

16
25 May 8
C. H. A. Bjorregaard's

Auto-Biography -

Dictated at Deer Isle - Maine.

June - 1912 -

29-44
1

1
My mother was an intensely emotional woman: but of strong centrality, therefore little given to sentimentality and utterly free from any mistakes, mental and moral. She was not an intellectual nor what is called a highly-educated woman. On the contrary, her spiritual life was self-centred and drawn out from her own intensity: hence her intuitive knowledge of the facts of life was very strong and she was the equal of her surroundings. Her emotional life showed itself in the intensity with which she was devoted to her husband and her children: bearing ^{both} with amazing patience, injustice and hardships, ^{and} never complaining ~~and~~ sacrificing herself all the time. Her self-centredness showed itself in what is truly called a devout spirit, a religious spirit removed from all dogmatic and ecclesiastical form. She had that trust with which only those people have who have been happy enough to be freed from intellectual doubts. But her trust did not rest on negative grounds: it drew its strength from her own inner positive realization: from which fact, I judge, she was what we often call an old soul: that is, one who has gone through many incarnations and has successively stored up the acquired experience. If the question were asked - *if* could I tell what the results of her life were, I would have to confess that I ~~do~~ ^{could} not know. We separated immediately after Father's death, I to pursue my own mental, moral and spiritual battles, she, to retire, with a pension, to a meditative life. ^{for many} ~~during all these years.~~ ^{after father's death} I never saw her personally ~~during all these years.~~ ^{it} short time, I left Denmark for America and as far as I know, none of my sisters have recorded any of her experiences, if she ever related them.

If I may sum up, from my own point of view, what I gained from my mother, I should say that I got my emotional nature, my intensity and my self-poise from her: From her I imbibed feminine traits of reserve and in all probability my intuitive nature. Had mother had the opportunity for a study of the mystics, she would, in my opinion, have been what is called a natural mystic: that is to say, her own whole nature would have been her revelation and source

of inspiration. The figures of her speech would have been poetic and I should think, at times, prophetic; because I have heard her express thoughts and ideas which partook of prophecy: - that is to say, ^{then were} immediate and drawn out of ^{her own} one's self. If she were to be classified as a mystic, she would probably have been called a quietist; if she had ever written anything, it would have been hymns and songs, and in all of it, I judge, there would have been strong race energy. I judge so from expressions ^{of life} in her brothers and sisters, who all showed strong national traits. I say this, however with reserve, because mother's character was more that of the south than of the north; ^{Europe} just as her physiognomy and the color of her hair were typically southern and choleric rather than light-colored northern and phlegmatic: ~~Her~~ self-balance physiognomically, was shown by a remarkably long and straight nose and finely-moulded hands and feet. In looking back now, my judgment of her would be dictated by admiration and awe, ~~in~~ later life, I have often thought I have felt her personality within my own.

My father was a strong, red-haired, impetuous individual, large of build and typical of the Norse-man. His family name was also typically Norse: it means "Castle on ~~the~~ ^a hill": The land on which the old Viking place stood is still owned by the family: it is located on Stenderop Strand on Kolding Fjord, near the borders of Schleswig, now the northern-most province of Germany. He included in his family also the remainders of two old families of the country: the Bagge and the Friis families; hence his full name was Janus Bagge Friis Bjerregard. But he never let any of us children have more than the name of Bjerregard, ^{Why?} I do not know and I do not think any of the family knows. The only reason that suggests itself to me was his extreme democratic character. As for the pronunciation of the name Bjerregard, it is often made to be Beauregard. I cannot see why it should be except that people are familiar with the Southern General's name. This, however, is a fact, that when I travelled in France, my name was always pronounced Beauregard; and there is in Normandy, on the Seine, a "Tour de Beauregard":

^{the} geologists say this tower is a remnant of a building made by
 Beauregard or Bjerregard Vikings. As is well known, ~~these~~ ^{sailed} Vikings
~~were always~~ down the coast and they settled in Normandy: there is
 reason to believe that some ancestor of our ~~35~~ ^{ancestors} was amongst such
 rovers. French archeologists also confirm the theory, and I have to
 this day a photograph of the ruins with French archeological re-
 marks bearing out the idea.

Father was a very independent character, he supported himself, while
 studying for the ministry and had brought his studies near the
 end when he could have called for license to preach and could have
 applied for a government position: but he came home one evening
 and told his mother that he was not going to become a minister.
 He gave her no reasons and she asked none. He set himself to study
 philology and spent another eight years at that. The question in my
 mind is, - why did he change his mind? I have come to two conclusions:
 one, that he might have fancied himself unworthy of so exalted a
 position as I know he considered this; and The other that he might
 have come under rationalistic influences, at some lecture or con-
 ference. Just at that time there had appeared in Denmark the so-
 called "Illumination or ^{a rationalistic} ~~Pituitistic~~" movement resulting from
 Emanuel Kant's philosophy: This movement was strong and far-reaching
 in it's influences. However, my conclusions being right or wrong,
 this is the fact, Father evidently regretted it later in life, because
 he forced my older brother through the theological studies, wanting
 to compel him to become a minister: But he did not succeed: he could
 force him through the studies and did force him and my brother
 passed a brilliant examination, but he could not force him through
 the ceremony and the practical ^{of becoming} ~~drilling~~ as a minister. in the state church.

When my turn came to choose a life-study, Father expressed
 a wish that I should be a theologian and I consented, but although
 I went through years of theological and religious experiences, I
 failed to carry out his wish. I entered the diplomatic service and
 military life. As regards Father, it is interesting to notice the
 following, I witnessed the incident myself. Being President of Fred

4

Fredericia College at that time, the law required him to invite, among others, the Parish Priest to the mid-summer examinations. Now Father was well known as despising ministers - as such: he never disguised his dislike. At this time, when the minister arrived and stepped up to greet Father with a hand-shaking, he said: "It is extremely hot today." To which Father replied, with the grin that I knew so well, "The Devil take me! It is hot!" The minister almost with horror tried to push him aside, saying, "He's got you! He's got you." Father's reply was simply a laugh; he had gained his point. But he never dreamed of the revenge ^{which} that miserable minister was to take. That was done when Father died. He was sick about two weeks and died from kidney trouble brought on by drinking hard water: that is, water containing much calcareous matter. ^{Father} was a believer in water drinking. The morning of the day on which Father was to be buried was a rainy day. It was the 8th of January 1870: it not merely rained but since four o'clock in the morning the rain had come down in torrents, without any interruption at all. At 8 o'clock in the morning, which was the usual time at which College was opened for service, eminent men from all over the country, several of whom were professors at the Copenhagen University and who had been his pupils, had arrived in town: they were to carry him from the College into the church across the way, just when the bells at 8 o'clock should toll the hour. They did so. I, with my brothers, followed the coffin and though I had on my military coat I was thoroughly soaked during the short passage. The official hour for the ceremony was 10 o'clock: the church was crowded: among the crowd in the gallery were all the military bands from the city: they had received the Commandant's permission to offer Father this last service and greeting, because, all the year around on Sunday Parade, no matter what the weather ^{might be} ~~had~~ been, Father had been present at the Parade. Now, the official program is such that the Parish Priest must deliver a eulogy on the deceased and ~~and~~ This priest was the same minister referred to in the incident of the school. He did deliver the eulogy and he did more than the law required. The law says nothing about reference to the man's personal belief; but this priest said:

"As to this man's belief in Jesus Christ, I know nothing,"- clearly meaning to indicate that the dead had no belief. It was so understood by all present and the silence that fell upon the assembly was most oppressive. Then happened this most extraordinary thing; no sooner had the priest offered to the dead this insult and fastened this disgrace upon his family than the rain suddenly ceased for an instant and a brilliant ray of sunlight fell through the cathedral window and rested upon the coffin. It was understood by us all as a protest from above. The law requires that the parish priest shall, on the day of the funeral, call upon the bereaved family and offer a consolation. This minister came, too, to do so, but we three ~~sons~~ sons were waiting for him at the door, and when he was about to enter we let that heavy oaken door weighing several tons fall directly upon him. He only saved himself by quickly stepping back; he was not admitted. Thus, we sons, punished the insult of the morning. It was a brutal act, I admit; but, considering the manners and customs of the day and the occasion, we felt justified in doing as we did.

the letter In his domestic life Father was severe and according to the manners of the day, I am sorry to say it now, a hard man, although just. He was never companionable with his children: once or twice a year he would invite guests to a party and would be so different from the ordinary man that none of us could recognize him. This would seem to indicate that there was a soft heart behind the rough surface. As far as I know, I was the only child that contradicted him and stood up for my rights. That was after I had left school. I had no right, according to the law to contradict him and he had the right to punish me with the stick, if he had wanted to do it. But he let himself be dominated by me in regard to my allowance as a student.

Another trait of his character comes out in connection with myself. While I was a student I won in a competition and gained the position of teacher to the Danish Minister at the Court of Russia; which meant that I should leave Denmark and travel abroad and I accepted the position. Without notice I turned-up at home, at the college on my way out to Germany. When Father saw me he said, "What are you doing here?" I answered "I am on my way abroad; I have an appointment

at the Danish Legation at the Court of Russia: I am to meet my Chief in Germany. I do not know where: my orders are at present to report at a hotel in Frankfort on the Main." Father's reply was simply, "Is that so?" How about the studies?" To which my reply was laconical enough, "I do not know." After an hour's stay at home, I travelled abroad in my official position for two years.

There is also another instance revealing Father's character, also connected with myself. I came back from the diplomatic service, interrupting that career because my military service became due and I could not put it off any longer. Now, the rule over there is, that a man who is qualified can go into the military school and if he can graduate he can serve his time as an officer ^{and not} instead of as a private. I did so and I graduated with honors. When I returned home and presented myself in my uniform to my father, he said: "Ough! I never thought I should see any of my sons in that hated uniform." Not that he was unpatriotic, on the contrary, he was patriotic to the finger-tips; but he thought officers as personalities were no good. I have seen him, many a time, stand at attention, when I passed, with my regiment by the college windows, and when I saluted him with my sword he always took off his hat most respectfully. In other words, I think the old man was proud of ~~it~~ ^{the uniform}.

His pupils in the school were most devoted to him: ^{whenever} if they could ~~ever~~ entice him out from home to a party they were sure to get him on their shoulders and carry him home in triumph. It is only a month or two ago that I read a long lecture about him delivered at a teachers' convention by one of his pupils, now a minister: in it Father was presented as a type of the old-school men: ~~numerous~~ anecdotes were told, all ringing with the intensest devotion and admiration for him.

ministers

He despised ~~as~~ such ." -looking upon them as hypocrites: because he himself was so thoroughly and absolutely truthful in character, ~~he~~ could bear no insincerity or duplicity. This minister in question was a pietist and therefore an unsound nature, naturally repellant to a nature as sane and normal as my father's. It is only fair to say that my father did not err in his judgment, as the leading ministers of the day were pietists and therefore necessarily frauds.

Pietism, ~~of~~ its very nature must be insincere: it is nothing but assumed manners and external forms. The little religion in Europe which is not influenced by rationalism, is usually called the "~~Inner~~ Inner Mission." It is supported by ministers and laymen who mean to be evangelical christians, but who are sentimental theologians. Their leading doctrine is salvation by blood, ^{which is} not a biblical doctrine: it has purely and simply a theological quality and origin. It's only connection with the Bible is found in two places in Matthew, and they are spurious: passages evidently added by a commentator ~~because~~ they have no connection whatsoever with the foregoing or the following. The songs of the pietists fairly reek with the stench of blood: and if the tears of sentimental women and young men could wash away sins, the earth by this time would have floated into heaven on the stream of their emotional strains. It is not an uncommon thing for pietists to be immersed in licentiousness and vulgarity. So one-sided are they in their doctrine, "Nothing but Jesus" that they spurn culture and overlook common morals. You can easily recognize a pietist by the long, grave-yard face, a head leaning on the left shoulder, rolling eyes and folded hands: also by the impudent queries they address to everybody they meet on the road: "Art thou saved?"

Pietism has always run into weeds and is an abnormal psychic condition. It frustrates it's own purposes by it's own insincerity. It is not an uncommon thing for a pietist to be a propagator of scandal, a back-biter and a general betrayer of confidences. Danish society, at the period I mention, was honey-combed by such *môvements*: The only antidote was found in the "Grundtvigian" movement, which was a peculiar mixture of

religion and Norse mythology, of joyous singing and culture of folk-life, folk-lore, and folk-songs. In contrast to the pietism the "Grundtvigian movement was and is a healthy and sound movement, because it rested on national feelings and on a genuine sense of human worth and value. But with this movement, Father had nothing to do. & I have never been connected with it.

I was a stupid boy and very slow to learn. When I was 12 years old I could hardly read inside of a book and it was with difficulty that I passed ^{up} entrance examinations to the lowest class in the college. I cannot claim any kind of distinction or knowledge of anything particularly characteristic of myself or prophetic of my future, at that time. The only startling thing I remember in my earliest youth was seeing the great comet of 1859. That comet stood to me as a key to the heavens; it started my intuitions and drew out of me what has since then been a characteristic: - the far view. Ever since that time I have never been satisfied with limited views in nature or cramped conceptions in thought. I know distinctly, that that heavenly vision was an opening of my mentality; a mentality which did not show itself at all remarkable in school work, but which ^{run on} ~~became~~ a parallel line of development to the education I received in the institution called the school. After a year or two, I do not know now how long, my real schooling began, and was characterized by daily whippings received from my father, who insisted upon ^{rehearsing} ~~hearing~~ my lessons in the evenings. I got my whippings because I could not keep awake. I remember that I got so used to them that I often kept on sleeping during the administration. The explanation is this, that human nature was driven beyond its possibilities. This lasted several years; I had no freedom from my studies; no sooner was school over than I had to turn up in his private study and start the next day's studies; I worked in the same way every Sunday forenoon. The reason for such constant studying was this; I took both courses ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ the college, the scientific and the classical; an extraordinary and inhuman procedure. How much good it did me, I cannot say, but in all probability, good has come out of that torture and overloading of the mind; because I got method into me. I cannot say that I ever bore father a grudge or hated him for this severity. I took it as perfectly natural: not knowing any other way of life. In after life I have often reasoned about the whole thing and have called the actions of my father stupid, but whether I

am right or wrong I cannot say. The educational methods of those days were cruel and crude: the object was cramming and not personal education. One of the results of my own hardships was undoubtedly the vigor and the intensity with which I myself, as an educator, went into the personal aspect of education: seeking to draw out the individual character rather than to fill the pupil's mind with facts. The irony of the whole thing appears in the fact that as a teacher in the same college and with father as a censor, at ^{an} examination, notably in botany, I entirely overlooked the details of a flower's build; I even ignored the pupil's ignorance of the plant's name and gave him character marks for his knowledge of the plant's physiology, its habitat and other characteristics. My marks were the opposite of those given by my father. Father marked them low for their failure to give the right name and to know the exact numbers of pistils and stamens: which failures I quite ignored. At the end of the examinations, when the censors added up the sum total of marks and saw that mine were in such utter contrast to theirs' they challenged me to defend my markings. My defense was that I was teaching the new botany, which is more interested in knowing why one plant seeks the wet, dark and gloomy dell and there flowers and enjoys its life and would find it impossible, like another plant, to creep up a stony hill, exposed to the fierce sun all day. Whereas this second plant could not possibly find its life in the dell. In fact, I delivered a short botanical lecture in defense of my plant physiology and method of teaching before my father the president of the college and the other censors; and I triumph now in saying that my method became the leading one in the country and is ~~the same~~ ^{so} today. Not that I claim to be its inventor, it arose spontaneously in various places. As for my share in the reform, I can say that I was independent and not influenced by any one else. It may be inferred from this, that ~~the~~ pupils enjoyed botanical excursions under my guidance and that I no doubt started nature studies in that way.

