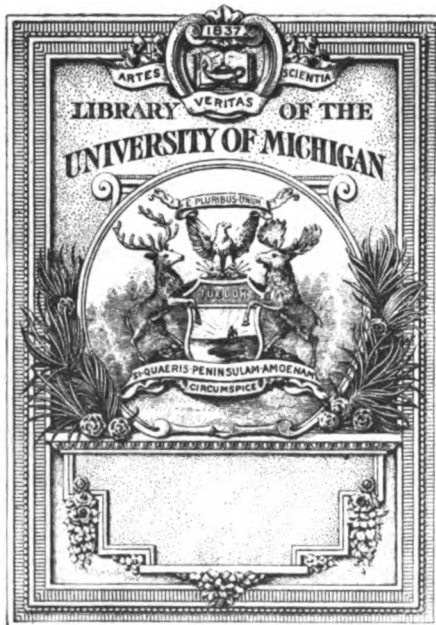
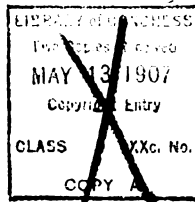


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PUNISHMENT OR REFORM.

BY CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

What is a criminal? The dictionary says: "A person who has committed an offense against public law; a violator of law, divine or human. More particularly, a person indicted or charged with a public crime and who is found guilty by verdict, confession or proof." Written laws provide that the commission of certain acts shall constitute crime; that the person convicted of any of these offenses is a criminal, and fix the penalty to be inflicted for the crime of which such person has been found guilty; the penalty decreed for the several crimes varying in severity from a mere fine or a short term of imprisonment to death upon the scaffold or in the electric chair. The *act* is *crime*, the person convicted of it the *criminal*, and the nature of the punishment and the minimum of it that shall be inflicted are definitely fixed by the law.

If the circumstances under which all infringements of the law are committed were similar; the environment, nature, heredity and temptation of all the culprits exactly alike; then, perhaps, the results of the enforcement of this code would be less subversive of the end desired and more in accordance with even-handed justice.

Law is, or should be, a compromise or contract made by each individual of a nation or community whereby he agrees to refrain from acts subversive of the rights or welfare of each and all the other members, on condition that they shall protect him from like infringement or injury. The most desirable condition to be attained by any community, nation or race is one in which the greatest num-

ber of individual units strictly fulfill this contract and the number of those who violate or evade it is reduced to the minimum.

Take the cases of two men, each of whom has been convicted of forgery. One is a laboring man of but small intellectual grasp and little education. Owing to long sickness of members of his family and the death of one of them he has been reduced to dire straits. His money and his credit are both exhausted; his surviving sick child needs medicine, nourishing food and care; the funeral of the deceased one must be paid for. His needs, his suffering, his dumb despair are such that none who have not drunk of the bitter cup of poverty can consciously appreciate. Leaving his home one morning with all these troubles weighing like lead on heart and mind, on his way to work he found a pocketbook containing some valueless papers and a check for a small amount. (In the real case I quote it was \$16.) All through the hours of the forenoon's labor he was thinking of how much that sum would mean, not to himself, for he would not have used one penny of it for self-gratification, but for those at home. At noon he wrote the indorsement of the payee upon that check and cashed it. This was of course foolish, dishonest, criminal; but let us pray that we may never, under like conditions, be subjected to like temptation. So clumsy was the forgery, so foolish the whole transaction, that ere he left his work that afternoon he was arrested and imprisoned. Brought to trial he pleaded *in forma pauperis*, and the court appointed a young lawyer to defend him. He was convicted as a matter of course, as the owner of the check, who had lost nothing by the transaction as the proceeds had been returned to him, was obliged, very unwillingly, to testify that he had not indorsed it. The prisoner was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. As this is an illustration of a condition, not a story, I leave the results of this sentence upon the distressed family of this man to the imagination of the reader.

The other case is that of a man whose liberal income was amply sufficient to assure to himself and family a comfortable and rather luxurious existence. For the indulgence of depraved and vicious tastes and habits this man desired to have more money, and in order to secure it he forged warrants to the amount of several thousand dollars. So cleverly was this done that he was enabled

to enjoy his ill-gotten gains for a long time before the discovery of the fraud and his consequent arrest. He was released on bail pending his trial, which was postponed from term to term, giving ample time to dispose of the remnant of the plunder; but despite all the efforts and quibbles of a staff of lawyers employed for his defence, the proof was so manifest that he was convicted and he also received a sentence of three years.

These two cases are cited but as illustrations of the wide difference that may obtain in the conditions under which crimes of similar name and nature may be committed, in the measure of responsibility of the criminal, and in the force of the temptation that leads to the act. Every adult reader can doubtless call to mind cases parallel to these, and in many degrees of crime; and will, I think, in doing so, find that a great majority of the cases were referable to modifications of the former class of conditions rather than the latter.

Human law cannot take cognizance of these varying conditions or prescribe penalties for all the gradations of crime. It can but define what acts shall be regarded as crimes and decree a penalty for each, and justice demands that this should be alike for all classes of people. But the words of Shakespeare:

“Plate sin with gold and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
“Arm it in rags—the feeblest straw will pierce it,”

are as sadly true now as in his day. That which is designated and punished as “willful murder” in the case of one man is but the result of “brain-storm” if committed by another; misappropriating one dollar is “felony,” but fraudulent acquisition of a million is “high finance.”

Let us concede that laws and their penalties, *justly administered*, are necessary to restrain men from inflicting wrong on others—to make each unit fulfill his contract with the race. But in this connection there is another consideration of vast importance: To what extent may we supplement the work of the law by eradicating from the nature of the criminal the desire or will to do wrong, substituting therefor the sense of his responsibility to his fellow-men and the necessity, beauty and reward of rectitude?

A wise teacher said: “There is more joy in heaven over one

sinner that repenteth than over ten just men that need no repentance." This seems like rank injustice till we note another saying of the same teacher—"the kingdom of heaven is within you." Those persons whose "*withiness*" constitutes for them the "kingdom of heaven" realize that the "just men" referred to are those in whom heredity, environment and natural or acquired character are such as either to exclude the temptation to wrong-doing or to enable it to be resisted instinctively and without effort. The "joy" over the repentant sinner arises from the fact that he has been enabled to overcome the influences that made him an easy victim to temptation and has become a useful member of the race instead of a burden and a menace.

Mankind willingly puts forth vast efforts, cheerfully expends immense sums for the prevention or amelioration of physical diseases or dangers. Quarantine stations and officials, sanitary inspectors, boards of health, food and drink inspectors, hospitals and asylums on the land, and life-saving stations, lighthouses, marine surveys and charts to protect those at sea. Science and invention are invoked, costly and repeated experiments made, all pointing to these results and all most laudable.

For the prevention of *spiritual disease* and the protection of the community from its results—its manifesting symptoms—which are crimes, but one remedy, one preventive, one palliation is offered—the teaching of dogmatic religion.

Of the total number of convicts in the penal institutions of the country there are probably seventy per cent whose crimes were a result of spiritual or character diseases that are *curable*. These are the "sinners" in whose case conditions of heredity, environment, lack of proper instruction as to their responsibilities and duties toward their fellow-beings rendered their power of resistance to temptation weak, while in many there was a lack of clear discrimination between right and wrong. In some of these cases the very qualities in the nature of the man that by their perversion led to crime and punishment might, if properly directed, have made him a useful and happy member of society. Many a burglar has displayed mechanical abilities in his nefarious pursuits that would, if employed in honest industry, have earned him a high place among mechanical inventors, and the counterfeiter or coiner could have

produced works of art that would have won the admiration of mankind.

Is the treatment of the convict in our penal institutions such as is calculated to re-form his character and send him forth at the expiration of his term a better, wiser and more useful member of society?

As soon as the prison doors enfold him the system of *reformation* is inaugurated. He loses his name and becomes a number. He is clothed in the prison garb—the uniform of degradation. These things, apparently trifling, have a tendency to cause the loss of the feeling of identity. He begins to recognize himself but as a unit in the mass of vice and misery. This seems a strong assumption, and in the case of an evolved person it would not apply; but to the average man it does. The soldier fears to “disgrace his uniform,” and a person outside of the penitentiary who is forced to dress in ragged or dirty garb and to associate constantly with others so clothed will gradually begin to feel himself on the same social plane and become alike careless in habits and manners.

The convict is now put at work. The prison records show that a majority of those received have “no trade or profession”; this very fact being in many cases a prime cause for the crime that led to their incarceration. One of the most important factors in reformation, especially in the case of the younger convicts, is the acquirement of a knowledge of some trade or industry by means of which they may, on their release, earn an honest living. The number and nature of the industries carried on in the prisons is very limited, and the efforts of selfish political demagogues, in pandering to and seeking the votes of still more selfish labor organizations, are directed to further reduction and limitation. The interest of prison officials lies in making the prisons under their management as nearly financially self-sustaining as possible, being the measure of the efficiency of such officials in public opinion. Under these conditions but little effort is made to ascertain for what work the prisoner is best fitted; indeed there is but very little room for choice. He is put to work where his labor will be most profitable; perhaps at mere laborer’s work, perhaps at a trade. If the latter, he is not taught the trade in such manner as to be any real benefit to him when freed. He is put at some one portion

of the work at which he soon becomes profitable. In the furniture factory he may be taught to turn the rungs and legs of a chair; but to take him from that work and teach him to make the other parts of a chair would impair his earning capacity. One can make a broom handle, another tie a broom, but neither can make a broom. The moral effect of such labor is depressing in the extreme—the man becoming a mere machine. There is nothing in it to call forth dormant energies or ambitions—to awaken the individual soul of the man. He is an automaton surrounded by automatons. The creative instinct—the desire to *make things*—is inherent in man and is the real distinction between him and the lower animals. Awaken this—teach him how to make *the whole* of anything, and when he looks upon the perfected result, whether it be a packing-box or a broom or a picture or a statue, he will recognize the power within him and desire to still further create and improve.

The convict knows that his work is resultless so far as he or his is concerned, that he must be provided with a stated amount of food, clothing and shelter, and that neither diligence nor industry on his part will serve to change the quantity or quality of these; consequently the effort put forth and results attained are the minimum necessary for enabling him to escape punishment. The selfish policy pursued in the treatment of prisoners, like all other selfishness, defeats itself in the end, for the output of prison labor is far below that of free labor, and below what it might be if more generous methods prevailed. A contractor engaged in extensive building operations proved to the writer that he made more profit off the labor of the free workmen in his employ who were cutting stone at a wage of \$2.25 per day than he did from that of those whose labor he leased in the prison at seventy-five cents per day—that the convict output was less in proportion to the price than that of the free labor at the higher wage.

The prisoner and his fellow-numbers are herded to their work, to meals, to cells at stated times, dressed, fed, lodged and worked alike, reduced to an uniform level that tends to destroy any man's sense of individual responsibility or self-respect. So much for the physical education and improvement.

Crime is but the result or manifestation of wrong thoughts or ideas, and these are, in the last analysis, *ignorance*—ignorance of

the divine laws that govern the universe, of the certain sequence of effect to cause, ignorance of the influence of the action of the individual upon the well-being of the whole and that of the happiness of the whole upon the condition of the units. The power to resist temptation lies in the *conscious* knowledge of these truths. The man who *knows* that fire will burn him, the sting of the serpent kill him, cannot be tempted to touch the fire or to handle the serpent. He who knows the certain results of wrong-doing will instinctively avoid even the thoughts that may tend to it.

What is done for the prisoner to dispel this ignorance, substitute this knowledge, arm him against the temptation to evil, create in him the impulses for good? The prison is provided with one or more chaplains who at stated times preach to the prisoners—propound to them the dogmas of the sects to which the preachers belong. The chaplain reads from the scriptures to the man-slayer how “the God that he finds in a printed book” ordered his chosen people to slaughter whole tribes of men, women and children, and the adulterer and swindler are brought to see the error of their way by the stories of David and Uriah *et al.*, and that of Jacob and Esau. Or they are taught that, if they but accept as truth certain statements which to some are difficult of belief and to others impossible, they will thus escape the penalty for wrong-doing, and after death be received into a condition of purity and righteousness the enjoyment of which would require such a radical change in their existing character and tastes as to amount to virtual annihilation. Failing to believe, they are to be condemned to an eternal hell, in the existence of which the preacher himself has probably no real belief. Perhaps through the memory of some poor wretch smarting under cruel treatment may pass the words of one who was himself adjudged a convict: “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” Haply he may reflect upon another saying of the Great Convict—a sentence in which is contained all the moral law, all social science—a sentence of which, if the prisoner, or you, or I, can grasp the whole meaning, *and live it*, we will do our whole duty to God and man: “Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.”

The whole trend of the religious teaching received by the convict is illustrated by the saying of one of them who had been

pardoned out at the intercession of the chaplain. Asked by his companions of the bar-room how he was freed, he said, "I got on the right side of the sky-pilot by learning texts. I learned over a hundred and he got my pardon. I'd as soon learn texts as chip rocks, and I'd as lief be d—d as do either."

Thus physically and morally equipped the man comes out of prison. Perhaps he desires to live a worthy life. But he has lost touch with the outside world, and having lived so long subject to the regulations that governed the mass or herd of which he was a unit, his powers of individual self-government, purpose and action are impaired. He seeks employment—desires to sell his services. It is said that his convict record hinders him in procuring employment; but this is only true in part, as the buyer of any service or other commodity usually cares but little from whom he purchases, provided the article offered meets his requirements. The fact is that the ex-convict has nothing of much value to offer for sale. He has gained neither mechanical skill, education or better moral character. If he possessed any measure of these before his incarceration they have deteriorated. He finds it very difficult, if not impossible to establish himself in the better conditions of a useful life. The old companions and pursuits are beckoning to him, the old temptations, which he is no better fitted to resist than before, assail him, and too often he falls again and yet again and becomes that menace to and burden on society,—the habitual criminal.

If punishment for the prisoner—vengeance for the crime—is the object, then are our present methods well calculated for the purpose. If his reformation and establishment as a useful member of society are also desired there is great necessity for wisdom in the improvement and patient experiment in perfecting that system.

Suppose that for each state penitentiary there should be appointed a board of, say three, inspectors, one of whom should be a skilled physician, at salaries sufficient to reimburse able men for devoting their whole time and attention to the duties, one of which should be to examine into the circumstances under which the offense for which a prisoner was convicted was committed; as in the case first cited herein, and in this respect the law should

allow the board a large measure of power and every facility for arriving at the truth. They should carefully examine into the mental and physical condition of each prisoner received, and see that he is assigned to such labor as, in view of those conditions, his age and the duration of his term, would be the best preparation for future usefulness and self-support. If the superintendent of the designated department reports the prisoner as incapable or unfit after a reasonable trial, the board should re-assign him. The result being finally "the right man in the right place," and consequent increase of quality or quantity in the manufactured output. The board should also so arrange that each prisoner learning a trade should have opportunity to learn a sufficient number of its operations to enable him to serve as a journeyman on his release.

These gentlemen, being also in touch with the prisoners, and being therefore best enabled to judge of their character, should also constitute a "board of pardons," on whose recommendation only, the governor of the state should pardon prisoners or commute sentences. If to these powers could be added that of extending sentences in the case of incorrigibly bad or mutinous prisoners the result would be to keep incurables under restraint and free the cured. At present the worst prisoner knows that no matter how badly he may behave he can be held no longer than his full term, while the best can gain but a little "good conduct" remission by his utmost exertions.

The number of different trades and industries in the prisons should be increased to the utmost extent that space and facilities will allow. This would give more choice for selection of occupation, cause fewer of the discharged prisoners to be of the same trade, thus rendering it more easy for them to obtain employment. The products being more varied would not enter into competition with those of free labor and so there would be less reason for the protests of trade unions.

The labor of a man in prison, if intelligently directed and faithfully performed, should be worth as much as that of a man engaged in the same work outside. To each prisoner should be assigned a daily wage equal that which the measure of skill and industry he manifests commands in the labor market. From this the actual expense of his food, clothing, washing and medicine,

and say ten per cent. for use of tools should be deducted. The balance should, if he has a dependent family, be paid to them at stated intervals, or if a single man it should be credited to him and paid to him at expiration of his term. The possession of this sum would be of great importance to him, giving him support while seeking employment, when a penniless condition would allow great temptation to wrong-doing. Most of us are more virtuously inclined with money in hand than when without it.

Considerations of economy as well as of justice and humanity make it desirable that a prisoner should contribute to the support of his dependent family. Although innocent, they are left destitute and frequently suffer more as a result of his conviction than does he, as his subsistence is provided for, while their dire necessity may make them, as paupers, an expense to the public, or forcing them into crime they may become both expensive and dangerous.

The prisoner should be obliged to work up to his capacity for nine hours each working day. Allowing four hours for meals and personal cleanliness and nine hours for rest and sleep, two hours of each work-day and all of Sunday are available for the most important part of the reformation process—*education*, light-giving, moral-instilling, hope-inspiring education. The prison should be provided with school and lecture rooms, together with necessary books and apparatus. Instead of being immured in his cell at the close of his day's labor, have the prisoner for two hours on each of three evenings in the week, or oftener if he so desire, attend such of these rooms as the board shall assign him to, (in no case can the wisdom of the board be exercised to greater advantage than in making such assignment). There are supposedly always to be found among the prisoners men of amply sufficient education to serve as teachers in the primary or school rooms, and such duty might be allowed to them as comprising a portion of their nine hour's work. In the lecture rooms should be teachers capable of instructing in various branches of *useful* knowledge, and of awakening in their hearers that desire for knowledge which exists in almost all minds, though lying dormant in some. Most important of all is the teaching of morality. Not dogmatic or conventional morality; but man's responsibilities to his fellow-man

and the necessity and beauty of their fulfilment; the certainty of the sequence of effect to cause, not only on the physical plane and on the individual and the race, but also on the condition of the real, spiritual, eternal man, now and hereafter. Show how the law of evolution provides the stair by which the man who steps firmly upon it, looking always upward, may rise to undreamed of heights of happiness, while he who turns downward may fall to depths from which it will require ages of toil and pain to regain the ground lost. The power of "suggestion" is now recognized by psychist and scientist. If we suggest self-respect and independence to men, many—very many of them will be influenced by it and become the thing they think they are.

On Sunday those who desire to attend chapel should be allowed to do so. Others might be permitted to gather in their lecture rooms under the supervision of a prison officer, and under proper rules, discuss the matters that have been the subject of lectures.

But we have been told that all these reforms would be attended with great expense—be a heavy burden on the public. Perhaps the expense would, after a little time, be but slightly more than it now is. Prison-made products command inferior prices in the markets, the output of each of the few kinds made being so large as to decrease the value. The quality of the goods is also generally considered to be inferior. By increasing the number of industries the correspondingly varied output would be more readily salable and the improved capacity and skill of properly selected and trained workers would raise the standard of quality. The actual loss to the community by the depredations of criminals and in the efforts to protect itself from them is many times greater than would be the cost of improved methods. If these methods should reduce the number of criminals even one-fourth the public would still be the gainer. Every criminal converted into a useful citizen counts two—one added to the forces of law and order and one off the opposing forces.

But supposing that the reform system cost many times as much as the present one; we do not operate asylums, hospitals and other like institutions for profit, nor do we attempt to make them self-supporting. They are cheerfully sustained at a great expense by the public for the public benefit. Why should not the

prison, which is but a hospital for the morally diseased, be sustained at least in part in like manner? Great expense is incurred and the highest skill employed to cure disease or to save life, irrespective of the character of those to be saved or cured. Yet the one whose life we fail to save becomes powerless for harm, while the criminal we fail to reform continues to be a power for evil—a danger. If by any means, at any cost, we can reform fifty, or twenty-five, or even ten per cent. of our criminals we have eliminated that per cent. of danger, saved that per cent. of cost, and added that many to the useful population of the nation.

If each of us will think of how he or she would desire a son, a brother, a husband who had been tempted and fell, to be dealt with, and use influence and effort to have these, our brethren, sinners and convicts though they be, treated as we would have our dear ones under like conditions, then will the change to the reforming system soon be brought about, and over many a reformed and regenerate soul "there will be more joy in heaven."

