigmatic declares the crookedness of a line that is perfectly straight to ordinary people. An astigmatic denies the very existence of a line that I behold plainly. How is this conflict of assertion to be settled? I start by measuring the cornea of my own eye and find it to be a perfect segment of a perfect circle. I pass to the eye of the astigmatic, and here I find that there is not a perfect segment of a perfect circle. Finding difference, I am led to appreciate that proof or disproof of an astigmatic's assertions is to be made if a possibility exists of putting my own eyes in exact shape with the eyes of a patient. Learning that this change in eye-form is to be accomplished by means of glasses ground to correspond with the measurements of the eyes of the person considered, I use such lens, and at once find that what the astigmatic declares as to seeing and not seeing is quite as true to him as ordinary seeing and not seeing are to me. Now, after a not dissimilar manner, I find that ability exists to comprehend Sensitivity, and, as well, to make it. The matter I learn lies here, not, however, with glasses, but with cultivation existing in concentration. To cultivate poetry is, I discover, to attract the Muse. To cultivate music is to invite the melodious. To concentrate on the psychical is to find the Ego looking on other things beside brick and mortar.

Here, however, doctorly sense of danger as alluded to in chapter on "Disillusions." Profoundly interested at one period of professional life in the study

referred to, astigmatism, it was a habit to place my own optical apparatus in exactly the same condition temporarily as that of every Astigmatic met with in practice. A consequence is, the eyes are more or less permanently altered from an original condition to correspondence with those of the people whose habits have been assumed.

As regards cultivation of Sensitivity to a sight of, and to relation with things not seeable by or relatable with the unsensitized, this is a matter of not unlike signification as is, perhaps, wisely to be taken into the account, to that which considers the desirability of growing things, as by hothouse forcing out of season. The peach is a fruit of midsummer; it can, however, be made to show itself in midwinter. If let alone, a peach comes in its proper season. Is it better to force the peach or to let it alone?

A Sensitive, as interpreted in the cases of great poets or musicians, is found, not unlikely, to become lost or indifferent to things which are of ordinary every-day concern; such persons come to be unfitted for the battlings of to-day, as to-day is with them.

But as to living two lives at once! Whether, as has before been queried, it is or is not desirable to live double in one and the same body? Whether or not the law of the peach which provides for the fruit coming in its season is not better than acquired intelligence which can bring peaches out of season?

Philosophy and man are identical. Without man there would be no philosophy. The two being one, it is not to be disputed that the one has capability to know itself. Assuredly it will not be disputed that

what is not possibly knowable to the one is of no concern to the one.

Is it possible to find, in the Universal, other entities beside the three named in preceding chapters? The Creative power is universal, whether maker of things above the earth or under it. Matter is universal, whether as the planet Uranus or as a ring of Saturn. Ego is universal to him who is Ego. Knowing itself, it exists to itself.

But the way of the mountain? Are principles, which explain everything, to be understood save as grasp is gotten of them through study of detail? Initiates are born and Initiates are made. He is to know himself as initiate, whether born so or made so, who, standing where we now are, espies the key of the garden. He, on the contrary, is to know himself as not initiate who as yet perceives nothing different from the beginning and intermediate of way.

One not come to comprehension is to make a new start with beginning; otherwise, having understanding of the invisibility of matter, he is to accept that Key is perceived and possessed by others; he is to go back or he is to follow the key-bearers.

A multitude will go back; if not this, will remain where they find themselves, making no advance. The Key obtained and held by Rosicrucians is not of itself the garden of the gods, but it is means of entrance to the Spiritual world. By this it is not at all meant, as certainly is recognized, that a key-bearer has come to a day or point of any special translation. What he has come to is appreciation, through understanding, of the existence of a psychical life which every human

is capable of living. He has learned how serene, how beautiful, how rich a territory there is within a man's self. Philo he proves to be right in his saying that "between life and death there is no difference." He has come to understanding with Socrates and Plato and Plotinus, and perceives the immateriality of that which knows self as self. While a mortal he recognizes himself as immortal. While finding his means of sight to be with eyes, he has learned that there are eyes back of eyes. To-morrow is nothing at all to him. Yesterday is as though it had not been.

To die, as men call dying, he knows is to dream, as men call dreaming. To dream or to die is absolutely one. The environment found by Ego in dreams, as he has learned, is never less adapted to requirements than the environments existing with Ego in the waking state. . . . Casting a whole body, he has found out, is quite analogous with the casting of single atoms. A probable seventy pounds lost in his house by an emaciated consumptive he understands as not a whit of different history from other seventy which, through funereal pomp, gets into the long grass, the tree leaves, and the odorous flowers of the God's acre.

The absolute, the unchangeable belief of him who holds the present Rosicrucian pen is that what is called death finds perfect illustration in common nightly dreams. No dreamer knows that he dreams. Death is not known to him who is said to have died. Death is that beginning of a new end wherein an acorn buries itself under mould that fresh environment be gotten for other centuries of life as a great mast in the forest. Death is the law in creation through which ponderable

changes to imponderable. Death is one with progressiveness. Death is one with unseeable body. Death is one with liberty enjoyed by a butterfly over a caterpillar. Death is one with an advance which is the meaning of man. Death is its own demonstration of oneness with life. Death is a crooked finger replaced by a straight one. Death is cumbersome gotten rid of for felicitous. Death is flight for him who has been working at the cultivation of wings. Death is what Living makes it.

Now concerning this invisibility into which the so-called dead depart.

There is but one Universe. Visible and Invisible are in it. As has been demonstrated with Matter, visible and invisible are one. He who travels in a dream travels as one awake, only by the former water is found to support and atmosphere to hold up. A dreamer is stopped by no turnpike gate; he needs no conveyance from continent to continent; he finds himself as pure Ego. Still materialized, he differs from the old self alone and only as matter differs through its phenomenal expressions. Celestial, while one with terrestrial, is yet of relation with wider and freer action; this, in a sense, as birds fly while worms creep. A dreamer sees everything while himself unseeable. A dreamer finds a new state while utterly unconscious that the state is not the common lot of everything and everybody.

Now comes the last and greatest question of Rosicrucianism. Can intercourse be had between the so-called living and the so-called dead?

Here the circle and meaning of Subjectivism. *Here Subjectivism to be appreciated as one with Occultism.*

Here understanding and demonstration. Here the secret of the higher plane. Here, too, self-deception. Here, as well, the richest and most beautiful reality of the Universal. He who has been led to understand Subjectivism understands the seeing a spirit.* In exactly like manner, as has been made plain, as spirits are to be seen, are unbuilt cathedrals seen and unsung melodies heard; devils and gods and churches and songs are everywhere that ability to see them is, and are not anywhere where ability to see them is not. Let long pause be made here for consideration. Here is the mystery, the only, the sole mystery, of seeing spirits with spirit eyes. Every published strain of music has been heard by a musician before being written. No architectural design exists upon earth which was not first a vision to the architect. Who sees God, devil, or angels, sees after a common manner; there is but one manner. Let him who is able analyze; every end must have a means; sight of an objective thing is after its manner, sight of a subjective thing is after its manner.

The Human, as understood, is an immortal. He is then always seeable by that which is able to see. A departed mortal being, quite as likely as otherwise to be in a familiar locality, as understandable in dreams, familiar places are where the departed are to be looked for; not always, however, are home haunts the place where search is to be made, as is equally illustrated in dreams where attenuated environment is taken advan-

* The word Spirit is used for the reason that it implies to readers generally what in the language of the Occultist is known as Umbratile or shadow; what the Germans call the Doppelgaenger of a person.

tage of to rise to heights of association never attained in the flesh.

The Universe is high, and broad, and deep. Height of association is, however, of no relation with altitude. It is not at all strange that the Ego of the dream is found often enough lost to a consciousness of old associations. With new clothes have come new looks. With refined environments is forgetfulness or indifference to coarse attributes.

But is there possible relation between the so-esteemed two worlds? Surely! Else is the Christian Bible an untruth and the great doctrine of Exclusion a lie. Again, there are not two worlds, the Universal is one.

But as to the Relater, the Seer. *What or where* is association between the materialized and the so-called dematerialized?

Let answer to this beautiful question be made after the manner of the initiates.

Any man or woman who courts higher planes than the one upon which he or she finds himself or herself, will approach or reach these exactly in proportion as efforts are directed to accomplishment. The chapter in the present volume entitled "Psychics" showed doctorly knowledge taking alarm at what Occultist or poet recognizes and receives as the highest and greatest favors conferable on man. The holder of a pen seats himself in stillness emptying head and heart of ordinary every-day concerns. Soon imaginations constitute new surroundings. Imaginations assume materialization. Faces, forms, lines, buildings, show plainly. Subjective exhibits as one with Objective. Continuing to court such a world new will surely take the place of

old. Continuing to look what is looked for will reveal itself.

—Only a repetition, what has just been said, of the biblical expression “the kingdom of heaven is within a man.”

Sight is proportioned with that which is the user of sight. Here, however, as elsewhere the universe over, is no miracle, or if miracle, man is his own miracle-maker.

To see hideous crawling monsters in a particle of cheese, or more frightful swimming creatures in a drop of water, or wriggling serpents in an atom of vinegar, is a process of means to ends, nothing different. Matter itself is understood as being invisible. What is not seeable by the eyeless, however, is evident enough to one who has eyes. The keen-sighted see plainly what is wholly without existence to a myope. The telescopist and the microscopist see and understand where the ordinarily keen-sighted are blind. So, after a like development, does an initiated Rosicrucian see new environments arising out of old ones.