Another case of irony is as follows. Before the class exami-

nations took place, father went into our garden and plucked a great many flowers and branches of trees and brought them into the room as specimens to be used in the examinations. AS a matter of course I was obliged to reject practically all of that material, because the examination was to be in botany and not in horticulture. I remember, in one instance, he placed a flower before one of the brightest of my pupils, asking it's name and characteristics. The pupil turned to me (first ~~the~~ examiner, smiled and bowed; then he turned to my father and said, "I know privately what this flower is, but it has nothing to do with my lesson. I have been studying botany and not horticulture."

All this may be said to be unfilial and disrespectful, but what was I to do? It shows what radical changes took place in those few years of my own connection with the school both as a pupil and a teacher.

I said before that I was a stupid boy. As an illustration I can give the following. The law in Denmark requires that a student, after having passed the examinations at his native college, shall go to the Copenhagen University to get his ~~degree~~ diploma; and to get that he must pass an examination. It was generally feared that I could not pass in any of the branches of mathematics, and for months before I had daily private lessons from a ~~special~~ ^{well} mathematical professor, an officer in the army. I ~~came~~ ^{went} then to the University. The peculiarity of the examination was that I got a higher mark in the branches of mathematics than in any of the other branches; but that didn't prove proficiency, which will be seen from the ~~ev~~ ^{following} fact. The method of examination was this: around the well-known, long green tables a dozen or more university professors were seated as censors; at the end of the table sat the examiner, in my time, the well-known Prof: Adolf Steen, as sharp and critical a professor as any. The candidate to be examined draws his question from an urn, reads it aloud and hands it to the examiner who passes it around to all the censors: ~~he~~ ^{examinate} hands the candidate a piece of foolscap and a pencil and says nothing. On the table before him stands the clock: the candidate has just so many minutes to

work in. The humorous part of the whole thing is this; when the time was up, the examiner took my paper and pencil and started to write the mark he was going to give me. He began with the letter "M" and so little did I value the correctness of my solution that I thought he was writing "maadelig", which means in english "rejected." Instead, of that he wrote "meget godt", which means "very good". The same thing happened with the other problems. When I arrived home I could not tell my father nor my teacher what problems I had solved and I do not know it to this day. ~~This incident shows my total lack of self-reflective ability at least on some points.~~ In all the other faculties in which I was examined I did not get below "good". The examinations lasted a week, add on some days there were two faculties, both forenoon and afternoon.

After these examinations the question arose as to what I should take up for a life-study. I was perfectly willing, and, in a way, desirous of studying theology. I had, in my own way, become religiously stirred; not at all as we talk about "getting religion" in this country. My religion was a devout attitude toward God and was directly traceable to my mother and the teaching given by her in my evening prayers. Thus there was no real connection between theology and my personal religious disposition. I do not know if my father realized that, but he suddenly abandoned the idea of making me a theologian and sent me to another town to learn the drug trade. This experience lasted not more than a month. The chief element that worked against this was a most intense homesickness, the only name I can give it. The place I was in was totally, absolutely negative! it furnished me with no mental, moral or spiritual pabulum, although everybody was as kind as it was possible to be, everything was antagonistic, of a character to drive me away. As I reflect upon it in later years it seems to me that my spiritual ^{guide} kept me in restlessness, because the movement was a false one. I terminated the stay by running away one night. I walked off that night without a penny in my pocket, ~~travelled~~ ^{walked} 24 english miles and had to beg the

my way over the ferry to my native city.

I had an experience that night, which I have never been able to interpret intelligently to myself. At about two o'clock, on this very dark night, there came from a side road a short, stoutly-built man, carrying a cane which he gripped in the middle, the cane being higher than his own self. He had on a large and old-fashioned hat and his costume looked very much like that of a medieval-guild man, or trades-man or robber. As I said, he came suddenly from a side road and walked with me for several hours, but we did not exchange a word. My impression was not one of fear but one of wonderment. As my anxiety was to get ahead, I did not pay a great deal of attention to the man, but he seemed to be a guide to me. Afterwards, as I looked up the region through which I had passed in his company, I found that in medieval times the locality had been a robber-region: a retreat for Danish Robin Hoods. I have sometimes believed that it was an apparition and that there was a connection between him and his time and myself. I have always had a great facility for transplanting myself back into medieval sports, manners and customs, and it may be that my thoughts and my psychic atmosphere at that time called forth his presence. The recollection of the instance is as vivid at this moment as I tell it as the man's presence was at that hour.

The only other peculiarity of my short attempt to become a druggist was that on the first afternoon that I was allowed out, I was mysteriously led into a second-hand book-shop. The dealer, in an equally mysterious way, insisted upon my buying a danish translation of "Kalidasa's Sakuntala", at that time the only danish translation of anything Sanscrit. He insisted upon my buying it and assured me that it was what I wanted; a queer statement to make to a prospective drug clerk, and a queer statement to make in the light of what took place later on. I bought the book and had no money left over for any kind of enjoyment. I owned the book for many years.

When I came home to my father, I was received with a licking, the usual program. He ordered me back, but my mother interfered and explained the uselessness of it. Then the question arose what to do

with this idle boy. There was a real reason for the action which now took place. I was sent out to a brother-in-law, to learn a little farming; not so much to learn the farming, in reality, as to recuperate, for it was discovered that my health was impaired. I was both under-weight and nervous. I stayed on the farm two years, following a pair of horses for ~~my work~~. It was a large place, cultivated by 18 pairs of horses and possessing 337 cows.

In this way I recovered my health and became a man. I ^{truly} learned what it is to lead other men; ^{though only} ~~as~~ a pupil I lead the farmer boys into the fields and back again. For the first time in my life I discovered the responsibility which rests upon a workman. I learned respect for animal creatures, particularly because an old horse named Peter was intrusted to my care and was one of my team. While I dined at my brother-in-law's table, of course, and had a room to myself, I was, in every way treated like a farm-hand.

Notes

I learned things, at that time, which became an essential help to me in studying Parseeism, or the Zoroastrian agricultural system. I would never have understood that agriculture can be and is a worship, but for my training here. ^{Going} behind my team ploughing the soil and knowing why I did it, namely, to open it up and make it possible to receive the seed that was to be laid in it.

The ^{idea} Great Mother ~~idea~~ dawned upon me! I did myself what, later I learned orientals were in the habit of doing, knelt down and kissed the soil.

I also learned what draining means, how a sour, marshy soil by being drained becomes a sweet and fruitful matrix for healthy crops. At that time, I did not understand why a blessing is given the agriculturist as is done in the Zend Avesta. The reason is that by ploughing and fertilizing the soil ^{the farmer} ~~you~~ are giving nature an opportunity to do her best. To turn over the plough-share answers beautifully to the opening of the eye; and to exterminate toads and snakes corresponds well to the overcoming of passions and evil desires. To gather up the crop so that nothing shall be lost means to thank Heaven for the small favors as well as the great.

To look over a large waving field of wheat is like looking

over the sea of the multitudes of nations.

In the winter, to come into the forest; to cut trees and to hear the sound of the wood-cutters'axe echoing and re-echoing - awakens all the mystery there is in a young man's mind, like my own. Again and again, these experiences have given me the power to understand something of Mother Nature's actions and doings and something of the occult teachings of the ancient religions. Without this training I should not have understood the sexuality of nature. I should not have been shaken out of myself and of city life. I should not have known what it really is to live in the Open. I would have been as dull as most city people who have never followed the sun across the heavens from sunrise to sunset; who have also never understood the rise of primitive civilization in Central Asia, where the agriculturist parted with the nomadic life and drew boundaries around his possessions.

To draw boundaries means to establish the difference between "The mine and the thine", in other words to lay down the fundamental law of all jurisprudence.

While I, in those days did not philosophize about these things, I know, nevertheless, that I was profoundly stirred in all these directions and my attraction to nature was so strong that I sought familiarity with her and shunned the parties and visits that were paid to my sister and brother-in-law.. I rarely took part in any of their entertainments

My introspective life seems to have begun at that time and settled itself in the direction of a nature philosophy. My religion, my all centred inn nature conceptions. My aesthetic notions, when I returned to Copenhagen a couple of years later, centred entirely around the landscape. No formal art had any meaning to me for years, except the landscape.

The period of war-time in Denmark coincided with my stay on the farm 1833-4. This also was a distinct period in my development. I dropped my farming and became my brother-in-law's assistant in taking care of the property. I became a scout for the danish government; I took this position because I was too young and too

weak to enter as private volunteer ⁱⁿ the army, The war experience brought out a large element of recklessness in myself. I did not know what fear was; I did so many foolish things ^{often} ~~to~~ attracted the enemy that ^{often} it was a wonder I was not killed many times. I have one distinct spiritual recollection of what it is to see an evil spirit laying it's hand upon a country within my vision. I felt the oppression ^{of the enemy's presence} as if my own breath was short. I trembled and fear took possession of me. I perceived distinctly, though not with my senses, an evil influence lying upon the atmosphere, creating vastation and desolation, as if it crushed the national spirit. I had also another experience, in perceiving the spirit of a nation, On this estate where I was located, a whole Hungarian ^{brigade} ~~regiment~~ was at one time quartered. Compared to the Prussians they were well-behaved though wild men; they were kept under control by the uniform which they wore. But as men in themselves they were attractive and I became quite familiar with a number of them. In the evening, as they stood up in the great courtyard and would without leadership of any kind, start singing their national hymns, I would completely forget and forgive them for being the enemies of my country. If I had been able to speak Hungarian I would have fraternized with them. I drank their wine with them and felt the universal brotherhood. Their native turbulent and brutal genius attracted me. Their wild manners revealed something aboriginal, ~~in which I revelled~~ something abysmal in which I revelled. In such feelings there awoke sides of my character and nature undreamed of.

Third Day

Those experiences have led me, in later life, to the realization that while war socially is a disaster, it may personally be a blessing. ^{and} In this way,, ~~that~~ ^{it} becomes a regenerating and a widening element in the individual life. For after all, ^{has been} is life not a conflict, and is there any life that ~~is~~ ^{was} worth anything except when it ~~is~~ ^{was} full of conflict and opposing streams? the people whom we meet in life with placid faces, and dull thoughts seem to me to resemble marshes; and their apparent centralization is death. I have seldom been able to move them to come out of themselves. On the contrary, the people who have moved much about and have been through a great many mills of adversity and experiences, if they did not lose themselves in the manifoldness, were rich characters, fruitful studies and most desirable companions. Personally, I like these people and am strongly attracted to them. I seek them as companions rather than the so-called innocent people, those whose life has flown off like a gentle river or resembles an inland lake. I have often said to myself, that, even if these people were scarred and marred or burnt, and carried deep marks and furrows from sins of their own or sins committed against them, ~~they~~ ^{they} were to me treasures. I have compared them to people of my acquaintance who have spent their life in travelling, not settling in any one place nor having what is ordinarily called a home: people who are often unjustly called restless and condemned. I have compared them to actors and actresses, who today play one part and to-morrow another, never being, as it would seem, themselves. I have often thought even of public women and their multitudinousness of relationships and easily found a principle of union and seen a higher unity. This unity I have discovered by means of the mystic doctrine taught by the famous Meister Eckardt. He reasoned this way, time and space are only mental conditions. ¹ Actions of our's are only passing deeds and not of any essential value: the main element behind these deeds is the personality. Therefore, if the personality

is not enlisted in the act, the act has nothing to do with the personality and remains an indifferent factor in that life. For instance, a woman may have sinned, as the phrase is ordinarily understood, yet her personality may not have been in it at all. Consequently the so-called sin was no more than a wind passing over her: had no more lasting value than the dew in the morning, which evaporates under the influence of the sun. The so-called sin was an outburst of physical and other conditions, ^{and} no more; and disappeared under the strong rays of the personality which was the central sun of her life. Eckardt's doctrine is this and it is a marvelous doctrine, most fundamental and explaining how easily sin is forgiven and why it is forgiven. It explains that sin is not sin at all and never was and never could be. That sin is merely a notion of the brain; a passing conception without any reality. Eckardt's doctrine is this, that the fundamental factor in life is will. But will is not always a dynamic power; therefore action done by will in a static condition is no action at all, eternally considered. The action doesn't become an action till will is a dynamic power. But inasmuch as will is only a forward movement and never has a history, never has a past, it therefore does away with any so-called act of will: ~~and~~ In the moment the will is - then the past is gone. Yea, as he says, there never was a past: for, as stated before, ~~time~~- time and space are only mental conditions. The scaffolding is taken down when the house is finished. In the divine economy the question is not about the scaffolding but about the results. The first sketchy lines of that which we call studies by artists are correctly not called art, but only called studies, because they fall away when the main line, the pose and the finished work has appeared.

Another way of illustrating this same fact of sin being naught is this: that in heaven, as it is popularly called, there are no seats higher or lower, up or down, near or far. Within heaven is heaven, and that is all there is to it. It's a universal condition: it's all blessing: and into heaven come the forgiven sinners, and saints and angels. In heaven there is no history, no past and no future; only the

present now. Therefore, the sublimest judgment we can pass and do pass is dictated by the present now. In these conceptions rests my charity and root my conceptions of love.

After the war, I came to Copenhagen and to the university to study and the main character of my life how until I went abroad on the diplomatic mission is one of intrispection. I lived in solitude and took no part in public affairs. I sought no master and had none. My mind was one of observation and characterized by little definite formations of personal convictions. I was more like a sponge, absorbing the water in which it lies, and I drew into myself all the currents of the mental, moral, and spiritual life of the capital, leaving out altogether the political and the commercial.

The philosopher who had most influence upon me was the German, Frederick Hegel; also ^{came under the influence} ~~the effects~~ of his philosophy as ^{it was} ~~they~~ manifested themselves in Prof. Rasmus Nilsson and Bishop Martensen. From Rasmus Nilsson I learned to hold two opposites in one mind, or, rather the doctrine of mediation dawned upon me. In no way was I his pupil or disciple; my thinking was original; he was only a stimulus. From Bishop Martensen I received the influence of another philosophical doctrine tinged with a religious bias, namely, the doctrine of the good will. He held that all opposites of life should be mediated and are mediated by the good will. That, for instance, science and faith were not opposites but were united in the higher will of ^{the} mind; being merely two expressions of the same thing.