CHAS. E. CUMMING.

THE LATER PLATONISTS.

II.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

It may be well, after this delineating of the history of the school, to remark something about its aims and doctrines. The various teachers of Neoplatonism developed it after their own genius, and very naturally in forms somewhat different. Holmes's comparison aptly illustrates this: "Iron is essentially the same everywhere and always; but the sulphate of iron is never the same as the carbonate of iron. Truth is invariable; but the *Smithate* of truth must always differ from the *Brownate* of truth." The teachings of Porphyry, Iamblichus and Proklus differed materially in character. In fact, Platonism, from the first, was not a system, but more characteristically, a method. It consisted of radiations from a central point; every follower carrying it into detail after his own habitude and genius. It was essentially a spiritual liberty, the outcome of a life, and not a matter of metes and bounds, or a creed of formulated doctrine.

Ammonius Sakkas aimed to reconcile all sects and peoples under this common principle, to induce them to lay aside their contentions and quarrels and unite as a single family, the children of a common parent. Mosheim, the ecclesiastical historian, has given an impartial account of the purposes which he cherished. "Ammonius, conceiving that not only the philosophers of Greece, but also all those of the different barbarous nations, were perfectly in unison with each other in regard to every essential point, made it his business so to temper and expound the tenets of all these sects, as to make it appear that they had all of them originated from one and the same source, and all tended to one and the same end."

The religious rites and beliefs were also set forth as pertaining to a common principle, and only at fault as having been adulterated with foreign and incongruous elements. He taught, says Mosheim, that "the religion of the multitude went hand in hand

with Philosophy, and with her had shared the fate of being by degrees corrupted and obscured by human conceits, superstition and lies; that it ought therefore to be brought back to its original purity by purging it of this dross and expounding it upon philosophical principles; and that the whole purpose which Christ had in view was to reinstate and restore to its primitive integrity the Wisdom of the ancients—to reduce within bounds the universally-prevailing dominion of superstition—and in part to correct and in part to exterminate the various errors that had found their way into the different popular religions.”

It is certain that there was in every country having claims to enlightenment an esoteric doctrine, denominated *Wisdom* or knowledge,* and those devoted to its prosecution were styled sages or “the wise.” Pythagoras and Plato after him chose the more modest designation of philosophers, or lovers of wisdom, and their studies were accordingly termed “philosophy,” as denoting the pursuit of the superior knowledge, rather than the actual knowledge itself, Pythagoras named it “*gnôsis*,” implying by this designation the profounder learning. The Hebrew Rabbis in like manner denominated the higher literature *rechab* or *mercabah* as being the vehicle of truth, and the scribes or teachers were graphically denominated “sons of Rechab” or Rechabites.† Theology, religious worship, vaticination, music, astronomy, the healing art, morals and statecraft were included under the one head.

*The writings extant in ancient times often personified Wisdom as the emanation, manifestation and associate of the one Supreme Being. We thus have Buddha in India, Nebo in Assyria, Thoth in Egypt, Hermes in Greece,—also the female divinities Neitha, Metis, Athena, and the Gnostic potency Achamoth or Sophia. Hence they deduced the personality of her son Chrestos, or the oracular. The first verses of the Johannean Gospel, as if following after Philo, give this summary: “In the Beginning or First Principle was the Logos or Word, and the Word was adnate to God, and God was the Logos.” The Samaritan *Pentateuch* denominated the book of *Genesis Achamanth* or wisdom, and two old treatises by Alexandrian Jews, *the Wisdom of Solomon* and *the Wisdom of Jesus*, are named with reference to the same truth. The book of *Mashali*, the Discourses or *proverbs* of Solomon, is of the same character and personifies Wisdom as the emanation and auxiliary of the Divinity.

†The prophets Elijah and Elisha were styled “the *rechab* or charioteer of Israel.”

Thus Ammonius found a work ready for him. His deep intuition, his extensive learning, his familiarity with the profound philosophers of his time and with the Christian Gnostic teachers, Pantænus, Clement and Athenagoras, aided him to fit himself for the undertaking. He drew around him scholars and public men, who had little taste for wasting time in elaborate sophistries or superstitious observances. A writer in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* gives the following summary of his purpose and teachings:

“He adopted the doctrines which were received in Egypt concerning the Universe and the Deity considered as constituting one great Whole; concerning the eternity of the world, the nature of souls, the empire of Providence, and the government of the world by demons. He also established a system of moral discipline which allowed the people in general to live according to the laws of their country and the dictates of nature; but required the Wise to exalt their minds by contemplation and to mortify the body, so that they might be capable of enjoying the presence and assistance of the demons, [*frohars*, or spiritual essences], and ascending after death to the presence of the Supreme Parent. In order to reconcile the popular religions, and particularly the Christian, with this new system, *he made the whole history of the heathen gods an allegory*, maintaining that they were only celestial ministers, entitled to an inferior kind of worship; and he acknowledged that Jesus Christ was an excellent man and the friend of God, but alleged that it was not his design entirely to abolish the worship of demons, and that his only intention was to purify the ancient religion.”

A peculiarity in his methods, was the dividing of his disciples after the manner of the Pythagorean School and ancient Mysteries into neophytes, initiates and masters. He obligated them by oath not to divulge the more recondite doctrines except to those who had been thoroughly instructed and disciplined. The significance of this injunction can easily be apprehended when we call to mind that the great production of Plato, *the Republic*, is often misrepresented by superficial expositors and others wilfully ignorant, as describing an ideal state of society analogous to the sensual paradise ascribed to the *Koran*. That the work should be interpreted esoterically is apparent to every appreciative reader.

Even the Hebrew Scriptures are interpreted as having an

allegoric meaning. The story of Abraham, his sons and their respective mothers, is affirmed by Paul to be of this nature.* Josephus declares that Moses spoke certain things wisely but enigmatically, and others under cover of "a decent allegory," calling this method "philosophic." Maimonides distinctly cautions us against making known the actual meaning:

"Whoever shall find out the true sense of the book of *Genesis* ought to take care not to divulge it. This is a maxim which all our learned men repeat to us—and above all, respecting the work of the six days. If a person shall discover the true meaning of it by himself or by the aid of another,—then he ought to be silent; or, if he speaks of it, he ought to speak of it but obscurely, and in an enigmatic manner, as I do myself, *leaving the rest to be guessed by those who can understand me.*"

Modern writers have commented, often erroneously, upon the peculiar sentiments and methods of the Neo-Platonists. The immense difference in the nature and quality of ancient and modern learning has, to a great degree, unfitted students of later times for understanding the principles of the old theosophy. Even the enthusiasm—which it considered as religious fervor and akin to divine inspiration, has not much in common with the entheasm of the old philosophers.

The system of the Alexandrian School was comprised in three primary tenets: its theory of the Godhead, its doctrine of the Soul, and its spiritualism. Plotinus declared Divinity to be essentially ONE; that the universe is not God or part of God; nevertheless, it has its existence from the Divine Mind, derives from him its life, and is incapable of being separated from him. "The end and purpose of the Egyptian Rites and Mysteries," Plutarch declares to be "the knowing of the One God, who is the Lord of all things, and to be discerned only by the soul. Their theosophy had two meanings: the one, sacred and symbolic; and the other, popular and literal. The figures of animals which abounded in their temples, and which they were supposed to worship, were only so many hieroglyphics to represent the divine qualities."

This doctrine of a single Supreme Essence is common to every

* *Epistle to the Galatians, iv. 22-24.*

faith. All other beings have proceeded from this by *emanation*. Modern scientists are substituting for this hypothesis their theories of *evolution*. Perhaps a profounder sage will show these conceptions now apparently so contradictory, to be but phases of the one underlying fact—Divinity is fundamental Being, and creation is existent solely as proceeding from Being, and sustained by it.

The ancient theosophies contained the tenet that the *Theoi*, the gods or disposers of events, the angels, dæmons, and other spiritual essences emanated from the Supreme Being. From the Divine All proceeded the Divine Wisdom; from Wisdom proceeded the Creator or Demiurgos; and from the Creator issued the subordinate spiritual beings, the earth and its inhabitants being the last. The first of these is immanent in the second, the second in the third and so on through the entire series.

The veneration for these subordinate beings constituted the *idolatry* charged upon the ancients—an imputation not deserved by the philosophers, who recognized but one Supreme Being, and professed to understand the *hyponoia* or under-meaning in regard to angels, dæmons, heroes and symbolic representations. An old philosopher justly remarked: "The gods exist, but they are not what the many suppose them to be. He is not an atheist who denies the existence of the gods whom the multitude worship; but he is one who fastens on these gods the notions of the multitude." Aristotle is more explicit: "The divine essence pervades the whole world of nature; what are styled the *gods* are only the first principles. The myths and stories were devised in order to make the religious systems intelligible and attractive to the people, who otherwise would not give them any regard or veneration."

Thus the stories of Zeus or Jupiter, the Siege of Troy, the Wanderings of Odysseus, the Adventures of Herakles and Theseus were mystic tales having their appropriate undermeaning. Indeed, the various older worships indicate the existence of a theosophy anterior to them.

"The key that is to open one must open all; otherwise it cannot be the right key."

The Alexandrian philosophers accepted these doctrines substantially, the principal difference being in modes of expression. They were not inspired by a purpose to oppose Christianity or to resus-

citate Paganism as Lloyd, Mosheim, Kingsley and others so positively insist, but sought instead to extract from them all their most valuable treasures, and not resting content with that, to make new explorations. They taught like the old sages, that all beings and things proceeded from the source of existence in discrete degrees of emanation. "There are four orders," Iamblichus taught, "gods, dæmons, heroes or half-gods, and souls."

In this philosophy there is no *avatar*. The human soul is itself the offspring or emanation of the Divinity. He is immanent within, and the whole philosophic discipline is for the purpose of bringing into activity and perfecting its divine faculties. It contemplated the highest spiritual development both in perceptive and subjective qualities. Plotinus taught that as the soul came out from God there is immanent within it an impulse to return, which attracts it inward toward its origin and centre, the Eternal Good. The individual who does not understand how the soul contains within itself the most excellent will seek by laborious effort to realise it from without. On the other hand, the one who is truly wise cognises it within himself, develops the ideal by withdrawal into himself, concentrating his attention, and so floating upward toward the Divine Fountain, the stream of which flows within him. The Infinite is not known through the reasoning faculty, which makes distinctions and defines, but by the superior Intellect (*nous*)—by entering upon a state in which the individual, so to speak, is no more his own mere finite selfhood; in which state divine essence is shared by him. This state Plotinus denominates ECSTASY—the liberation of the mind from its finite consciousness, and so becoming at one with the Infinite.

The exalted condition which Plotinus describes is, however, not permanent, but only enjoyed at intervals; and its attainment is promoted to a certain extent by physical means, as by abstinence which tends to clarify and exalt the mental perceptivity. The moral agencies which prepare the individual for this superior condition and habitude are given as love of excellence for the poet, devotion to knowledge for the philosopher, love and prayer for the devout.

The outflowing from Divinity is received by the human spirit in unreserved abundance,* accomplishing for the soul a union with

**John* iii, 34. "God giveth not his spirit by measure."

the Divine, and enabling it, while in the body, to be a partaker of the life which is not of the body.

Closely allied to this is the doctrine of mental and moral exaltation as set forth in the *New Testament*. The *metanoia* which is there inculcated is no mere penance, repentance or contrition for wrong, but an energising of the spiritual and intellectible principle of our being, which excludes the rule of lower motive, so that we live and are inspired from above. It is a higher perceiving and transcends the *dianoia* or common understanding, which is influenced by sensation and mental processes. It is accordingly an infilling, a *plêroma* and inspiring of the *whole* life from the divine constituents of our being.

The true preparation for this higher condition, is by prayer. This is not mere verbal supplication for personal favor. For, says Plato: "Prayer is the ardent turning of the soul toward God, not to ask for any particular good, but for good itself, the universal supreme good. We often mistake what is pernicious and dangerous for what is useful and desirable." He further remarks, "Therefore remain silent in the presence of the divine ones, till they remove the clouds from thy eyes and enable thee to see by the light which issues from themselves, not what merely appears good but what is really good."

Plotinus also taught that every one has the faculty of intuition or intellection. This is in accord with the declaration of Plato that the idea of the Good sheds on objects the light of truth and gives to the soul the power of knowing. The higher soul is, even when linked to the body, a dweller in the eternal world, and has a nature kindred to Divinity. It is enabled therefore to perceive and apprehend actual and absolute fact more perfectly than through the medium of the reasoning faculties and external senses.

"Everything in the world of Nature is not held fast by Fate," Iamblichus declares. "On the contrary there is another principle of the Soul superior to all that is born or begotten, through which we are enabled to attain union with superior natures, rise above the established order of the universe, and participate in the life eternal and the energies of the heavenly ones. Through this principle we are able to set ourselves free. For when the better qualities in us are active, and the soul is led again to the natures superior

to itself, then it becomes separated from everything that held it fast to the world-life, stands aloof from inferior natures, exchanges this for the other life, abandons entirely the former order of things, and gives itself to the other."

We begin with instinct; the end is omniscience. It is a direct beholding; what Schelling denominates a realisation of the subjective and objective in the individual which blends him with that identity of subjective and objective called Divinity; so that, transported out of himself, so to speak, he thinks divine thoughts, views things from their highest point of view, and, to use an expression of Emerson's, "becomes recipient of the soul of the world." Plato describes the matter more forcibly. "The light and spirit of the Deity are as wings to the soul, raising it into communion with himself, and above the earth with which the mind is prone to bemoir itself." (*Phaedros.*) "To be like God is to be holy, just and wise. . . . This is the end for which man was born, and should be his aim in the pursuit of the superior knowledge." (*Theatetos.*)

The power of seeing beyond the common physical sense, as in vaticination or "second sight" appears to have been possessed by many of these men. Apollonius describes this faculty in these words:

"I can see the Present and the Future in a clear mirror. The sage need not wait for the vapors of the earth and the corrupt condition of the air to enable him to foresee plagues and fevers; he ought to know them later than God, but earlier than the multitude. The divine natures see the future; common men, the present; sages, that which is about to take place. My peculiar abstemious mode of living produces such an acuteness of the senses, or else it brings into activity some other faculty, so that the greatest and most remarkable things are performed."

This peculiar gift or faculty is doubtless to be explained not as being created anew, but as brought out of a dormant or latent condition. The miraculous effects of abstemiousness in producing extraordinary spiritual acuteness have often been noticed. Gorging, indulgence in drink that disorders, or the using of gross and unwholesome food may close up the interior faculties. It will be borne in mind that many of the distinguished teachers and sages were more or less ascetic. Nevertheless, all that abstinence can do

is to remove obstacles to the free activity of the mind; it can produce no faculty or quality that does not already exist.

There is what may be termed spiritual photography. The soul is the camera in which facts and events, future, past and present, are alike fixed, and the superior perceptivity makes the understanding conscious of them. Sometimes they appear as if suggested, sometimes as recollection. Beyond this everyday world of limits, all is as one day or state—the past and the future comprised in the present. This is doubtless, the “great day,” the “last day,” the “day of the Lord” mentioned by writers in the *New Testament*,—the eternal day without beginning or ending, in which as to his interior spirit every one now is, and into which every one passes by death or ecstasy. The soul is then freed from the constraint of the body, and its nobler part being in communion with the superior powers, it becomes a partaker of the wisdom and foreknowledge of those in that sphere of being.

The disciples of Plotinus described him as possessing miraculous powers of perception. They affirmed that he could read the secret thoughts. Porphyry had been contemplating suicide, and he perceived it without having received any outward intimation. A robbery was committed in his house at Rome, and he calling the domestics together, pointed out the guilty one. He did not oppose the established religious worship, but when one of his friends asked him to attend the public services, he answered: “It is for the gods to come to me.”

Plotinus, Iamblichus, and before them, Apollonius are said to have possessed the powers of prediction and healing. The former art appears to have been cultivated by the Essenes and others in the East. “I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet,” said Amos, who seems to have been “irregular;” “but the Lord called me.” Apollonius, as his biographer declares, healed the sick, and others, like the *pneumatists* of Asia Minor, performed remarkable cures. It is more than probable that they employed the agency known as animal magnetism. It was usual to exercise it by placing the hand on or near the diseased part, (stroking it and uttering a chant.)* It is now fashionable to declaim about these practices

*II. *Kings*, v. 11.

as charlatanism; but they appear to have existed in all ages and among different peoples. Plotinus scouted the notion that diseases were dæmons, and could be expelled by words; but he indicated temperance and an orderly mode of life as the philosophic way to remove them.

Iamblichus went further than other teachers, and added to the Platonic philosophy, certain Egyptian learning which he designated *theurgy*. He taught that the individual might be brought into personal association with spiritual beings, and into the possession of their knowledge, and even possess the power as a divinity to control inferior natures. He was perfectly familiar with the phenomena of the mesmeric trance and clairvoyance, and described them with great exactness, as they are now known to us. "The knowing of the gods is innate," he affirmed; "and it pertains to the very substance of our being. It is superior to judgment and choice, and has precedence over reasoning and demonstration. From the beginning it was at one with its source, and subsisted together with the inherent impulses of the soul to the Supremely Good. This union is a uniform embracing at all forms of contact, spontaneous and undistinguishable, as of one thing knowing another, which joins us with the Godhead."

The different orders of spiritual beings he described as intermediary between God and man. Their foreknowledge extends over every thing and fills every thing that is capable of receiving it. They also give intimations during our waking hours, and impart to the soul the power of a wider perception of things, the gift of healing, and the faculty of discerning arts and new truths. There are different degrees of inspiration: sometimes it is possessed in a higher, sometimes in an intermediate, and sometimes in only a lower degree.

The discipline required by the theurgist are prayer, diligence in the offices of arcane worship, an abstemiousness amounting in some instances to austere asceticism, and added to these, contemplation. Iamblichus discourses upon these matters with all the earnestness of an enthusiastic preacher. "Prayer is by no means an insignificant part of the entire upward path of souls," Proklus insists. Iamblichus explains further: "Prayers constitute the general end to religious worship," he declares, "and join the Sacred

Art in an indissoluble connection with the divine beings. Unceasing perseverance in them invigorates the higher intellect, makes the reception-chamber of the soul far more spacious for the divinities, opens the arcana of the divine world to human beings, accustoms us to the flashing irradiations of the Supernal Light, and perfects gradually the qualities within us for fitness for the favors of the gods, till it exalts us to the highest excellence."

Thus we perceive that the theurgy which was described and extolled by this philosopher, was no art of sorcery, fortune-telling or charlatanry, but a mode of developing the higher faculties and sentiments.

Indeed, if we change the terms and expressions which he employs to such as are current with us, we would find no difficulty in finding for him a place among the higher thinkers of our own time. Bulwer-Lytton, who appears to have been a thorough student of Neo-Platonism and kindred topics, depicts after a similar manner their operation and influence :

"At last from this dimness, upon some eyes the light broke; but think not that to those over whom the Origin of Evil held a sway, that dawning was vouchsafed. It could be given then, as now, only to the purest ecstasies of imagination and intellect undistracted by the cares of a vulgar life, the appetites of the common clay. Far from descending to the assistance of a fiend, theirs was but the august ambition to approach nearer to the Fount of Good; the more they emancipated themselves from this Limbo of the planets, the more they were penetrated by the splendor and beneficence of God. And if they sought, and at last discovered, how to the eye of the spirit all the subtler modifications of being and matter might be made apparent; if they discovered how, for the wings of the spirit, all space might be annihilated; and while the body stood heavy and solid here, the freed IDEA might wander from star to star: if such discoveries became in truth their own, the sublimest luxury of their knowledge was but this—to wonder, to venerate, and adore!"

We may with this finality very fittingly bring this delineation to a close. But we cannot dismiss the subject without a brief tribute to the noble but unfortunate Hypatia. She bade fair to stand among the most gifted of the Alexandrian school. She had

alike for pupils men of every faith, Egyptian, Greek, Christian and Jew; and what little we know of her not only shows her blameless character, but the purity of the doctrines which she taught. In her the Akademeia was almost reincarnated. A few years more added to her career might have rolled back that ocean in which Philosophy and Human Fraternity were engulfed.