A sensitive, as inferred now to be clearly understood, is one who out of temperament or education is found concentrated in a given direction. A money-making sensitive is one who concentrates on the rise and fall of the market. A musical sensitive is one who listens eternally for sounds unheard by the money-maker by reason of rattle and confusion with which the latter surrounds himself. A poet is alert to rhymes unreal to everybody but himself, but which he catches and holds, showing thus their reality. Romanesque and Mediæval sensitives wandered among round and angu-

lar interlacing branches of trees and beheld visions of Gothic arches. Christian sensitives waited at the gate of the tomb for the coming forth; the reward was in seeing while the unsensitive remained blind. Not different is it in the present day. A multitude see Christ, a greater multitude see nothing of Him,—nothing at all of the grand meaning of Christ.

Sensitivity cannot see what does not exist. Poetry is not made by the poet, nor architecture by the architects, nor music by the musicians.

Sensitivity, this meaning the same as exceptional discernment, is a state of natural or cultivated nervous organization, otherwise it is directly in Ego, constituting a condition where the ordinary senses are duplicated by refined processes as are the common eyes by telescope or microscope.

Visions are seen and are seeable. That a multitude of visions are deceptions practised on the senses, and that another multitude are resultant of disease lying with the self-same senses, is not to be gainsaid by any one who commenced the study of these pages with the prefatory chapters. It was the object of the exposure to make this very plain.

But, if here the reader finds himself prepared to rise above the deceptions of jugglery with a view to understanding, or perhaps to cultivating the conditions of a sensitive, a spiritual sensitive searching after God and the immortals, he will indeed soon find himself “looking after new fashion,” as promised, “beholding and understanding many new and beautiful things,” if, indeed, he shall not behold and understand the Universal.

Clairvoyance, as a heading, would not be at all inappropriate to the pages just read. Clairvoyance is strictly and entirely one with sensitivity. What is called mind-reading, for example, has common everyday illustration as obtuseness or sharpness is seen in the reading of character by people at large. One man is never deceived, another man is always beguiled. It is desired to iterate and reiterate the idea that all the so-called and so-esteemed occult things are simply matters of personal sensitivity or education, otherwise expressed, matters pertaining to concentration and to degrees of concentration. The educated senses are very different from the common senses. "The beginning of knowledge is the beginning of supernatural power."

Here a few concluding words concerning what is to follow and what has been referred to in the chapter on Psychics as visions.

If the reader having the volume in hand happens to be of sensitive organization, he will be apt to find that by closing the eyes and concentrating the attention on a desire to behold faces, image after image will appear before him. These images are more or less familiar to a little multitude of people and are esteemed productions of the imagination. In this concentration is the full secret of the Yoga system of Hindoo philosophy; the secret is nothing greater than this, it is not anything less.

To say nothing as to any supernatural relation, concentration is a matter of great scientific interest, nor is it possible to indulge in it without finding brought to our knowledge things which serve to astonish and

overwhelm. What is to be described is recognized as pure Subjectivism. The holder of the pen enters on succeeding pages with an absolute assurance that beside what he has for his purpose more is to come. This out of the reason that as his interest grows with the book he finds that at times when he secures quiet and freedom from every-day cares, attempt seems made to show him printed leaves. On two different occasions he has almost succeeded in reading the lines on these leaves. This, pure Subjectivism, explainable in ordinary law. It is exactly that which is called and understood as genius; the measure of the things seen are the measure of the meaning and purpose of the percipient. It is no more than justice to the subject and to honesty of purpose for the holder of the pen to add that out of these concentrations and meditations are found to issue results, which while in some respects they interfere with ordinary every-day duties, yet are, on the other hand, so productive of elevated living and thinking, that compensation is more than abundant.

* * * The holder of the pen pauses. Let another take up the word. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

X.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

ILLUMINATE LIVING AND THINKING.

OCCULT SIGNS.

It is not known how better or in more honest manner to introduce what follows than to speak of it as autobiographic of an inner life recognized by a Self as quite a converse to that external living which one is compelled to present as a front to the world if he is to save himself from being pushed over and trampled under foot. Certainly it is the case that a man may come to find himself not without understanding of the relative unimportance of ordinary pursuits, and to find himself as well too wise to be beguiled and belittled by the glitter of gold or by that ephemeral breath with which men praise and fault.

In this inner life, to which allusion is made, is and has been found by him who holds the pen, profit and happiness, extending now over fifty years; for, as will be seen, a meditative disposition is a source of mental wealth of which a person is not to be cheated or cajoled. Through pages preceding the present one the book is now done with what some may be pleased to term analytical, or scientific, writing, and the pen is given to the uses of that "higher" Something which is found both able and willing to take hold of a mortal

who submits himself, and to unfold to him sources of instruction and enjoyment belonging to associations living neither with volumes nor men.

What follows is to be found simply printed, or both printed and published, according to the reader. Whether or not it is to prove to the one who this moment has the book in hand, the former only, or, happily, both, lies not with the holder of the pen, but in a condition of the recipient with which a pen can have little, if anything, to do. For a brute beast, the grass under its nose; nothing else. For an alchemist, gold. The elixir vitæ and liquor adolescentiæ for the Immortal. For Illuminati, the fruit growing in the midst of the garden.



Day, Night, the day again;
Yesterday, to-morrow, eternally the same.

OCCULT WRITING.

The pages here turn back momentarily to the conclusion of the chapter on Psychics, where reference is made to an undescribed vision, and where it is said of an experience, that it affords culmination of a life spent in study; that it has discovered a ground of certitude and the summum bonum.

Just how the day referred to—the 28th of December—was spent, the holder of the pen is unable to say, by reason of length of time intervening between the date and the present one, and the further fact that nothing concerning the matter is found set down. If the day happened to be the first one of the week, or if

it was one of rare idle days found at times at the service of the most busy, there is little doubt but that it was consumed in watching the curling smoke of a hearth-fire rolling away through the throat of a chimney. Whether, however, the day was passed in meditative mood or in getting through the anxious details of a doctor's life, it was the case that that Rosicrucian dual which the holder of the pen will now assume to separate from the practical double, and to individualize as the favored one gifted with the enjoyment of a beautiful life (being the "Umbratile, or Doeppegaenger," of him who presents this other him), this Umbratile went to bed, where he had not lain long before he was startled by a projection in staring white letters out of the blackness of the room, of the couplet heading the paragraph. There was no deception. He rubbed his eyes, to assure himself of not being asleep; he sat up in bed, scanning eagerly the strange sight; he got up and lighted the gas, writing the lines down, that morning should not argue for a dream.*

* Paracelsus has a better word than Umbratile,—it is *Evestrum*. "Only the wise," he says, "pay attention to what comes through their *Evestra*; others treat such things with contempt. Persons," he goes on to say, "are capable of a nature so spiritual and a soul so exalted that they can approach the highest spiritual plane at a time when their bodies are asleep. Persons who allow such separability to the *Evestra* have seen the glory of God, the happiness of the saintly, and the wretchedness of the wicked; and they do not forget their dreams, but remember them to the end of their days. Such things are entirely possible, and the greatest mysteries may be laid open to the perception of the spirit; and if any earnestly desire such gifts he has only to cultivate that found within himself through which they come, and thus be enabled to see the *Mysteria Dei*, and to understand them as well as has Moses, Isaiah, and John."

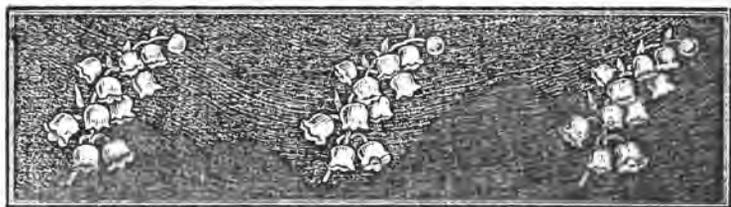
But what as to the import of the lines? To the Umbratile they meant nothing but a subjective ghost, which his science was actively proceeding to lay when the thought or word or idea, "write," came over him with an impulse quite confounding the intention of analysis, the place of which it took. The Umbratile is not without a facetious aspect; not immaterial enough is, perhaps, the better putting of it; certainly it is the case that he is too closely identified with his fellow-double to be sufficiently clear of the earthy for full suitability for high purposes. Be this as it may, a response made seemed not in spiritual correspondence. "Good Lord," he said, "or thou, Mephistopheles, or thou, the other thou, the subjective Satan, what is there to write, seeing that what has appeared is already written?" In place of an impression dwindling away, two new words joined themselves to the first, "Certitude, Summum bonum." The matter was growing in curious interest. Here were a couplet and words placed in juxtaposition, all coming out of darkness, and neither lines nor words showing to the beholder a shade of relation or sense.

Succeeding reply, on the part of the Umbratile, divested itself of just a particle of pleasantry, not enough, however, to deny frame to a mental rejoinder not unlike the following: "Good E of the Cabalistic Zodiac, or, better still, Ego of Philo, the matter of choice to be settled between you, is your servant, while impressionable, not at the same time knowledgeable as to optical delusions as these relate with eye, nerve-tract, tubercula quadrigemina, and even with that extreme retreat in the brain poetized by the

ancients as the habitation of the soul, and materialized by the moderns as the seat of particles of sand."

Naturally there came to mind remembrance of writing seen upon the plaster of the wall by the king of Babylon,*—the fatal pronouncement, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,"—as well memory of words heard by him of Tarsus, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Neither did the moment fail in bringing to mind that declaration by Alexandrians, that on three different occasions Plotinus found himself in company with the God. Still other things came to the Umbratile in shape of passing visions to be secured through hashish eating, through the use of opium, and concerning that less agreeable class of unreal realities familiar to a mania a potuist.