My art and aesthetic sentiments were nourished by that northern form of classicism that found its expression in Thorvaldsen. By means of Thorvaldsen my aesthetic ideas received a serenity, a sublimity, I may say and lifted themselves above the merely sensuous in art. It will be remembered that among Thorvaldsen's works, there is not a sensual sketch or production.

In literature I received my influences from Oehlenschläger, thereby getting the old horse element of loftiness and naturalness. I never came under the influence of Grundtvig. The theatre I cared little for. It was then, as it always has been, too hollow for me. My love for the Open and the directly Human was too strong and would not allow me to sit for hours listening to a mere show. I also spent much time

1841

1842

1843

1844

1845

1846

1847

1848

1849

1850

1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

1857

1858

in the archeological Museum of Northern Antiquities, filling myself with influences of the old Norse life, which have remained with me and often to my harm, in this way, that it stimulated and kept alive a natural combativeness, which I am now fighting in my old days and finding it difficult to overcome.

As referred to before, the landscape was the centrality of my conception of the Open. By means of the landscape I was led into the ideas of the family likeness there is between Nature at large and the human mind. I seemed to see the Great Eye in the landscape about me and the landscape in the painting. The landscape that especially was eloquent to me I could find by going north of Copenhagen and having the deep green woods either in front or ^{at} by the side of me and the blue Sound in front. On many days in June and July the Sound is as purple as the Mediterranean and the sky also above is as clear and as transparent as anywhere where the sky has loftiness. The two colors, green and blue never conflicted, they were to me then as they are now, the two poles of the truly human life, green being nature and transitoriness and rejuvenescence, blue being that fascinating far-drawing energy that lifts the soul out of its earthly boundaries and sets it upon a rock that "never was on sea or land." This philosophy may have grown out of the fact of my being a geminature, so some people have said. Oddly it, however, for my life shows no gemini vagueness, indistinctness or vacillation. The studies which I was supposed to be conducting were theology and in the Landbohøjskole the natural sciences, including particularly chemistry, botany and physics. But I cannot call myself a faithful student, ^{my} these studies rather ran into philosophical speculations and became subject to the general flight of mind which characterized the other soul endeavors already described.

Fourth Day.

During this period I used to visit the various denominations ^{which} ~~that~~ had chapels in Copenhagen. I visited them Sundays and evenings to hear their doctrines and test their lives. I never joined any of them.

On account of religious liberty in Denmark the greatest variety in creeds and cults was cultivated in Copenhagen, coming from all parts of the world, besides those of native origin. The one that had most influence upon me I will describe. My introduction to it was peculiar and ought to have been a warning from the beginning; for this certainly is a spiritual law that the Lord ^{and} ~~is~~ your spiritual guides lay obstructions in your way if they want to warn you and yet allow you freedom of action. From this point of view obstacles are friends and finger-posts. But I was not sufficiently developed, at that time, to obey. I rejoice now in saying that I am watchful and take great care to examine incidents and accidents. The peculiarity of this incident was as follows. I arrived in Copenhagen in the afternoon on leave of absence from my garrison; at the rail-road station I ran into a barber ~~belonging-to-the~~ who happened to have been my barber in the very garrison in which I was situated. He had left and settled in Copenhagen. He immediately asked my custom, for in those days I shaved daily. He said he wanted me to make the acquaintance of a man of peculiar notions who was also a customer of his. Upon inquiries, I found that this man was a member of a mystic society and professed religious notions. I met him the very next time I turned up for a shave and our conversation led me to visit a small body of religious people whom he knew. The drift of this religious movement was thoroughly biblical. But these people read the Bible prophetically and in regard to the second coming of the Lord. They were preparing themselves for this coming and were conducting a mission for this purpose. They were, however not Second Adventists or ^{similar to} ~~any~~ of those sects. The main object of their work was to teach the world humility on account of the low state of morals and religion, and also to reveal the principle of obedience to the Lord's ordinances as an absolute necessity for the

second coming and the establishment of the kingdom. All the leaders of that movement are at present dead and the effort has entirely collapsed. I ~~however~~, became very enthusiastic about the man who introduced me. I trusted him and loaned him a large sum of money, which fact practically ended my acquaintance with him. I lost my money and my friend. He was an enthusiast of that sort ^{who} always believes that luck is coming their way. The only luck he met with was an escape from arrest for frauds, defalcation, and all kinds of crooked work. So

this day I blame that little society for not warning me. But their defence was that they thought I was clever enough to discover the nature of my companion, and also that they did ~~not~~ ^{not} concern themselves with worldly affairs, it being no part of their religious tenets to watch and guard. As a compensation for my money and my false friend I had made the acquaintance of these people. It happened that I had ~~the~~ the opportunity to do them a favor. They had a little hymn-book which was ~~composed~~ in miserable **D**anish, full of false metre and wrong tunes. I suggested to the senior of the movement called in the New Testament term "The Angel", which in general ecclesiastical language means exactly the same thing as "Bishop"; that I would correct and revise this hymn-book without any cost to them if they would print the new edition. The offer was accepted and the work was done. This led the "Angel" to make the following request and to put the following question to the effect that if I should be called by the prophetic voice to do a work, would I do it? After a few days consideration I reported, "Yes, I would!" I saw no reason why I should ~~not~~ do such a work, if my conscience told me it was the Lord's work. A month or two after this he told me that there would be what they called a presentation for the calling to the office and that if I still stood by my answer to him I would be presented before a prophet. The question was renewed, would I obey if called? I answered in the affirmative again. The room in which the following action took place was of good size and fitted up in the ordinary way like a church; at the upper end was a platform which reached across the room. That the platform was not very solidly built became evident when anybody crossed it. The presiding elder, the "Angel", stood in the middle before the altar; on his right side, to the

left of the platform, was seated a small and weak-looking man of not more than one hundred pounds weight; on the other side, also to the ^{right} of the "Angel" was seated a man called the scribe. After some prayers and some liturgical exercises there was a pause; then suddenly this small man who was called a prophet began to shake and to howl with a most inhuman voice. I had heard his voice before this event; it had always been high, thin and peevish; now, under the influence of ~~the~~ spirit it sounded like the roar of a lion. His small body trembled and seemed to weigh at least a thousand pounds; the platform visibly shook under him. What he said and cried out, I do not know. I never learned. I was naturally startled, but still more so, when he suddenly got up, rushed down and stopped a foot ^{as so} in front of me, enveloping me, as it were, with a cyclonic power of magnetism, under which I trembled, grew hot and cold. I felt the hairs rise on my head and I screamed to be in an altogether unwonted and unnatural condition. But it was a sublime condition. I did not lose consciousness, I remember distinctly I wondered how such a small man could exert so great an influence upon me. He spoke at length, what he said I do not know, but among other things were the following words given to me later by the interpreter, or scribe aforementioned:—

"And upon thee Jesus places the name of priest. Be thou a vallant man (repeated three times) for him and his truth! Oh! look to (3 times) the need of his people and give thy life (3 times) and Jesus the Good Shepherd shall bless thee on the day when he gathers the flock and presents them to the Father!"—

I was told that these words contained a genuine call to the ministry and that I ought to go into it according to the previously given promise; but that I was perfectly free to wait the Lord's own time. The time never came ~~there~~ with them, nor has it ever come in any ecclesiastical form; but I have never denied nor doubted the call. In my own way I have fulfilled it, preaching divine truth as I knew it wherever I could get a hearing and I purpose continuing to do the same as long as I live.

Besides myself, there were presented three other young men, who also were called to the ministry and they all entered upon it under ecclesiastical forms then and there. But all came to grief;

meeting with sorrow and dogmatic conflicts, and one of them fell into gross immoralities I, myself, came into a sort of conflict with the "Angel", because I would not render that implicit obedience required of me, which I considered an unworthy degradation. I admit, now, that I was wrong, from their point of view, but I am not sorry that I left them.

I continued my studies and got my living as clerk with a carpenter and builder, having resigned my commission in the army. The next year I left for America, and as I burned all bridges behind me and for about 30 years kept no connection with the old country, my participation in these movements ^{in his old home} like all the other things, died of itself.

Before this religious incident, I had already become an officer in the army and the story of that is as follows:-
My connection with the diplomatic mission mentioned above came to a sudden end through ^{had} my return to Denmark on account of my military service which then became due and could not be postponed any longer. Instead of entering the army as a private, I had the option of entering the military academy to be educated as an officer. I did so, and after 2 years of terrible suffering and great hardships, I ~~passed~~ ^{the examination} passed with honor. & became an officer

I had gone home, not only because of my military service, but also on the advice of my military friends abroad, especially that of a very good friend of mine, Count and Colonel Ketteridge of the Russian army. He was perfectly willing to procure me a place in the Russian military academy or in the Austrian academy, but as he said, after my graduation in either of the two places I would be sure to be thrown into some outlandish garrison in Asia or to some Voldvod and it would be very difficult if not impossible to get me back to either capital, St Petersburg or Vienna. Hence he advised me to go home and graduate ^{and} ~~there~~ to come ^{back} ~~out~~ then as an officer when ^{he} ~~I~~ would be in a position to ^{dictate} ~~say~~ something about my garrison and location. The diplomatic service would also be open to me in various ways, being an officer and having the prestige of a title and position. For these reasons I went home. But I did not go back, because in the meantime I had seen my

future wife and had married her. Miss Georgina Matilda Thompson, also a Dane. This, of course, changed ^{my} ~~these~~ plans. But there were other reasons why I abandoned the diplomatic and military career. Chief of these was my religious nature, my inclination for studies and the experience I had abroad, seeing the hollowness of public life and the misery in which so-called society people lived, and the moral degradation that threatened me, if I went into that atmosphere which may be called the diplomatic and military. In other words, there was no special attraction to go abroad again. At the same time, I cannot deny that an original wild nature and a determined self-will were very strong in me. I was in no wise truly religious nor regenerate. That which I call my regeneration did not take place until later. One main characteristic of ~~this~~ ^{my} regeneration or breaking through may be seen from the following incident. I had, during the day, attended to my military duties as usual, but towards evening, before supper, I was suddenly overwhelmed by a strange influence. I felt the need of doing something radical to get out of myself and establish my life on a new basis. There was an inner call to go out into the open, symbolically; meaning as I now see it, leaving the old man behind. After an hour's excitement, this occurred to me. Though the evening was pitch dark and the snow fell heavily and had already covered the earth by several feet and it was a November night, bitterly cold. I nevertheless stripped off all my clothes and took my military ~~coat~~ ^{coat}, turned it inside out, and flung it around me, so as not to be recognized. In that costume I ran out of the house, found my way out of the city and ran into the open fields for about five (English) miles getting home toward morning. I took neither cold nor ill of any kind, nor did anybody ever discover what had happened. I was with my regiment the next day as usual, but I was certainly a transformed man, fully conscious of having by my action shed off the old man. Though I cannot explain the connection between my action and my moral state. The psychology is, to me a mystery to this day. - But this I know. From that moment on, I was filled with higher and purer purposes and with an exaltation that has never left me; with a stimulus to push out and into the mystic regions of mind and heart, with an uplift of joy which has been my

support ever since. The instance was more than an awakening. It was a sort of transsubstantiation.

The main lesson that I learned in ~~the~~ military school was obedience, besides the direct military training which I could have followed up and which by following up and entering the army would doubtless have seriously interfered with my future development. The principle of obedience I got so thoroughly ~~into~~ me that I was almost crushed. For two years after I left the academy and was an officer, I found it difficult to associate on a plane of equality with my fellow-officers. In my mind I always felt myself to be their sub-altern. I have always, since then, thought of this crushing and wondered why and how it was possible; because, according to what I have already stated, I was far advanced in the line of mentality. But the true answer to the question of the crushing of my will is no doubt this:—That then and there I was reduced and brought face to face with an aspect of will unknown to me; an aspect that has come up again and again in later life and has caused endless mortifications. It was my rebellious and inborn Viking nature that met its master in the military discipline. In a way, I then first began to live from the true bottom of my life, or according to the spiritual principle. The lesson learned was of course of far-reaching consequence. While I, in my five years duties as an officer never attempted to crush another will, I was never-the-less so thoroughly imbued with the will principle that I had no difficulty in being obeyed; and twice, in that time did I become the cause of the degradation of two sub-altern officers, who judged me too cheaply, because I was not brutal in my acts and did not hold my position by domineering moods. Much against my own wish and very much to my sorrow, two sergeants were at different times degraded to the ranks for disobedience. I am happy to say that the ^{trouble for} cases were none of mere formality nor did I make them; they made themselves. Nor did I create the unpleasant circumstances directly or indirectly; I would even have shielded them but the publicity of their ^{which} deeds, required actions.

At the end of my military career I came to grief, ~~as~~ I have

already related. I made my living in Copenhagen as clerk in a car-
 penter's and builder's office and occasionally put on my uniform
 in the afternoon when I walked leisurely in one of the suburbs of
 Copenhagen, with my coat unbuttoned and my hands in my pocket, which
 was perfectly orderly and not against military routine. I met, one day
 a fellow-officer who was also a graduate from my class. In the rare
 moments of leisure which we had had in the academy we had talked about
 socialism, which was at that time a new and forbidden subject. (1873)
 The government was very much in fear of socialists and socialists at
 that time were practically anarchists. The Danish socialists had
 three very strong and powerful leaders who were soon, under one pret-
 text or another, to be arrested and kept in prison for many years. My
 fellow-officer was an avowed socialist and known as such to the po-
 lice. I did not know this or suspect it at the time, and I walked with
 quite unconsciously, going even to the door of the building where a
 socialistic meeting was to be held. I had forgotten entirely that I
 was in uniform, on account of the careless way in which one may wear
 it. But going to that door in this way was a social crime and placed
 me immediately among the suspects. This was just. I had no business
 to go there in uniform especially as I was a member of the royalist
 club and the prime minister of the country was my cousin. The whole
 of the incident was an innocent act and the gravity of the situation
 was not realized until too late. The next day I went up to my cousin,
 the Prime Minister, and I found that I had already been reported. He
 waved me off haughtily with his hand, as if I had been a black sheep.
 Never-the-less, I asked him what could be done, to which I got the
 haughty answer that he would not do anything, to which I replied that
 I did not care. Denmark was, after all, only a small place and I could
 make a career somewhere else. I left him and within three weeks, I
 was on my way to the United States. That again was a breach of mil-
 itary discipline, for I had no right to leave without royal permission.
 Although I did it and all my superiors knew where I was and where I
 went, they did not search for me, although I was advertised as a deser-
 ter from the army. I was apparently a deserter, but my name has never
 but

stricken from the royal calendar. My name was carried with my regiment from year to year for the 15 years of my service; consequently, officially, I have done nothing wrong.