Proklus is represented as the most learned and systematic of all the Neo-Platonists. He brought the entire theosophy and theurgy of his predecessors into a complete system. Like the Rabbis and Gnostics he cherished a profound veneration for the *Abrazas*, the "Word" or "Venerable Name," and he believed with Iamblichus in the attaining of a divine or magic power which, overcoming the mundane life, rendered the individual an organ of the Divinity speaking a wisdom that he did not comprehend, and becoming the agent of a superior will. He even taught that there were *symbola* or tokens, that would enable a person to pass from one order of spiritual beings to another, higher and higher, till he arrived at the absolute Divine. Faith, he inculcated, would make one the possessor of this talisman.

His theological views were similar to those of the others. "There are many inferior divinities," he reiterated from Aristotle, "but one Mover. All that is said concerning the human shape and attributes of these divinities is mere fiction, which has been invented to instruct the common people and secure their obedience to the laws. The First Principle, however, is neither Fire nor Earth, nor Water, nor any thing that is the object of sense. A spiritual Substance is the Cause of the Universe, and the Source of all order and excellence, all the activity and all the forms in it that are so much admired. All must be led up to this Primal Substance which governs in subordination to the Absolute First. This is the general doctrine of the Ancient Wise Ones which has happily escaped the wreck of truth amid the rocks of popular error and poetic myths."

He also explained the state after death, the metempsychosis or progress of the Soul: "After death the soul continues in the aerial body till it becomes entirely purified from all angry and voluptuous passions; then it puts off the aerial body by a second dying, as it did the earthly one. Wherefore the ancients say that there

is a celestial body always joined with the soul, which is immortal, luminant and starlike."

Combining religious ardor with acute reasoning powers, he joins the whole mass of traditional learning into a system, supplying the defects and smoothing the contradictions by means of distinctions and speculations. Zeller has appropriately described his work: "It was reserved for Proklus," says he, "to bring the Neo-Platonic philosophy to its formal conclusion by the rigorous consistency of his dialectic, and keeping in view all the modifications which it had undergone in the course of two centuries, to give it that form in which it was transferred to Christianity and Mohammedanism in the Middle Ages."

Whatever the demerits of the Neo-Platonic school, there must be general approval by all the right-thinking of the great underlying ideas of Human Brotherhood and perfectibility. Their proper aim was the establishment of the dominion of peace on earth instead of that sovereignty of the sword which in former ages, and in later centuries, arrayed millions of human beings in mortal warfare against each other, and depopulated whole regions and countries in the name of religion.

As might be expected of persons holding so refined a system of doctrines, their characters corresponded with it admirably. Plotinus was honored everywhere for his probity, Apollonius for his almost preternatural purity of manners, Ammonius for his amiableness, Iamblichus for his piety, Hypatia for her transcendent virtue and wisdom, and Proklus for his serene temper. The testimony of M. Matter, in his treatise on Gnosticism, is just so far as it relates to these men:

"The morality which the *Gnosis* prescribed for man answered perfectly to his condition. To supply the body with what it needs, and to restrict it in everything superfluous,—to nourish the spirit with whatever can enlighten it, strengthen it, and render it like God, of whom it is an emanation: this is that morality. It is that of Platonism, and it is that of Christianity."

Such is the philosophy, such the religion, which is to the materialists and their allies a stumbling block and folly; to others a divine illumination.

The treasury which the Neo-Platonists filled has enriched the

world through all the later ages. The remarkable men who rose up as lights to their fellows were almoners of that bounty. Philosophers and theosophers of every grade were beneficiaries of the wise men of the Alexandrian School. Hardly had the intolerance of the dominant party put an end to the public lectures when there arose other teachers and writers to take possession of its doctrines to incorporate them with the dogmas of the Church. It appeared anew, not merely as magic, and alchemy, but as a living fire of experience, a quiet mysticism, a profounder faith, transcending historic beliefs by a truer spiritual life. Hardly a formula of beliefs exists in the religious world which has not been enriched from this source, and literature has derived from it the choicest of its embellishments.

Such is the record which these Sages made.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

IS BEAUTY ITS OWN EXCUSE FOR BEING?

BY DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"The guaranty for true religious honesty lies in our worship of beauty—beauty as an abstract principle independent of all the circumstances resulting from it. On the other hand we have utility which is always modified by and dependent on events."—*Mme. de Staël-Holstein.*

One of the questions which for ages has agitated the minds of men relative to life and progress is found in the meaning and character accredited to the manifestation of beauty. Has beauty value and significance in and through itself, or does it serve as a means for the accomplishment of utilitarian ends?

And as beauty, whenever made to manifest in the objects and processes of the concrete world through the genius and ingenuity of man, gives rise to art, it follows that the same question facing beauty and its relations to utility with equal force and logic, confronts art in its relation to motives of morality and civic virtue. Thus, we raise the question: Is art for art's sake or for the sake of general progress?

In this, as in all questions of life and growth, the final appeal must be directed to the infinite, ever-present, ever-active energy which at once impels and directs the movements of universal evolution. It is to this mystic face behind the veil of the concrete and changeable from which life and consciousness, as causative factors, unfold their spontaneous impulses in terms of progressive nature, that the serious inquirer must look for a solution to his problem. This face of the world-sphinx looks at us from every aspect of natural evolution.

The first glance at nature reveals the fact that throughout all her kingdoms the lines of the beautiful and the lines of the useful unfold in diametrically opposite directions. The formula, unvarying and fundamental, expressed in all animate and inanimate nature, reads: The more imperative a factor is in natural or social evolution, the less marked is the beauty of its features or the processes of unfoldment.

Thus, at the very base of the evolutionary ladder (the mineral

kingdom) we are met by the striking contrasts between the zone of the beautiful and the zone of the useful. For what is more useful in the mineral world than the granite and the iron, and at the same time less beautiful? And thence, upward or downward, (according to our consideration of the beautiful or the useful), along the entire gamut of the mineral world, where in the dazzling exhibit of the gold, the diamond and so-called precious stones, we meet so much beauty and charm combined with comparatively so little usefulness to man.

And this principle operates with equal force in the very soil we walk on, which with its priceless value for the material progress of humanity is most unattractive, and never elicits a single thought or feeling of the sublime and beautiful in existence. Thus in the humble granite, the clay and the sand, etc., despite their ugliness of form, emptiness of expression and cheapness of price, we meet qualities of usefulness so fundamental that the commonwealth for its commercial and structural integrity absolutely depends on their employment.

In the vegetable kingdom the same inverse relation obtains between the useful and the beautiful. Its signature remains invariably the same—the more beauty, the less usefulness. The ugliness of the potato, the carrot, the beat, turnip, cabbage, the grains and grasses—the prime factors for the support of the organized world—is as striking as the beauty of the lily, the rose, the chrysanthemum, the pansy, etc., coupled with the utter non-value of the latter in the vital economy of nature. The apex of beauty coincides, with very few exceptions, with the apex of the concretely useless.

The parallelism thus traced in the mineral and vegetable continues with unabated force in the animal kingdom. In proportion to their domestic usefulness, the animals exhibit angularity of form, gracelessness in movement and corresponding physiological and anatomical imperfections. The domesticated beasts of burden, the plug-horse, pack-mule, and ass, the milk cow and the hog—so indispensable for the material progress of the commonwealth—do certainly not appeal to our sense of the beautiful; while the wild animals, unburdened by any service to culture, exhibit features and qualities of highest grace and beauty. We need only

refer to the zebra, the antelope, the tiger, the lion and eagle, etc., and the striking contrast between their fascinating but relatively useless beauty and charm, and the useful but homely and awkward hen, turkey, goose, duck, etc.

These lines of contrast between the beautiful and the useful can be pursued into the region of the highest kingdom, to the human mind itself, in the work which genius and intelligence have wrought in art and culture. For, is not a poem by far a greater work of beauty than a scientific lecture or a technical invention? Or do we ever find in the elaborate and laborious statements of general philosophy, the pathos of life and the vision of beauty which exalt us in some great classic work of fiction? And even in art's own realm of being, is not the fairest, the sweetest, the most divine and most beautiful of them all—the art of music—also the one which in natural evolution and in the concrete progress of the world, shows the least appreciable sign of usefulness.

Nor is man himself, as a type in evolution, exempt from this universal rule. The men and women who serve as vital props in the social structure of the commonwealth, the manual workers, producers and wage earners, do not, can not, express the refinement of touch, dignity of movement and beauty of form which we meet with in the privileged laborers in the vineyard of the beautiful, the representatives of genius and inspiration, the artist, the poet and the seer. For what are the groupings of human anatomy, especially in the delicately poised lineaments of the face, but the action of thought mirrored in the features and facial expression of the thinker—an expression which, with no exception, rises in sublimity and beauty with the spiritual ascendancy of the subject under contemplation. Who can fail to observe the difference between the keen-edged, aggressive, often even gross expression of the scientist, especially if his researches are gauged by dominating materialistic motives, and the lofty, sublime touch, the gentleness of demeanor and unassuming yet dignified poise of the poet and artist. From the man with the hoe, the alleged representative of the useful, the concrete and indispensable phase of the prosperous commonwealth, up to the man with the ecstatic vision, the man with his mind suspended in the empyrean, the practically inappreciable man, whose entire struggle, dream and hope, motive and

destiny are enveloped in the life of beauty—we observe a constant elevation of the individual type toward the abstractly beautiful and soul-inspiring. Evidently, the spiritual ascent of life is rising *pari-passu* with the ascent of the beautiful, in inverse relation to the useful.

And even among the men of genius themselves, in definite proportion to their divorcement from utilitarian pursuits, we find this rule in operation. Thus, the genius of constructive intelligence, whose mental center of gravity lies in the useful and materially progressive, does not possess in his character or expression that overwhelming cohesive force of the ideal, the resistless power of the divine to stir the soul into emotions of both courage and sweetness, of mountain-firm resolve and forbearing tenderness; the power to lift the whole nature of the responsive beholder into regions of soaring, sense-withering beauty. For even genius has its sliding-scale of beauty, on which it descends or ascends in proportion to the dominant tendency of the mind toward the constructive or inspiring; the concrete or abstract; the intellectual or intuitive; the aims of the useful or the aims of the beautiful.

It would be utterly unreasonable to suppose that such a chain of unbroken evidences could stand for the workings of mere chance and fortuity. There must be some leading, explicative basis for these ever-present inverse relations between the categories of the useful and the beautiful, as they unfold in unbroken series all along the lines of physical, mental, moral and spiritual evolution, a basis which probably can only be found by admitting into the human equation the factor of soul. For as the body of man requires for its growth and evolution the concrete substance of material elements; the shocks of sensory nerve impulses; so the soul for its unfoldment requires the ecstatic impulse of the beautiful. The soul feeds on the beautiful, absorbs and assimilates its powers into its spiritual constitution. And as the body forms a vehicle or agency through which the physiological processes of the material universe find a means and method for its elemental evolution, so the soul represents a living force-unit by which the spiritual universe through the idealizing power of beauty wields a means and method of self-realisation. The soul cultivates the ideally beautiful, as the body cultivates the concretely useful; and as the latter fashions

its stuff into living anatomical structures, so the former, in absorbing its undefinable pabulum of divine beauty, generates ideas and concepts of the true, the good and the sublime.

Yet, to be an evolutionary force, the impulse of beauty must be met with concrete and conscious response. To the closed and isolated mind, beauty will remain a closed and inaccessible sanctuary; for the only mode of responsiveness to which beauty shall ever yield is love. Love is to the soul, in relation to the beautiful, what hunger is to the body in relation to food; which again means that the admiration and contemplation of the beautiful stands for that process of physiological absorption by which a vital system is enabled to assimilate and organize its nourishment into available qualities and powers. Hence, to ignore the beautiful, *i. e.*, to fail to observe its manifestations with love and admiration, means to the soul and its growth, what the disregard for physical nourishment means to the body—the gradual decay and dissolution of the dependent entity. Without the power to love the beautiful, the individual must remain a groveling brute, dead to everything but the thrall of a mere sensual, vegetative existence.

For beauty is the loadstar of life, the mythical Ariadne-thread, guiding the soul to its destiny through the bewildering labyrinth of gross, sensuous, passion-wrought existence. Forever upward and onward, like Aurora on the wings of dawn, blazing out the course for the advancing solar-majesty, the divinity of beauty illumines the career of the human soul as the latter proceeds on its pilgrimage through universal evolution. To lose the guiding influence of its powers, means to be left to stalk about aimless and helpless in the ever-shifting vicissitudes of material existence, conscious of nothing but the mean, circumscribed wants of a mere intellectualized brute life.

Any attempt to utilize beauty, by enlisting its service for the furtherance of material progress, degrades it. For beauty is not an evolutionary steam engine, by the action of which, the profits of cultural and industrial operations are enhanced. It is an ecstatically vitalizing, inspiring force; not a mere dynamic agent. Its mission is to guide and direct, rather than to move and propel. To employ its powers as a dynamic lever for the furtherance of general progress, involves the same principle as to use the search-

light of an ocean steamer for the generating of steam in its boiler. Would the temporarily increased speed of the vessel compensate for the loss of the guiding flashes by which the ultimate progress and safety of the navigation is to be made possible? The light of beauty, like the mythical fire of Olympus which Prometheus brought down to serve the small aims of earthbound men, can suffer the degrading touch of utilitarian motives only by the loss of its inspiring and guiding genius, leaving the transgressor on his fatuous Caucasus to work out his destiny in guideless and powerless isolation.

For beauty is not a mere sentiment, a fragrance as it were, ephemeral and meaningless. Beauty is a cosmic force, including in its sweep the whole scope of spiritual evolution. In itself non-moral, beauty becomes moral or immoral, according to the standard of motive applied by the poet or artist in his effort to interpret or translate its genius. And as beauty is thus colored by its imported motive, and furthermore as any coloring, however apparently pure and elevating, must by its very nature be personal, hence limited and more or less untrue, it follows that art to be pure and spiritually legitimate must forget itself and ignore personal motive, while wholly and trustingly surrendering its energies to the cosmic, impersonal impulse, wherever the latter may lead. The presence of a personal motive generates a refractory medium in the mind of the artist, rendering his vision dim and his ideal disproportionate. Motive in art is the Procrustean bed on which Beauty is contorted into a fixed and anchylosed figure. The artist, be he painter, sculptor, poet or composer, must have the power to rise in contemplation to the formless and boundless, to discard hopes, sympathies, opinions, theories—yea art itself—while yielding up his very sanity to the ecstatic vision, the impersonal will-impulse, the intuitive penetration. The merest reflective touch, or yielding to the fashioning, computing action of the intellect, at once mars the sublimity and holiness of the word or picture. Hence, while science and philosophy are in their nature didactic, art can intellectualize and theorize only at the peril of involving self-destruction. The question to be held before the artist is not: to what extent shall I succeed in imparting through this painting, this statue, this poem, this song a power to affect the moral con-

sciousness of the world as I conceive it, but rather, how shall I adjust myself to these divine forces so as to be true and faithful to the task, and able to flawlessly mirror her light in my creation? For while philosophy computes and constructs, and science applies and exhibits, art must serve as a mirror for the rarest light—the light of the soul—the substanceless vision, and therefore be absolutely pure and free. Science is gauged by instinct and intellect; philosophy by intellect and feeling; art by feeling and intuition. The subject-matter of art is intuition while its discerning power is feeling.

This separation in consciousness between the beautiful, *per se*, and the personal and circumscribed qualifications of the mind, as represented by the forms and modifications of reason and intellect applied to art, indicates at once and unmistakably the position which the artist can and must occupy in his field of action. The only legitimate signature by which true art identifies itself with its work, is the disavowal of self-interest and freedom from personal motives. For as an artist, no matter how great his genius,—if still held by his egoism to the limiting horizon of concrete causation and temporal moral imagery—depends for his vision on the light of the probable and appreciable in the passing event, it follows that his knowledge of life in general, and of the human soul in particular (its needs, powers, and possibilities) is restricted, rather than boundless. And yet, what but the boundless and timeless vision can ever be trusted to dictate or prescribe for the creatures of evolution a course which with unerring safety is to complete the circuit of their destiny. Would a gardener, however experienced, trust himself to adequately dole out so much nitrogen, oxygen, carbon, etc., required for each plant to strike the biologic balance of its growth? Or does he not rather trust to the fact that the plant by virtue of its native powers of absorption and selective affinity, will extract from the soil and air the elements needed for the fulfilling of its specific evolution? How then dares the artist (a veritable gardener of the soul) in administering beauty to human life, emphasize any particular characteristic, any conventional and ephemeral aspect of moral principle or æsthetic concept; any intellectual code of virtue; any personal lesson in heroism, patriotism, pietism or civic excellence—when

beauty in itself, in its own eternal, ever-present, ever-inspiring genius contains all that is essential and needful for the safe unfoldment of human life and destiny. To arraign beauty in any didactic attitude—even the noblest; to endow her with any attribute, however ethical and exalting, is to crystalize her spirit in a mold of clay, to change her radiant smile into a grinning proxy, to embalm into immovable fixity the impulsive play of life in its cyclic, rhythmic action—in a word to give permanence and ceaseless perpetuity, as a moral lesson, to a conception, temporarily arising in the mind of the artist, only to be followed by innumerable others in the natural course of development and in response to his continued aspiration. Art is spiritually legitimate only to the extent that it is structureless and fluidic, *i. e.*, in so far as it employs symbols in place of concrete elements in its representative work. To be true to beauty and a trustworthy interpreter of her message, the artist must throb unceasingly to the pulsations of the highest spiritual life. Type must mercilessly be sacrificed to symbol, technique to movement, posture to rhythm. Form, phase, perspective and general laws of mechanics, however indispensable for the expression and cultural appreciation of art, simply indicate the inadequacy of personal intellectual consciousness to the task of comprehending beauty; the evidence of mental exhaustion in the efforts of the artist to respond to and to interpret—through the play of affirmative, motivated, personalized self-consciousness—the breath and force of magic life, the ethereal touch of the wing of the soaring genius which we call beauty.

For beauty is abstract, form is concrete. To grasp the meaning and genesis of beauty, feeling alone can be trusted to occupy the field of observation. Any impulse tending to draw the artist from the path of feeling is inimical to true art. To permit intellect and personality to take part in the labors of art, is to usher into its sanctuary the conflicting elements of mental judgment, moral discussion, intellectual agitation, etc., in the chaos of which the light of beauty soon or later becomes extinguished. Accessible only through the intuitions of feeling, art, to become a vehicle for beauty, must spiritualize the mind of its devotees into flights of purest abstraction, uncolored by any sentiments, any attributes, any temporal aim or object, any fear, hope or desire. For the artist is

not to materialize the spiritual, but to spiritualize the material; to set wings to the soul, and fire to imagination; to lift the whole human situation, not onto a basis of civic interests or ethical application, but by exploring the realm of the unseen, by listening to the unheard, by feeling the unexperienced and unknown; to see, to know, to feel the genius of beauty; to revel in its light, and create by its powers; and thus by opening up sluices of vital harmonies in his soul succeed in metamorphosing the individual from man to super-man. The artist is safer—is in fact only safe—when relying on nature rather than on culture for his guidance and inspiration. The picture galleries of nature exhibit the moral dignity, vital supremacy and simple loftiness of true life: the statuesqueness and elemental power of the mountains; the immensity and spotless purity spread before us in the ocean; the innocence and vital graces made living and impressive in the animals; the touching beauty and loveliness enchanting us in the flowery world, etc., are all means and methods by which nature, through an exalted symbolism, aims at overcoming the impediments of type by stimulating the human imagination to transcend the sphere of form.

It was not the failure to understand the moral value of the useful that gave to Kant the notion of separating in his mental categories the element of beauty from the element of the useful. With intuitive keenness he recognized that the support of the concrete world has not its basis in the beautiful, nor is the latter an outgrowth or expression of the useful; but that beauty has its aim and object in recalling to our minds an immortal and divine existence.