. . . The experiences of a night are to be written out exactly as they occurred. Even Occultism fails to antagonize sleep. The Umbratile, after an hour or two, found the curious mastered by the somnolent. Now came a dream, not a vision. After the manner of a dream was beheld an oblong square showing three separated sprays of lilies. The drawing represents accurately what was seen :



* "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

As the Umbratile looked wonderingly at this symbol, seeing as little meaning as with the preceding experience, explanation projected itself as a Jack might spring from its box. The word was "Hypostases," and the association implied that the separate sprays or groups stood for the three parts of which a man is constituted, namely, Matter, Ego, Holy Ghost; that it is left with men which they will most cultivate, and thus become most like unto,—that is, whether they will be Material, Selfish, or Godly.

In his dream the Umbratile fixed his gaze earnestly—it may have been by accident, or it may have been out of intuition—on the spray representing the Holy Ghost. As he continued to look this developed little by little into a fulness of bloom which transformed the flower into a size and whiteness such as he had never before beheld. The other two sprays withered and shrunk away correspondingly.

. . . When the morning came the Umbratile wrote down that, in a dream, he had learned the meaning of differences which characterize men, and as well that he had been given the secret of creating differences.

—But when the morning came, nothing of the meaning of the couplet was seen by the Umbratile, nor for a whole year afterwards.

XI.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

THE WRITING UPON THE WALL.

Day, night, the day again ;
 Yesterday, to-morrow, eternally the same.

—BUT when a year had passed the same something that had brought the couplet brought explanation. The manner of the bringing was possessed here, as in the preceding illustration, of suddenness and fullness. This time the form was that of a syllogism,—a syllogism so absolutely undeniable and irrefutable in premises and conclusion as it is accepted by the Umbratile, that, if it be broken or breakable, one life at least will give itself up as deadness and failure.

Here is the syllogism. Let none but the great scholars or the divine men assume that a simple single reading gives understanding of it. The Umbratile reads it over every day. Every day it shows itself more and more plainly to him as the school of fate. Every day it shows more and more of the palimpsestic quality, having beneath its words other words. Here are the heaven, hell, life, death of the Umbratile.

The syllogism :

That which is perpetual is Eternal.

Now, is perpetual.

Conclusion :

Eternal and Now are one.

—No duty, no responsibility lying apart from a Now that is. Present one with the ever-existing eternity; present always present; now an eternal now.

—All that is seeable, all that is doable, all that is requirable lying immediately with and around a Now that is.—Yesterday gone; to-morrow not come; a thousand years back gone; a thousand years hence not come.

—Can a man work or think in any yesterday? Can he work or think in any to-morrow that is without existence? Certitude indeed! Duty plain. Arcanum openness. Nothing to concern, nothing to understand but what is directly at hand; the earthly at hand, hell at hand, heaven at hand.

—The Now being what it is. Being exactly what a man makes it! Degraded senses seeing, tasting, smelling the cess-pools. Senses lifted up, feeling the touch of celestials; hearing the music of elysium.

Summum bonum, the highest good. Man his own heaven maker and his own hell maker. Man his own lifter up and his own puller down. Man a maker and an unmaker. The relativity of good and evil understood and appreciated.

—Comprehending that the garden of the gods may not be separated from the cess-pools farther than the other side of a road. Apprehending that God, the Universal, is one with God the multitudinous; that he is one with the Divinity found residing in men.

Just here news of the "death" of a near relative. What a misnomer to call that death which is simply metamorphosis! Is the Umbratile to darken his shade

into black by the putting on of crape? Is he to bewail a worm passed into a butterfly? Is he to be oblivious when he looks on a locust-shell with a rent down its back? Rather let him put on white. Rather let him rejoice in presence of an invisible materialization that has made crooked fingers straight and has smoothed out a wrinkled skin. Who can fly when the means of movement lie with feet? Who can sing the songs of the spheres when the voice lies in a rough windpipe? Who can commune with angels when the stature holds on a level with men?

—Has that which has been so long expected come at this particular time to an end of furnishing vivid illustration? An hour ago the Umbratile and his dual stood looking down on a body that once was rounded and warm and full of motion; now it is shrunken and cold and empty of vitality. Remembrance carries back when there were beautiful white teeth, and eyelids that never opened but to disclose love and smiles. There were refined dressings of the body, and there were dainty steps deficient in no figure of the dance.

—For years only few and straggling teeth. For years eyelids disclosing the shrunken orbs of a consumptive. For years steps too weary for aught but dragging from chair to bed. For years a body struggling to liberate the Ego within it.

Liberation now accomplished. A heavy load gotten clear of. A chain broken. An immortal come to wings. An immortal come to new and fresh embodiment; to celestial environment; to voice unroughened by windpipe; to lightness which floats with clouds.

—New position to be occupied ; new duties to be assumed. Position and duties in accord with Law which is one with Providence. Fitness for fresh life, adaptability to altered purposes. An Ego that has won for itself other planes and that goes higher.

—An Ego which is what it was, is, and will be. An Ego that has left fitting work for work still more fitting. An Ego that has worn out a body and that passes into other body. An Ego that looks out of the intangible ; itself seeing, itself unseen.

Let windows be thrown widely open. Let flowers be scattered. Let music appeal to the bereaved in glorious anthem. Let steps which accompany the corpse tread to the measure of a dance song.

Greetings ! not farewell, departed one. Departed, yet present. Gone into the eternity, staying in time.

XII.

NEW VISIONS.

“ A wood-carver takes a piece of wood, and carves out of it whatever he may have in his mind ; and likewise the imagination may create something out of the essence of life.”—PARACELSUS.

CONCENTRATION is bringing back the visions ; the Umbratile was not wrong in his confidence. Thus he records :

December 13.—“ Awakened this night to see the person of a man resting in a horizontal position between me and the ceiling of the room. The dress of

the apparition was much like that worn by a bather at the sea-shore. Disappearance was quick. While still awake, saw a floating female figure; this last was not quite perfect as a materialization."

December 15.—“On the evening of this day lay down, after my usual six o'clock dinner, for a nap. Seated in the room, which was quite brilliantly lighted, were several persons engaged in reading. I am not able to say whether or not sleep came, but on opening my eyes, a very short period after lying down, an astral child was beheld standing demurely at the side of the lounge. Disappearance was quick.”

December 20.—“On the night of this date, shortly after lying down, found myself surrounded by a group of children. Disappearance was after the usual quick manner.”

December 22.—“Had yesterday written a chapter, designed for the present volume, concerning the Christ, which does not make its appearance by reason of a vision now described. I had not been in bed ten minutes—certainly was not nor had I been asleep—when, happening to turn my eyes in the direction of a wardrobe, there was beheld an exquisite picture contained in a massive frame, the picture showing the stern portion of what was evidently a proud vessel sinking in the sea. Watching this sinking with startled and bewildered gaze until the ship was lost to sight, there was seen rising out of the face of the water a circular and empty frame, made apparently of gold. A little later the face of the Christ filled the frame. A profound impression has been produced. The thought is, ‘I am the resurrection and the life.’”

December 23.—“Saw to-night an empty flower-basket reached towards me.”

January 14.—“Before arising this morning lay perfectly awake, with closed eyes, when suddenly there appeared, apparently in the line of vision, a poem of some ten lines in length, not distinct enough to read, yet compelling an impression that with each succeeding moment effort was being strengthened in attempt at development. These lines were watched intently and with increasing interest for full fifteen minutes, when they disappeared abruptly.”

March 1.—“This night saw, after the manner of an ordinary dream, an oblong strip of paper, upon which were written with sufficient clearness to allow of easy reading the two following sentences:

—“‘Berating is not to be the reward of virtue.’

“‘The highest wisdom is attainable only through direct revelation made to the individual.’”

It is the Umbratile who is enjoying these experiences and who is writing them down. Does it not seem as if he were to find himself an instrument for some occult end? Knowing, as he is, to the Subjectiveness of what is being seen, he is as well knowing to the fact that it is alone after such manner that any new idea or thought has ever got into the world. He is fully *en rapport* with the curious experiences and well disposed as a subject to be used by Whatever it is that uses mortals after this manner. He is, as well, wholly disposed to sink the doctor in the mystic.

March 4.—“On the evening of this day the Umbratile leaned against the door-post of a hospital in the wards of which he had just been ministering to the

wants of the sick and needy. It is to be recorded that his heart was filled and running over with the God's fee,—albeit, the poverty-stricken are not fillers of the purse. The thought was of a sign to be seen then and there on the face of the open sky. A glance upward showed a star where there was no star. This Subjective star—even the Umbratile guards his admissions—commenced to enlarge; greater and greater it grew in size, until it rivalled the moon, as the orb shows at the zenith when in its fulness. This globe stood still for at least a minute; then grandly it moved across the face of the sky, disappearing suddenly as it gained a place halfway toward the horizon.”

—The Umbratile appeals to the Dual for explanation. The Dual turns away, deeming the matter too beautiful for the cold claws of speculative science,—deeming, indeed knowing, *that the reality of things consists of what is found in them.*

What is to come?

The Umbratile is so impressed by these new experiences as to assert that he will write no single line or word but as this shall come after occult fashion.

—If the Umbratile do not get his practical dual into doubtful repute with the Unsensitized?

—If accord with what is said by Paracelsus as to the creative power of imagination and what is described in these immediately preceding paragraphs as visions, is understandable by him who has the book in hand?

XIII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC.