After having been two years in this country and having suffered untold hardships, my mother managed to get things so arranged that I could have returned and asked ^{and} the King's pardon, which I would have received, I could have been re-instated and everything would have been as if I had never lost caste. Though in the extremest distress, utterly penniless, without the slightest idea where the next meal was coming from, my wife was the one who spoke up and said: "No! we will not go home. We will fight it out."

I bless the moment that we took that decision. I perfectly agreed with her. I have never regretted it, and when I visited Denmark thirty-one years later I felt sure that I had acted correctly.

Fifth Day.

My arrival in America ^{in my life} ~~would~~ correspond to a ^{in the world} ~~world~~ cataclysm. It was a total change of principles and a forgetting of all antecedents and a striking-out for the new and the un-known. A good illustration might be taken from the following story. The only guidance I had when I left the old country was a little hand-book issued for emigrants by a former justice of the peace in Omaha. His name was ~~N~~ Wilson and he was a Dane. From that book I learned that it was no shame to work in America at any trade whatsoever, ^{That} it would be for me even a most honorable occupation to drive a flock of pigs up Broadway. Another law that I laid down for myself, after reading the book was this. To take the first work that ^{was} offered, no matter what, in order to earn the first dollar. The result would be self-confidence. With these two rules I landed in America. I had no letters of introduction had only eight dollars in my pocket and no more clothes than I could carry. Though I did not come over on an emigrant passage, never-these

less, on board the ship, I associated with emigrants from Scandinavia. Not from choice, but from a certain despair, realizing to what a stratum of society I was reduced. Among the Scandinavian emigrants was a batch of some twenty ~~old~~ girls from Sweden. They came over with an agent ~~master~~ ^{certified} consigned, on their arrival, to various households, as domestic servants, I had a conversation with that agent and he offered me work in Salem, N.J. It proved to be in an oil-factory. To the same town was also consigned one of the Swedish girls, a rather good-looking woman, of more than usual education. Fate decreed that for a couple of days neither she nor I got any work and both of us were lodged in a German-boarding house, and we were naturally seen together. Now, it happened, which of course I did not know, that that girl was in the family-way and had been shipped from the old-country on that account. Gossiping tongues immediately made a connection between her and myself. As it was soon discovered at the factory and elsewhere that I was no workman, a romantic story was made up at once and my case was made out to be an elopement. In the factory, I was time and time again on exhibition, when visitors came to see the works and I had a distinct feeling that the Superintendent told this story to every visitor who inspected the factory. As a matter of course I was perfectly helpless and had to endure the scandal. I could shun her company, of course, and I did; but whenever I wandered through the town to my work with my tin pail in my hand, I knew I was pointed out and the story repeated. People actually stood still and looked at me. I was not cleared or brought out of this unpleasant situation until the time came for the woman to be taken to the hospital, when she told her story and revealed the father's name. He was the Superintendent of the factory where she had been working in Sweden. In the meantime, two other Danish workers had arrived in town and they assisted me most vigorously by informing every-body of the true state of affairs. The child died, and, I baptized it before death. This was one of the trials which called forth all the mental, moral and spiritual resources which I possessed. But there was still more in store for me. The other laborers in the factory made a ~~sort~~ ^{butt} of me and I suffered a great many indignities. I had, however,

wisdom enough not to resent this, except ~~for~~ once. One day, a young fellow grabbed a stick and rushed at me, as if offering fight. I grabbed another stick of the same length as his, and being a good swordsman, I laid my stick over his hand and arm in such a fashion that he was incapable of working for many months. From that moment I had the respect of every laborer in the place. Further humiliations, however, awaited me. My work was about the hardest in the factory. I worked in the drying-house, in a temperature of 120 degrees, the atmosphere being surcharged with turpentine and benzine gases. I could only stand the heat for a little while, having to run to the window every few minutes for a breath of air. The first day I fainted five times; and during the first week of my labor I drank so much water to counteract the influence of these gases, that I could not eat anything; and in as much as the nights were one continuous torture from vermin in the bed and mosquitoes in the air, my life was in no way paradisiacal.

In some way I had, unconsciously acquired a stoic apathy. I can^{not} claim that it was philosophical superiority which gave me strength; rather was it despair, or perhaps pessimistic indifference. When the day's work was over I tried to sleep; and I tried to do the same on Sundays. I had no friends; no amusements; nothing at all in the line of recreation. The only pleasure I had was the attempted sleep in sleep. I did not even have hope. I could not speak English at all. I attempted, by means of my dictionary to read newspapers and in that way I whiled away the hours. The company that those two Danish men gave me was of course, utterly unsatisfactory; but they furnished a sort of outlet for my pent-up energies. I taught them a little religion and as fast as I learned any English I taught it to them. One interesting thing was that one Sunday we arranged a communion service; I broke the bread and distributed it, repeating the form as we all remembered it from the Lutheran ritual. The idea was mine and they, with great enthusiasm partook of it. They were young men from the laboring class and one, a farmer, emigrated from Schleswig, after it had been taken from Denmark by Germany. They were in possession of a common school education and they revealed a certain native piety, such as is commonly found in the country villages. They were ready to submit themselves to one whom they felt to be their superior and were kind and good-

natured. When I could not work, as I could not more than three days in the week, just enough to pay my board, in which I was generally behind, they paid for me voluntarily and without a murmur. If there was anything I wanted done, which they could do, they willingly did it.

After I had been in the factory about one month, the day known as "Black Friday" ^{caused} ~~entailing~~ the failure of Jay Cooke in Philadelphia and ^{causing} the total collapse of all the financial interests in America. All factories, everywhere, shut down, and sent their laborers home for the winter. When the order was given to discharge all the force in the factory the senior member of the firm came to me and told me what was going to happen; that everybody was to be discharged, but that he would retain me, me only, to do ^{some} the cleaning about the place until work began again in the winter. I was to work for my board. After I had been used for cleaning a few days, an old negro in the town was employed to lay asphalt ^{on the roof of the} ~~on the~~ various factory buildings and I was assigned to be his hand. A white man could hardly sink lower. I worked under ~~that~~ negro for the whole winter and suffered untold agony from cold and general exposure; my clothes were worn out by this time and could only be renewed by my own sewing; the patches I put on were taken from sackcloth and smeared over with body-paint from oil-cloth to fill up the intervals between the fibres of the cloth. Little by little, my pants grew so stiff from this paint that they could actually stand up by themselves and the coat I put on was as hard and stiff as a coat of mail. Both coat and pants were well patched.

The negro, my boss, was kind enough, but he never forgot that he was master and I was merely his boy. The torture ended in the Spring when general work was resumed and the factory opened again. Then, it happened, one day after I had eaten my lunch in the company of the other laborers, on the roof of the office-building, that I drew a bird-eye view of the buildings on my lunch paper and one of the laborers handed it to the superintendent. That same afternoon I was ordered into the drawing and pattern-room of the factory and that was my first promotion in America.

It seems strange that I should have lived such an isolated life in this factory town; the factors to explain it must be my karma and

a natural desire to seclude myself. It was also a quaker town, extremely conventional, stiff to the back-bone; the people were not accustomed to foreigners, and the romantic story already told made me a black-sheep, to be shunned. I was ostracized, nobody knew who I was and my own habits did not open the way for anybody to attempt an acquaintance. As I said before, all these things right at the beginning of my arrival in America, corresponded to a cataclysm in the cosmic world. My people did not know anything about me, and I didn't want them to know. I was thrown entirely upon my own resources, which, in my case, was most extraordinary. To an American it means nothing to be thrown on one's own resources; but for me, coming from such antecedent conditions as mine were, it was something so radical that it had either to end in despair and suicide or in regeneration. It ended in the latter. Deliberately, I set about to forget all my aristocratic notions; I never allowed myself to think back or to dwell upon past conditions. I threw myself into the world of public ideas just as fast as I could learn the language and the forms of life. Very few Americans can realize what it would mean for a man with my training, who had never earned a dollar by the sweat of ~~his~~^{my} brow, now suddenly to be made dependent on a mere pittance of wages with the knowledge that every hour lost in labor meant so much less bread. Nor can an American understand what it means for a man of comparative leisure, as I had certainly been in my own country, to be ground down in a mill of labor, under crude and insolent bosses who curse you as often as they see you, and whose only object is to get work out of you. It is a question to me, how many men could stand a similar degradation. Let us think of an American being transplanted to Europe under similar conditions; I think most Americans would shake their head and say "I could not do it."

The change that took place was not alone in the directions just mentioned, but I had to learn new manners and customs and standards; it meant not merely a turning around and going by opposites - it meant many grades of changes and many degrees of adaptations, difficult to define and more difficult to acquire. Politically, it meant more to me than it meant to many another emigrant coming from a different stratum of society; because, as a military man and coming

out of high-class society in my native-country, I was an aristocrat, yet here I had to be a democrat. In the old-country I could not have associated with laborers on equal terms, yet here, I had to. In this way, the contrasts everywhere were sharp and burdensome.

I never despaired or grew hopeless. From the moment the steamship arrived in New York, from the moment they ran up the American Flag down in the harbor, I underwent a personal change. A great enthusiasm took possession of me; I felt at home as soon as I put my foot on the shore. I, who in the old-country had suffered so much from home-sickness, felt none of it here. There is no psychological reason to explain a man's falling so completely under the spell of a new land, except that the directing forces of my life shielded me from a sight of the dangers and sufferings that awaited me and only revealed the universal and ideal aspects of humanity. I can ^{say} this much, ^{it is} as a fact, that the newness of the situation fascinated me, and being young and vigorous I had none of the fears of maturer years. I looked boldly upon the environment, yet I can ^{not} say that I was master of it. It would be truer to say that I went on in a sort of blind faith.

For the next few years, I met nothing but trials and sorrows and agonies; which is the traditional five years for every foreigner that lands.

Sixth Day

I came to myself and to my own after I began to acquire English enough to be able to speak and to give lessons. My rudiments of the language came from newspapers and from daily conversation. Everytime I heard a new word, I put it down in a little notes book which I kept in my vest-pocket, together with pencil. If I could not

spell it, I got somebody to write it down for me and in the evening I studied it and all the other words gathered during the day by the dictionary. By means of a retentive memory and a constant comparison of the English words and their meaning with similar words in other languages, I soon acquired a tolerably extensive vocabulary of words. After that memorable event of my drawing a bird's-eye view of the factory buildings and my promotion to the drawing and pattern-room, I naturally indulged a little in color and design, for which I had some talent. Indeed, In the old-country, when I first arrived at Copenhagen, I intended myself for an artist, especially for sculpture. I will revert to that period for a moment. Together with six other young men, I organized a small, aesthetic club. We met weekly and studied our model, hired for the occasion by joint contributions. We were all more interested in sculpture and line than in color. We were very free and direct in our examination of art anatomy and once a week everyone of us, in turn, was obliged to prepare and read a paper directly relating to our subject; a heavy money fine was imposed upon anyone who should dare to say an indecent word in our meetings or who should lapse into any form of sensuality. We recognized the necessity of keeping the standard high in our actual intercourse with models, because our ideals were purely idealistic and aesthetic. In those days I already saw what I have understood better in later life, that all things are necessarily symbolical, or perhaps I should say now, using Swedenborg's language, correspondential. At that time I could not have used the phrase, for I did not know it. Now-, I mean by it, that the natural object I feel or hear or touch by my senses, is an effect and by spiritual insight I endeavor to find the cause of it. When I have found the cause, I have found what Swedenborg calls the correspondence between the external and the internal. This process I was ignorant of in those days but my aim was the same and is still, to this day. I seek for the subtle intangible something, that which cannot be weighed or measured or examined in the chemist's retort, but which is nevertheless the Real! We young men, in those days, stood for realism in that sense, and these meetings were to me some of the sublimest I have met

with in life. They were introductions to the ideal realms.

I stayed in Salem until the next spring, when the firm sent me to Philadelphia to their store, to take the place of a clerk who went to Europe on a vacation. I had only worked about a month and my wife and two children had arrived from the old-country, when I met with a serious accident. A big box of oil-cloth was about to fall upon me, I warded it off, but in such a way that I strained my back and was incapable of working for ten months. During those months we lived on the proceeds of the family silver which we sold as well as the little jewelry and the good clothes and other valuables which my wife had brought over. Nothing was left. Not a shred of clothes, even our wedding-rings were sacrificed, and nothing has ever been recovered. We were reduced to the uttermost degree of poverty and distress. I was rescued again by an accident. I had been attending a Methodist church in the company of those two Danes spoken of before in Salem, who had also come to Philadelphia. At that church the minister conceived the idea of making me a Methodist minister. How that ^{was} possible is a mystery to me to this day, for I had shown no signs of conversion nor had I got religion in the approved fashion. However, I let myself be led and was sent to Brooklyn to join a Norwegian Methodist group. In that way I and my family came to Brooklyn, but it did not take the Norwegians a long time to discover my utter unfitness for the proposed ministry, he saw at once that I was an unconverted soul, condemned to perdition according to Methodist style, both I and my wife agreed with him very readily and we parted company.

We lived, at that time, in a back cellar in the lowest part of President street, near the ferry. To speak of poverty and misery and squalor would hardly express our surroundings. An instance like the following was not an uncommon thing. I had nothing to do and could find no work. My wife found a little sewing, once a week for which she got 50 cents. For weeks she and I and the two children lived on that. Further comment is unnecessary; if we got a piece of black bread and black coffee, we lived well. At other times if found work, perhaps at a pepper mill, but of course, could not stand it for more than a day. I also found my way into a sugar refinery,

which ~~I also could~~

which I also could not stand for any length of time. I once had a job of rolling nail-kegs from the street into ~~the~~ building, a job that requires laborers with trained hands and backs made different from the way my back was made. I swept the streets both in Brooklyn and in New York. I would beat my neighbor's carpet or run an errand; anything for bread. By jobs of this kind we lived after a fashion. Even under such conditions, money never rose in my estimation to be a god of the world. From lack of it I did not learn to worship it and I have never learned to do it. Many curious things happened. Somebody had given me an old coat, a long black coat; and as I shaved clean-faced those days, I did look something like a roman-catholic priest. It happened quite frequently down in that lower district of Brooklyn that old women would stop and kneel down and kiss my hand as I passed by and it was a common thing for men to take off their hats to me. I might have looked upon this as a gleam, I never did, although I wondered at it.