And as feeling is the faculty that enables us to communicate with the beautiful, it follows that the field of life, where the greatest opportunities are offered for the unfoldment of true art, is found in the realizations of individual self-consciousness. Before I can know the feelings of my fellow-creatures, and become capable of describing them, I must acquire a knowledge of my own; and this phase of knowledge, when expressed in descriptive art, is called lyric poetry—the only poetry which is both imaginary and real, both truth and fiction. It is the description of life itself, as found welling up in the unceasing changes of consciousness, detected and portrayed by the power of individual feeling. And

thus while the didactic, *i. e.*, the intellectual, reflective poetry of Alexander Pope, who once put a game of chess into rhyme and meter, possesses no other survival value than that of an ingeniously elaborated philosophical or ethical treatise, the lyrical poetry of Burns, Byron and Shakespeare with their immense, all-swaying individual feelings, by which they gained knowledge of the deepest springs of human nature, will never cease to exert a powerful influence over the hearts and feelings of men. Lyric poetry suffers no social contracts, no standards of conventional moods, or modes of form; is not confined to the succession of time, or the limits of space; it spreads its wings over centuries and ages, imparting duration to the sublime moment in which man rises superior to the pains and pleasures of life. Under the spell of the lyric poet we dispense with the measuring, calculating and circumscribing conception of life as we rise to the horizon-free vision of beauty in its native, transcending grandeur and holiness. Soaring in the motive-free regions of pure feeling we forget the tumult of Earth in listening to the swelling harmonies of liberated soul-life. Existence, with its strife and strain recedes into the calm, passion-free symbolism of impersonal, evolutionary, vital processes.

Only through the power of feeling can beauty be determined. The form, as such, which largely appeals to our intellect, can only uncertainly convey to us the beautiful. To the eye of feeling and to the eye of intellect the world presents diametrically different aspects. Often what the intellect admires, the feeling passes by with indifference. Often the ruins of structures and monuments give rise to stronger emotions and nobler thoughts than a newly erected architectural masterpiece. What are the structures of modern building-craft, with all their elaborate and motley adornment of luxury and brilliancy, when compared with the crumbling fragments of ancient ruins—the segment of an arch, or a few broken-down columns—if measured by the soul-heaving and exalting emotions conveyed to the reverent beholder. “Perhaps,” says Madame de Staël, “a masterpiece of art in all its splendor cannot impress us with such grand ideas and aspirations of beauty as its own ruins. . . . Beauty is of expression not of form.”

It is to be understood, however, that the beautiful is divorced from the useful only on the plane of the concrete and ephemeral.

When related to the eternal part of the individual, the beautiful possesses a usefulness which involves issues so sweeping and far-reaching that the rise and fall of solar systems form but incidents in its career. Ultimately considered it is in the object of beauty that the usefulness has its greatest significance, revealing as it does the powers and potencies in the individual soul by which the key is given to unlock the mysteries of both animal and divine nature. Beauty is the signature of truth, and it is truth that shall make us free. Through beauty our interests expand from the needs and necessities of the body, to the needs and necessities of the soul; from the usefulness of physical evolution to the usefulness of spiritual evolution. On the wings of the beautiful the soul of man rises from Earth to Heaven.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

SELF-CONTROL AND HEALTH.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

In a life of such varied sensations, emotions and activities as this personal existence abounds with, the matter of self-control often becomes a serious problem. Every one admits that it is a desirable attainment, and some consider it entirely essential to success in any undertaking.

Probably most persons suppose that they are fully capable of exercising self-control whenever it becomes necessary. Many, however, find it more difficult than they had anticipated, and there are examples in instances where the attempt is almost if not quite a failure. On the other hand, there are individuals who exhibit the full power, with perfect success, even under most trying circumstances.

When rightly considered these widely varying conditions, powers and results suggest that there should be a better understanding of the subject and more practical knowledge of the workings of the power that is involved. By means of a suitable study of the faculties that apply in personal life, these accomplishments are available.

In beginning a study of this order, a knowledge of the nature of the "self" is of primary importance. The idea of self relates to the individual's own conception of being, in its connection with consciousness. It takes form as "self" whenever we become conscious of living, having being and exercising choice in action. This turns the thought-action into a personal channel, and the conception of "I myself," becomes established.

The highest conception, here, is the pure ideal of the real man, who exercises the consciousness of the reality within which enables him to be conscious and determines him as man. The full meaning of the idea "I am," then takes form in conscious thinking, and an actual self appears to have come into existence. This conception continues as a superior ideal of self-being. To each one it seems to be his own self. While he dwells upon the facts that he is conscious and possesses the power to act according to

his own choice, this is man's highest conception of being. He attaches his ideal to his conception and calls it himself.

The wholeness of consciousness, if properly conceived as an idea, helps him to take high ground, here, and maintain his ideal of selfhood as pure individuality. I am, I am conscious, I am real, I am within reality—these are pure ideas of original consciousness. They are high, real, and substantial. The truth on which they rest is universal.

But this idea of self-being is alluring. Continual dwelling upon it leads to a forgetting of the united whole in which the consciousness had its conception, and so enlarges the idea of an actual selfhood, that it soon occupies the entire horizon of conscious thought. This brings a notion of separateness in consciousness, and the inverted idea of a separate selfhood that is or can be independent of all but itself, becomes established in the personal mind as the chief fact of the individual's own life and being. This seeming now assumes the proportions of a personal selfhood.

This idea is an exact inversion of the original and real conception; and in this inversion all the qualities as well as the thoughts evolved, share alike. Every action and every seeming quality is negative. When this abnormal view of life and of the self is entertained, the actual reality of the other or positive phase assumes a mere appearance to the mind which indulges the illusion. In the simulated self-idea the genuine power of the original becomes a mere sensuous weakness.

This brings us to the point of a necessity for self-control. Before this it was not especially needed; for all action proceeded from consciousness which was whole, and to each unit was all-sufficient. It still is so to each one on that plane of consciousness. But on the outer plane of self-centered thinking, no such support exists. Here, because of erroneous reasoning and the influence of sense, each mind is open to illusion. In order to avoid the results of error that appear in nearly every line of action that can be pursued, therefore, self-control, in every act, becomes imperative.

The various ways in which self-control is called for and may be exerted in daily life, are in themselves a study. They really cover all the features of personal existence. In every act of human life better results are obtained by exercising a sturdy control over

all the self-propensities, than by allowing either the mind or the body to work unrestrained. Because this idea of selfhood is erroneous, the mind always tends, to some extent, in the wrong direction. A firm mental attitude, together with an efficient control of the thinking faculties and a careful directing of the reasoning processes, is the only means of avoiding moves that would not be advisable, and decisions that might lead to disaster.

In the regulating of the affairs of life, many tendencies of the mind that have become established by previous experience can be set aside, or they can be overcome entirely by a proper control of the thinking faculties. Often there is great advantage in such a course of procedure.

In the thought-action of the external self, one of the strongest tendencies is to follow the lead of the senses. These are never unqualifiedly right in their action, therefore they can never lead us confidently in a right course. But the influence in their direction seems so strong that it is almost impossible to think differently. Here, if anything is to be accomplished rightly, the mind must be guided by a higher understanding. The selfish propensities must be placed under subjection, and a full and forcible control must be exercised continuously over every wrong tendency.

This calls for self-control of a high order. It may be applied to the transaction of business, to the establishing of relations between persons, to a professional pursuit, to the discovery of something either mental or physical, to the conveying of information to *certain* sources to the exclusion of others where it is not desirable that the communications should go, or to guiding the actions of others. It may relate to appetite, indulgence, laziness, indifference, passion, covetousness, desire, fear, or any of the emotions or their propensities—in fact to any phase of life and action in the universe. No matter what or where the call to action, the mind must be obedient to the higher nature; the senses must be under the direction of the mind; and the self-being that uses all of these must be under absolute control of the intelligence, in order that affairs may be directed aright and purposes accomplished without obstruction or delay. Nothing but self-control can make all of this certain; for if the self works unrestrained no faculty or function can be directed, and in that event all action will take

place under impulse of the tendency that happens to hold the field at that moment.

When the thought involved in investigation or in use relates to the body, or to the mind in any of its phases of action which refer to personal form or function, it comes within the category of sickness or of health. Then the matter of self-control has a vast field for operation, and its ministrations are of immediate importance in many ways. Health, comfort and even life may hinge upon a single deliberate act of self-control never before realized as existing or necessary. With a moment's thought any one can supply instances to illustrate this variety of experiences, perhaps from his own life. The value, at such a time, of having the powers of "self-being" so under control that any undesirable action can be stopped and a necessary one supplied and put into effective operation, is beyond estimation. Of course, all thinkers recognize these facts. They are mentioned here only as leading up to a study of how to accomplish the desired results.

When the fact is fully realized that the real self is a being composed of intelligence which is spiritual in all ways, and that he possesses the normal powers of spiritual understanding, always at his command to use on any plane of his existence, it is easy to see that either illusions or mistakes on the outer plane can be successfully corrected. This brings sufficient confidence to enable one to act. All action for the purpose should be conducted from the plane of this high estate. Then anything that is legitimate can be accomplished.

The so-called higher self is the real self, and any mode of action that becomes established with man on that plane, will reflect outward through the external expressions and repeat itself in the shadow forms of the lower appearances. Thus the apparently separate self, will come under the higher influence of true understanding and be led into better actions.

The notion of weakness, when prominent in the external thinking, can be entirely offset by the realization of the fact that infinite strength is the source of and a necessary factor in the powers of the real self. All of these are spiritual, in substance and in activity. Knowing these, the mere appearance on the external plane will be disregarded and will soon disappear.

Self-control, exerted to the extent of intelligent directing of the thinking so that the illusion shall not be accepted, and turning the full force of realizing thought onto the idea and conception of the real, is the most important acquirement, here, for it will give the individual complete mastery over the circumstances. To know that all actual thinking is conducted from the plane of reality and that the plane of personality only reflects the action of the other, is to realize a masterful control over all appearances.

We are not subjects of compulsion by means of sensuous appearance, or of mere thoughts. The power of control rests with ourselves. It is to be exercised only through understanding. We can think whatever we choose to think, within the pale of the law, if we understand reality, and know the use of truth in daily life. Even though we function on an outer plane, we can think entirely according to the principles of the inner and higher plane of permanent reality. Indeed, no sound or effective thinking can be accomplished in any other way.

All principles belong to the plane of spiritual intelligence. There are no real principles of separate sensuous life. Without any real principle for a foundation, a thought cannot be either real or true. Appearance cannot be greater than the reality which it only appears to be. The "real" was first, as an idea. From the beginning it was whole and complete. It has always remained so. The other is merely a simulacrum, necessarily incomplete, less in substance and in power. It is not the prime mover in anything real, and it has no controlling power.

For these and similar reasons one who bases his thinking in the real nature and essence of the true self, grasps the helm and may steer as he will. He determines the lines of his thinking and holds a perfect control over all the forces of his self-being on every plane. The actions of personal life fall easily under his more intelligent guidance. He controls influences without appearing to do so, and without effort; for his habitual thinking according to natural law, establishes the activity of the law within all his thoughts. Self-control, whether of appetite, emotion, desire or action, is easy under these circumstances, even though it be impossible by any other means.

In all the conditions of life, where a failure to exercise suitable

control has brought about abnormal conditions, the remedy is easiest and most readily applied through an attitude in mind that is based wholly on the higher understanding, where we may realize that all reality of life is spiritual, perfect and changeless, therefore cannot be harmed. This especially includes the opinions commonly entertained about sickness and the idea of health.

Sickness is always an abnormal condition. It develops physically because of wrongly based thoughts about life, its functions and activities. To remove these abnormal views, and restore normal mental conditions, is to reestablish health in the place of sickness. Even on the outer plane, and in thinking, which is entirely superficial, and selfish, the idea of health is more powerful than that of sickness; because, as an idea it is founded upon wholeness and has its origin in the real consciousness of spiritual understanding. In the thinking world it represents the eternal fact of man's wholeness, and consequent perfection of being.

The mind perceives that health should be man's condition in earth life. When the thought thus flows in normal channels and the individual entertains right ideas, the body does not generate morbid conditions. The harmonious state of the action of the mind which deals with real ideas, reproduces itself in healthy conditions.

There are some physical conditions that will pass from one body to another by means of physical contact alone; but this is only where gross physical conditions prevail, that are the result of gross mental states. They are received the most readily by those who think sensuously and entertain the crudest beliefs about reality, recognizing it as belonging only to animal action.

Those whose trust and realizing thought is constantly in unison with the real phases of life and being, are less liable to the adverse influences on the external plane. With these a fair amount of self-control, exercised for the purpose of rightly directing the conscious thinking, will assure immunity from any action that can be understood sufficiently to offset its aggressive features both consciously and subconsciously. The absolute degree of this living action in intelligent consciousness is a complete immunity from all bane of material influence. The divine understanding is not subject to contagion.

On the plane of personal thinking, the influence of views and opinions that are contrary to the laws and principles of true life is constantly being brought before us. The most of these views, if indulged, will result in sickness, or in disturbed conditions which tend in that direction, for the community if not for a particular person. Here the wrong influence must be set aside. Its impulses and tendencies must be resisted at every turn. The views all relate to selfhood and the personal life; therefore self-control is the mainstay in defense. Without this the entire line is defenseless. But maintain a full control of self and direct your thinking in paths of truth, and nothing on earth can overthrow you. The influences on health that otherwise might be derogatory, will all be nullified by the higher thinking that renders the body immune. The degree of self-control that is exercised here will have much to do with the proportion of success.

When self-control is perfectly exercised the mind and the spirit both are calm, quiet, correspondingly clear in understanding and keen in apprehending the difficulties. Calmness makes for health, always. Clearness in thinking enables us to understand better what is required for action; and a better quality of results will be obtained than by yielding to the influences of sensuous thinking. Self-control is the only means through which we may arrive at these results. Abandon that and all is lost, for the mind will follow the impulses of the unthinking senses, and all manner of erroneous impressions will be accepted as truths. Sickness lurks at the door, here, and death stalks in the shadows.

But the calm mind realizes a measure of wholeness and so is secure in its confidence. Every whole thought generates healthful action, and every calm thought approaches the realization of wholeness. Health rests contentedly in the quiet realization of calmness, and Peace is a close companion of both.

Control the personal self, and the self-propensities of the mind will respond to the higher influences. The power for good of these better influences will gradually bring all under control. This will banish influences that tend toward sick conditions and the standard of health will thereby be raised.

One of the worst influences directly subversive of self-control, is fear. It is, however, merely a mental emotion. From the first

evidence of its presence all firmness of mind and of character begin to decline. If the fear be continued, confidence will soon disappear, and self-control will be destroyed.

Fear, in its many forms, is a most prolific source of disease. It directly causes weakness, uncertainty, indefiniteness in purpose, doubt, dread and terror. All of these and many similar influences operate against health in any community. They all militate against life itself. A stronger thought-influence will set them aside; but if not properly overcome they will within a short time, varying with the circumstances, reproduce their morbid influences. Then apparently an actual sickness will surely appear. A firm control of each lower impulse will soon place these unruly members of personal thought under subjection. Then health may have another opportunity to demonstrate its vitality.

Self-control is the best of the health-giving elements of the mind. It supplies some features of strength that are not so readily recognized as the direct results of quietude. Quiet, peace and confidence, always rest underneath every forceful act of the mind.

Self-control itself, as an operative function of intelligence, contains all of the strength-producing elements of mentality, mingled with the quiet and peace of perfect confidence. It brings together again in oneness and wholeness all the scattered forces, which, while operating separately, militate against healthy life. Self-control is the outcome of a correct apprehending of the true nature and powers of the soul. It enables us to withstand the errors and sophistries of sensuous thinking. This leads to a reestablishing of the real spiritual forces, as the operating powers of individual life. The calm confidence that pervades the soul in this realization, assures a healthy response of the mental nature and a healthful reproduction of all forces on the physical plane. Health for both mind and body will generate from these realizations. Self-control yields all of these results.

The license of thought that is based in unrestrained thinking, is directly responsible for the most of sickness, error, delusion and untimely death. Whenever self-control is reestablished and the qualities of reality and harmony are restored to the thinking, there is an immediate response in every feature of the corporeal system. Under the evenly balanced action of self-control, health

is sustained; but with unrestrained thinking in any of the many personal channels of selfish ways, ill conditions, mental, physical or both combined, will inevitably prevail.

Self-control is also a powerful sustaining influence in time of approaching trouble. Remaining calm in mind, and maintaining confidence in the superior powers and their continued goodness, the qualities of the higher self are at hand and ready for instant use. Thus they act as guards and prevent adverse influences from impressing the sense-consciousness. The full bucket receives no water and the busy loom gathers little dust.

Self-confidence will aid in all of this, but the confidence must be rightly placed in the true realization. Then there will be nothing to fear.

In the harmony and wholeness of this self-confident attitude toward reality, sickness cannot endure. Self-control, therefore, of the right kind, is sure to be accompanied by health, provided other influences are equal.

When the individual loses his self-control, some of the lower emotions or passions rise at once and assume control over all action. The spectacle that usually presents itself under these circumstances, demonstrates both the quality and the character of the proceeding. Even under the best of circumstances it is deplorable.

The number of cases and variety of conditions of sickness and disease, even the most virulent, that develop from such sources of action as this, is absolutely appalling. Indeed it is safe to assume that every instance of such distorted action brings, either seen or unseen, its corresponding form and proportionate degree of abnormal action in both body and mind. These conditions also transfer to other minds, both near and far, wherever a connecting link in person or in thought may exist. There they breed in proportion to the congeniality of the soil where they enter, and engender anew their tendencies to abnormal action.

The difference in results, here, is only a difference in degree. The character of the action is the impelling force for good or for ill. The adverse influence of such lines of action on the health of the individual, is almost beyond conception. As health means a normal state of action for both the body and the mind, it is plain to see that no degree of healthful influence can be expected from

such-modes of action. The entire influence militates against health; and this influence extends to all who come in contact with the element of thought that produces the action.

The influence of uncontrolled thought and act is baneful, and an impediment to the entire world. When millions allow such mentality to develop in their daily lives, can we conceive the probable psychic results?

On the other hand, when the mind is exercised under self-control, every faculty and function, mental and physical, develops its fullest power in quiet forcefulness, and all of its actions are normally right. The influence then expands in harmony of action, in all directions, and to all who can receive harmonious influences and interpret their character. In this expansion of the good, there is a holy power for advancement; and every one who feels the influence takes higher ground in his future actions. The results in the direction of health are equally important, especially in the mental phases; for one who is mentally normal is far more likely to be a good citizen than he whose mind is controlled by abnormal conditions or influences.

The good, the pure and the true, as qualities of thought are influences in the direction both of righteousness and of health. The influence extends to every field of action and every pathway in life. All phases of the being of each one, therefore, are amenable to the uplifting suggestions of right thinking. The health of the body, the powers of the mind, and the qualities of the soul are all included in the advancing movement, and all share the elevating influence.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

FORCES EVIL AND BENIGN.

BY MRS. EVA BEST.

"In the matter of progression, Solas, I have been wondering if an analogy might not exist between the growth of the body and the growth of the soul of man."

"Your idea having to do with a wise or otherwise selection of the ego of what is wholesome and sustaining nourishment for soul and body?"

"That is it. His choice must have much to do with his advance upon both planes."

"It has all to do with it. The earth plane is filled with what man may use for his material sustenance; the astral plane is filled with that of which his evolving soul has need."

"And he may misuse the materials of the earthplane to the extent that his body must suffer?"

"All suffering is the result of a wrong use of things—of ignorant methods, no matter upon what plane the choice be made."

"Then the responsibility rests with the evolving ego. He must suffer until he learns to make a wholesome and wise selection of that which his body and soul need to assist their development."

"Does that sound to you unreasonable?"

"It does not."

"As in material foods we discover different qualities that act upon the body in different ways, so in the astral store-house we may find that which may do our souls good or evil. It is for us to make the choice."