THE Umbratile is made to wait but a little while for his inspiration, being impressed that he has had discovered to him the meaning of the word "write" in an accidental and somewhat odd discovery of a dingy and yellow-discolored diary written by him in boyhood, which diary records characteristics and experiences that make a very proper commencement to a life-history which seems tending to terminate by a return to a nature out of which it started.

Alas! for much of what there is between;

Yet hail! as to much of what there is between.

How dog-eared is the dingy manuscript! How scrawlingly the words are written! How disregardful are the lines of everything save experiences! Written more than forty years back. Forty years which have covered a marsh with ship-yards. Forty years which have killed off and buried the bodies of willow-stripers. Forty years which have turned cow-pastures into city streets, and which have made breaches in the church-yard wall, separating mouldering coffins with their ghastly contents from luxurious Pullman cars hurrying along their richly-endowed occupants,—hurrying along the occupants; where to? to what place? to what end? Forty years! forty years! The old graveyard full, the old lanes obliterated, the old people gone.

Alas!

Let a copy of the diary be made exactly as it is found written: "To-day is a birthday; fifteen years old. Going aimlessly about a marsh which borders the Christiana, just outside the low wall of the Swedes' burying-ground, nobody being in sight, I heard distinctly a voice directly at my ear say,—here the common individuality grasps the pen; it is not self-respecting nor independent enough to have repeated what was said at the marsh. . . ."

Upon succeeding pages appears the following: "I have been telling of the odd thing that happened down at the marsh yesterday. Mostly it is laughed at. Somebody said something of 'imagination running away with wits.' This last hits it, I guess. Yet, however and whatever it is, I did hear a voice, and I know that nobody was within sight. Associating this with other things, I may conclude that I am a trifle off or odd. People are forever asking what it is I see as I lie under trees looking into the sky. Well, I see and I don't see. I surely never before heard a voice as yesterday. The bell of the old church says to me what it doesn't say to other people; this I am sure of. I am afraid of ghosts, but to save a soul I can't stay away from vaults when they are to be opened. I should like of all things—that is, if the thing were over—to have the experience of having been locked in a vault over night along with bodies and coffins."

". . . What a curious story is that I read last night about the old German Rosenkreuz! I take to it. It is exactly the kind of thing that seems to fit me. Let me see: it was night before last, and not last night,

that I read the story. Wonder if it could have anything to do with the voice? Why not this a ghost-voice, having something to say to me? It is said—everybody says—that spirits are to be met by dozens in the church-lane about midnight. I never met one myself; but why not?

* * * * *

“I have gone over again, crudely, however, I imagine, that story of the Rosicrucians, and I have determined to be one myself. It is not making money out of lead, which I find to be the meaning of the Philosopher’s stone, that I care about, but these people seem to me to have got hold of some high thing which nobody that I know knows anything about. Here everybody is at work all the time, ship-building, or fitting out the whalers, or in the foundries, or upon the farms around the town. My own way of wandering about, shirking the dulness of school, sleeping on the shady side of walls, fishing the ditches, or helping, without pay, at willow-stripping in the season,—well, I like it, and I don’t care. I guess it’s a kind of natural start in this Rosicrucianism. The old graveyard is crowded with dead people. Some of the tombstones must have cost a thousand dollars, and some of the old sunk-in graves are not worth more than about ten cents, yet the bodies seem to lie as comfortably with the one kind as with the other. I think there must be something better for some people, anyhow, than foundries and whalers and stone-quarrying, and all that kind of thing, and I am going to look into the matter.

“I like, too, to pray. I am praying all the time. I pray lying under the walls, and by the side of the

tree-roots, and the livelong day when fishing the ditches. Yet I don't like the praying at the meeting-houses; there's too much begging about it. I wonder if a boy couldn't make a Spiritus Sanctus for himself. I know every cave and rock and deep place among the trees about the Brandywine for five miles beyond where its waters join the Christiana near the old church. Maybe place is no matter, however. I feel myself full to the lips and running over with a glory that seems not more inside than outside of me. I bubble over with the happiness of living. I wish that I could spend the whole of a very long life dreaming by the side of the walls, fishing the ditches, and peeling willow wands."

* * * * *

The next extract to be made that relates with the present epistle is dated ten years later. The interim is remembered by the now Umbratile dual as a disagreeable nightmare. Every opportunity permitted to become classical in learning; no teacher found powerful or enthused enough to compel or to invite to a life outside of self; a nightmare only, however, because of missed advantages. Fool things permitted to delay progress. The coming to consciousness of indwelling devils, yet not strangling them while they were little. Shifting from meditation to trade, and from trade back to meditation. Dazed by the glamour of dollars. Like unto a fly, getting one's legs caught in molasses. Making scars which show more and more with age, and which are apt to break out. Going not at all straightforward, but scenting about the fleshpots.

Not all contrariwise, however. A profession secured

which marks the beginning of a new start; a new start never interfered with save as delays are compelled by breaking out of the scars, and as obstacles are found put in the way by devils grown big. Not, however, become oblivious to the glory that the world puts on. Still a constant utterer of prayers. Still a tryer of wings,—which do not bear up, however, as once they did.

The extract is exactly as follows: “I am writing this in a country inn, where I am staying for the night. On the afternoon of this day I had stolen away from the disquieting influences of the town, being weary, discomforted, and restless; and was lying, after the fashion of boy-times, stretched full-length upon the sands of a cove bordering the Delaware River, the place being not very far from Wilmington on the opposite side, when suddenly I was startled into rapturous ecstasy by hearing such music as I did not imagine could exist for the entrancing of human ears. The song, while familiar, was at the same time wondrously new, and seemed to be sung by a choir of voices somersaulting in the air. Before me was a wide and long stretch of the stream, free from boat or sight of life of any kind; while behind and below and above unshaded fields were witness to the absence of human beings. Full fifteen minutes the song went on in the air. Full fifteen minutes lay I captivated, straining now the sense of hearing to catch a faint sound losing itself in an illimitable distance, a moment later crowding with open palms the ear-drums to keep a mighty roll and swell of volume from crushing them in.

“The day has been as a revelation and a revolution.

Let me put down, for sweet remembrance and for delectation, what to-night I am thinking and feeling. The voice of the marsh is back in my ears. Portals have been again opened. Ah, sharpened ears and sharpening eyes! Is it any wonder that I cannot keep still?—that I am turning hastily and continuously, expecting strange sights? What unwisdom is it to confound essence with instrument! How different, as this day I have been permitted to see, are environment and a thing environed! Hereafter can harp and soft viol be to me nothing apart from media of materialization, affording to unspiritualized ears relation with spiritualized belongings. I distinguish, never to forget, melody from instrument.

“No dream! A watch looked at counting the passing time.—Yet what if it were a dream? What difference would this make, as separability of melody and instrument has been demonstrated? Was not music heard? Was not that character of instrument absent which is the ordinary means of relation with human ears? I know well that there are two sides to an inference. The happy side to me to-night is that my Ego has heard independent of its ordinary sense. If it be true that things exist in the universal independent of man’s senses, then it follows that these things are to remain forever hidden in the darkness, as man’s knowledge of them is concerned; otherwise, Ego may receive independent of its ordinary senses as media. For the first time I comprehend that all music heard before this of the afternoon’s experience has been imitation effected by use of reeds, or wire, or other ingenious contrivance. Certainly, the experience renders irrefutable the fact

that a state can exist, let it be called hallucination, aural derangement, or dream, or what else, in which music is recognized to be reality apart from the manner familiar to every-day life.

“Not unfamiliar with the ‘tinnitus aurium,’ I am unable to find here explanation of what has been heard. I seek freely and fully, but ‘tinnitus’ does not account for refinement in variations of notes, as has been enjoyed. I am the happier in that I find myself unable to approach an explanation. My state of mind for the hour is, that whatever this rapture mean, whether health, disease, illumination, darkness, the condition is heavenly, delicious, and I do not want the paradise disturbed. I assume that I have been favored to hear, through some uncommon accident, strains truly celestial, not earthly music, which is microscopically imitative, as pronounced by Rosicrucianism. There is certainly not less confusion in explaining this phenomenon through the ‘tinnitus’ than there is in apprehending it to have originated as taught by learned masters of the Mystic sect, out of impact upon lines or tracks existing in relation with the transit of planetary bodies as these lines, or tracks, or chords have been crossed and acted on by sun-rays.

“This last, transcendently explanatory of the existence of music, propounded by the Illuminati as filling the world; hearable, however, by a dematerialized ear only, save in such rare instances as this recorded. Is it not told of John that he beheld seven candlesticks, and that he heard a voice, and is not the truthfulness of this accepted by a church that pronounces its judgments infallible? Are not all Christians bound to

believe that Jeremiah was commanded by a mystical voice out of the silence, and is it not heresy to doubt the reality of a voice which called Samuel? These things are to-day become perfectly plain to me. Do I need tradition or church or faith to verify or to confuse? Knowing is knowing. Whatever learning or enlarged experience shall have to teach in the future of such things, I accept that there is a relation of essence with essence which is not at all relation through intermediate matter.