During all these trials, I constantly learned a little English and one day, in the spring, it rushed into my mind that I would advertise myself as a teacher of foreign languages and try my luck. I did it and to my great surprise got a number of invitations to call. Within a few days I was installed in one house as teacher in Latin to two young ladies, preparing themselves for admission to college, and in another as teacher in German, and in a third as teacher in Danish. This last house was the home of a well-known and prominent American, who had been Ambassador abroad and also Governor of his native state. My pupil was ~~the~~ daughter of the house, who wanted to study Danish because she expected to be affianced to a Danish diplomat. The peculiarity of my engagement was this that the ~~shrewd wife or~~ the shrewd mother bargained with me. Instead of paying me money she agreed to introduce me to society people, such as were worth while knowing either for society culture or for employment. I gave my lessons for a period, but never got a return of any kind, not so much as a glass of cold water. One day, when I finally asked the lady about my prospects, I met with an indignant

reply and the lady seemed to be insulted. Hence, I terminated the engagement. I also got an engagement as a teacher of German in a ^{new} school over in Jersey, and for a time filled my engagement, but in order to give a lesson or two I had to start from Brooklyn at 5AM and did not get home until afternoon. Hence the time and the pay did not correspond and I dropped it. I also hit upon another idea. I suggested parlor lectures to some people. We arranged them, I succeeded and am therefore the father of that system which has now become so common. My plan was very simple. I made an arrangement with the lady of the house to entertain her company by a lecture either on an aesthetic or an Oriental subject. Orientalism, in those days was an absolutely unknown fact. Everything I brought in was new, unknown and startling, consequently entertaining. I got my ten dollars for the hour and sometimes would rush off to another place and talk for another hour, from 9 to 10, or from 9.30 to 10.30. Sometimes I would give an entertainment in the afternoon, consequently I made at times \$20 a day and my affairs began to look brighter. I made a large circle of acquaintances, I began to speak English tolerably well and now and then I picked up an occasional lesson-hour. But when summer-time came, everything ended again. There were neither lessons nor lectures to give and the problem of an income arose once more. At somebody's suggestion, I called on a prominent man in the Swedenborgian Church. Geo. W. Colton, the well-known map-maker. I asked him to give me an opportunity to make at least \$5 per week. He received me most courteously and offered to help me, asking, "What can you do?" and "How do you want to make it?" I told him I preferred to make it by teaching or lecturing, "All right", said he, "What can you teach?" As I had a tremendous respect not only for him but for American education in general and believing I was addressing a man of my own status, I said "I can lecture on the philosophy of history and on the history of philosophy." Mr Colton was startled and almost falling down from the high stool on which he sat, working on a map, said "What are you talking about? I don't know what you are talking about?" And he looked upon me as if I were a crazy or a half-crazy man.

been

by

In the same way I have^{been} looked upon many people who have come and propounded strange propositions to me. But he was very kind and charitable and replied: "Come up to my house tonight. You will find a couple of ladies there who will be able to talk to you." With that I was dismissed. I went immediately to Prospect Park and spent the afternoon there, scraping up from my memory all sorts of things to elucidate the two subjects I had proposed in the morning. I walked about talking aloud, addressing the trees in order to test my command of language and to arrange my subject.

When I arrived, in the evening, at Mr Colton's home, I found there his wife and a woman doctor, her friend. I was introduced and without further ado I started in talking and I think I talked them deaf, dumb and blind. The three sat there in amazement, listening to subjects they had never even heard of before and to methods of presentation that were equally strange. I pleased them and got an engagement to lecture there three times a week, at the price agreed upon, \$ 5. I delivered 110 lectures in that house at that price. When I emerged from this mining into my future career and came out into the daylight, I could speak English so well that I started a public lecture which was given in the Hall of the old Argus building. I had numerous celebrities there among whom were the famous minerologist Rossiter Raymond and the ^{present} latest School-Superintendent Maxwell, at that time ^{on the} ^{staff} editor of the Brooklyn Times. These men both reported my lecture very extensively and Rossiter Raymond clubbed me most unmercifully for my delivery. He said it was listless and unworthy the subject and my knowledge of it. My subject was a comparison of the Prometheus, Faust and Don Juan legends, using these three as types of individual sins and of national characteristics. I cleared about \$ 200, besides the expenses of the hall, ^{which} ^{at that} which was a great deal of money in those days. My fame grew and parlor-lectures increased. But Summer returned and there was once more lack of work and of teaching, and it occurred to me to go to the Astor Library to look for work

My idea was this. ^{like} In all probability an American Library would do as a European Library would be doing in summer; rearranging its books and adjusting its catalogue and similar Library work. But when I came to the place and saw the Superintendent I found that such was not the case. The Astor ^{Library} was closed during vacation and was ^{then} in the hands of a lot of scrub-women. Nothing else was to be done. The Superintendent, however, engaged in a lengthy conversation with me, asked my name and address and told me that there was a vacancy on the force; it had ^{known} been given to some one, but he wished I would apply for it anyway. I promised to do so, but when I came out into the street I saw the absurdity of applying for a place which had already been given away and I did not do it. In two days, however, I got a letter from him, stating that he was waiting for my application. I wrote one that same evening and went over there the next day to deliver it personally. I was told that I had good prospects of getting it, because Prof. Drissler, who was the chairman of the committee had been favorably impressed by the Superintendent's description of me. Two days later I received notification to report for duty and that I had been appointed. That notification came at a moment and on a day when a child had been born to us in the morning, and the house was literally empty of everything. My wife and I have always associated my library appointment with our great need and have always called it a gift from God. My steady connection with the Library for so many years has proved that there was something extraordinary behind it. I have had plenty of trouble, of jealousy and direct attacks by enemies, but I have survived them all and have advanced steadily.

In my Library-work I have had ample opportunity as a teacher. I have always looked upon my position in the light of a teacher and have done a vast amount of work which is not ordinarily a Librarian's work. I have sought every opportunity that offered itself to help the readers in using the books and getting the central ideas. I have done this by conversation with them on the subjects and by directly asking them what work they were engaged upon.

When I began in the Library, we were only four employees. (October 18th, 1879) We opened the Library at 10 A.M. and closed it at 4 P.M. on weekdays, on Saturdays at 3. If we had 50 readers in a day, we had been working hard. There were not more than a couple of ~~thousand~~ hundred thousand books in the Library, which books I knew by heart in binding, title and location. The Library was divided into two sections at that time. My section, beside the special work of helping the Superintendent, was the one which contained the books on science, all the arts and theology. The other section included history and language. The daily work had no other interest than that which one could put into it one's self, varied by the visits of great men and women. I have ^{invaluably} served all the prominent people of the country, at one time or another, and as they had above privileges, the service was often very intimate and personal. I could, of course, if professional discretion did not forbid it, tell many interesting anecdotes. At that time the readers who came to the Library were real students and devoted themselves to their special subjects. There was extremely little fake reading and no compiling. The hacks and common scribblers of today, who make a living by merely cribbing, became an institution sometime after the opening of the last wing of the Library in 1882; they owe their existence largely to the increase in current periodicals and to the acquisition of many books through money given by the second Astor.

As an educator I can also rejoice in having brought up great many young men, at one time Library-boys or assistants, now to be found in the various ranks of the professions, such as architecture, medicine, banks, army, and the civil service.

The Library was also of personal use to me as it gave me ^{the use of} an extensive literature, which I of course could not have acquired by my own means, and my position gave me a certain prestige, useful in lecturing. But I claim that I have never used my position for reclame. I have never pushed my own interests by means of my official position. Right or wrong, I am satisfied that I have

traded on my position.

As an educator, I have also taken an active part in the examinations of people who applied for positions and I have afterward educated them for their work. My procedure would usually be to test them first in obedience to orders. I would give them orders to study a certain press of books, telling them that those books would answer certain questions which I would ask them a few days later. I would ask them to look over these books to get the drift and purpose of their subject so that they would know where to look for information about a question rather than to look for the subject itself. I always insisted upon the study of such books as I pointed out and forbade the candidate to refer the reader to an encyclopedia, for the reason that it might be supposed that an intelligent reader would have looked into an encyclopedia before coming to the Library. If the candidate ignored my instructions, I dismissed him. For an illustration, I refer to the following. A young man introduced from the office as a graduate from Oxford, England, was put ~~by me~~ ^{first} through this method. When there ~~came~~ the first question if he had studied the books that I had given him, he said: "Oh, yes! The whole row! I know them all, from A to Z." But the simplest questions to be answered by the books were not answered by referring to them but by referring to the encyclopedia, the very reference I had forbidden him to make. I knew then the quality of the man. But I put him to another test. I ordered him to study a certain row of books which contained Stubbs' Constitutional History of England. A few days later I asked him if he could show me quickly the text of the Magna Charta and expected him to turn to it at once. Instead of that he looked up at the ceiling and down on the floor and longingly toward the Encyclopedia Britannica. As no answer was forthcoming I said to him: "I understand that you are a graduate of Oxford. Did you ever hear of a man called Stubb?" He said he had never heard of him. "Did you ever hear any lectures on the Constitutional History of England?" Yes, he had heard those. "And you mean to tell me that you have never heard of Stubb's Constitutional History of England?" "No, he hadn't." "Well," I said, "Any American boy who came in here and did not know ^{any more than that} ~~anything~~ about the Declaration of Independence and a little

of its preceeding history would be dismissed in disgrace. I do not believe that you are an Oxford graduate. At any rate, report yourself at the office and say that I have discharged you as utterly unfit for my work." It seems incredible that a man should have been in Oxford and yet not know enough of the Constitutional History of England to be able to find the Magna Charta. But this man was not an exception among Europeans who apply for positions. A man applied to me for a position and he said he was a graduate of the University of Warsaw. I asked him to mention a couple of names of the prominent scientists of Europe. He could not do it. I asked him to mention one in chemistry and one in physics; it appeared that he had never heard of Justus Liebig for instance. When I asked him the name of the most prominent American, he answered promptly, "Benjamin Franklin." I asked him to mention other prominent Americans, but he could not. I asked him how he had come to hear of Franklin. He said he had heard about him in connection with the French Revolution, Franklin being a representative in France of this country. It developed that my candidate was an anarchist. He got no position.

The experiment of having a woman at my delivery desk was tried at my request and she proved extremely useful in just the points she expected, especially in serving women. For instance, suppose a woman came up with a delicate question, which she didn't state frankly and which I could not ask her further about. My method was to ask her to take a seat, until I could send my woman assistant to her. It is a psychological fact that many an untrained woman who is to write a paper for her Literary Club cannot state her subject to the Librarian plainly enough for him to be able to give her correct and sufficient material at once. Such women are apt to call a man impertinent if he keeps digging at the subject. A woman assistant can handle her much better. The experiment ended on account of jealousy among the other women who worked in the Catalogue room. They all wished to serve at the Delivery Desk.

✓ were candidates for the position.

My literary work has its root and only motive in that call which I have related before. Though it came religiously and had primarily a religious character, circumstances have forced it into many other forms, one of these the literary. But my literary work is different from literary work ordinarily understood. I am not a literary man, as that phrase goes. Literature or Belles Lettres belong to the psychic world; they are truly phantasmagorias; they are passionnal. But my tendency has been toward the world of Thought and what I have said and written and done has the character of Thought. I have always been struggling for an expression on the higher field and have always been struggling to point others to that field. It is therefore correct enough to say that my literary work was mystic or transcendental in character. I have never dealt with the mechanical or the physical, nor lectured on scientific facts. I have always been in the form-world of ideas, and the life that lies in ideas. If I should give a general name to my philosophical and mystical fundamentals I should say the word Life is the principle I have been working in and from. As a result of all that which I have just said, it will be seen why I have no novels or general literary essays or criticisms to my credit; but have philosophical and religious books to my credit. And it will also be understood that all my lectures have been philosophical and religious in character; occasionally aesthetic. The first literary undertaking of mine in this country was directed toward my own countrymen. I lectured before a body, composed principally of Norwegians and Swedes and endeavored to instil principles into them but was met by a direct criticism. "Be practical! Show us how we can get around the laws without obeying them. Show us how to take advantage of people, in short, how to get along, and we will follow you, otherwise, not!" This happened after a couple of meetings in Brooklyn and that ended the society as far as I was concerned.

At this time I was sexton of the Swedenborgian church in Brooklyn. I attempted to propagate Swedenborgian ideas, but I must say today, that I am not surprised at the small success I had, because I find now, that I never understood Swedenborg. This posi-

✓ I held only for a short time.

The first real work which enlisted my heart and my soul was the organizing of a Nature Study at Greenbore, Maine. (1893-7) I lectured on Mysticism and the Mystic Life. I set forth my knowledge and the result of my studies which began in 1866, in the old country and in the college of my father. I will tell how I conducted those studies. I had the use of the college library and ^{and} could buy books for it and myself. While I was in the army, my time was occupied something like this. On alternate years I ~~would~~ ~~had~~ only guard duty to do and a few military surveys, besides some essays to write. The rest of the time was my own and it was devoted entirely to study. I never went inside the officers' club or to a ball or to a party or to any kind of public or military affair. I did not lose caste among my fellow-officers on that account, because I squared with them by giving them a big entertainment occasionally. On the alternate year, my regiment had recruits and drill and my time was occupied as follows: I would draw out with my regiment at 4 o'clock in the morning, returning home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon; I would then have a bath and my dinner and lay myself down to sleep. Toward evening I would awake and the rest of the night to next morning's service would be spent in studies. I had a suite of rooms for myself in the upper story of the college and nobody entered those rooms but myself. There I used to study and be naked. I preferred that condition summer and winter because it gave me a more natural mode of breathing and put me in direct relationship to my spiritual environment. I hit upon the plan myself and did it in accordance with the methods of the yogi and hermits, whom I studied at that time. I had only a pair of slippers on my feet to protect the soles against dust. Occasionally, especially in very cold weather, I would take a blanket, fold it lengthwise and throw it over the left shoulder; it would swing around me spirally and not only give me sufficient protection but would encircle me in the circumference parallel to the spiral movement of our solar system, in the direction of the constellation Heracles. Strange as it may seem to those who do not know anything

about occultism, I gained strength from my procedure. The strength must be called psychic and spiritual, because I always experienced a distinct uplift when I was seated at my table, reading or writing. I had my back turned to the north, because my influx cosmically comes from the north. I have found, by experience, that when I lecture I always place myself so that I can stand with my back to the north. If I come to a lecture hall where I cannot do this, I rarely succeed. At that time I also developed a sense by means of which I could see as well in the dark as with light. At times, I read without candle-light, and I have gotten up from my seat and gone to my writing-desk and written in what is ordinarily called the dark; I could see by the illumination coming from my own body. I had the power, at that time, quite well developed, but have since lost it. In return for it I have got a vivid sense of form and can with great ease cast a thought into a form and realize a condition in ~~the~~ form. In those years that I thus studied in the upper rooms (5 years), I felt myself so utterly independent that I did not fear the numerous ghosts and wraiths and other astral appearances of which the ^{upper story of the} college was full. I neither feared them nor paid any attention to them. I did not study them nor was I interested in them. I did not use them nor send them away. They were there and there was no mistake about that. The other members of my family feared them and kept away from the upper rooms. I moved among them with the same indifference with which I passed people in the street.

During the years that I thus studied, I went through all the Oriental literature which I could get hold of, in translations into the various European languages and in Latin. The literature in those days was limited but all the main works were accessible. (1867-1871). I also went through a thorough study of all the philosophical systems known in history and all the theologies connected with them. A comparative study of all these various systems is most fascinating.

Reverting to Greenacre, the sum total of all these studies resulted in Lectures and a few ~~things~~ ^{notes} that I wrote in the

Greenacre paper. The lectures were substantially reprinted in the Boston Transcript and I have most of the reports now in my possession.