"If we demand that which possesses good qualities, and assimilate only that, we must grow 'strong of soul'?"

"As surely, Querant, as we should retrograde were we to be satisfied with that which weakens instead of nourishes our soul-nature. The power to make an even wiser selection comes with a gradual advancement of the ego."

"Even in the lower animals there will be found those who recognize some distinction between what is good for them and what is harmful. Some of these 'little brothers' cannot be coaxed

nor forced to partake of that which would be detrimental to their well-being."

"And, as we not long ago decided, they are able, in some small degrees, to determine in their own minds what is right and what is wrong, and possess, therefore, what we term better or worse traits of character.

"This becomes more accentuated in the savage, still more in the half-civilized, and most (in so far as human beings are concerned) in enlightened men. Indeed, Querant, we may reverse the idea; for the selection of 'character-qualities' from the astral plane is what constitutes the barbarism or civilization of the evolving ego."

"Are these 'character-qualities' of the astral plane awaiting selection, lying dormant, as it were, simply something stored for the use of the needy soul?"

"No, Querant; that which fills the astral plane could not truthfully be thus described. To make it clearer to you I should have used the word 'admission'; for although I have allowed myself the use of the word 'selection' it does not so exactly nor so properly convey the truth concerning the methods of the ego in relation to its use of the forces of the astral plane."

"Try to make your idea still clearer, Solas."

"Let us see if I shall be able to do so; to begin: We may speak of that which we recognize as the 'astral plane' as a plane whereon obtain the astral forces. *Force*, which is active power, is, in physics, held to be any motion between two bodies that tends to change their relative conditions, whether mathematical, thermal, chemical, electrical, magnetic, or any other kind."

"As, for instance the force of gravity, cohesive force, centrifugal force?"

"Those are correct illustrations of force in physics. Now, in metaphysics the same law that applies to all forces governs those on the astral plane; and they, as all the others, are ever active, and seeking the lines of the least resistance."

"In other words they are not inert?"

"They are not inert, but are seeking incessantly chances to manifest themselves. With them there is never any stop, never any rest; but continual exertion. They are full of an energy that is as constant and eternal as that which we recognize as the force of

gravity—is as full of active power as its component parts—attraction and repulsion.”

“I can now readily see how the word ‘admission’ is the proper one to use, Solas. But must we give up altogether the idea of a choice of what ‘character-qualities’ we would prefer to make our own?”

“No, indeed, Querant; it is necessary that we make a choice—that we make a ‘selection.’ I simply wished you to understand that while the analogy held in part, there was yet another feature to the question of our use of the forces of the astral plane that must be considered.”

“A feature of immense importance, it seems to me.”

“Of the utmost importance, Querant.”

“And it is simply a matter of will? I may admit or repel these forces as I choose?”

“Surely. You have admitted and repelled them all your life.”

“I have *willed* to do this, Solas?”

“Again I say, surely; but without realizing that you were exerting your will. There is an old saying that may shed a strong ray of light on what may be for you, as yet, a dark subject. It is this: *‘Behind Will stands Desire.’*”

“That does, indeed, help to clear up a mystery—I wished this, that, or the other, and my strong desire made what I wished possible. I see, Solas; I do see!”

“When a man desires strongly that which is right, no wrong thing can come into his life. His will builds barriers against evil forces.”

“On the other hand?”

“On the other hand? It is easy to comprehend that the lines of least resistance in the human being are where there is felt no repugnance toward evil—a lack that facilitates its entrance.

“If in him there be no hostility toward that which harms himself and others, there is, then, no bulwark of any kind between himself and that vast aggregation of ‘active powers’ on the astral plane. His soul is not alarmed, fails to cry out *‘On guard!’* and he falls a victim to the powers that be.”

“It is a sort of never-ending battle, then, Solas, for the evolving ego?”

"I take it that these earthly homes of ours are so many battle-grounds whereon the passing pilgrim meets and does battle with his soul's natural enemies. To me it seems a species of necessary spiritual exercise that is intended to strengthen the real man until he becomes too strong to fear or be conquered by the astral forces, and thereupon becomes a force himself."

"A strong desire for good will attract the benign forces?"

"Assuredly. And here again the rule of aggregation obtains. The man's desires open the lines of least resistance to a good astral force or quality. It unites with and becomes a quality of that man, and the law of affinity will (provided he keeps the line of the least resistance open) draw to it more and more of this and of kindred principles."

"As in the case of the physical qualities, the soul qualities 'grow by what they feed upon'?"

"Again I ask you, Querant, does that sound unreasonable? If a man indulges in opiates, hurtful drugs, or strong drink, the desire for and the power to assimilate them grow rapidly. So, in the case of one drawing good or evil qualities from the astral plane, the desire for either, and the facility of admission or accumulation increases rapidly."

"What you say must be true."

"If the desire be for evil; if it be allowed to continue, and the man does not realize his condition—does not call to his aid the counteracting and neutralizing influences, he then becomes what is called 'obsessed,' as regards that and kindred qualities. He becomes the mere instrument of manifestation for these principles. He may be a good man in other respects, Querant, because he may have drawn to himself other qualities which do not conflict with them."

"For instance, Solas?"

"For instance, he may be kind and generous to his family and to the poor. He may be all this, yet at the same time be guilty of dishonesty."

"How *can* that be?"

"Because, as I have tried to explain to you, the qualities do not conflict."

"But if he should allow himself to become obsessed by a quality

of anger or of hate, he could not also possess the virtue of justice?"

"No, because these conflict. And whichever quality is the prevailing one it must, of necessity, neutralize or eliminate the other, It is on account of this 'averaging,' Querant, or mutually neutralizing character of these forces that most of us are average men and women instead of angels or demons."

"I do believe that."

"These qualities—we may call them correctly astral entities—are being continually absorbed by human and other beings either by elimination, or by the dispersal called 'death.' The *sum* of these can be neither increased nor diminished—they are eternal, and must always be active principles, being instruments of the manifesting will of the ALL; but they may be and are concentrated, and rendered more powerful for good and evil for a time, by entering into and aggregating in the soul-substance of man."

"Again for instance?"

"Here are a handful of peach kernels. By planting them in good soil I can cause the good principle in them to draw to itself qualities from earth and atmosphere which will develop them into trees producing fruit of benefit to man. Or I can concentrate a principle contained in them into hydrocyanic acid that will cause instant death to the user of a drop of it."

"That is true."

"Thus the person who has admitted and become an instrument of forces of hate, impurity, cruelty, or vice of any kind has concentrated much of those qualities into one sentient, active individuality or force, which when it loses its instrument of manifestation is most eagerly seeking another, and, being now more powerful (because more concentrated), it can force its way through a stronger line of resistance than could have been possible to it in its diffused condition."

"On the other hand, Solas?"

"On the other hand a person who has accumulated forces of love, of justice, of purity, of altruism concentrates these into an angelic, beatific principle, powerful for good. It, also, eagerly desires to manifest itself, and is, besides, much stronger to force itself through lines of resistance. To those who by earnest desire to be freed from influences of an opposite nature open a path for

it, it will gladly come. Powerful for good, it will dissolve and drive out that which is harmful and help man to build effective barriers against evil."

"Then *we* help or hinder the forces of the astral plane in their efforts to manifest for good or evil?"

"Even so, Querant. Not only at the time of the change called 'death' are these qualities or forces or elements of character restored to their own plane, but every thought or desire of our lives is attracting, vitalizing and sending forth an influence for good or evil on the astral plane; and these, drawn by affinity, are surrounding us all the time.

"You doubt this, Querant? Then, do you take a good, pure-thinking person into some haunt of vice or drunkenness; notice the shock or revulsion that he experiences, even though no words are spoken nor acts committed at the time—nay, even though he may be utterly ignorant of the nature of the place into which you have led him.

"This shock is the result of the resisting force of the aural quality that he has drawn from the astral plane warding off the forces that have been drawn by their affinities to that place."

"Would he always feel this antipathy, Solas? I mean, would he not in time cease to feel shocked?"

"If he were compelled to remain in that place permanently, unless he constantly, by his will and desire, drew around him from the astral plane more strength to renew this aura, the assaults of the opposing forces would gradually penetrate this protection as do the drops of water, combined into waves, wear away granite rocks. He would unconsciously begin to assimilate the qualities that once were so repugnant to him."

"Then it isn't altogether the physical environment of a man that helps to drag him down; there are unseen forces at work—the powers of the astral plane?"

"Mighty forces, Querant, unseen by mortal eye. More than this; if it so chanced that in some recent life the victim had been addicted to the influences of these assailing qualities, it explains why some sins so easily beset a man."

"But if a person who had been influenced by depraved or vicious qualities were brought into the society of good and pure-thinking

people, what then, Solas?"

"He would at once feel a sort of fear, and would be filled with a strong desire to escape from it; but if obliged to remain in that society for a long period of time, he (unless he determinedly 'hardened' himself by re-enforcing the depraved qualities from the astral plane) would become susceptible to the better influences, which, dispersing and driving out the lower qualities, would cause him in time to desire to assimilate such as formed the affinities of the society by which he was then surrounded."

"Then there is more than a grain of truth in the proverb that *'A man may be judged by the company he keeps!'*"

"And a mighty warning in the saying of the great Adept: *'Watch ye therefore, and pray lest at any time ye enter into temptation.'*"

EVA BEST.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

LIGHT GLIMMERING IN THE DARKNESS.

In the late uprising of the people here and there against corporate greed and capitalistic oppression, there has been as much opportunity for pessimism as for hope. Yet often those who have been thought to be miserly oppressors, have been seeking, like Carnegie, to be really public benefactors. And when men like Peter Cooper and his descendants appear on the stage, a great light is shed around. Would there were more such men.

Even the hoards of Russell Sage and the gains of Jay Gould are being employed by a wife and a daughter for such purposes as they believe useful to others.

But in business matters, the condition has become general, that the large operators study constantly how to evade the laws and how to violate them with impunity. The fountain of law, the Legislative bodies are distrusted, because much of the law making is largely the affording of new opportunities for litigation. As these bodies are largely dominated by lawyers, there has been great plausibility in the current belief.

The scandals incident upon the merging of railway corporations and the extravagant additions made to their capital, with no material change of real value, have become a stench in the nostrils. The pestiferous odor permeates everywhere.

Yet in the midst of all this there seems to be some possible change. Mr. Harriman, who has been under very dark clouds, avows a wish to get into concert with the law, and to carry out its purposes. He has reviled and even denounced the efforts to bring railway corporations within the jurisdiction of wholesome law, but now he declares a change of will in this matter. He says:

"We railroad men want to get in closer touch with the Com-

mission—with the Government. We not only intend to obey the law, but we will co-operate with the authorities in seeing to it that the law is obeyed by all in spirit as well as in letter. All that is needed is a better understanding all around.”

We trust that a similar feeling will pass around the whole circle of billionaires. What if some of these men who negotiate in hundreds of millions, and sell fictitious stocks by unknown amounts, shall experience a resuscitation of conscience and devote their endeavors, not to say their billions, to genuine public service. They would make this a great country indeed.

GRAFT.

The word “graft” came into American English from the dialect of the slums. It is used to denote ill-gotten gains of those who prey on others. It is applied to the takings of the petty thief, the gains of the swindler, the winnings of the gambler, the hush-money of the corrupt policeman. Since it has dropped quotation marks and come over into respectable society, it is used to indicate money coming to an unfaithful employee or public servant, the secret commissions of a purchasing agent, the compensation of a legislator for his vote, or the public officer who has an interest in public contracts.

DEATH ESSENTIAL IN LITERATURE.

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, writing for *The Dial*, declares that death is “the master-note of literature.” The tragic part, he says, is the most tonic and most inspiring. Death is the mystery which underscores and emphasises life. “Burial alive is a theme which so fascinated the imagination of our greatest American literary artist that he made it the basis of several of his stories.” “Newspaper writers invariably condemn the interest in murders as morbid. If this is so, the whole human race must be steeped in it, for there is nothing that so attracts and interests mankind as a murder.”

Wouldst thou travel the path of truth and goodness? Never deceive either thyself or others.

—Goethe.

THEODORE PARKER'S QUARTETTE.

Speaking of Franklin, Mr. Parker says:

"His was the largest mind that has shone on this side of the sea—widest in its comprehensions, most deep-looking, thoughtful, far-seeing, of course the most original and creative child of the new world. In an age of encyclopedias his was the most encyclopedic head in all Christendom. In the century of revolutions, his was the most revolutionary and constructive intellect. Literature records the writings of few men that were so genial. There is a certain homeliness and lack of elegance in his writings, and sometimes a little coarseness and rudeness. Franklin thinks, investigates, theorises, invents, but never dreams. No haze hangs on the sharp outline of his exact idea, to lend it an added charm. Besides this immense understanding, Franklin had an immense reason, which gave him great insight and power in all practical, philosophical and speculative matters. He was a man of the most uncommon common sense. His life shows the necessity of time to make a great character, a great reputation, or a great estate."

Washington is next described:

"He was not brought up on books, but on the breast of things. Great duties came on him early. He learned self-command and self-reliance. His education was not costly but precious. It is doubtful whether any king in all Christendom, in the eighteenth century, had so good a preparation for the great art to rule a State as this farmer's son picked up in the rough life on the frontier of civilisation in Virginia. He was not a speculative, but a practical man; not at all devoted to ideas. His life is full of facts."

"Washington had a great understanding,—that admirable balance of faculties which we call good judgment—the power of seeing the most expedient way of doing what must be done; a quality more rare, perhaps, than what men call genius. He discovered nothing, invented nothing, in war, in politics, in agriculture; but he was a good organiser; he had that rare combination of judgment, courage, and capacity for action which enabled him to manage all things well."

The tribute to John Adams is signally just:

"He had the right thought at the right time, and the courage

to make that thought a thing; yet he was never a recognised leader in Congress. His rapid, impatient mind disdained the intermediate steps in the slow process of attaining great ends. He was eminent in all the three departments of the intellect—the understanding, the practical power; the imagination, the poetic power; and the reason, the philosophic power. His faults were chiefly of ill temper and haste; his virtues,—patriotism, truthfulness, moral courage, integrity,—have seldom been surpassed, nay, rarely equalled in public men. The judgment of posterity will be, that he was a brave man, deep-sighted, patriotic, and possessed of integrity which nothing ever shook, but which stood firm as the granite of Quincy hills.”

Mr. Jefferson is next described:

“He had a natural fondness for proposed investigation; yet he found Coke ‘a dull old scoundrel.’ There was a certain lack of solidity; his intellect was not very profound, not very comprehensive. Intelligent, adroit as he was, his success as an intellectual man was far from being entire or complete. He exhibited no mark of genius, nor any remarkable degree of original natural talent.”

“Ardent in his feelings, quick in his apprehension, and rapid in his conclusions, his judgment does not appear to have been altogether sound and reliable. His grand merit was this: that while his opponents favored a strong government, and believed it necessary thereby to repress what they called the lower classes he, Mr. Jefferson, believed in humanity—believed in true democracy.”

WHAT SENTIMENTAL READERS WANT.

Mr. Benson in *Putnam's Monthly* describes the style of writing desired by a common class of readers:

“There are a certain number of readers who have risen above the melodramatic stage, and who value a certain precision and glitter of language, who are under the impression that they are sensitive to style; but it is not style that they care for, but a smart handling of impressive matters. What they really desire is an impression of life, vigor, verbal wit, liveliness, optimism, tolerance, justice. They do not care for artistic handling, they want masterly handling. They like a man to make his points, they want

the rocket to go up with a crack and a roar. They like a kind of pyrotechnic display, bright whirring lights, ordered noise, explosiveness. They want the characters to be manly, womanly, typical. They want sentiment rather than poetry, color rather than delicacy. These are very natural and wholesome requirements, and must be catered for."

REAL REMEDY FOR HEART DISEASE.

A pale, weak girl entered a down-town drug store, says the *New York Press*. She seemed about to faint and the druggist helping her to a seat, administered a mild stimulant. She explained that she had heart disease, and had not much longer to live.

"Heart disease?" retorted the druggist genially. "Why, I have heart disease myself; have had it for years. That's nothing, I don't worry myself about it. I don't look like a man with a load on his mind do I? You probably think that you are liable to drop at any time. On the contrary any doctor will tell you that the average person with heart disease generally lives to a good old age. The very care that a sufferer from heart disease gives himself or herself is calculated to lengthen the years indefinitely. A man with a weak heart doesn't commit any excesses, never overdoes any thing, lives in moderation, and thus keeps his vitality unimpaired. That is all you have to do—just take care of yourself. What's the use of worrying?"

The two chatted a while cheerfully, when the girl arose and walked out with a firm step.

It is the honest man who falls into heresy. But the latter-day sinner is sleek, orthodox, and unoffending.

The wolves hunt in packs, while the watch-dogs snap at one another.

The heart makes the theologian. As the man feels so he thinks.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

I asked a holy man one day,
 "Where is the one true church, I pray?"
 "Go round the world," said he, "and search,
 No man hath found the one true church."
 I pointed to a spire cross-crowned,
 "The church is false," he cried and frowned.
 But murmuring he had told me wrong
 I pointed to the entering throng.
 He answered, "If a church be true
 It hath not many, but a few."
 Around the font the people pressed,
 And crossed themselves from brow to breast.
 "A cross," he cried, "writ on the brow
 In water. Is it Christ's? Look thou,
 Each forehead frowning, sheds it off.
 Christ's cross abides thro' scowl and scoff."
 Then looking through the open door,
 I saw men kneeling on the floor.
 Faint candles by the daylight dimmed,
 Like wicks by foolish virgins trimmed.
 Fair statues of the saints in white
 As now their robes are in God's light.
 Sun ladders dropped aslant, all gold,
 Like stairs the angels trod of old.
 Above, below, from nave to roof
 He gazed, and said in sad reproof,
 "Alas! who is it understands
 God's temple was not made with hands."
 We walked along a shaded way,
 Beneath the apple blooms of May,
 And came upon a church, whose dome
 Bore still the cross, but not for Rome.
 We brushed a cobweb from the pane,
 And gazed within the sacred fane.
 "Do prayers," he said, "the more avail
 If murmured nigh an altar rail?
 Do tongues that taste the bread and wine
 Speak truer after by that sign?
 Does water sprinkled from a bowl
 Wash any sin from any soul?
 The very priest in gown and bands
 Hath lying lips and dirty hands."
 "He speaks no error," answered I.

"He says the living all must die,
 The dead all rise, and both are true,
 Both wholesome doctrines, old, not new."
 My friend replied, "He aims a blow
 To strike the sins of long ago,
 Yet shields meanwhile with studied phrase
 The evil present in these days.
 Does God in heaven impute no crime
 To prophets who belie their time?"
 We walked along among the tombs,
 The bees were in the clover blooms,
 The crickets leaped to let us pass,
 And God's sweet breath was on the grass.
 We spelled the legends on the stones,
 The graves were full of martyr's bones,
 Of bodies which the rack once brake,
 In witness for the dear Lord's sake.
 Of ashes gathered from the pyres
 Of saints whose souls fled up through fires
 I heard him murmur as we passed,
 "Thus won they all the crown at last,
 Which men now lose by looking back
 To find it at the stake or rack.
 The stake and rack have gathered grime,
 God's touchstone is the passing time."
 Just then, amid some olive sprays
 Two orioles perched and piped their lays,
 Until the gold beneath their throats
 Shook molten in their mellow notes.
 Then from the church a tuneful psalm
 Rolled forth upon the outer calm.
 "Both choirs," said I, "are in accord,
 For both give worship to the Lord."
 Said he, "The tree-top song, I fear,
 Fled first and straightest to God's ear.
 If men bind other men in chains,
 Then chant, doth God accept the strains?
 Do loud-lipped hymns his ears allure?
 God hates the church that harms the poor."
 Then rose a meeting-house in view
 Of bleached and weather-beaten hue,
 Where plain of garb and pure of heart
 Men kept the church and world apart,
 And sat in waiting for the light
 That dawns upon the inner sight.