“—Yet, even in this hour of ecstatic consolation, I may not be oblivious to thoughts that have often enough recurred as to a probable insanity, temporary or otherwise, of characters, be they biblical or others, who hear voices and see sights of occult character. To-night it is given me to see the matter in a different light. Ordinarily the strength and the sight and the perceptions of men pursue the course of a sluggish level: certain weights are liftable, certain adjacent things are seeable, certain character of thoughts are thinkable. Let anger arouse men, or let the stimulus of preliminary ether-anæsthesia be directed to the muscles, and weakness is seen possessed of reserved strength deemed of impossible existence by an observer. The lifting of an interposed cloud has shown often enough to a passing traveller scenes never before beheld or dreamed of as existing. It has been wisely taught by Neo-platonists, and is truth known to every godly human, that prayer, meditation, and harmony are means creative of higher and broader views than those associated with the grazing propensity. I am listening to a mental voice which is asking as to the

meaning of the inspired hours of the poets, and as to unconstructed edifices beheld in the mirror of the mind by the architects. I am recalling what myself have seen in sky-ascending smoke starting out of burning brush-heaps. There come back to me pictures beheld in glowing western clouds. I have in memory lessons pumped into my brain from plashing brooks and out of long-rolling sea-waves.

—I say to myself, in doubt as to being understood, What is for self let it remain with self; the veil of Isis down, the veil of Isis up. It is for him to comprehend who is able to apprehend.

XIV.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

HIGHEST ILLUMINATION.

THE voice at the marsh and the music heard by the river-side are recognized after many years as attempts at illumination. No need to turn away the "cold claims of speculative science." The reality of things consists of what is found in them. Highest illumination is nothing else than understanding of oneness as to internal and external,—here being the creative principle.

Things imagined and things material are of similar import; both existences being in the User, and being nowhere else. Tangible is imagination materialized.

Materialization is with him who can materialize. With man is power to make the kind of a world in which he elects to live.

The star seen in the sky by the Umbratile was remarked by no one of the hundred who at the time walked upon the streets; the Umbratile, however, saw it. Once upon a time, now nearly nineteen hundred years ago, three Magi saw a star, and followed it to where a young child lay in a manger. A cross seen in the sky by Constantine was seen by no single one of legions led to victory by reason of the sign. Illustration, appreciable by the crudest, lies with the hint afforded by Paracelsus. A wood-carver sees, by reason of his imagination, a beautiful image imprisoned in a log of wood, which log has been sold him by a wood-chopper for a goat. Cutting into this log, a form is found liberated almost too costly for price to buy. Such an image, or other equally wonderful one, is discovered by a carver in any and every tree-trunk brought him by a chopper.—Cuttings made by choppers discover alone cord-wood and chips.

—Imaginations, when materialized, take the name of art; when remaining as pure idea, the name given them is inspirations.

. . . Analysis rests head upon hand, and inclines here to reconsider experiments made with the *confrère*,—experiments first wondered at, then laughed at.* Were the wonder and the laughter all that was held by the experiments? There was, at any rate, added proof to the Aristotelian aphorism that “common sense is little

* Refer to prefatory chapters.

better than no sense at all." There was proof of the oneness of ignorance and mystery. There was, undeniably, demonstration that blindness lies not alone with eyes. Holding, as do all things, what is found in the things, shall one not here be led to consider of capability? What is the *confrère* but another carver showing other kinds of images? An image liberated ceases to be a mystery. Mystery when opened is no longer occult; repetition this of the illustration of water as water, of water as the gases oxygen and hydrogen, of water as a world of microscopic life. Means to ends: this the law of the Universal; the prestigation of the *confrère*, exciting first the wonder, then the smiles, of the Umbratile; the visions of the Umbratile enlisting first the concern, later the ridicule, of the *confrère*.

—The dual of the Umbratile, oblivious for the time of means to ends, thinks to explain away visions by reference to vaso-constriction of the nerve-centres of equilibration, not seeing that similar reference to the eyes would equally apply to the explaining away of objects of ordinary sight. He attempts also to illustrate visions as resultant of optical defects, but is compelled, out of wider examination, to find his cases exceptional.*

Every experiment practised and every vision beheld are equally realities. The thought here considers the frame showing the head of Christ as it takes the place of a sinking ship. It considers demons seen by a

* Sense-deception, alluded to at termination of prefatory chapter iv., is antagonized by practice of the process of Exclusion. Illustrations are afforded in the first four paragraphs of prefatory chapter iii.

mania a potuist. It takes in, too, the candlesticks beheld at Patmos, and the part of the hand that was seen writing on the plaster of the wall at Babylon. It does not leave unconsidered a couplet and lily-sprays which showed out of blackness.

Nothing is but as something is found in it. Out of a couplet and three lily-sprays, understood to be seen subjectively, is gradually being evolved, as one person is concerned, entire indifference, if not, indeed, contempt, for what is commonly esteemed the meaning of success and prominence in life. Words on a wall proved a sword piercing to his death the heart of Belshazzar. Seven candlesticks constitute the Revelation.

It is true, as said by Paracelsus, "In knowledge is understanding of the supernatural."

Many years ago it happened the Umbratile to pursue a long and fruitless search after a certain mystical book. This search had been abandoned for some time, when accident discovered the volume one day upon the dust-covered shelves of a public library. It will not be difficult to appreciate an enthusiasm excited by sight of the long-coveted treasure, nor will it be doubted that few minutes were lost in securing measure of the contents. Opening the pages at random, a first thing meeting the eye was a picture of the signet-ring of the writer.* This ring showed a dove half-emerged from a black cloud, holding in its beak a spray of lilies. At the time no particular impression seemed made by this ring and its sign; yet the reader

* Aurora. Jacob Behmen.

is dull indeed who perceives not that it was this identical and apparently long-forgotten spray of flowers which converted itself after the many years into three sprays, and made practical the meaning of the hypotheses.

—Whence come candlesticks seen by saints, and words of fate encountered by tyrants, and couplets and lily-sprays beheld by an earnest seeker after truth come also demons seen by a mania a potuist, as well the ills and vexations met with everywhere by him who will not be an optimist. Truly, origin is one, as the Universal is one. Difference as to things seen lies never elsewhere than with a seer. Clouds are both black and golden. Poison and medicine are in the common plant. Taste is never but as tongue is. Odor is alone where there are noses. Nothing is anything else but what it is to the sense that uses it. Perception is eternally with the percipient.

Subjective and Objective! it is alone an illuminate who is able to comprehend the oneness. Sights beheld through the imagination and sights beheld through the eyes,—there is no difference as to the reality. Here highest and most beautiful wisdom and here the fulness of the universal to an initiate, albeit here foolishness and emptiness to the unspiritual.

Let a matter be here considered. Is it or is it not the case that "state of mind" constitutes a man's comfort or discomfort? Does a man suffer from fear who is not afraid? Can a man be made to feel the pangs of death who is knowing absolutely to the fact that there is no death? When fever attacks a man, and he is found overwhelmed by horrible nightmares,

could apparitions partake of aught but the beautiful if acquaintance had not been made with the ugly?

Imagination seeks according as it is sent on search by an Ego; it finds what it looks after; it never comes home empty-handed?

—Something to be added. Imagination is one with capability. Imagination may ascend or descend or go sideways. It is likable to a sun-ray, which, being thrown into a dark and apparently empty room, discovers millions of inhabitants floating in the line of its track.

Hail, Imagination! Thou which art the true philosopher's stone! Thou which art means of creation!

. . . Wonderful outlook! Wonderful inlook! Nothing pushing a man forward, nothing holding him back,—save himself. Man a god, a devil; high, low, coarse, fine; smelling, not smelling; tasting, not tasting; touching, not touching; hearing, not hearing; seeing, not seeing.

. . . Gifted with perception of the true reality, O Illuminate! with what associations shall a man elect to live? The Now an eternal Now. Space without centre or circumference. Poison and remedy in common plants. Drowning and refreshment in the same water. Clouds black or golden, according as looked at. Snow, a white sheet breeding shivering, or a wealth of crystals dropped down upon the fields. Nothing that is, but as the Is is made by him who uses it.

The holder of the pen, following the leading of an impulse, has wandered quite a thousand miles since

last he sat before these pages. Within the time of a single day during these wanderings he has had discovered to him the extreme poverty of his personal inspirations in having been a witness to more than three hundred thousand materializations of visions beheld at one time or another by fellow-countrymen, every one of which visions has had such demonstration made of its oneness with reality as to have become feelable and usable by the least sensitive among men. The visions alluded to relate with material things, being of strict likeness with the empty flower-basket, with couplet and lilies, and with the great star described a chapter or two back, as seen by the *Umbatile*.

Foolishness, indeed, to an unvisionary man, are visionary flower-baskets and visionary great stars; foolishness, however, because the man is unapt. To say that things imagined and things real are of common import, and to propose that both are alike practically usable, is to invite from the unapt man criticism not at all complimentary to what is esteemed common sense. Here lies with the critic misconception which it is not at all likely he is able to correct. A critic plausibly questions if a meal imagined be one with a meal eaten. The fault of the critic rests with his plane of looking at a matter. Assuredly it is neither a written nor printed line which is the poem of a poet. A score is not the sonnet; drawings are not designs. As assuredly, however, is it the case that lines, scores, and drawings are the only poems, music, and designs that "common sense" is able to conceive or to take hold of. Planes relate

variously with necessities of the body and capabilities of the Ego. Body requires meat for its sustenance; Ego is not a thing having a mouth. There is an appetite of taste and another appetite of smell. The first is satisfied only with bread, which is a material that is to be handled and bit into; the latter has its necessity filled alone by odor, which is a material that is subservient to the use of neither fingers nor teeth.

The materializations witnessed by the holder of the pen are to be seen by any person who will visit a patent-office. Multitudinous show-cases at Washington hold the many seen by the writer. To understand the material things seen as being wholly and purely materializations of imaginations this patent-office will be wisely entered through the statuery-room of the capitol, where, to the left of the door, is the carved image of Robert Fulton, portrayed as he struggles for means to materialize, or show, a steamboat to the eyes and uses of ordinary people. A critic, seeing, yet seeing nothing, still decrying the oneness of imagination and reality, repeats his question as to the meal imagined and the meal eaten. Answer is both no and yes. No, certainly, to the critic, as his query relates with bodily wants and takes no account of the spiritual; yes, as assuredly, to a questioner who differentiates between Ego and environment, and who has taken in the difference as to the senses of taste and smell.