It was immediately upon Greenacre came the formation of the first New Thought Society in New York City. I became a very diligent visitor called The Circle of Divine Ministry. I became a very diligent visitor and a frequent lecturer before it. I really cannot say that I was a member of the Society nor ^{was I ever} an apostle of "The New Thought." I worked and have worked in the movement because it represented to me an idealistic movement and seemed to suggest the rise of a native philosophy in America.

In the beginning the New Thought movement was more of a philosophy than a direct practical healing system, which it became later on, and which it is at the present day, if it can be said to exist at all. It seems to me that New Thought, as such, has passed away and failed as a system and organized movement. It has been succeeded by a number of individual teachers and healers and there ^{it has} is a mercenary spirit which was totally foreign to it in its beginning. It has, in general, however, worked for good and has been a blessing to the Country. There is scarcely a town or a village in America where there is not a representative of mind; ^{character of} mind is that special ~~sense~~ which New Thought propagated. New Thought has passed out as a system, as it was bound to do, because it did not encourage organization. New Thought meant subjectivity and free activity of the mind. It advocated a descent into one's own depths and that is why I was quite popular at one time because I urged Mysticism as the true depths where New Thought ought to go for its inspiration. I was always against pure intellectualism and pure intellectualism cropped up too often and in too many places with the same deadly effect that it always has had. Intellectualism is not the same as wisdom and wisdom was what New Thought really meant. The intellect is merely a tool but the Spirit within is the Master and the true Guide.

Another reason for the gradual decay of New Thought as a

system has been Christian Science, which is ^{So} strongly organized that it formed a sound basis for all such minds ^{no} as had not the independence which New Thought called for. Christian Science must be considered a lower order of wisdom than New Thought, if we judge from the standpoint of the principle of subjectivity. It is therefore that it responded rather to the smaller minds than to the great minds. The greater minds who are in Christian Science have gone there as leaders and it cannot be denied have succeeded because of a certain egoistic element in them.

As regards Mental Healing, I firmly believe in the theory of the power of mind over the physical. The theory stands to reason and I have personal experience to know it as a truth, but, because a spiritual fact is truth it is not necessarily realizable on the physical or the sense plane. To make healing possible, it is, of course necessary that the sick party should be receptive and that is so often not the case. Mind necessarily is a state, a degree, a world superior to the sense-world in which sickness occurs and being superior it is necessarily more powerful and the controlling element of the lower

Disease comes from the use of some wrong picture in the mind; from false image-making. Everything that rises in the mind with energy, must work out for either good or evil. Work, it must; it cannot be idle. That is against the nature of mind. If the picture be a true one, that is, one that reflects the universal order, then it uplifts the mind; makes it grow in height and depth and advances its progress toward the Universal Self. If the picture be false, that is, if it springs from a disorderly image-making, one that reflects selfishness, meanness, vulgarity, wickedness or any unhallowed influences, it affects the rotation of the wheel of life; it retards it or causes it to rush ahead too quickly. It disturbs the harmony of development in obedience to law and draws its strength also from the life or vitality. It ultimately brings the organism into a habitual bad working way and finally it destroys it in death. (From "The Word")

my article in

Another form of New Thought today is that which is called ~~Wicca~~ Occultism. It professes mind as the superior and the only agency that can lift mankind and thus it proceeds from the same fundamental principle as New Thought and it claims that it furnishes power and plenty to its adherents, just as New Thought did, when it found itself and attained its climax as a philosophy.

Another element which has gone to dissolve New Thought as a system is the growth of general intelligence started and nourished by New Thought itself, and, by Theosophy, and a general influx of Mental Philosophy. When I compare the state of mentality of today with that of 1877, when I began to teach, the comparison will be one of naught to immensity. Not only did I find no companions when I began, but I found nowhere anybody acquainted with the subjects that I was interested in and there was no literature to be compared to the enormous progressive literature of today. The only people in the field, when I began, were the liberals, the positivists and the spiritists; besides a few students of the Spencerian philosophy. But all these people were students more of the impersonal than of the personal; they lost themselves in abstractions and they were radicals. Their office was one rather of ~~destruction~~ ^{destruction} of decrepit forms; they were not builders, they have all passed out and I do not know that a single one of them ~~ent~~ entered upon any constructive work. None of them were found in the New Thought ranks or in any of the progressive schools of Idealism; they were not even enthusiasts for Emerson. I

It is to Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman, and Edgar Allen Poe, especially to Emerson that we are to look for the language used by progressive people, for their method of thinking and the whole character of their Idealism. Emerson's influence has not yet been fully estimated, but the fact is, that in all ^{the} idealistic, ^{and} progressive literature in America, we shall find that on every page there is a thought or an impulse that can be traced to Emerson. Emerson is truly the father of the American mind by way of New England ~~making~~. New England thinking was not abstract transcendentalism; it was

rather professing the immanence of the Divine and looking for effects rather than causes, and it is this characteristic that moulded Emersonian eloquence and gave American philosophy its national character. It is this very element that has been better understood abroad than here; it has influenced profoundly French thought. But I do not forget that French enthusiasts have gathered around Poe's name. Poe has been translated. Beaudelaire and that class of writers have translated him and imitated him, particularly his poetry. They imitated him on account of the rhythm. As an illustration I point to Poe's "Ullalume", which one would think would be the very last thing that would be taken up and understood. On the contrary, numerous essays have been written on that poem, and it has been held up as a model of genuine poetry, that is to say, poetry that glories in words, in the music of words and the rhythm of its thought. Emerson has been more of a leaven among the younger French poets such as the Symbolists and the Parnassians. The only poem of Emerson's that I recall at this moment as having been translated intelligently and that would be naturally caught up by such people as the Symbolists on account of its inherent significance is ~~is-Brahm~~ and far-reaching vigor is "Brahm."

Walt Whitman is, in my opinion the strongest man of all poets of modern date. He is a poet because of his creative power. If we think of Longfellow we have a poet who is simply a repetition of European ideas, however charming his form may be. If we think of W.C. Bryant, one can hardly mention any other poem worth while except his "Thanatopsis". If we think of Whittier we are immersed in sentimentality, not that I deny the genuine spiritual element in the man, but he lacks in the essential vigor and masculinity which I find in Whitman. In short, the other poets lack either originality of thought or form, but in Whitman I find a distinct American flavor and a new form of verse. I am not aware that it has been defined by anybody in the way I see it; the lengthy elaboration of thought in his lines and the many sentences of apposition have been a conundrum to his critics and he has been

falsely criticized for redundancy. I see in these ~~so-called~~ repetitions the new form of metre and thought. ^{They} resemble to me cascades of a water-fall; the thoughts in these repeated expressions come logically, one from another, just as water falls from higher cliffs to lower and then again to lower and finally flowing off in the great stream. Lines upon lines show magnificent word-painting and the time will come when some one will paint in color the thoughts that fell from one mental degree to another in Whitman's mind like cascades of a water-fall. It is not merely the logical expressions that I follow in these many appositions. I can hear the roar of the stream and the tumult of the waters and it is as if I could see Whitman tremble under the influence of his own thoughts. And it seems to me that only a man of such an intense nature as his could produce such poetry. But the present age is too metaphysical to feel the heart-beat and the inspiration and the transcendental power buried in his sensual imagery. That hypercritical minds and ritualistic tendencies condemn him plays no part in my mind; he is unique, he stands out in American literature as Byron stands out in English ~~does in English literature~~, but as a character he is far superior to Byron. There is no rest in Byron, but there is in the deep, broad, human nature of Whitman. Byron sounds more like an over-excited brain-worker, but Whitman is the self-centred democratic and self-balanced man. Comparing Whitman with Emerson, I should say that Emerson wrote for the dreamer while Whitman compares favorably to Old-Testament prophetic trumpet blasts. Emerson's is a keen intellectual stiletto, Whitman is a heavy-weight sledge-hammer. The one, Emerson, is ^a subject for literary criticism, the other, Whitman, is a banner-bearer in life, a born leader for those who still draw from the aboriginal sources, for those to whom the wild unspoiled human nature is still a ~~Holy~~ Land. He is the inspirer of all untrammelled natures, he is the hand of friendship for those souls whose affinities lie in the abyss of time and space. As for Poe, besides his sickness, he is the man whose super-consciousness worked, as it were, for its own satisfaction and not for the world, grasping at ^{like} money and aiming at worldly pleasure. Poe is the solitary tree, at t

times it may be said that he is like the poisonous valley in Java, which nobody can pass without suffering death. But at other times his genius is as white and pure and lofty as any archangels. At times he sings like a cherubim, a man reverberating strains of Divine Will; at other times he is like the Seraphim, a divine fire ready to burn a miserable world. As for Thoreau, he is a poor romanticist, but to be excused for lack of consistency by an inherent defect, physical and moral. There is an unsound element in his retirement, a misanthropic note which jars most horribly against our nerves, especially when we at other times, feel his great reverence for Nature. In most of his observations there is a note of far deeper power than a mere note would indicate. He is not playing the violin when he philosophises, it is rather the cello, that we can hear. Thoreau is rather studied than imitated. We would sit down with his Day-books and we would read his Walden and his Trip on the Merrimac in a cosy hammock in a shady place, but from none of them comes the note to us, "Come, and do likewise." He was a stranger in the Nature he wrote about and I do not think ever discovered the family likeness there is between Nature and the human soul. If he had met the true woman, he would, in my opinion, have risen in stature and have become more of the all-round man, both as a man and as a philosopher than he now is. The "Eternally Feminine" I do not think ever dawned upon him and that is why his Nature-philosophy has none of the mystic element in it.

Of these men, Emerson is the pre-eminent leader in New Thought, but I have heard the others quoted and pointed to, as they ought to be., they are elements of the New England spirit and there is no doubt that the student who, sometime, shall come to a dispassionate judgment, will see it.

As for myself, I lament the collapse of New Thought as a system and a leader and I do not see any hope for the future. The direction Thought has taken towards occultism and other movements seems to me unhealthy. All the so-called progressive movements, at present, lack the essential human note, a certain masculine determination and the absolutely indispensable devotion to the "Eternally Feminine." For that reason I think Greenacre and similar movements

have failed to exist for any length of time and until these elements arise there will be no national philosophical or ethical movement in America.

My relationship to Theosophy and Orientalism is something like the following. I am not a theosophist and never was and never shall be, if by that word is understood a follower of Blavatsky or any of the various ^{forms} ~~paths~~ which she originated. I will admit that she was a clever, intellectual woman and I will give her full credit for her smart attempt to restore Oriental doctrines of various kinds, particularly her endeavor to re-construct the cosmic seven-fold plan of existence. I admit that I do not understand it but I can see enough in it to marvel at the truths it probably contains. I do not care whether she wrote the "Isis unveiled" or how much help she had in writing her book on "The Secret Doctrine". I stand in no personal relationship to her for or against or to any of her followers. To say the least, she was a clever woman, and judging from the facts, I must admit that Theosophy^{doctrinal} has been the cause of the introduction of a great deal that is sound teaching, into the modern current notions. At the same time, I will also say that much harm has come by it, not inherent in the doctrines, but from the immature student's relationship to it. I think that Theosophy has contributed two fundamental thoughts to modern thinking which are of essential value, namely: the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. I shall not enter upon any discussion of the doctrines. Among theosophists I have found many honest and sincere people, men and women, who have been earnest students and who have been helped in their spiritual growth. ^{in thought} While I am no follower of Blavatsky, I am perhaps a theosophist after all. I sympathize much with the teachings found in the Upanishads, in Plotinus and in Jacob Bohme; three forms of philosophical thought which must correctly be called theosophic, but I am not a follower of either of the three forms in any sense or manner whatsoever. In my own theosophy as in the rest of my mystic studies, I have been com-

pelled to follow my own road. May be to my harm, may be to my good; here, as elsewhere i have had to follow the truth of my existence. There is a movement of Oriental philosophical character called the Vedanta, against which I have put myself in opposition. Because I know from facts in my possession that its esoteric form is Tantra worship, and in the present state of our development, nothing could be more unfortunate and destructive than the introduction of such forms in America. I have proofs in my possession which show Vivakananda to be a Tantric and in the act of performing his rites. And other proofs go to show that the Vedanta is merely a shield, under the cover of which, nefarious practices are introduced. And I am confirmed in my belief by late exposures in the New York City papers, all relating to Abedananda, the present teacher. Another reason why I oppose the Vedanta is this, that its teachings as set forth ordinarily are merely naturalism and we have no use for that. It is true that Vivekananda and others have published several books on Yoga practices, as advocated by Vedantists and that they are sound from an Oriental point of view, but Americans are not fit for such practices. The practices are recommended for people of such intense and passionate nature as the Hindus and not for cold-blooded Americans whose atomic structures have undergone many changes in the thousands of years which separate them from the Hindus who ^{originated} ~~invented~~ the practices of the Yogis. Numerous Americans have died as the result of these practices, or gone into sanitariums or insane asylums. The Vedanta that is offered in this country is a specific teaching and cannot be called Vedanta, because Vedanta would mean the end and conclusion of the Vedas. These teachings could certainly not be called the finality of the Vedas. They are merely practices and doctrines that have grown out of garbled understandings and studies of some parts of the Vedas, they seem no more related to them than Christian theology is related to the Bible. As the latter is a simple ecclesiastical construction that attempts to find its proofs in the Bible without success, so the Vedanta teachings introduced here, attempt to prove its value by reference to the Vedas.