Nor did they vex the silent air
 With any sound of hymn or prayer.
 But on their lips God's hand was pressed,
 And each man kissed it and was blessed.
 I asked, "Is this the true church then?"
 "Nay," answered he, "a sect of men.
 And sects that lock their doors in pride;
 Shut God and half his saints outside.
 The gates of heaven, the scriptures say,
 Stand open wide by night and day.
 Whoso shall enter hath no need
 To walk by either church or creed.
 The true church showeth men the way,
 The false church leadeth men astray."
 Whereat I still more eager grew
 To shun the false and find the true.
 And, naming all the creeds, I sought
 What truth, or he, or both they taught.
 Thus, Augustine: Had he a fault?
 My friend looked up to yon blue vault.
 I said, "The circle is too wide."
 "God's truth is wider," he replied.
 "And Augustine on bended knee
 Saw just the little he could see.
 So Luther sought with eyes and heart
 Yet caught the glory but in part.
 And Calvin opened wide his soul,
 Yet could not comprehend the whole.
 Not Luther, Calvin, Augustine
 Saw half the vision I have seen."
 Then grew within me a desire
 That kindled like a flame of fire.
 I looked upon his reverend brow
 Entreating, Tell me, who art thou?
 When by the light that filled the place
 I knew it was the Lord's own face.
 Through all my blood a rapture stole,
 It filled my body and my soul.
 I was a sinner and afraid,
 I bowed me in the dust and prayed,
 O! Christ, the Lord, end thou my search
 And lead me to the one true church.
 Then spake he, not as man may speak,
 "The one true church thou shalt not seek,
 Behold it is enough," he said,

"To find the one true Christ, its head."
 And straight he vanished from my sight
 And left me standing in the light.

—*Anon.*

THE WORLD-NATION.

One further force may well be numbered with the others which distinguish the new tariff era, though it is but weak at present, indeed, almost unrecognisable. But it is surely destined to become mighty, perhaps the very strongest of them all. That is the force which is making for the organisation of the world into one political body. Already this organisation has begun to take form in the legislative, judicial and executive departments. One of the leading diplomats of the United States, perhaps better qualified than any other to express an appreciative opinion, says that the prediction of this outcome of present world-activities is true prophecy.

—*R. L. Bridgman in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE HEART OF A CHILD."

It was such a joyous, glad heart—a merry one, if you please—that made the world look so bright and every one seem my friend. I was a little round faced girl, with what our people called a snub nose, but which I, looking calmly back without praise or prejudice, pronounce only slightly on the *rétroussé* order. Since babyhood I had not known the tenderness of a mother's love, but kind relatives had made my life bright and pleasant, as every child's life ought to be. I must have been eight years old when the first shock to my feelings came through a thoughtless man, who, looking down into my smiling face, said: "Why do you smile at every one, Alene? They do not care for you."

Was it true that the people around me did not care for me? I was only a little child, but I pondered over his words, and the flowers did not seem so bright nor the grass so green as they had the day before. Somehow the simple, loving, childlike trust in everybody was gone, and the perfect flower of child love never bloomed for me again.

I write about it, hoping that some one may be prevented by my words from saying anything that may tend to destroy a child's faith in humanity, for the world is full of goodness and kindness, beauty and love, if we only keep the eyes of our spirit open to their influence.—(*H. F. M.*) *N. Y. Tribune.*

COLENZO.

For the first time, the argument presented was presented in a particularly English way, to that part of his nature where the Englishman is specially sensitive. The English pride themselves on their common sense, and, with reason, on their mathematical precision and their honesty. It was, as we believe, because Dr. Colenso brought his mathematics to bear on his theology that English divines thought him particularly dangerous. Geology, general archeology, and even physiology and botany could somehow be got round; but the English mind will not bear trifling with mathematics. Dr. Colenso had written their school arithmetics for them; and, when he brought the multiplication table to bear on the verbal accuracy of the Pentateuch, the people of England would listen to him. Man might be willing to suppose, that in some mysterious sense God gave into Moses' hands two slabs of stone, carved with Hebrew characters; but when Dr. Colenso asked them whether they believed that seventy-two persons multiplied into three millions by natural descent, in four generations, such people said flatly that they did not believe that at all. They could not be made to believe it, or to say they believed it, which, in close communions, answers as well. Bishop Colenso presented a square issue, and it was a mathematical issue; and that was the reason his work was dreaded more than any of Lowth's, or Milman's, or Stanley's.

—E. E. Hale.

There are fewer Protestant congregations in New York than there were six years ago, but six more Roman Catholic churches and eighteen new synagogues.

The Catholics in France oppose separation of Church and State; while Catholics in Switzerland advocate separation. They lose in both cases.

CAUSE FOLLOWING EFFECT.

First Bystander—What an impressive funeral! Even the family doctor is in the procession.

Second Bystander—Yes. That is the first time I ever saw the cause following the effect.

A minister in Tennessee declares that hell is a place of strong drink, tobacco, baseball, theatres, and peek-a-boo shirtwaists; which causes the irreverent *Kansas City Journal* paragrapher to exclaim: "O Death, where is thy sting?"

—*Oakland Inquirer.*

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CURATIVE THOUGHT.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

In considering the subject of health, the question that is uppermost in the mind of the average individual is: What means of cure may exist adequate for the ills with which human beings appear to be afflicted? Those who are familiar with the variety and extent of the maladies from which people suffer, and also the poor success achieved by the various modes of treatment of the materialistic schools of the day, can readily understand the active interest shown when a new system or plan for the helping of humanity by curing its ills appears for examination, or is submitted for a test of its merits. This is natural, for all are seeking real help in the usual channels, and few obtain even a modicum of satisfaction.

The system which is set forth in this work, as all readers will understand, is based entirely upon the agency and power of systematic thinking. The main claims made thus far for the system are, that disease is mental, in both origin and character, and that its right remedy must therefore be a mental one. If one of these statements is true, the other must also be true, for either one is the necessary corollary of the other. They will stand or fall together.

Thought action considered as a remedy, then, might be called the theme of this paper. But this particular feature has already received considerable attention. What seems most important here, therefore, is the quality and kind of thought that will produce the actual healing influence. We need to understand what thoughts contain the healing agency, why it is so, and how to use them. The

full discussion of all of these points would require more space than can be given in a single paper, but we can examine each to some extent. Opinions somewhat at variance have been advanced on these points by different investigators, but some ideas have been demonstrated to an extent sufficient to prove their correctness, therefore they will be adhered to, with all due respect for the opinions of honest investigators who may have thought differently.

A curative thought, as described throughout this paper, means: A distinct conception of an idea which shall establish in the mind of the thinker a mode of action that can be transferred to the mind of one who needs help; and which, when received, shall contain the power to so change the action prevailing with the sufferer, that his ailment will disappear and a healthy condition take its place. The prevailing methods of thinking do not agree with such a theory, but there are various reasons why the method and its theory are correct and feasible. The following are some of them:

(a) There are innate IDEAS which contain a healing influence. To be able to use them with force and ability, it is only necessary to apprehend and fully understand them.

(b) These ideas may be COMPREHENDED by anyone who will suitably prepare his mind for them. FREEDOM to think according to the principles contained within the ideas, is the chief requirement in this preparation.

(c) The proper understanding of an idea establishes its activities in the mind as modes of thinking; and the thoughts thus engendered convey the force of the ideas which they represent, in proportion to the degree of clearness with which they are apprehended.

(d) An idea that contains the activities which evolve the healing power, will impart that power to the mind of anyone who comprehends its qualities and recognizes the principles that dominate the activities. Nothing can prevent this result. It is the natural working of the law which regulates the assimilating of ideas, which in their nature are spiritual, by the mind in its mental processes.

(e) The mind that has assimilated ideas and conceptions of this character and quality and become able to understand them thoroughly, can, by the energy displayed in thinking, bring the activities of their principles into definite form for a specific purpose and direct the thought whither it pleases, within the compass of the universal

mind. No other force exists to interfere with this power. The individual is absolute master of his own thinking and controls the field of action. The only requirement is the adequate degree of understanding.

(f) A thought evolved in this way and sent on its errand, is a genuine healing influence with which no other mode or method of thinking can compare.

(g) When such a thought is intelligently directed to a particular person, it will transfer by natural law to the mind of the one for whom it is intended. When received there it becomes a healing influence in exact ratio to the truthfulness of its representation of the idea from which it proceeds.

When the ideas: truth, reality, life, strength and power, together with the activities that contain healthful influences are realized by the healer, the act of realization becomes a healing force active within the mind. When exercised under the guidance of the unlimited intelligence of the higher spiritual essence, this force may be transmitted through thought-transference, and will manifest the active healing power of the spirit. When a right mental communication is established, the intelligence of such a thinker will spontaneously develop a healing influence. Intention makes it more direct, but not more powerful or more real.

These are the natural results of the usual operations of the mind when it deals with ideas of this order. They are always open to all individuals and may be received by each according to his own development.

The fundamental idea of all healing action is wholeness. The methods and processes advanced by some would-be teachers and expounders of theories of healing by mental and so-called spiritual means appear to indicate that this fact is not fully realized, or else that it is ignored, perhaps for more attractive or more alluring ways of dealing with personalities. Nevertheless, the fact cannot well be refuted that the genuine healing philosophy, as it has been known throughout the entire period of history, has had for its basis the conception of "wholeness" as the fundamental fact of all being, and of the constitution of man as a true representative of ultimate being.

Some persons talk glibly of oneness as a principle in philosophy, but they describe it in such an amazing plurality of terms, that a

proper conception of its presumed wholeness is obscured. This indicates that the idea with which they deal is "*one of many*" rather than the conception of an "all inclusive ONE" which is the true idea, and the only view of the subject that can contain any suggestion of wholeness as a quality. No suggestion of actual WHOLENESS of idea, conception or action, appears in the philosophies thus presented. These and similarly equipped systems can exercise, at the best, only a personal influence over the minds of others. The greater depth of real understanding of spiritual principles is wanting, therefore genuine healing results are beyond the working power of those who follow this lower order of thinking. These facts do not seem to be well understood, even among practitioners and teachers of healing methods; and, presumably, for this reason each one supposes the system which he follows to contain the genuine philosophy. The only object for noting these facts here is to help in correcting such erroneous opinions as may now exist, and to make a right start ourselves in gathering the evidences of genuine healing understanding.

So much good work has already been accomplished in mental and spiritual healing, that the fact that a genuine healing power exists is beyond question. This power is either inherent with certain individuals or is to be acquired through the gaining of knowledge. Perhaps both of these may be factors, with some cases. Close observation shows that when the right knowledge is obtained the power to heal exists with it; therefore it would seem to be a matter of understanding. This, we claim, is the truth of the matter. The full and soulful understanding of the fact of spiritual wholeness for man, in the substance and the life of being, establishes the conception within the thinking processes and in all the forces of the mind. The natural expression of this idea in human life, is health, which is its prototype.

This reasoning, based, as it is, in the facts of life, shows that the actual foundation of thought which is curative in its operations must be the conception of WHOLENESS, which is the fundamental state of all real being. It is not something to be attained, but that which actually is. We have only to evolve the realization of it.

The SUBSTANCE of being should next be considered, for that is supposed to contain the disease which requires to be healed. That

which is whole in essence must be whole also in substance, else the asserted wholeness is incomplete; and that destroys all wholeness. The creature that is considered whole in one way but not so in another, does not manifest WHOLENESS OF BEING. Substance which is whole is sound; and soundness in life is health. Therefore, because man is whole in his being, his substance is sound, and inevitably HE IS HEALTHY. This refers to his actual *being*, and not to external appearances. But, in any event, external manifestation is only mere appearance, for BEING ITSELF IS REAL, and reality cannot be external. The real being of man, therefore, is whole, sound and healthy. After all, then, it actually is some phase of appearance, of opinion, or of thinking about himself and his own separate conditions, that we have to deal with as regards the ideas of sickness and of health or the requirements of a healing act. This states a fundamental fact about the condition of his health and the necessary healing methods. This, then, is our model in the aim to establish curative thought—a man who, considered as BEING, is whole, sound and healthy. Not realizing these facts, man has indulged other lines of thinking until appearances of a different order have been given preference as the supposed real conditions of his life and being.

The problem, then, is to restore the thinking to its normal activity, both conscious and subconscious, and bring man into the light of a right understanding of himself. Then his own consciousness will restore all parts and phases of his entire being to the state of his fundamental perfection.

This is the true healing for which all should strive. The act must begin with the right mode of action, for each thought indulged is woven in the fabric. Unsound thoughts do not constitute a healing influence; therefore, the action must be both sound and whole.

Whatever may be the case in the plane of appearances, the reverse is always true of the real Idea. The appearance is never real, consequently, no matter what the seeming facts may be, the sickness is no part of the man. Therefore, during your thinking about his views and his seeming conditions hold your idea of the individual as pure being—real, whole, sound and healthy. Then you can reason rightly, and form definite thought-pictures of ideas about the various phases of illusion and appearance that are involved in his present condition of error and misunderstanding. These ideas

will be of such a kind that when transferred to his mind they will be accepted there as evidence of his own higher and more real condition. When this is accomplished the adjustment will readily be made that shall restore him, in intelligence, to his own high estate. This will establish a genuine cure of the case. There is no higher, purer or more efficient cure for any case that rests upon degeneration of ideas; and this fault is at the bottom of most cases of sickness. Man's *real* being has never been diseased and needs no cure. His opinions require to be changed, and his modes of action, both mental and physical, that are based in wrong conceptions of life, must be readjusted. This will constitute a right and efficient cure, in all cases. The problem is to determine just what wrong mental action is present in a given case.

Every thought in which there is a true realization of the wholeness of the individual being, himself, is a forceful agency for his healing. Each conceptive conclusion with regard to a soundness of the substance of his being, tends to adjust the subconscious mental action of the patient to the ideal of healthy tissue. This is a direct and powerful healing influence.

The next feature of thinking to command attention in the healing processes, is the matter of *QUALITY*. Every idea, thought or thing possesses a quality, which determines its usefulness, its value, and its relation to others of its genus. Man's being has been determined as whole; his substance as sound; and his activities as healthy. What are the qualities of these states of reality with him? Are they good, bad, or indifferent? And is he god, devil or man? Health is always considered desirable, and is rightly cognized as good. Sickness always stands as evil, in some undesirable form. The thought that would restore health cannot carry the action of the opposite understanding.

To believe that man is bad in quality, is to offset, with that delusion, all the effect of the previous realization of his sound qualities. Opposite ideas cannot dwell together. Impure qualities cannot go with substance that is sound and being that is whole. Imperfect soundness, and wholeness that is not pure, are impossible conceptions.

If man is an imperfect being, he is neither whole nor sound; and consequently the individual cannot either be or become healthy, for

health is always a sound wholeness. In the supposed conception of unwholeness as a real condition of being, man does not have to go to hell, for hell comes to him in the very conception; and while it remains in his consciousness the idea represents his state of mind. Then unwholeness and consequent inharmony will predominate in his thinking and in the action of his life. In it he builds his own hell and remains in it always miserable. The remedy lies in a change of his thought about the ideas which constitute life.

It is the same problem over again—a state of being which *actually is*, and a line of conceptive notions that conflict with all facts. These notions, mere opinions, require to be adjusted through fair reasoning, to the established facts of real being. Then all problems are easy. Man is whole, sound, healthy and perfect in all his qualities, for that is the character of the source of his being. If these things are not true about him, then God did not create or produce him; for in all the universe there was no substance, essence, quality or being from which to construct him; not even dirt; for man himself has produced most of the dirt, so-called, since his entrée to the arena of earth-life.

In his real being the quality of the man is perfection. It cannot be anything less, because of his high estate as the created representative of the Perfect Whole. Other and different interpretations of human life and being appear only through external and personal thinking, which rests upon misunderstanding of the mighty truths of reality.

This perverted view of things has been accepted as truth by so many individuals that it has become almost the race belief about being and life. Yet it has not a foot to stand upon, either in philosophy or in science. No one of its tenets can be proved, even to a novice in the use of logic. Truth is only ONE; but even billions of false beliefs cannot overthrow it. It stands forever inviolate.

The thought that is adjusted to real healing, therefore, must evolve in its activities the full understanding that man is whole, sound, healthy, pure and perfect. This is the model. It is not sufficient to merely *believe* the statement that is made. Belief is weak because uncentered, and it may yield to other influence at any moment. To think these propositions through, until their final conclusions stare us in the face as ideas conclusive and unchangeable,

is to see the truth with a conviction that nothing can ever change. Then we *know* the fact. That is a base for future thinking.

Make all thoughts about health for the individual or the race conform to all the phases of this high standard. Whatever the features of the question in hand, as regards health, strength, power, quality or action, keep this standard of fundamental reality foremost, and form all thoughts about the individual according to these facts as principles of life.

The fundamental truth of the proposition, which is truth for all and has been so through all time, will give such force to the individual thoughts as to accomplish any result possible to the intelligence; and what act is there to be performed in the universe, as regards either action or understanding, that is *not* possible to Intelligence?

An excellent training to aid in understanding these healing propositions is to think forward from these fundamental statements as to man's conditions, adding to the list already described the qualities of life and of being that rise in the thinking and that conform to the condition of the fundamental statement. View them as factors and features of man as he was created and as he now is. Then observe the conditions for which the sufferer asks help and healing influence.

The fact will be noticeable, here, that none of the factors of *real* being and life are contained in any of the conditions requiring aid. This fact itself, suggests that the conditions of sickness are not real. They have no substance, no reality, no being. They have become prominent in appearance, through erroneous thinking followed for ages by generations of individuals, all of whom were deceived by the senses and by the sense-features of the personal mind, while ignoring the pure intelligence of the soul and its reflection in the higher mind.

The individual of the present generation simply repeats the mentality of those gone before and follows the lead of the senses in the same way. While he continues the modes of thinking that generate their kind of actions, he retains the ills and diseases of the past. When that erroneous thinking is changed and the real conditions established in its place, in the minds of the race, the state of health of the present generation will improve. When the changed thinking is instigated with sufficient thoroughness, this will prove

true, not only for the individual but for the community and the race.

The individual can *now* establish these changes for himself by properly applying his thought. Recognizing the potent fact that all these conditions requiring change are unreal, we will set them aside as "nothing." The act of realizing the fact of their nothingness, in our formative thinking, gives to them the most powerful of denials. That which is *nothing* is not present. There may be an appearance that sense assumes to be something, but it has no real features and it cannot control any conditions. When we know that it is nothing, we formulate our thinking according to that fact, and leave the supposed "it" behind. Then the corresponding *real fact* may be affirmed as the true state of affairs. The result will be entirely in accord with the degree of realization of the truth of both statements—negative and positive.

Believe no error, but *know* the truth. This constitutes the true attitude that should be maintained while planning and executing healing formulas.

The fact that this line of thinking is formulated in logical perfection makes it definite and reliable as an agent of corrective action. All the statements of sickness are extremely illogical. They are also equally inaccurate and unreliable. They have their rise in delusion. Intelligence takes no part in them.

The further fact that the thinking for a healing purpose is based entirely on INTELLIGENT REALIZATION of the truth of the permanent principles, takes the act entirely outside the field of mesmeric action, or of selfish doings of any kind; for all the desires and intentions of self-hood must be absolutely set aside before the "realizing" act can operate in the mentality.

Merely making a statement, for a purpose, calls forth only so much psychic power as goes with the speaking of words; but thinking an idea and repeating its activities in the understanding, until the higher faculties of intelligence realize its truth and see its full relation to the case in hand, is an entirely different operation. Here self-purpose is entirely set aside. Whatever the logical processes of reasoning lead to and the realizing activities show as the actual truth in the matter is accepted, and all thinking is made to conform to the truth so disclosed.

The notion entertained by some persons that thinking executed

for healing purposes may be formulated into words for any desired purpose, regardless of what the operator may believe about the statements made, and therefore that all mental healing thought is hypnotic, being based upon mere suggestion, is a fallacy. If relied upon as a mode of action this opinion quickly becomes a delusion. Such thinking carries no spiritual force, and its power for healing does not extend beyond the operations of the imagination. It is entirely inadequate to the kind or degree of actual healing that we have been considering.