The things seen in a patent-office are never the things themselves, but representations of them. Because the things seen are crude approximations effected by use of crude materials, the representations

are seldom found to work with a perfectness of an original as this exists in the ideal. Poems are never upon paper as they are in the imagination. Notes are not found distinctive enough to express shades of melody. Drawings are lacking as difference contrasts with mental architectural designs.

A steamboat existing with the imagination of Robert Fulton, and in which he could travel the world over, requires a union of wood and iron and the handwork of a hundred men before the boxes and bales of commerce can be transported by it from wharf to neighboring wharf. Difference here is with what is to be carried. Intangible relates with intangible; tangible associates with tangible. For a hungry body meat is a necessity. Where hunger is with soul a spread table is an offence.

Passing from Fulton and the form-makers, the eye of one who continues leftward from the great door will find itself quickly attracted to an upturned face looking at imaginations without apparent thought as to any environing of them by material. The face is that of Roger Williams, the Puritan. As this face shows from the marble, it expresses a life for which no Fulton had occasion to materialize a steamboat, nor any Stephenson reason to build a locomotive. What a delight and an illumination is it to gaze into this upturned face, catching out of the reflection faint semblance of what is to be seen by one of spiritual development; this lessening not at all admiration for the materializations of the steamboat-maker, but opening conception as to conveyances which carry without the aid either of wheels or material motive-power. Cir-

cumstances alter cases. Roger Williams, left to himself, would have lived in as close alliance with the spiritual, remaining in Wales, as when, banished from his colony of Massachusetts, he turned for company to the inhabitants of a world unseeable by common eyes.

Considering that the multitudinous things seen in a patent-office are simply representations of ideas or imaginations, and that an equal reality is found to exist with both, it becomes impressed that what is easiest of attainment offers most to the philosopher; for, as it is with things living in an inventor's imagination and things seen materialized upon the shelves of show-cases, so it is with all things, nothing in reality being anywhere or being anything save as the anywhere and the anything are to the wants of a user.

XV.

REFLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

THE SON of the distinguished father alluded to in the opening prefatory chapter of the volume has often enough assured the holder of the pen that children and others of his family long ago departed are constant visitors at his board. Christ and the virgin Mary he affirms to have appeared and talked with him on more than one occasion. The pages are shortly to recite an interview with a niece of a late vice-president of the United States, who even when in the midst of

company has only to shut her eyes in order to behold spirit forms by the roomful. In another instance, to be referred to in a moment, assurance was given under convictions which filled the eyes of the reciter with streaming tears that the Christ had appeared and stood at her side fully fifteen minutes, and that after this time the vision had slowly and gradually disappeared as a cloud might dissolve.

Does the holder of the pen, not to specify the Umbratile, believe in the honesty, the sanity, and the truthfulness of people who tell these things? To doubt or deny is to doubt or deny what is being advanced and explained in these pages. Assuredly, what is told by the people alluded to is true; true to them; not true, however, to other people. Mistake on the part of sensitives seeing apparitions lies with non-comprehension on their part as to difference between subjective and objective, or, to put this in other language, not comprehending as to difference between idea and corporeal. It is here, no doubt, that exists origin of attempted materializations. Let the reader stop and think. A Fulton tries and tries and succeeds eventually in materializing a steamboat. A Stephenson tries and tries and succeeds at last in materializing a locomotive. Now, it is the case that what is seen by a sensitive of the spiritual type is precisely one in principle with what is seen by a Fulton or a Stephenson. If it is to be admitted that the one can materialize, similar capability is not too hastily to be denied the other.

The subject of the assumption of material attributes by a dematerialized Ego is inviting attention from

the people learned in a psychical direction. Accepting as undeniable the persistence of Ego after loss of its ordinary material environment, and accepting of oneness as to the Universal and oneness as to the Now and eternity, and accepting, further, the many illustrations in such direction vouched for in the Bible as to such character of materializations, there are certainly sufficient excuses for examination and inquiry.

Here ground is approached which is dangerous, inasmuch as what is to be said furnishes certain endorsement of unconscionable impostors who fatten on the credulity of the ignorant. It is familiar to almost every one that a Pythoness, of Delphia, was not in any sense supposed to speak of herself, that her spirit of divination lay in use made of her materialization by an Ego, existing apart from her own, which Ego dispossessed, as to the body, her particular self, using the organ of voice for its oracular utterances, which utterances were accepted as highest truths and wisdom by the Greeks.

It is well known to the holder of the pen that what are called materializations, as these relate with cabinet exhibitions, are estimated by many honest, learned, and spiritual people as of similar import with use made of the body of a Pythoness. As the cabinet exhibitors are concerned the holder of the pen is compelled to say that never one has been met with by himself who seemed not very much more deserving of blame than of credence.

Notwithstanding, however, the knavery, there is a principle back of the matter. Denial as to possibilities is not to run too fast nor too uncharitably. There

is a story, believed by millions of people who are not at all disposed to credulity, that tells of an ass which opened its mouth and spake to Balaam. It is curious, not impossible, and the Umbratile finds himself deterred by no hue and cry from continuing examination and inquiry in the direction of such professed materializations as are referred to, albeit, so far he has been repaid for his pains and trouble, as implied, by nothing more compensating than pity for the deceived and contempt for the deceivers.

It is an exhibition to astonish "common sense" to behold grouped about a materializing medium a number of people who affirm to the recognition of husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, brothers of great proportions, and sisters long ago passed away in the stature of infantile years, all of which people are without doubt as to the truthfulness of the manifestations beheld, even though in the moment of presentment the hand of an unbeliever holds and shows the personality in the shape, form, and individuality of a disguised medium. "It is," say the sensitives, "exactly as shown. The body held in the grasp is a body of flesh; but at the moment of touch an aura which occupied it took flight." Ridiculous, supremely ridiculous this, to "common sense." Yet a little educated sense perceives that the claim differs not a jot from the biblical one concerning Balaam's ass.

Digression might be made here recalling to the individual reader what, at one time or another, has been seen by himself, or, more particularly, by herself, women being the greater sensitives. A gentleman of legal education, and at the same time of a sensitivity

that has made him a poet, tells the holder of the pen the following incident: A short time back, lying upon a rug in his room, he was startled to see the door open and his father, who was then a thousand miles distant on a journey, enter, walk round the apartment to a sofa, where he seated himself. The reciter jumped up, ran toward the image with outstretched hand, having at the moment not the slightest doubt as to the reality of the appearance, finding the vision disappear as it was about to be touched. Persons at large, recalling such experiences, are to know themselves sensitives according to the number and clearness of the beholdings. The incident related as occurring with the lawyer is appreciated as existing purely in the subjective; what was seen was wholly within, not without. The matter, however, is not so much here as with what is referred to as Objective Materializations; that is, intangible Ego assuming form by occupying temporarily other bodies. Common sense repeats as to the absurdity of all such things; but, in doing this, "common sense" denies and derides necessarily the Christian's Bible. Deuteronomy xxxi. 15 recites as follows: "And the Lord appeared in the tabernacle in a pillar of a cloud: and the pillar of the cloud stood over the door of the tabernacle."

Another passage looking toward the same meaning is to be read in Genesis, chapter iii. 4, 5: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Here, if the passage means anything *outside of reference to a purely subjective*

voice, such voice as was heard by the boy at the marsh, by the young man at the river-side, such voice as is familiar to perhaps every person of sensitive organization living, it means the aura, or possession, claimed by modern spiritists as witnessed in the instances of materialization seances; the recital means nothing at all or it means that an Ego took possession and occupied the materiality of a serpent.

It is the dual, not the Umbratile, that is holding the pen in this chapter. The dual is disposed to weigh with the measures of analysis and comparison, neither rejecting nor accepting after a too common manner, but equally and fairly considering both sides of a subject. As a doctor, the dual has over and again sat at the bedside where last breaths are breathed, but he has never seen, either objectively or subjectively, a departing aura. He is told, however, by a physician of large sensitivity that such phenomenon has been over and again witnessed by him. The dual himself was, on an occasion, pronounced *to be dead* by two physicians holding a consultation, and the opinion must have been an honest conclusion, inasmuch as an undertaker was summoned. The dual recalls nothing, in a personal way, of the consultation, but the incident is before him at this moment as though the occurrence was of yesterday. He recognized a vigorous *self* as making efforts to get clear of an inconvenient environment. The crowding of the locust through a rent skin illustrates what is meant. A gentleman, who at the time of occurrence of the incident was a surgeon in the navy, now a prominent professor in a medical school of Philadelphia, relates to the writer that during the time of a

yellow-fever epidemic he was taken sick with the disease and passed, in its progress, to what was esteemed by his attendants the death-point. He relates vividly the story of a wonder that overwhelmed him as he found himself standing looking down on an inanimate body which was recognized as his own.

To see in one's self, as do the sensitives, is in no sense the same as seeing with another. This former aspect of spiritualism is the only one of which the holder of the pen has real knowledge. Confusion, however, need not exist even in relation with the latter. A professed embodiment may always be measured after the manner of taking a thing for what it shows itself to be worth. What a Pythoness tells is the matter for consideration, not the manner of telling. Should a donkey that might happen to belong to the holder of the pen suddenly open its mouth and give utterance to pearls of thought, it would not unwisely be accepted that voice had driven out and replaced bray; the holder of the pen would assuredly accept this. Should the holder of the pen be brought in any future relation with wisdom or experience above the lore of surroundings and possibilities of an occasion where a professed materialization should be before him, his judgment would be made up precisely as in the case of the donkey. Standing where he now stands, the judgment could be made up after no other manner.