Of other Oriental influences that have come to this country I would mention Sufiism. Sufiism cannot really be said to have been brought to this country by missionaries in the same way as Theosophy or the Vedanta. An attempt was made some years ago to introduce what was called Esoteric Mohammedanism, but Esoteric Mohammedanism is not Sufiism proper. And that brand ^{which} was offered presented the grossest form of the Koran and did not contain any of the beauty or the philosophy which has come into Sufiism from ~~her~~ Platonic sources. Esoteric Mohammedanism was only an attempt to introduce Mohammedanism. It failed on account of the utter incapacity of the missionaries who seemed to be men without any impulse, without any proselyting disposition, without any fire or intensity. When I think of Mohammed, pictures immediately arise of Desert-life, Arabs kneeling in ~~the~~ burning sun saying prayers or camel-camps at night or the Muezzin's everlasting call to prayer, and over all the thoughts which rise is spread a furore and a fanaticism; but all these things were missing in these fat-bellied Americans, who couldn't even pronounce Arabic nor Persian correctly and ^{had} neither linguistic nor ethnological knowledge. While Sufiism has arisen inside of Mohammedanism it is only Mohammedan by permission, so to say. For instance, there is no doctrine of the "Beloved" in Mohammedanism and the Koran nowhere speaks of God as "Beauty", nor does the Mohammedan indulge in poetry or symbols; all sorts of imagery is strictly forbidden in the Koran and the severity of discipline kills the poetic strain. The personal conception of God, elsewhere so strong in other religions is an impossibility in Mohammedanism. Allah is personal enough, to be sure, but cruel, merciless and without any traits of charity and love. Hence the ^{crisis} two Sufistic terms "The Beloved" and "The Beauty of God" ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~impossibly~~ ^{possibly} have arisen from the sources of the Koran. The Sufi is a born mental artist, his joy is in figures of speech and his devotion is a rhythmic attunement of himself to his conception of the Divine and his conception is sometimes pantheistic, sometime theistic, sometime purely intellectual, sometime intensely emotional. In other words, Sufiism is

subjective. Again, Orthodox Mohammedanism never can dream of union with God in a mystic sense, Allah is too distant for that, but the Sufi seeks the Mystic Swoon and the psychic conception of God and numerous Sufis have been executed and have become martyrs because of their extatic exclamation ^{about} union with God, or because they said that they had become Gods themselves. Sufism has often the Zikar where the Christian has psalm-singing. The Zikar means simply a dance continued long enough to create auto-suggestion of the Divine, and of the union of the soul with the Divine. The whirl of the dance hypnotizes the body and the soul and when the dancer falls in the swoon he is in the trance that he sought. Auto-suggestion by hymns and psalm-singing, in Church services begins with psalm-singing, the purpose of which is to rouse and stir and set the devotee in a vibrating condition, either creating auto-suggestion or preparing him for the sermon and rites that are coming. I shall not say which of the two forms is the better, both of them creating merely a psychic condition, which on account of its very nature is passing and unsubstantial and consequently of no value for eternal life. Neither psalm-singing nor the dance can create Thought or Will. Thought creates the spiritual world and Will the celestial, and they are roused not by physical stimulations but are gifts from the Divine. The word Sufi means one clothed in wool-dress, and not, as has sometimes been said, "a wise one." Sufis are dressed in light wool clothing of various colors; the object of wearing light woollen clothing is to keep the personal magnetism and prevent its loss, and wool does that. Every dervish is a beggar, but every beggar is not a dervish. A dervish is a beggar because he is asking divine favors and the dervishes seen in Cairo, Constantinople and elsewhere where travellers come are no more Sufis than our professional baseball players are sports, and one should not study Sufism from them. When Sufis sing about wine, they do not sing of the wine in the bottle and the glass; they are emphatic in their statements and say that they speak of divine influx and that they drink the spirit when poured out to them in bodies of beauty; and when they talk about "curly hair" and other personal adornments, they speak of cos-

mio phenomena such as the planetary convolutions.

I have published the only mystical statement of Sufiism, as far as i know, in any western language. As for Fitzgerald and his Omar ~~Ryam~~ ^{Ry}am, I have dealt with him in a special book. On the left side of the page, I have let him speak for himself and he speaks, as all Sufis know, no true Sufiism. On the right side of the page I have said what Fitzgerald ought to have said and I have arranged the positive Sufiistic statements so that they correspond to the respective verses of Fitzgerald. That is an advantage of my book, but there is still more in the use that can be made of it. If the reader will go through the right-hand pages from beginning to end, he gets a full poetic and concise rendering of what Sufiism really is. At the same time that he sees how utterly false Fitzgerald has been and curiously enough, the reader will also see, as I have pointed out in an especial essay, that Fitzgerald was never-the-less sufficiently impressed by his reading to make his quatrains, in most cases, Sufiistic in tone and spirit. I except, of course, such quatrains as are in violent opposition to Sufi truth and religious belief, such as, for instance, Quatrains 82 or 92. My book is already out of print and has passed through editions ranking from \$5, to \$500 and sold in large issues. In the costlier edition is an essay on Omar as a Nature-Poet, an essay not issued with the cheap edition of \$5.

crossed

In many ways I have passed the road and the facts of spiritism, not spiritualism. I say advisedly, spiritism and not ~~sp~~ spiritualism, because spiritism is the correct term for that which it designates. It deals with spirits and not with the spiritual. That it, in these later days, chooses to call itself Psychio Research and Spiritualism, thereby enclosing in its philosophy and practice other and new elements, does not change the fact that it is and always was a so-called science of spirits. I have, of course, never

joined any spiritistic association or club and have never advocated its practices or its doctrines. As far as the doctrine goes, and the claims it makes, they are false and unwarranted. No spiritistic medium has brought the world any new light. They have asserted over and over again, both when they have acted fraudulently and when they have acted sincerely, that there is another world, and that departed spirits have come and spoken to them. That neither was nor is anything new; all the past Oriental religions, and philosophies of later-days, have known that much more emphatically, and phenomena are known of far more interesting character and power than anything offered by modern spiritism. I am interested in spirit-phenomena and have had, myself, experiences in that direction; but I neither claim revelation nor would on that account teach spiritism. I presume my spirit-experiences are not radically different from anybody else's. All people of intensity must necessarily draw within their atmosphere spirits that lie near them. While I have had such experiences I would not for a moment build a dogma or a doctrine upon them and force such a dogma or doctrine upon other people. I think those experiences are purely personal; they may be set forth before others as suggesting studies and comparisons; but I think all ought to exercise the greatest care in relating experiences and deducting theories from their experiences. Because mankind, at large, is too credulous, and credulity should never be nourished.

I will relate an experience. I have forgotten the year, but that is immaterial. There used to be a little class of earnest students gathered at that time at Mrs Ella Dietz Clymer's studio. We were artists, lawyers and literary people. Among the attendants, when I lectured, was, at that time, the well-known Miss Thayer. She was very peculiar; so peculiar, that I always called her crazy, even to her own face. She claimed to be a Priestess of the Order of Melchizedec. She owned a valuable library, especially rich in the works of Jacob Bohme. I founded my charge of craziness upon the

following incident. In one of her rooms she had arranged a broken-down table in the middle, with a broken-down chair at either side, and on the table broken jars, odd stones, withered flowers and scraps of papers, without any order whatsoever, everything was covered with dust not to say dirt, the covers of the chairs were ragged the curtains were torn, and the whole place bore evident marks of confusion, disorder and insanity. On the one chair, she told me repeatedly she used to sit down and on the opposite chair the Lord Jesus used to sit and converse with her. I believe in many things which are beyond my comprehension, but this was altogether contrary to any idea that I entertained about the Logos, as the order and constructive principle of life. Hence, my charge of insanity. Now, it happened that Miss Thayer moved away from that house into a ramshackle place on Fourth Ave., on the western side of the street near the Fourth Ave. Railroad station. One day Miss ~~Tymer~~ asked me to take a book to Miss Thayer and to deliver it on my way home. I consented to do it and when I came to Miss Thayer's house and knocked for admission, she began to howl and scream inside and asked me, in the most vehement terms and in great excitement to leave, for she said I had brought with me swarms of Chinese spirits which choked her; the stench that they brought with them, she said, was unbearable. I answered back: "Oh, Miss Thayer! You are crazy, as usual. Open the door and stop your nonsense. I have a book for you." But I couldn't persuade her to open the door and I finally left, hearing her all the while crying and imploring ^{me} ~~her~~ to go away. Now, what was the explanation of the case? It took me some time before I realized it. This, I think is the explanation. For a month or more I had been intently dwelling upon the Tao-te-king and had so intently entered into the Chinese spirit in order to understand the book, that I imagine I had done my psychic work thoroughly enough to draw around me these Chinese spirits she complained about.. It would be only too natural. They could learn from the thoughts that I visualised, they could see the images that I formed on the psychic screen and being spirits of a low order,

they would gather for instruction, where they felt that power. hence they came within my atmosphere, that they smelled ill and were perceived by Miss Thayer as a stench is also psychologically correct for all mental lowness and moral confusion does smell badly and reeks like a stench. It has so been testified by others. Another experience is suggested by this story. I met frequently in those days, (1882-3) a sister of Henry Ward Beecher, I do not recall her name; she and her husband lived in Connecticut and did not associate with the Beecher family, because she took stand against Henry Ward Beecher, in his trial and considered him guilty. She and her husband were ardent spiritualists and to them I set forth this theory and a plan of work. I told them that whenever I lectured, no matter on what subject, I always felt and perceived at the farther end of the lecture room, the presence of disembodied spirits or spirits without bodies and that I usually addressed myself to them with as much energy as I did to the personal audience before me. I told this lady and her husband that that was what all lecturers ought to do and that I derived a great deal of satisfaction from doing so and usually found that I had ^a more attentive audience among those invisible forces than among those before me; and I was always sure when my words did not come back as ashes on my lips that they had been drunk in out there in the room and I felt they would be carried far and wide. For that reason I have often not cared whether there were many or few present in body in my audience.

When I declare myself so strongly against spiritism I do not exclude all peculiar phenomena that pass under the name of spirit revelations. Not that I believe in Andrew Jackson Davis' revelations but I must admit that that book of his called Nature's Revelation, which was dictated by him, at a time when it was well known that he was a totally ignorant man, is a mystery to me; and the Psychometric Revelations given by Fishbough are also wonders not to be lightly condemned. I mention these two instances as illustrations, I could mention others. I mention

these to protect myself against the charges of narrowness and lack of open-mindedness for the ~~New~~. I am cultivating open-mindedness and the largest receptivity for I believe that creation is not finished and I am sure that we must progress constantly and that new revelations are given constantly, but as it is my right and I ought to respect my own intelligence, I proceed cautiously and somewhat slowly, and I demand everywhere corroborative evidences, ~~n~~ sense evidences, not physical facts, but scientific procedure but inner psychic parallel. A revelation to be of any use to me or any body else must have elements of affinity in it. If these revelations have not that element they are of no use for edification; just as Paul says about the prophets who speak in unknown tongues. If they do not interpret their speech or if other prophets do not do it, then their speech is useless and they ought to keep quiet.

Besides the Omar ^{my} Kyam I have two volumes of lectures to ^{name}, entitled "Mysticism" and "Nature Worship". The lectures were given in Chicago 1896-7. There should have been four volumes, but the people who composed my audiences scattered before I could get back to finish the course. The two volumes were published respectively in yellow and red covers, representing the ~~A~~postolic and the Evangelistic character. The ~~P~~rophetic and ~~P~~astoral were to have been respectively blue and white, but they were neither delivered nor published. Both published books are out of print and very difficult to get.

I have been a collaborator on the Jewish Encyclopedia; the most prominent article was that on George Brandes. The article created considerable controversy, but as it stands it was considered even too good for him both by my Danish country-men and the Jewish editors, and yet it cannot be said that I in any way over-estimated his value. I could not be guilty of it, I do not place the man ^{as high} as some people do. His own dissatisfaction with the article arose from the fact that I show his psychological development and show

to whom he owed his fundamental ideas; a procedure which dissatisfied him of course as it robbed him of some of his self-created glory. To be shown to have developed like an ordinary mortal was of course maddening for a man who wanted to be presented as having sprung full-grown from the brains of Zeus.

I have also been a contributor to the Encyclopedia Americana, published 1904, the two most important articles were one on Sufiism and one on New Thought and the fact is that none of the modern encyclopedias have any article about New Thought. This is the only encyclopedia which has it, one.

I also contributed to the International Encyclopedia, and the most important article there is one on Sufiism. In fact, these two articles on Sufiism by me, and another one, also on Sufiism, written 12 years ago in "Jackson's Concise Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" are, I claim, the only substantial articles in any modern encyclopedia on that subject. In Jackson's Cyclopedia I also published an article on Mysticism which the London Review "The Academy" at the time called the only article in the English language on Mysticism worth reading. In the same Cyclopedia were also several articles on Individual Mystics and Danish Theologians and Philosophers; notably, Martinson and Kirkegaard. Jackson was also, at that time, the editor of The Review of Reviews of Religion. To that magazine I contributed a number of original articles on Mystics and their works. I contributed every month for about three years, one or more review articles to the Metaphysical Magazine (1898) and also a series of 37 articles on "Being" to the same Magazine. I have scattered articles in Werners' Magazine, in the Reader, in Weltmer, in Mind, in the 8 Monthly Illustrator and other Art Journals. In The Word, the Theosophic magazine I have had an article monthly for about three years; thus far under two serial names "The Inner Life" and "The Tao-the-king", and "The Inner Life and Jesus the Christ." The editor has, at this moment, articles in hand for another year. These articles were lectures delivered before his society.

I have also published a number of articles in Danish papers

and magazines; for instance, in "Norden", published at Racine, Wisconsin; in "Illustreret Ugeblad" published at Minneapolis; in "Nordlyset" in Brooklyn and in "Dansk Amerikanerin", in New York. and in "Illustreret Fidele" in Copenhagen, Denmark. All these articles dealt with various subjects, mainly with Danish-American interests. More or less verbally there have been published in various magazines speeches, addresses, that I have delivered before various societies. In "The Woman's Tribune" published at Washington D.C. I had a series of articles on "The Eternally Feminine". I had also in the magazine "Unity" fifteen or more articles on Mysticism. In "The Theosophist", Madras, I also had articles.

I have managed to collect a large part of these essays in a scrap-book, and I hope yet to publish them in book-form. Ever since 1886, when I began my studies in Mysticism I have been busily engaged in collecting material and notes on the subject, for a work which was already planned at that time to be issued in from 18 to 20 volumes and to be called "Mysticism and a History of the Inner Life". I have written a large part of it and most of the volumes exist in frame and sketch and with assistance, the whole thing could be issued in regular volumes in the course of a couple of years.

I had and still have a preliminary contract with a printer and publisher for the issue of all these volumes, and he still assures me that he will not break his contract, but will do it. He went so far as to issue specimen pages and took subscriptions. The specimen pages form a little volume, at an expense to him of a couple of thousand dollars. Of those planned volumes I have now two in manuscript that could be issued at a moment's notice, one on Sufism and another one nearly finished on the Tao-te-king; but as I have ^{become} ~~grown~~ weary of waiting I have begun to use the collected material for lectures and addresses before the society I have organized; and without any restrictions as to the use of the materials, I furnish, by lecture and dictation to the people present.

I have also, for years, collected a vast amount of material for a book on ~~the~~ "Nature Mysticism". By the word "material" which I have

readers may
note of it

mentioned here so often, I mean books in my private library, which consists of about 3000 volumes, and extensive notes, extracts & all prepared especially for these coming volumes. There is one point that I regret, it is this: that in the American "Who is who" I am entered as having published those 13 volumes of "Mysticism", because I was so sure of beginning, that I allowed the editor to issue the statement; ~~and as~~ The plates have been set up and are being used annually with only plate corrections, and as there is still a possibility ^{will be} the volumes being issued, I am credited with the issue of these volumes and yet they have not been published. The entry, therefore, is false, and I have been guilty, unintentionally, of a fraud. The yearly issue of the book continues the statement, because the article would have to be re-set and it would interfere with the space on the page of the book; hence the publisher is loath to make the change.

As for other Biographies beside this, I would state that I am extensively reported in the "National Biographical Encyclopedia" Vol. 13; in "Who is Who", in New York State; in "Who is Who" in New York City, and in the "International Who is Who" published in London. In Danish, there is a short auto-biography printed in the Danish papers mentioned above and reprinted several times as occasion has called for it.