The methods of "Suggestive Therapeutics" as explained to the public, savor of the hypnotic plan of stating in words whatever is thought to be desirable for the one under treatment to believe. But the thought really carries only so much actual power as it contains of realization of the truth of its statements. The moral influence of the psychic recognition of actual truth in the act, is most important. This being absent in the strictly hypnotic suggestion, the subtle operation of thought without a moral base is let loose. Its results in a downward direction cannot be estimated. Hypnotic suggestion does not take into consideration the matter of the fundamental truth of a proposition. But thought that is really curative, in all phases of life, must be and in fact always is based in the truth. It operates through a clear realization of the principles and real modes of action involved in the matter in hand.

In realization self-purpose cannot live when it ignores the real for that which is only apparent. All of the genuine healing that has thus far been accomplished at any time in history, has come about by means of mental realization reached by thinking on ideas until the fact of their truth and reality became a conviction. The rest of the phenomena and demonstrations have occurred through the ordinary workings of the imagination, or self-limitation of the condition, both of which are factors in the recovery of some cases, under all known systems of cure, physical or mental.

Curative thought is such thinking as will or can help the individual to change the operations of the mind, from erroneous opinions that keep him in the delusion of supposed sickness and evil influence, to the real and enduring ideas of harmonious life. Such a change will always result in the restoration of health.

A conception of harmony is a healing influence, because it brings

the mind to a feeling of wholeness. A thought of strength replaces weakness in the mind, and the body immediately adjusts to its strengthening influence. A thought of hope replaces discouragement, and the idea of courage, well sustained in the mind, dispels fear, doubt, distrust and the entire line of lurking distempers of body, mind and moral nature, that accompany these abnormal features of personal mentality.

Every ill condition of the body has a corresponding wrong action in mind; not necessarily evil in intention, as moral turpitude, but with each a mistaken idea is entertained somewhere. The curative thought for cases of this kind is such as will dispel the delusion and then supply the real idea, its opposite activity, in its place. All curative thought that can be applied along these lines is based in reality and its operation reproduces the activities of Truth. This ideal is the fundamental health of Reality itself.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

WHAT EVIL IS.

BY EVA BEST.

"Another question, Querant, I see it in your eyes."

"It is a question I have asked all my friends and acquaintances except you, Solas. I've kept their answers in this little note-book I carry about with me. In a way it makes amusing reading."

"Have your friends and acquaintances made you satisfactory replies?"

"I shall leave you to judge."

"I'm ready—and curious. I am also wondering if by the answers you have received I might not be able to discover for myself what your question may have been."

"I'm going to give you an opportunity to try what sort of a discoverer you will make. Some few—a very few—to whom I put my question, replied at length; but seven-tenths of those interrogated answered me in one word."

"And that word was?"

"'Evil.'"

"An old answer to an old question, I perceive, Querant; and yet it is one that has a simple answer."

"You fancy you have guessed what the question was?"

"Is it not '*What is Sin?*'"

"Exactly that. But how was it possible for you to guess it so easily?"

"Because, my dear questioner, scores of times oftener than you have been vouchsafed the monotonous reply of that single little word (needing a '*What is*' before it as surely as does the word they, comically enough, fancy they have defined) have I been asked that ancient-of-days question."

"But can you answer it satisfactorily, Solas? I trust that you will be able to do so and that I, at least, may put into my note-book a something that will define the definition. I now ask the question: '*What is Sin?*'"

"Wait a moment, Querant. First let us take Reason by the hand, and allow her to guide us to the truth. We were both speaking not long ago of what to us the Supreme Spirit—and Source of Life

seemed to be; how that which men recognized as God was in truth an ideation of each Thinker."

"Yes, Solas."

"And we admitted to each other that the idea of a Man-God who could be symbolized by a wooden image, plaster cast, or even an imaginary ghostly *personality* could not satisfy us."

"That is true."

"That the Primal Cause, the great and awful Source which is itself The Law Immutable—THAT which pervades eternal space throughout eternal time could not possess—could not be contained in the shape and semblance of a personal being, '*Which permeates eternal space*' you remember?"

"Yes, Solas, I remember."

"And God is all that is good."

"Some scholars hold that originally the words were interchangeable—that they 'stood for' and meant the same thing."

"The scholars were right. If goodness be God and God be goodness and permeates eternal space in what portion of that already pervaded space may sin exist?"

"But it is I who am the inquisitor, Solas! If I were able to answer you I'd not be asking you the question. It is, however, very puzzling to the lay mind when you thus state what I feel to be true."

"It, then, appeals to you as a fact?"

"It certainly does, Solas—I know it must be true."

"Well, then?"

"I seem to have no light to show me any way out of the labyrinth in which I am groping; no suggestion of any explanation offers itself to me."

"Take a little firmer grip on Reason's hand—and *think, Querant.*"

"Bear with me a moment, Solas. . . . Possibly, it may be—smile if you must—perhaps that which has been named 'evil' is not really evil *per se*?"

"If I do smile, Querant, it is for genuine pleasure that you have discovered a mighty truth for yourself."

"You placed my hand in that of Reason——"

"Who is ever so close at hand that you must soon have done that yourself. There is no evil *per se*—of itself—self-existing. Mani-

fested by the All in All is the only force in ceaseless activity.

“Not (for that would suggest a limitation that could not obtain) *contained in* the All in All, but the essential force itself that manifests—in countless activities. Naught moves, lives, is, save by the divine force. Attuned by wisdom to sublime harmony, by ignorance it is rendered discordant. Used by wise hands it is beneficent; misused by the hands of ignorance it becomes injurious, baleful.”

“And that is evil.”

“Not so fast, Querant. For a little while longer keep a close hold on Reason!”

“If the Only Universal Source attuned that force which is ‘good’ to harmony, then no emanation of ‘evil’ could originally come from it. The trouble has been that we have accepted and used the word ‘evil’ as representing that which is directly opposite to ‘good,’ while in truth it is the same (as there is but one original and only) force used wisely or unwisely.

“I repeat there is no such thing as ‘evil’ *per se*—by itself considered. It is simply a perversion, let us say, or a taking of too much (a misuse, therefore) of a quality or force, that, in its nature, is good and necessary.”

“An illustration is in order.”

“Very well, let us take by way of illustration as simple a thing as a peach stone. The poison in the kernel is positively necessary for preservation and germination. It is good, useful, and necessary in its place, yet death lurks there if a misuse be made of it.”

“I see.”

“In a bunch of flaming poppy flowers there is a quality, a principle, which, properly used, will allay excruciating pain; will produce rest after extreme suffering, and often save life. This same principle wrongly used, or taken in too great quantities, will drag a human being to the condition of a brute, or kill him.”

“Then we cannot correctly call that which is beneficent evil, simply because in ignorant hands it may be perverted to unwise uses.”

“That is on the material plane; let us now turn to the spiritual. Hate is, in essence, but the quality of—what, Querant?”

“I fear Reason has left me altogether!”

“Where is the difficulty in this instance? If one hates a fel-

low-being there must, don't you think, be some reason for his hatred? (You see it is impossible for Reason to altogether get away.) Some man has done another man an injury—some selfish being has made him suffer loss or pain to so great a degree that the natural repulsion felt by a well-intentioned person toward one who descends to low methods intensifies itself in the sufferer until the emotion he feels is hate.

"It is, in essence, but the quality of repulsion (which is necessary to man for his safety and moral well-being) allowed to outgrow its proper proportions. The victim, smarting from wrongs inflicted by another, loses his nice balance, and allows himself (to his great detriment) to be carried beyond his normal, sane self."

"And what of anger?"

"Anger is but the just indignation a man feels when he is asked to do something his soul recognizes as degrading and dishonest. That 'righteous indignation' some declare cannot exist, is praiseworthy; but its augmented emotion that carries the indignant man beyond bounds (again to his great detriment) is blameworthy—hence it is evil."

"Then sin is simply something abnormal—an improper use of any quality or principle."

"I hold it to be so. Ferocity and violence are but exaggerations of that courage by which man defends himself from attack. Even selfishness, from which so many crimes have sprung, is but the exaggeration of that quality which tends to provide sustenance and protection to ourselves and those dependent upon us.

"As more and more brotherly love is recognized by man as an active and abiding principle in his life less and less need will there be for a manifestation of that selfishness that drives him to criminal lengths to preserve self and those that hold self dear."

"Then selfishness may be summed up as simply the old natural desire of the primal man to survive in his own person; to not allow himself to be crushed out by the battlers for life."

"That is it, Querant. The evolving being gradually losing self-interest in his larger interest in the race. Unless his fellow-beings are in good case his own condition of ease avails him nothing. He becomes one with all that lives and his earnest wish to aid the race helps it to higher enjoyment of that happiness which he knows lies

ready for all those who no longer strive alone for self.

"The knowledge of good and evil, the power of selection marks the evolution of the lower to the higher being. It is the gateway of responsibility through which man, as a free agent, enters upon the path that leads him onward and upward to his 'heavenly estate.'"

"A great responsibility is his."

"Great, indeed. He must make his own selection between what is helpful and what is harmful to himself. He may weaken or strengthen his power to rightly choose, the responsibility of his choice lying alone with him. He may not, cannot shirk it."

"But if a man be born into surroundings of vice and depravity is he responsible then?"

"What, think you, brought him into this sad condition, Querant? If eternity be eternal, his life to-day is no new thing. May he not in previous existences have so lived that only such a grievous condition was possible to him? Oh for a thousand tongues to shout the mighty and redeeming truth to the sorrowing ones of earth!

"That is what the world needs now, very much. To make it clear to those who suffer to-day that if in previous lives they had not ignorantly chosen to make their own, those qualities that were in affinity with their then low condition, they would not—could not—have been drawn to them in rebirth.

"I know of no knowledge, Querant, that is needed by the race as this knowledge is needed. I would cry it from the house-tops were I able, for until man comes to know that to no other than himself can he look for redemption he must suffer the terrible effects of soul-ignorance."

"His suffering would end with his real consciousness of this truth?"

"When man knows that evil born of selfishness—the selfishness that fosters the greed that grows by what it feeds upon—selfishness that becomes intensified into avarice that reaches out and grasps what his neighbor owns; that incites him to rob and kill and glut his unholy lust for what should be—what was meant to be shared by all—that this *must* bring suffering to him, he will realize his misuse of what is good in itself, and try to learn and to obey the laws that govern cause and effect.

"Some men there be who fence in acres upon acres of ground

they do not till—ground enough to produce sufficient provender to feed the starvelings who are crowded into close and grimy holes unfit for human habitations.

“Another man piles up food-stuffs until the ‘panic’ he works to bring about follows, the prices of absolute necessities become prohibitive to the poor.

“Not for the man’s own personal consumption—no; for if he lived ten times the age of the average human being he could not himself consume it.

“For crimes such as these, for deliberately choosing to thus swell his bank account, no matter who may die of starvation, he must face and suffer the awful penalties that are bound to be paid by him in wretched lives to come.”

“Perhaps in very truth he knows no better, Solas—perhaps he thinks he is doing what is right.”

“He knows he is doing what is wrong.”

“How can you be so positive?”

“Once upon a time one who was inspired said ‘*Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil;*’ adding ‘*For every man that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.*’ Force the gold-loving self-seeker out into the white light of public opinion, and you will see him wince before the reproach of his fellows. He knows he has done an evil thing for he shuns the light of publicity and hides his methods from the eyes of his kind.

“To the soul he cannot hoodwink he acknowledges himself a thief—and more than thief, since for sake of gain he has kept back the necessities of life until they are too expensive for the poor, and his victims die. He is a murderer who has starved his fellow-beings. Oh, he knows this, Querant; but there must come to him in time another sort of knowledge, a knowledge so bitter that the wormwood of remorse filling the cup he must lift to his parched lips and drink to its dregs, will scorch and bite and sting him until he shrieks aloud in his anguish.”

“But are we not beginning to gain this knowledge—are not these new ideas of what is right and what is wrong beginning to be realized by man?”

“‘New ideas,’ Querant? Could one properly call these ideas new

when nearly three thousand years ago Solomon declared to the people of another gold-loving, self-seeking race that '*A little with righteousness is better than great revenues without right.*' The ideas are not new. For centuries they have obtained. During the lives of generation after generation the great truth has been put before the people. Scholars have written treatises upon it; poets have sung it; sages have taught it; artists have limned it. But self dies hard, Querant, the old primal instinct of individual preservation still clings to man, blinding him to the simple and comprehensible fact that his true safety lies in his real concern and active interest in his fellow-beings. He is still, figuratively speaking, knocking his neighbor down, robbing him, and gloating over his double share while his hurt brother starves and dies."

"But will he himself never come to realize that he does not need this double share?"

"Not until he ceases to be a savage."

"A savage, Solas?"

"What other thing would you call him who by right of might becomes a plunderer? By what other name designate the man, who, having more than he can possibly need or use, goes out into the world's market-places to fight for more—yes to descend into a pit and fight with savage gesticulations, wild cries, and frantic fear lest that for which he has no need may escape him."

"You would call this evil?"

"All misuse of that which is good I would call evil."

"Is money making ever good, Solas?"

"It is both good and necessary. Money simply represents the old-time merchandise used for barter, or the trading of labor for labor. It was a very simple affair in the old days. One man had merchandise of one sort, created usually by his own hands. Another man had articles that differed each from the other. Both men needed the other's goods, and so they made trades, neither cheating the other. The modern barbarian has no need for the immense surplus amount of merchandise he buys and keeps for a 'rise.'

"Gradually the demons of greed get him more and more in their power. That which at first was a commendable desire to be 'fore-handed,' providing ahead and plentifully for the dear ones dependent upon him, has been allowed to grow beyond proper confines,

and in its unwarranted extension the man has become money-mad.

"To wrest from others the dollars he hoards—that becomes his existence. He no longer labors, no longer creates, no longer adds his quota to the sum of the world's material and spiritual treasure. Rather does he subtract for his own that which others supply."

"Has not Solomon a proverb that fits this, your modern savage? It seems to me he must have 'prophesied' him when he said: *'The desire of the slothful killeth him; his hands refuse to labor. He coveteth greedily all day long.'*"

"And, *'So are the ways of every one who is greedy for gain, which taketh away the life of the owners thereof.'*"

"Either the old world's inhabitants have changed little, or the royal wise-man was a soothsayer for the ages."

"It is wonderful how perfectly his words apply to these, our times."

"And how well he knew that inexorable Law held man to the paying of his sins, for he says *'His own iniquities shall take the man himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.'*"

"His words suggest that human nature must have been at his own day much as it is now. How slowly we appear to—or *do* we progress, Solas? This evil obtained nearly three thousand years ago—was preached at, deplored; yet to-day men are *'coveting greedily all the day long,'* and it seems he must still *'die without instruction, and in the greatness of his folly go astray.'*"

"Alas, Querant!"

"But there *have* been instructors, Solas, who have tried to teach the people—prophets who warned them? Or may it have been that the conditions obtained which Micah deplored when he said, *'The priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money.'* In this case, Solas, the teachers were in the same category with the taught."

"Querant, no teacher of himself has ever been able, is now able or ever will be able to inculcate a truth so that it may successfully reach the consciousness of another. The attribute that renders its possessor able to recognize a verity, must, like the very kingdom of heaven itself, lie within. It cannot be inculcated, impressed upon man, imparted to him nor instilled into his mind by any mental process."

"But you have taught me, Solas."

"I suggested that which your soul at once recognized as true. I have played the part of guide-post standing upon the borders of a country you yourself was eager to explore, else you would have had no knowledge of the existence of such a domain. I have merely pointed to left and to right toward those paths that would lead you satisfactorily to the abiding places of what you deemed mysterious. More than this no soul can do for another. You may choose to enter the paths or you may turn back, regain the broad highway you left and forget for awhile your quest."

"Never shall I go back to the highway, Solas. And since I begin to comprehend what evil is, I perceive a world of new and golden opportunities which I may seize and use to make my life what I would have it be. I shall strive to become sane, balanced, harmonious, and use not misuse the forces afforded me in my progression toward the light."

"Each such personal effort helps the race, which in turn helps the individual. Your earnest desire to do good and not evil will manifest upon the astral plane, bringing about a concentration of benign forces that are ceaselessly active. With the will to use wisely the occult forces ever at hand ; with the eager wish to become able to make a proper selection of those qualities stored for our use in the warehouse of the universe, you will, you must, help the race beyond your noblest, sweetest dreams!"

EVA BEST.

MACBETH, LAWFUL KING OF SCOTLAND.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

Literary license, which empowers the writer of drama and romance to palter freely with historic fact, was perhaps no more extensively employed than by Shakspeare in the tragedy of Macbeth. We are introduced to the commander of an army, victorious and honored by his king, who is met by three "weird women," and inspired through their salutations to actions remarkable for treachery as well as treasonable ambition. Not only is it in his heart to do wickedly, but like Ahab of Israel, his wife is described as stirring him up to greater enormities than he himself would have ventured upon. As a result Shakspeare's great tragedy is so deeply fixed in the general imagination that many regard it as being substantially a correct representation of actual occurrences. We are prone to overlook the fact that history as it is usually written is moulded and colored by partisan feeling, and that defeated parties and leaders are often described as ill-disposed and even criminal. The drama is often constructed on the basis of such perversions.

This may be regarded as lawful for writers and to dispute it may be idle. It nevertheless works evil, not only to the reputation of the individuals who are maligned, but tends to impair confidence in the statements of history itself. Thus it perpetuates mistaken notions in regard to leading personages and actual occurrences, which few have the time or opportunity to correct. Such writers as Sir Walter Scott and others of less distinction, have been thus instrumental in giving an unduly vivid impression in regard to events, and establishing erroneous as well as exaggerated conceptions of historic facts. Miss Jane Porter in her well-known work, "Scottish Chiefs," long a favorite with young readers, has ventured widely in this matter of converting fact into fiction.

Macbeth makes his appearance in the drama as a Scottish Thane whom his king had sent to put down a rebellion. Returning after a complete success he is met by three "Witches," who salute him with designations of more exalted rank and fortune, the last of them hailing him as to be king of Scotland. The predicted events all occur in the order that they are uttered, Macbeth gaining the throne by the

assassination of Duncan, the reigning monarch, while a guest at his castle. As he hesitates at the crime, his wife, more ambitious than he, urges him to its perpetration.

Afterward came new crimes; remorse, forebodings, consultations with the forbidden powers, and disaster. Finally the kingdom is invaded by Siward, the Dane, earl of Northumberland. Macbeth is slain in battle and Malcolm, the son of Duncan, becomes king.

It need not detract from interest in the tragedy, but more likely will add to it, if we make a survey of the historic facts and traditions from which the dramatist obtained the material for his representations. They belong to the period when the social and religious conditions in Europe were taking more definite and permanent forms.

The northern region of Great Britain had become known by the name which it now bears, and was now likewise a country with a dynastic government. In earlier centuries Scotland had been occupied by rude clans, and tribes migrating from Ireland and Norway. It had borne the designation before of Caledonia, "the Woodland," and the eastern and northern districts were known as Alban. The principal population had been styled "Picts" from the practice, it was supposed, of painting their bodies. Pinkerton, however, denominates them "Piks," deriving the name from Vika, a region of Norway from which he presumes that they emigrated. But the country of Galloway in the west was colonised by the Scots, a people from Ireland, anciently known as Scotia.

Caledonia became a single dominion under Kenneth mac Alpin in 837. There continued a regular succession of kings after him, chiefly hereditary, but occasionally broken, till 1031, when Duncan was placed on the throne. His mother was Bethoc, the daughter of Malcolm II. She was the wife of Crinan, the Abbot of Dunkeld. The ecclesiastical law forbidding the marriage of priests was not enforced at that time, and abbots often took part in political affairs, even commanding soldiers in war. Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great, of England, was a priest, and Alfred himself was bred to the Church, as his zeal for the dissemination of learning would seem to illustrate.