The manner of communication of *like with like* is one that appeals not less to common than to educated sense; milk mingles itself in the oneness of milk, water in the oneness of water, oil in the oneness of oil. Ego, continuously looking away from body toward

soul will assuredly, sooner or later, catch sight of the God. Sounds are best heard by one who is alert as to ears. The inner eyes keeping themselves inward come to increasing acquaintance with what is internal. This is spiritualism; it is spiritualism which develops as the man refines; which is understandable in proportion as man understands himself.

It is, however, not at all strange that with internal are confusions and deceptions; these are certainly met with as to externals. Worldly wise means to act with worldly judgment. It is assuredly the case that worldly judgments have the single simple meaning of acting in the light of experiences and comparisons.

Sensitives, as a rule,—here we dismiss the cabinet pictures,—are unconscious as to the existence of such antagonizing conditions as mental myopia, hypermetropia, presbyopia, astigmatism. Instruments, as the rule rather than as the exception, are faulty; they turn, twist, and bend even light rays in wrong directions. The grammar of a poem is seldom according to the rules of a sphere on which the poetry is to be read. Designs have to be touched here, there, and all around in order to show harmony. One looking into the apparent mystery of clairvoyance or clairaudience differentiates according as he is able to differentiate.

Concerning the suggestions contained in the above paragraph a slip may be charitably introduced which purports to be of super-mundane signification. The communication is signed Bella Marsh.

“I don't know that you care to hear from an old pioneer. I feel that I would like to say a few words, not of condemnation or approval of any one, for as I

see things each one is trying to do about as he or she knows best, although there is no doubt of many being in such a condition of mind and of development as not to draw the straight line between honor and error; yet I don't know but what they are doing as well as they know how. It seems to me they are objects for education and compassion, and need to be looked after a little. I don't want to keep them here in our ranks, or anywhere else when they are doing wrong,—when they are imposing upon honest people; but I think they will be taken care of and made to come up to a higher condition through some wise means or other." This simple communication expresses fully the state of mind of the holder of the pen. There are deceivers who do not know themselves either deceivers or self-deceived. To read a second appended paragraph is to understand fully what is meant.

"In the dark circle a spirit appeared at the opening of the cabinet, tall and majestic, in a robe brightly illuminated with various signs and symbols, which gradually increased in brightness. As he marched slowly forward and approached to within three feet of the circle, I saw he had on the apron of a brother Mason, and the various bright ornaments on his robe were Masonic symbols, with which I, as a Mason, was familiar. As such I saluted him, and asked him to give me the grip of a Master Mason. He approached closer, so that I could see his dark features, and reaching out his right hand, which was as warm as that of any I ever held, he gave the grip well known to the craft. *No description I am able to give can convey to the reader the grandeur and sacredness of that moment.*"

It will interest and, as well, arouse thought, to introduce notes holding incidents with which the chapter opens.

“Just here, in the progress of these pages, occurs an incident, or coincidence, or accident—assuredly different people will have different names for it—that is so strange, not to say unanticipated, so novelistic indeed, as it may turn out, that the holder of the pen has brought vividly to mind the Umbratile’s assertion that material for the writing will be furnished, and that matter will be put down only as it comes after occult fashion ; thus it is that the notes commence.

“Whether this experience is to develop anything beyond a strangeness that introduces it as possessed of possibilities, not to say probabilities, the holder of the pen certainly does not know, but an impression is strong to make ample notes and to submit them, however result turns out, to the reader.

“Some four years back the holder of the pen was called in a professional capacity to see a lady who had suddenly taken on the voice of an apparently austere and dogmatic man. A profession made by the voice was to the effect that the individuality of the woman was to be understood *suborned* to the uses of a great master of the olden time, who had found in the particular body one of which it could make use for the purpose of teaching to men the true meaning of Christ. This patient was attended professionally for several months, during a limited portion of which time she was placed in a lunatic asylum, by advice of the holder of the pen, out of a necessity which quickly made itself felt in relation with disturbance of boarders in a popu-

lous hotel in which she had residence. Later the lady was taken to a distant city where she developed into a sensitive or medium, and the fame of her doings extended itself widely.

“To-day is Wednesday. Saturday afternoon last the husband of the lady was met upon the street and an invitation received to make a visit to their place of temporary residence on — Street, with a view of offering judgments as to the contents of several manuscript volumes which had been written in the interim professedly by what was denominated ‘spirit-control.’

“At eight o’clock of the day the call was made. The lady was found with a voice entirely natural; the general *ensemble* differing in no way from an ordinary society woman. Introducing the matter of the writing, she said simply that what was to be read differed certainly from acquirements belonging to her original manner of thought and education, and that as to its bringing she had no manner of idea, unless indeed it were of association with the strange matter which had formerly brought us into relation. The manner of speech was without excitement of any kind, and any one entering the room would have received no other impression than that two persons were quietly conversing together.

“It is not to be averred that the matter of the reading, as it thus commenced and went on, impressed the listener particularly. An hour having elapsed, the reader, after the manner of one who has become tired, rested the book quietly upon her lap and passed her hand several times in an entirely easy and natural man-

ner across her brows. The idea of the listener was that the reading would recommence with each moment, but as these moments lengthened into a full half-hour impression grew that a so-called manifestation of some kind or other was about to be witnessed,—an impression which kept the listener entirely quiet until another full hour had elapsed, during all of which time the lady sat as one who was in possession of a great and overwhelming thought.

“The visitor, finally somewhat in doubt and becoming alarmed, addressed several questions, which, receiving no reply, attempt was made to arouse the lady, with a result of finding absolute paralysis of the whole right side of the body. A bell was struck, attendants called in, and the lady was carried to bed. The diagnosis of the doctor is, cerebral apoplexy.”

“*Succeeding evening, 11 o'clock.*”

“The holder of the pen has just left the house of the patient, where he found a small gathering of prepossessing people of the ‘spiritistic faith.’ One of these, a delicate lady, closely related to a former vice-president of the United States, knelt at the bedside, declaring that she beheld between the sick woman and herself the form of a prominent preacher of large personality, lately passed away, who was wrestling with the woman’s natural control in order to secure manifestation through her. She suggested, modestly and becomingly, that the condition might be a result of the struggle.

“‘Obsession by spirits’ was the common conclusion of the common little company. The course pursued by the doctor was the abstraction of a quart of blood

from a vein of the foot and the application of a mustard-plaster to the back of the neck.

“Succeeding day, noon.

“Have just returned from a visit to the patient, who lies for most of the time unconscious, but with an occasional opening of the eyes, which turn and rest for a moment serenely and apparently consciously on some one of the surrounding faces. To-day, finding the pulse quiet and the flush entirely gone from the countenance, used the electric apparatus with view of testing as to responsiveness in the muscles. This response was found most unpromisingly lacking. About to leave the room it was asked by the patient's husband, who is the very firmest of the believers as to the spiritistic obsession, whether or not offence would be taken if a magnetic spiritist should be called in to practise exorcism. As this could in no possible way interfere with what is required to be done from a medical standpoint no objection was made. At this visit met one who is denominated a mother of mediums. What is meant by such mothership the holder of the pen certainly does not know. The lady is perhaps fifty years of age, has a ruddy, genial face, and relates stories of materializing manifestations with such entire credence as to what has been, and is being, seen, that, if a deceiver, she is the most deceived of anybody. Note is made that the stories would be deemed the tales of a lunatic did this matter of aura not confront with its problem, and as well the further matter of oneness as to imagination and reality. It is believed that the lady sees what she affirms to seeing. The Mason, of

the previous paragraph, certainly felt what he avowed as to feeling. Grandeur and sacredness were before him; these would not have been before an unbeliever.

“ Succeeding day, noon.

“ Have just returned from visiting patient, where, on entrance, the magnetic medium was found in shirt-sleeves exercising his office. A prepossessing and gentlemanly man; not to be denied. What as to what? This was the thought. Questions elicited intelligent and impressive answers from the medium. Patient found in a state of advanced coma. Opposite side of body gradually losing power. The friends informed as to the increasing seriousness of the condition. The beautiful and consoling confidence of the people about the bedside could not be overlooked. Doubt as to the case being one of simple obsession is showing, however, with one or two of the attendants, but any idea as to death, as this phenomenon is commonly considered is as far distant from the thoughts of any and all as are the Antipodes. Talk is changing from the matter of obsession to the subject of the delights of higher planes of intelligence to which the dematerialized are introduced. The talk impresses as though the probability was being considered of an inexpressibly inviting journey for which preparations are in progress. (Surely it is to be recognized that in this faith is exact correspondence with the science of the hypostases.)

“ An interesting episode at the visit consisted of one of the mediums present going into what is denominated the trance state, and assuming the manner and

speech of an Indian child. Nothing dissimilar said, however, from what is now pretty commonly familiar. 'I see,' said the medium, 'a lot of pretty children. Oh! how pretty they are. They have aprons filled with flowers. How nice they are covering the chief—meaning the doctor—with their flowers.' (A pause.) 'I see a maiden of delicate form standing by the side of the chief. She loves him very much. She went over into the spirit-world when she was eighteen. I think it's a sister—No, I think it is one to whom the chief was engaged to be married many moons ago. Now she, too, is putting flowers about the chief.' (Pause.) 'I see a hand being wrapped about the head of the chief. The spirit says that there is a development coming. Chief's going to be something or other else beside what he is,'—and so on, much, of no apparent meaning, to the same effect.