Regarding the lectures mentioned, I may remark that I have lectured probably very nearly 2000 times, in various languages but all ^{in series} over this country. I make no mention of speeches and addresses made in the Old-Country. I started in Copenhagen a publishing firm called "Minerva", but did not get very far with the subscription books on account of defalcations by my partner; hence the undertaking failed. The lectures mentioned have been mainly on philosophical, historical, religious and art subjects; very little on science.

This gives some idea of my literary activity, by no means covering the whole field. There is, as would be natural, a continuous thread in all the lectures and perhaps I should be

honest and state that if I have not done good or enlightened others, as I know I have, - the lectures have ^{in fact} been most important for me in my own development and have gone far to help me to self-realization.

Though I did not know Concord School from personal observation, but only from study and the historical records that have been made, I would never-the-less say that Greenacre represented a higher and more useful feature, because it was not so limited in scope nor so exclusive. The life which was suggested at Greenacre was a possible life, that at Concord was a n impossible one, as it also was proved.

Greenacre, as it was for a couple of years in its beginning, not as it is now, represented a living idea and was all embracing both in philosophy, religion and life-ideas. Had it continued on the high and ideal plan with which it started it would have been a very potent factor in establishing idealism in this country. But unfortunately, financial, embarrassments and some personal considerations in administration brought it to grief in its original form and made it possible for other schools to take it over and continue it under the same name; but in no way under the same ideas. Greenacre, today, is merely a Summer-School and a place of rest, and to some extent a place for the gathering of queer ideas. But Greenacre, originally, excluded queer ideas from its program, though it is well known that cranks came there and that a great many odd features were introduced by visitors and by the well-known fakirs who gather where there is an opportunity to advertise themselves. Such people came to Greenacre, as they go elsewhere now, and will go wherever a similar undertaking will be attempted. From personal intercourse with Miss Farmer I know that the primary idea in her mind was the establishment or realization, as far as we could imagine it of "The Grail" idea, "The Monsalvat Temple" and "Titorel's Castle". She pointed out to me the place where the Temple was to be built and as I had, in my possession from an-

cient writings a ground-plan of the Temple, I furnished that to her and we figured out many details of its construction, location and cost of erection. The Monsalvat idea had a strong hold upon her imagination and it was her desire that all teachers who spoke from the platform in the large tent, should officially recognize the idea. Whatever they taught in the private tents, she didn't wish to control; but no one was allowed to speak from the platform of the large tent, until she had been given a clear statement of what was to be said. Those addresses were generally made in the afternoon. She presided, and would usually say something after the lecture. I have seen her come forth on such occasions and produce an extraordinary effect by her wonderful simplicity of appearance and the thorough soundness of what she said. A soundness that could only arise from a mind and heart that was thoroughly in union with the Universal. Occasionally, use was made of the large tent in the morning, but that was only by special privilege, because the large tent represented, according to her idea, the future Temple and School of Monsalvat. For one week, I conducted services there in the morning; they consisted of some singing and an address, relating to the spirit of the day. Monday, "Moonsday"; Tuesday, "Tjuesday"; Wednesday, "Wodnesday"; Thursday, "Thorsday"; Friday, "Frida'sday" and Saturday, "Lauger day" or wash-day, that is, a summing up and preparing for the coming Sunday. I also connected these days according to their name with themes drawn from Miss Havergall's well-known hymns. The object was to instil the idea of dedication, by taking, respectively, the various organs as she mentions them and dedicating them to the God's service. I urged the audience to devote ^{on} that day, a special meditation ^{to} that organ and its use in the divine service. Thus I gained a practical object, at the same time, as I, in a measure, entertained the people. Though it was not customary to get up early at Greenacre I had a respectable audience in size. On the same days, I also conducted Evening Service in a similar way by summing up the thoughts I had suggested in the morning and drawing conclusions and stating how I myself had lived that day. We usually ended by walking down to the customary place to see the sun set and

to sing the favorite chant " Omnipresence! Manifest thyself in me!" This chant would be sung in one key after another, would start in one wing and gradually rhythm itself way to the other wing of the assembly and from there it would float back and forth, while it thus floated from one corner to another, musicians and other artists who were present, would break in and swell the sound and thus a thoroughly human and thoroughly elevating influence would reverberate like another "Magnificat"! Sometimes the condition produced was entrancing and I can never forget the impression made upon myself.

The year before, ^{which was} theyear of my first visit and the second year of Greenacre's existence, I got practically all the people together one morning at four o'clock and led them, assisted by Cola the Parsee, up ~~to~~ a hill from which we could see the sun rise. Cola recited some Parsee prayers to the sun and I recited prayers in the western spirit and gave a general admonition to the audience. Then we went to the Inn and to our tents for breakfast, to re-unite afterwards. The idea was to follow me for one whole day from place to place to see the sun cross the heavens, something which none of them had done. I took them over hills and dales and in the afternoon we gathered on Monsalvat, the hill thus designated by Miss Farmer and where Titorel's Temple was to be erected. There I addressed them on the power of the Sun as the Father of all our civilization. I showed them how our civilization began in High Asia, and explained how the primitive man naturally would begin his day, from that point of view I gradually built up the history of civilization, ^{calling} ending by our presence there on Monsalvat. This discourse on the mountain lasted several hours, people sitting about on the soil, and we ended the day on the same mountain by singing the "Omnipresence" and remaining until the sun was 18 degrees below the horizon, which is the proper time to end the day. During this time we kept on singing, always the same chant.

At another time, the same summer, I got a couple of hundred people together from the tents and from the inn, and by means of lanterns I conducted them into the woods to an enormous granite boulder called by Miss Farmer ~~the~~ ^{the} Didids' Stone, there we arranged

arranged ourselves in a square; in one corner I placed a Brahmin, Vedantist; in another corner I placed Cola the Parsee; in the third corner I placed Dr. Fleisher, the Rabbi from Boston; and on the fourth corner I placed myself as the Mystic. Each, in his turn recited holy verses and endeavored to translate the conditions into psychic force and many have been the testimonies that we succeeded. That is to say we were entranced; we felt the influence of the weird aspect of the moon upon the scenery; we were inspired with new life; we perceived the mystery of nature; we were filled with awe and reverence for an unknown presence; we were altogether thrown back upon the mystic elements in ourselves; the interior life in some form was roused. The meeting lasted a couple of hours and requests were made for its repetition, but such things I never ^{repeat} ~~do~~. You cannot at will create psychic conditions, such as were dominant that night.

At another time, in the afternoon, I brought out a body of people into the deep woods and placed them so that they could see no light among the trees nor directly above the tree-tops I made them ^{look} ~~go~~ into the depths of the woods, that mysterious depth which has so often been called the "heart of the woods". It is dark, but not obscure; it is solemn and eloquent. I had promised them that if, when I gave them the signal, they would hold their breath or breath as low as possible and stare into that depth among the trees, which, by the way, was all pines with a far-off drawing-power, they would perceive the "Spirit of the Woods." But the experiment failed most ingloriously. When it was over, one declared she had seen a blue light; another had seen a light of another color, another had seen a ghostly form, &c., &c. In other words, they had seen phenomena created by themselves, and it appeared that not one had the remotest idea of the woods' own elemental, or that intangible and invisible power which resides in such places as the one I had selected. In such places one can, and one does feel such presences, as, for instance, Wordsworth has testified that he met in his Scotch mountains. I know it from my own experience and I had selected that very place because of the mysterious influences I had felt when I was in it. The experience certainly proved the total lack of Inner Life and feeling for Nature among the people whom I took with me. What has since become of

them I do not know. I do not wish this to be understood in any sense suggesting the idea of my being an idolator or under a delusion. The experience I had expected them to have, I am familiar with from many places in the world. Whatever it may be or not be, from the judgment of sense and in the opinion of the physical man, I hold to the idea that we can, at times, enter literally and directly into the psychic world in so living a way, that the sublimity of God's creative power reveals itself. And I also hold that these experiences are useful. I had another experience of this kind, at the time I stayed at Baden-Baden when I was connected with the diplomatic service. A certain afternoon I walked alone up the hill to what is called Das Alte Schloss, a road well-known to every visitor; After walking for some time, it suddenly occurred to me to step off the road to the left and I did so. I do not know just exactly why I did it, except it be curiosity to see the rocks or to satisfy an adventurous spirit. After walking a while and musing upon the landscape, I suddenly stood before an immense rock, which rose before me, like an altar. The face of the rock was as smooth as if it had been polished by thousands of laborers; it was almost perfectly square, upon each corner of it stood an immense pine, like a candle on an altar, and above the rock rested a peculiar light. I was so entranced by the vision that I knelt down in reverence, quite overcome with the sublimity of the occasion and my own insignificance. How long I knelt, I do not know, nor what took place within me; but I have ever since felt that I had ^{been} present in one of Nature's temples and heard her mute though eloquent voice. On another day, I tried to retrace my steps and to find the same place, but could find neither the place where I had stepped off, nor the altar itself.

As regards the question as to what I want to do next, in the ^{line} of lecturing, I would say that, in the immediate future, I shall speak with much emphasis on the subject of "The Eternally-Feminine" or, as the subject may also be called, "The Divine Feminine". I mean to say that I will present with much emphasis the feminine nature of God. I will ^{revive} ~~review~~ the ancient doctrine of "The Great Mother", and thereby turn the minds in the direction of love and affection and away from ^{the} cold and barren intellect, now too prevalent among teachers. We are becoming altogether too intellectual, too abstract and are losing the Art of life. ~~we have too much Science of Life~~

The ancient people of all races and nations were strongly devoted to the mother-idea in God, perhaps too much so, and the result was that Christianity and Judaism emphasized the masculine idea of God, and they both overdid that. With the exception of the Roman Catholic Church, which, in its doctrine of Mary has preserved some part of the ancient wisdom, there is no understanding of the feminine side of the Divine anywhere in the religious world today. To that defect, I ascribe much of the vulgarity and lack of true regard for the ~~human~~, which, also, is a prevailing disposition. When I take up this doctrine to preach it, I shall be thoroughly at home with my own ideas and inclinations, and the teachings in this line which I shall give will be springing entirely from my own soul. Whatever form I have had in the past, whether man or woman, do not know, nor is it of material interest at present, but this I feel and have known for many years, that in several past incarnations I must, in some way, have been a priest of the feminine principle. I think the re-introduction of this idea of the Divine Feminine will help the present world to make a great stride in the direction of giving woman her true position. It seems to me that an amelioration in her condition must come as a necessary consequence. When men, who never have heard of this great truth now hear it, it seems to me that they must be led by symbol-logic to desire to establish that principle in life and what other ~~establishment~~ ^{way} can ~~it~~ ^{it} be, ~~but~~ ^{then} by giving woman her rights, her privileges and

that prestige which comes to her as the representative of the "Divine Feminine". In connection with this fundamental idea, in many ways analogous to it, stands the principle of "The Beautiful". That, too, I am going to emphasize and preach. Hitherto, the development of mankind has been under the guidance of the church and the state, and the two have been setting forth the principles of The Good, and The True, and each, in their sphere enforced them. But there has been no such decided advocacy of the principle of The Beautiful. To be sure, it has been practised to some extent by art and artists, but only in a certain, sporadic way, so to say, second-hand, and with this exception ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ ^{only} short periods, The Beautiful has never been set up as a guiding principle for mankind, at large. There is no doubt about it, that, hitherto, it could not have been done. Goodness and Truth are, no doubt, the foundations of ~~the~~ Kingdom and hence had to be laid deep and firmly, and it has taken thousands of years to do it. Now, ^{so} the foundations have been laid and the building has been partially erected; it is now time to look for the plan of the structure that is going up, and to ask the question, "Is it beautiful? Is it ~~the~~ crowning effort that is coming out wherever we see or hear ministers and statesmen talking and priding themselves on our great progress and freedom. I say that Beauty is far from being molded into the shape of the structure that is called "Human Society." And individually, it is unfortunately a fact, and too well known that the true Beauty culture is an unknown factor. ~~Human development is not haphazard.~~ It cannot be said that, in the present world, there is anybody who deliberately aims at making themselves typically beautiful. We have idealistic movements, we have even aesthetic movements and now and then, there arrives a great teacher who attempts to re-assert the rights of The Beautiful; one or two disciples are found, but with the passing out of these prophets and disciples, the efforts cease. No concerted movement is known, and no universal endeavor can be seen anywhere. The reason for this ignorance and great defect can readily be seen to be found in the fact that the past philosophy has been extremely defective and dominated by church and state. It has never looked beyond sense and the

sensuous for The Beautiful, it has identified it with sense and sensuous expressions and therefore the church which has been fighting the sensual man has naturally excluded all aesthetics, or at least, ignored it, though the irony of circumstances has, at times proved too strong for it. Look, for instance, at The Renaissance period, when the church found itself compelled to sanctify art. It was rather peculiar that a man like Michel Angelo was the one to build the central temple of the church, and again, that the central figure in the Ascension of Christ, which adorns the Sistine Chapel is a genuine heathen figure, an Apollo, not the Christ. It is also the very pith of irony that a man like Raphael should be the one to paint its Madonnas, and give the main type for the Madonnas known in the church. If we look upon this one illustration and realize the greatness of Michel Angelo and Raphael and what they and their disciples have done for the church, it must be realized that there is a fundamental relationship between The Good and The Beautiful. I am going to call attention to it and preach it, no matter what it shall cost.

I have called the above memoranda The Frame of my Life, because they are no more and not even fully that. They are not an auto-biography. Nobody who is under spiritual guidance is allowed to write an auto-biography, even if he could do it. The Lord who lives in the Innermost forbids it and our guides prevent us. Our Inner Lives are private affairs between the Lord, our guides and ourselves. The discerning mind and heart among my readers must here and there feel where my Inner Life appears on the surface. I have an Inner Life and an Outer life as well. I know my Guides, my Mystic Name, and my "Office." I know what I have been doing and why, and what I have been aiming at as well as my faults and limitations. While I have not even tried to reveal any secret, I am not indiscrete if I say that one peculiar feature of my life is the determined "No" which has met me everytime I have tried my will in certain directions. I have never been allowed to do certain things, either in the Inner Life or in the outer life. On the other hand my Guides have

have offered me many gifts as compensations for this interference with my freedom. I mention this "No" because it answers some questions which may arise in my readers' mind.

The root of my solitary life lies at my school-period. Circumstances drilled me into a self-centred life, which has remained a characteristic throughout my later life. I have had acquaintances but never what is called a friendship, never an intimacy. My inner life has been starved and at times, nowadays, I feel the hunger and thirst for human society. The only good which I consider has come out of that restraint is the development of a critical faculty ^{which} could never go wild or choose a false condition. If I should be led into it, it would be of very short duration. The kelson of my life is self-balance. I have, even, as a result of this self-certredness, at times, been accused of insincerity and fickleness, when people demanded that I should let myself be absorbed or should take my cues of life from them. The truth of the case was, that my life swung back to its own balance, after an apparent extremity.

in the
previous (which)