“Succeeding day, 8.30 A.M.

“Just returned from being suddenly called to the patient. Message to the effect that the magnetic medium is alarmed by reason of the current not being received. Found coma deepened and general expression of paralysis advanced. Have little idea that the lady will survive the day. Used a gentle electrical current, securing only the most unsatisfactory response.

“The friends of the sick woman having left the room, the magnetic medium volunteers an explanation to the effect that the magnetism given forth is simply through, and not of, him; that, as the battery just used is a means by which electricity residing in the atmosphere is secured to the uses of a patient, so, after a

not unlike manner, himself is an instrument, or means, through which spirit-force is brought to reach the sick. 'It is not at all,' continued the medium, 'what the doctors call and so freely use as massage. It is not dormant or abeyant force, existing with a patient, that is aroused. It is pure spirit-force that lives with another plane, and which forever seeks means of affording power to resist and antagonize destructive influences as human beings are concerned.'

"Thoughts here of a more familiar plane in which cool hands bring refreshments to fevered heads; in which a strong arm furnishes confidence to the timid; in which sympathetic words dry up scalding tears. The passes made over and around the patient are assuredly a comfort to the friends of the dying woman; certainly it could be but silliness that would prompt an attending physician to objections. Yes, it would be exactly the same as objections brought against the uses, in a sick-room, of the priestly office.

"Same day, 11.45 A.M.

"Patient found lying apparently unchanged. At this visit, with a sense of curiosity, which is ever a characteristic in a doctor's nature, the hands of a medium were taken with a view of completing a circle, and request made that she shut her eyes and look for anything that was to be seen; this took place in an adjoining room.

"'I see,' said the medium, 'a light cloud enveloping the head of'—(the sick woman). 'I see a beautiful white swan that now comes into this cloud. There are wings, and there is to be a passing away. I see

that the passing away is to be very soon, now.' (A long pause.) 'I see Philo, he is standing just here. I hear what he says distinctly. He says, "I will teach this brain to give out what other brains know, but do not know the meaning of."' (A start.) 'There is a name written directly across the doctor's forehead. The name is Zoellner. Somebody speaks the name Socrates. Philo says he is one of the doctor's spirit guides. A voice says, "fourth dimension of space."'

"A repetition here of the first experience described in the prefatory chapters. It was not at all strange that this lady should know the name of Zoellner or that she should have heard of his theory of a 'fourth dimension of space;' but it was, perhaps, odd that she should have associated name and theory with one to whom she was an entire stranger, and who certainly had never approached with her the name of the Leipsic chemist or his inferences.

"The medium went on telling of things being seen which assuredly would not be agreeable should they prove realities to others beside the sensitive. Still other visions were described which certainly impressed as being utterly foundationless; airy nothings truly.

"'We must go to the sick-room,' the medium said, suddenly arousing. The suggestion proved well-timed. The pulse of the patient was almost extinct. Effort was made at resuscitation through the use of stimulants. There was temporary response, which continued, however, not more than a few minutes. The passing away was as one falls into a quiet sleep."

. . . Disappointment is to be confessed. Setting aside the new experience of being mixed up, one as it

were of a spiritual circle, nothing had been learned or gained.

Here interpolation may refer to this lack as to learning or gaining where spiritualistic observations are attempted outside of self. Materializations, as in the examples of steamboats and locomotives, refute argument as to the nothingness of the things, yet it is the rule that seances of all kinds result in about as little as in the instance just noted; this to such extent, indeed, that disgust, rather than satisfaction, attends all inquiries directed away from the "internal light." Apart, however, from the discouragements, "will-o'-the-wisps" start up every now and then that beget fresh interest. The curious in these matters will find details of much relevancy in a book entitled "Philosophy of Mystery." The holder of the present pen will close, as to illustrations, with the recital of a case widely familiar to residents of Germantown, and which, as what was seen in the clairvoyant state proved not less a reality than assuredly it is wonderfully curious, has bearing on all assumed internal sight. Mr. K., the grandfather of an eminent Philadelphia professor, had a reputation with his immediate neighbors and friends for what in his day was called "second sight,"—a gift that he was very backward as to exercising, and always ready to discount as partaking of the nature of something objectionable. It happened that a lady, in whom a large circle of friends was interested, whose husband was supposed to have been lost at sea many years before, had re-engaged herself, and was very shortly to be married. At this state of affairs Mr. K. was approached and solicited to exercise his gift. The

gentleman being old, and knowing himself to be depressed as to vital force (as though a something had gone out of him) whenever practising his gift, refused for several days, but at length, consenting, went quietly into a room by himself, where, covering his head with a handkerchief, he passed into one of his dreamy moods, or trances, reciting later the revelation received, which was as follows: "I found myself looking at a far-distant island in the Pacific Ocean, before which a ship lay anchored. Coming from the shore towards the ship was a rude boat propelled by a single man wearing garments which certainly had not come from the looms of civilized men. I saw this man lifted into the ship amid boisterous congratulations on the part of officers and sailors. Next the anchor was weighed, the sails spread, and the ship sailed; her destination being homeward. I saw this ship round Cape Horn and steer her course for the location of the Delaware River. As she neared her port, there was a quick vanishing." The recital of this vision had associated with it a description of the personnel of the man seen in the boat, and this last so impressed the friends of the supposed widow that the proposed marriage was put off for two months. At the end of the second week after the occurrence of the vision the wrecked and long-absent husband made his appearance in Germantown, his story, which is a familiar one in that suburb, corresponding exactly with the vision beheld and described by Mr. K.

XVI.

CONCLUSION.

"The highest wisdom is attainable only through direct revelation made to the individual."—*Occult writing.*

So short a time back as when the chapter referring to "illuminate living and thinking" was introduced thought certainly was not present that the book in hand was to find speedy ending. The subject enlarging and beautifying itself exposed to sight a new world in which any and everybody might live independently of what are ordinarily called circumstances. It was, as it now is, seen and felt that to be above circumstances consists simply in gaining a plane that is above them.

Philosophers, whether in rags or in velvet, are the rich men, for surely men are rich who have learned the secret of being above wants or of supplying them. It is surely to find one's self surrounded by the desirable when is discovered with one's self the power to make whatever is desired. "Autobiographic of an inner life" comes to be seen as a kind of biography that is with everybody. Why should the holder of the present pen write it, when everybody is engaged each day, each hour, each minute in living it? Is it not better, and enough, that self-life be looked after rather than the life of any other self? Here, at any rate, is the thought that ends the pages.

To recognize the inner meaning and possibilities of imagination as the source of pre-eminent good, man has but to dream. Let it be accepted that one has fallen into the dream state, and that he never awakens out of it, is it not appreciated that a life would be lived within a life, which life would have taken the place of an old one, and would have become in turn the real one? Take another illustration. Is what is called love not found able to convert repulsive into inviting, and to make a way of rugged duty a path of satisfaction? Take still another. Is not a bush growing along some dreary road a walking ghost to an imagination which makes the conversion?

By him who finds himself within what is to be termed the inwardness of the subject the absolute oneness of imagination with reality will not be doubted, neither will it be denied that with this spiritual part of our nature lies capability of communion with things not ordinarily considered mundane. We understand how it is that one sees what another does not see, and it is out of such understanding that we are to give credit for sight where in ourselves is found blindness.

To discover what the world is, is to become lost in wonder, admiration, and astonishment. The world, not a thing in itself, but whatever it is to "a sense that uses it!" One eye preferring to keep sight fresh through constant view of green fields and clear-running streams. Another eye preferring cinder heaps and the sight of water made filthy by the drainings of factories. One man discovering Olympus and walking with the gods. Another man getting as far away as he may from the sunshine, delving coal in a mine. A farmer

ploughing land. A bank clerk counting notes from morning until night. A sensitive shutting the eyes and passing instantly to companionship with beautiful images. A beast-man shutting his eyes and passing quickly to snorings with brutes. May a man not look up and behold sky? or may he not look down and see mud? May he not look cross-wise, finding nothing but confusion? Is not sward or a dirt-road to be selected for the walk? May one not refresh or drown himself with water? May a man not walk upright, or crawl upon all-fours?

To receive "direct revelation" it is necessary to put one's self in the way of the lessons. Working without intermission at the problem of converting stone-coal into gold is not to be in the way. It is not to be in the way where understanding is not ripe as to "the common good being the only good." It is not to be in the way where recognition of "common brotherhood" is absent. It is to be out of the way where eyes may not shut out the world and permit of meditation.

Here the Umbratile seizes the pen: "Write," he says, "write that the dual of any Umbratile is a fool, who, being beckoned forward, holds back."

The outcome of all contained in the present volume is that nothing is denied as to possibilities in the way of spiritistic things, but that perfection as to life and living is found the instant appreciation is reached as to a circularity and wholeness lying in "state of mind." With the last word impression is desired to be deepened concerning the spiritual part of a man; that which is, in reality, the only man, the part that

travels without the aid of either steamboats or locomotives, the part that wills and that finds movement in will, the part that is to be fed by imaginary meals, the part that makes and unmakes.

Who that understands will doubt the sensitive, or doubt as to what may be seen by himself or herself? Is it not simply undeniable and irrefutable that mediumship is one with cultivation; sight of ships by him who cultivates ships, sight of poems by him who cultivates poetry, sight of scores by him who cultivates music, sight of designs by him who cultivates architecture?

THE END.

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