The reign of Duncan lasted six years. The affirmation that he "bore his faculties meekly" is probably a fiction of the dramatist. He appears to have been advanced in years, and his son who bore

the same name was king of Cumberland. Siward was a Danish prince and had been a follower of King Knut or Canute. He became the jarl or earl of Northumberland, and his sister or daughter was married to the Scottish prince.

The *Annals of Ulster* record of Duncan, that he "was slain by his subjects"—*a suis occisus est*. The *Chronicon Elegiacum* is a little more definite. Duncan had besieged Durham, and returning home unsuccessful he was put to death at Bothganan, near Elgin. It is probable that discontent had followed because of his ill fortune, and weakened his hold upon popular favor. Macbeth at this time, was a morman or man of rank, and being in the full vigor of life, by general consent mounted the throne.

His title to that dignity, as matters were considered at that time, was as good as that of Duncan. His father was Finley or Finlech. A Scottish jarl or nobleman of that name is mentioned by Torfæus, the historian, and by several other writers. His family seems to have been, like that of Douglas in the earlier years of the Stuart kings, very powerful and second only to the royal princes. The wife of Macbeth was Gruoch, the daughter of Bodhe; a son of Kenneth V. This king had been murdered by Malcolm II., the grandfather of Duncan, and the murderer grasped the royal dignity. Hence, it would not be hard to deduce that "Lady Macbeth" had inherited a blood-feud as well as political ambition, and that the accession of her husband to the supreme authority was regarded generally as being simply a coming to his own.

Macbeth became King of Scotland in the year 1037 and reigned seventeen years. The various chroniclers agree in praising the beneficence of his administration. He was zealous in his efforts to promote agriculture and diffuse the blessings of peace. The fields yielded abundantly and the people prospered. One author remarks that if Macbeth had paid more attention to his interests, and less to the welfare of his subjects, the crown might have remained in his family; but neglecting the practice of war he fell a martyr to his own virtues.

The early records show that he, like other monarchs of that time, made a pilgrimage to Rome. Two historians state that in 1050 "*rex Scotorum Macbetad Romæ argentum spargendo distribuit*"—Macbeth, the King of Scots, gave money to Rome to be

distributed to the poor. This very period was a turning-point in the history of the Popedom, as well as of Europe. There had been a long controversy about supremacy with the Grecian Emperors at Constantinople, who were at that time the arbiters of the different countries. There were likewise rival claimants to the pontifical chair, and the conflicts were sometimes characterised by violence and even bloodshed. The dignity, and even the morality of the incumbents had sunk low in general esteem. One Pope owed his place to the efforts of two women of loose character, and finally the Counts of Tusculum were able to confer the office on a boy of twelve years, who sold it to his successor. At last in 1049, the Emperor of Germany bestowed the appointment on Bruno of Alsace, his own kinsman, who insisted, however, that it should be confirmed by an election at Rome. This was effected, and he accepted it, taking the name of Leo IX. He had for confidential friend and counsellor the famous monk Hildebrand, afterward Gregory VII. It was then that a general reform was begun, simony was condemned, and marriage—now called concubinage—was forbidden to the secular clergy.

This was the period, at which King Macbeth visited Rome. Scotland was then at peace, and his authority was recognized abroad as well as by his own people.

A storm, however, soon began to gather. Earl Siward in 1054 led an army into the country ostensibly in support of the pretensions of his young kinsman, Malcolm Kenmore. A battle took place at Lanfrannan in Aberdeenshire, in which Macbeth was slain. Nevertheless, there appears to have been no decided result. If the invaders actually gained a victory, it was dearly bought. The son of Siward was also killed, and the father left Scotland immediately. His own subjects at home had risen in revolt. He died not long after, leaving no heir to his government, and so Northumberland from being little more than appanage to the English government, became an integral part of the English dominion, and King Edward, the Confessor, bestowed the earldom upon Tostig, the third son of Earl Godwin. The attempt to dethrone Macbeth thus resulted in the loss of the possessions of the invader.

Meanwhile, Lulak, a cousin of "Lady Macbeth," the widowed queen, had become King of Scotland. He appears, however, to have been a weak prince, and the mormans soon withdrew from his sup-

port. A party that sustained the claims of Malcolm Kenmore arose in revolt, and after a reign of four months he was killed in battle at Strathbogie. Affairs continued in an unsettled condition for about a year and a half when Malcolm was duly acknowledged.

Such were the principal historic facts in relation to the principal characters of the famous tragedy. Although, however, they furnish groundwork for the play, they do not constitute its principal attraction. The "witches" and the part assigned to them constitute a more important part of the drama. Indeed, while it is natural to admire glorious achievement, there exists in the human mind what is often termed a love for the marvelous. "All men yearn for gods," Homer declares. However strenuously it may be denied, decried, and even derided, this passion for the supernatural is an integral quality of our nature. The great dramatist has catered to it in his principal productions, obtaining his material from the sources most germane to each, and adapting it to his purpose.

In *Macbeth* the contribution from the farther world is obtained from the Scandinavian mythology, which was also current formerly in Scotland. The "Weird Sisters Three" are none other than the Nornas, or Wise Ones, who, it was believed, shaped the lives and careers of human beings. They were Urd or Wyrd, the personified Past; Skuld, the Future; and Verdandi, the Present. They abode in the celestial region, it was said, and watered the roots of the World-Tree from the Well whose water sustains existence. Their transformation into Hags plying forbidden arts, hardly needs to be explained. Conquest of a people, and change of religious creed have repeatedly effected similar transmutations. The gods of the former faiths thus become the evil demons of the newer ones, as in this instance, the Sisters of Fate appear as witches guiding Macbeth to his doom. Not only are they changed in character, but they are also transferred to the dominion of Hekatê, who evidently stands for the Hel or Hela of Northern mythology, and are made fit only for "a deed without a name." In this guise they appear in the drama, and contribute largely to establish its grandness, both in conception and representation.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

CALLED BACK.

BY CHARLES E. CUMMING.

A life-long friendship that had begun in early childhood, that had been carried through college days only to become closer as the years of manhood passed, drew John Eagan and Frank Libbie together whenever an idle hour allowed them that which they held to be a rare privilege.

That their views upon almost every subject were diametrically opposite, augmented, rather than lessened the pleasure each man derived from an indulgence in friendly argument.

Upon this evening the friends were seated comfortably in Dr. Libbie's office and the conversation had turned upon the death of a mutual friend whose obsequies Eagan had attended that afternoon. He dwelt upon the life-like appearance of their departed friend, declaring that had he not been assured that Libbie was his only physician he might have entertained doubts as to his patient being really dead.

In reply Dr. Libbie spoke feelingly of the grief of the young widow, declaring the position of a conscientious physician to be always one of grave responsibility, but that when those to whom the patient is nearest and dearest vainly beseech him to save the life of the loved one, it then becomes heart-breaking.

"If medical skill could have availed in this case, Frank," said Eagan, "I am sure his life would have been saved. I fully realize the truth of your remark about the painfulness of your position, as I recalled the anguish of the poor young wife, who begged to be allowed to be left alone to bid her husband a last farewell. I, unfortunately, stood so near the closed door that I was obliged to hear not only her sobs, but the words she moaned again and again—'O Charlie, if I could only bring you back!'"

For some time Dr. Libbie remained silent. At length, speaking slowly and musingly, as if more to himself than to his friend, he said:

"I wish she could have called him back, John. She might—if her love—had been as—forceful—as Nellie's."

Eagan stared at his friend in astonishment.

"Yes," continued the Doctor in the same musing tone; "the physical organs were all intact—the engine was perfect—it needed but to be re-connected with the spiritual forces to resume its work—to live again."

"'If a man dies shall he live again?'" quoted Eagan, perceiving a fine chance to reopen what had come to be a favorite argument between them. He, himself, held materialistic views, while his friend was a firm believer and upholder of the doctrine—"There can be no death to life."

"Yes, John," said the Doctor, "not only do I feel assured that he will live again in conscious and useful condition; but that, in a case where the physical organs are unimpaired, life may be resumed in the same body——"

"In the same body?"

"If the connection between it and the immortal, animating principle be restored. It is true that the conditions under which such a reunion takes place may not obtain once in a million cases; but I know that it is possible, John, because it has occurred once under my own observation."

"Frank Libbie!" said Eagan, wheeling round in his chair and facing his friend with a look that expressed doubt of his sanity, "do you mean to honestly and seriously tell me that you have seen a man whom you knew to be positively *dead* restored to life?"

"No, John; I do not mean to tell you that, because I do not believe that the real man can ever be 'positively dead'; but I do mean to tell you and assure you that I have seen the dead body of a man reanimated by the spiritual principle and resume all the functions of active life."

"Frank, do you realize that you are asking me to believe in a miracle?"

"No, John; I am not. A miracle, as I understand the word, means a happening that is outside of or in contravention of natural law, and would be as incredible to me as it would to you. We are all too prone to speak of the 'natural laws' as if we knew the whole code, while as yet we are but studying the primer of them. Forty years ago if a man had declared it possible for people hundreds of miles apart to converse with each other in an ordinary tone of voice, he would have been told that that would be a miracle; yet it was

possible and strictly in accordance with natural law. The objectors of that day, as of this, forgot that they did not know all the law."

"But there is a wide difference," said Eagan, "between talking over a long-distance telephone and restoring life to a corpse."

"The first you would have asserted to be impossible forty years ago," answered Libbie, "the latter you call impossible now. If the one proved to be in accordance with law, why should not the other? John, I am not advancing a theory, but have related a fact. Do you suspect me of romancing, old friend?"

"Never;" said Eagan, emphatically. "I do not believe that you ever made an assertion in your life that you did not at least firmly believe to be strictly true."

"Well, then, John, do you make yourself as comfortable as possible on the lounge, take a fresh cigar, and listen to the story or go to sleep. But, as preface, let me ask if you remember Tom Bishop?"

"Yes," replied Eagan, after a moment's thought, "I remember that he was one of the boys at our old school in Deanville. He went to Colorado with his folks at the time of the Leadville excitement, didn't he? I remember how envious of his good fortune all we boys were. At the time I'd have sold out my reversionary interests in paradise for his place in that prairie schooner. But what has he to do with your 'resurrection' story?"

"After we left college," began the Doctor, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "and during your three years' absence in South America, I was, as you know, practicing medicine at the expense of the people of our boyhood's home—old Deanville. Shortly after my return there——"

"You need not mention the year, Frank," interrupted Eagan. "The dates upon the tombstones in the little cemetery sufficiently record your advent."

"'Let the dead past bury its dead,'" quoted the Doctor. "Your name may be an immediate and leading feature upon a tombstone if you interrupt me again!"

"Tom Bishop returned, I say, a big, stalwart, and very handsome young man. He had been sufficiently successful in the West to enable him to buy back the old homestead, improve it and settle down under his own vine and fig tree. About this time the aristocratic Mrs. Harvard, (you remember her, John?) returned from a

visit to Brooklyn, bringing with her, as governess for her children, a young lady named Nellie Temple. A beautiful and most lovable girl was Nellie. Had she not so fully realized my ideals as to be for me 'the world's one woman' I would not be sitting here in my bachelor's quarters to-night, with only old John Eagan for companion. Her's was the most expressive face I have ever seen. While ordinarily grave and still, when engaged in animated conversation the light of the thought seemed to irradiate her face and foreshow her words as the dawn foreshows the sunrise; but when her thought turned upon the more abstruse or mystic subjects, or if there was some difficulty to be overcome, then the sparkling eyes became still and deep, the lovely curved lips straightened and compressed, the intense will-force of the woman seemed to radiate from her and form an aura that inclosed and isolated her, so that, no matter how many were with her she was evidently as much alone as if she stood upon some solitary mountain top.

"It soon became evident that Mrs. Harvard could not long keep her governess if the individual efforts of most of the marriageable men in Deanville could rob that lady's children of their preceptor. She neither sought nor seemed to desire men's homage. Modest, courteous and kind to all, she gently but firmly refused suitor after suitor; although some were, in a worldly way and from a social point of view, quite desirable, and one, I know, was wildly devoted to her.

"At last she and Tom Bishop met. Of course Tom immediately became her slave. We all expected this; but what we did not expect was that this talented, refined and apparently ambitious girl would accept Tom, whose only recommendations were a handsome person and a good heart. But so it was. Nellie not only accepted him, but all the earnestness of her nature seemed to be directed into her intense love for him. It was that true, absorbing, but not blind love, which, while it appreciates the good qualities of the loved one at their full value, also recognizes the imperfections, and knows that by the very power of their love these imperfections can be eliminated and the loved one be moulded to an ideal.

"Six weeks after their first meeting Tom and Nellie were wedded, and went to live on his farm. If I were telling a magazine story this would be the end of it; but it is only introductory to the

real story, because they did not 'live happy ever afterwards.' But they certainly were happy for two years after their marriage. Nellie's was the clearer intellect and the stronger will; but her perfect, womanly love for her husband caused her wishes to be made known to him rather as gentle suggestions than as commands. Her husband, loving her fondly and being very proud of her, at first acted on her suggestions merely because they were her wishes; but as time passed and he found that her views were almost invariably correct and their practical results excellent, he gradually and unconsciously came entirely under her gentle domination—the executive of her will. Obedience to Nellie's *wishes*—they were not *commands*—became to him an instinctive habit, and his wife's good sense and genuine love for him caused her suggestions to be of such a nature as rendered obedience to them a pleasure to her husband.

"About two years after the marriage, Tom had a severe attack of illness—diphtheria, if I remember aright—but Nellie's careful nursing and a strong constitution brought him safely through it and he was convalescent.

"On a bright, sunshiny winter day, Tom, well wrapped up, went out for a little exercise. As you know, the old Bishop homestead stood on the bank of the river, which at that time of the year is frozen over. Noticing that some men were getting out ice at a little distance, Tom went towards them. The spot where they had been cutting out ice on the previous day lay between him and them, but it was thinly frozen over and a light fall of snow during the morning had hidden the danger. Misunderstanding the shouts and gestures of the men, Tom stepped on the treacherous, thin covering, and at once was plunged beneath the icy water. The men flew to his aid and got him out (after a submersion of but a few minutes' duration), at once carried him to his house, and while some of the rescuers divested him of his saturated clothing, others ran for the nearest doctor, who happened to be myself. In ten minutes or less I was at the house, and doing all I knew to restore animation. In a few minutes more I was joined by old Dr. Barker—this to my great relief, since at that time my own knowledge of the methods of restoration of the drowned was purely theoretical, while the old doctor had large experience in that line and a well-deserved reputation for success.

"For hours we both worked faithfully and unsuccessfully on that body, trying all we knew, and I believe I may say without vanity that if human skill could have availed we would have been successful. Nellie was with us all the time; not tearful—never, like the poor little girl-wife of to-day, beseeching us to save him; but giving prompt and efficient aid; yet the terrible, silent agony on that death-pale face, deepening with each hour of our vain exertions, caused us to continue them after all hope of success had fled.

"When we at last sadly told her that we could do no more—that it was hopeless, she quietly said, 'I know it,' and the genuine *lady* in her made her give us each her cold hand, as she whispered through white lips, 'I thank you for your skillful, patient efforts.'

"As we sadly turned away, she was bending over the body, her form shaken with sobs as she murmured—'O, my Tom! My husband! My husband!'

"As we were walking home together I remarked to Dr. Barker that it seemed strange that so short an immersion should have extinguished life.

"'Libbie,' said he, 'he was not killed by drowning. There were none of the indications of that death about him. He was weak from his late illness; perhaps, too, he may have had some unsuspected cardiac trouble, and the shock killed him; but *he was not drowned.*'

"The next day the doctor and I saw the body, examined it carefully, and I tell you, John Eagan, if ever man was dead, then Tom Bishop was surely *dead*. In my twenty years' practice I have never seen one more unmistakably lifeless.

"The funeral was delayed three days to allow of the presence of some relations who lived at a distance. On the morning of the day appointed for the funeral, a boy rushed into my office, cried out that I was wanted at Bishop's instantly, and ran out again. Filled with fears for Nellie, I ran there at a very unprofessional gait, and rushed into the house without knocking. I have never fainted in my life, John, but I came as near to it then as I ever expect to come. I reeled up against the doorpost in sheer terror, and as I stared stupidly into the room I was possessed with the idea that I was dreaming a horribly bad dream. For there before me, sitting on the lounge and supported by his wife's encircling arms, was that Tom Bishop whom I had seen yesterday cold, stiff and dead in

the now untenanted coffin that was still standing in the room.

"He looked pale, ghastly and rather dazed, but *unmistakably alive!* His wife's calm voice broke into my trance of astonishment. 'Dr. Libbie,' she said, 'please do not ask any questions at present. If Tom needs any medical assistance, I look to you for it.'

"The treatment for a case of this nature was not included in my college course, and the only precedent I could call to mind was that of Lazarus, and the work in which that is cited fails to record any subsequent treatment of the case. But you know a doctor must always 'do something;' so I administered a slight stimulant, and, at Nellie's earnest request, left them alone together, going back to finish my strange dream at my office.

"My story is too long already, so I will pass over all the details of the 'nine days' wonder' that followed, and come to the time, when, as he sat with me in my office (now entirely recovered from his 'attack of death'), I asked him to relate to me his experience, as it might prove of use to me in a future case. I give you his answer as nearly as may be in his own words: 'It doesn't take long, Frank,' he began, 'for a man going down through a hole in the ice to do a lot of thinking. There's about seventy-two inches of me, and as I went down feet foremost I had at least forty thoughts to the inch. They were not such as I have read that the thoughts of drowning people were—a retrospect of my past life; in fact, they all came before my head went under, and mostly related to Nellie, though some were strangely irrelevant. I suppose that you and Dr. Barker were right about it being the shock that did the business, for I felt or remember nothing after I went under the water until I found myself standing in a room in my house.

"My sensations were as those of one strangely awakened from deep sleep in a strange place, and who cannot, for a minute or two, realize where he is. While still in that dazed condition I went into the next room, and discovered you and Dr. Barker and Nellie all busy around the bed. As yet I had no remembrance of my accident. I called, or thought I called to Nellie, asking her what was the matter, and feeling a dull surprise that she neither answered me nor looked at me. Then my senses cleared a little, I went over to the bed and saw the body of Tom Bishop—saw that which I had known as "myself"—lying there—*dead!* Instantly the full recollection of

the accident came to me with a clear realization of its consequences; but I assure you, Frank, that the idea of *I—me—being dead* was never entertained by me for one moment. I felt, knew, *was conscious*, that *I* was alive, astonished and bewildered at finding that I was so, while I saw that which I had so long recognized as *myself* lying there, dead. The separation of Identity from that body was complete. In the past, when I spoke or thought of "my body" I meant "myself;" now I thought "that is my body;" but it meant the same as if I had said "that is my coat" or "my pen," or anything else I had owned and used. Nor was I bodiless now. Though (as I soon discovered) it was invisible and intangible to others, it was to me as palpable as that which I had left; but I no longer made the mistake of regarding it as *me*.

"I know from what Nellie has since told me that the period of unconsciousness following my submersion must have lasted some hours; for when I appeared (or rather did not "appear") upon the scene, you were just giving over your efforts at restoration. I heard your sad avowal of the hopelessness of the case to Nellie, and her gentle reply. I saw you leave, and witnessed the poor girl's outburst of despairing grief.

"I say I "heard," "saw," "said," because I have no other words that will convey my meaning. It was unlike the senses of hearing and sight which I possessed in bodily life, and I can describe it only as *sensitive consciousness*. I heard no sound of words, but the thought or purpose that the words would express was impressed upon and understood by me more clearly and rapidly than if spoken words had reached a brain through the tympanum of an ear. So, also, was I cognizant of all that passed in my presence, but the view of it was far clearer and more comprehensive than if it had come to me through the retina of a physical eye. These perceptions differed in another respect from the physical senses—they were un-deceivable. When, on the following day, persons called on Nellie with sorrowful looks and words of sympathy, in either word or look I at once felt the exact measure of sincerity.'

"At this point," said Dr. Libbie, "I interrupted Tom's narrative, which threatened to become too prolix, by telling him that it was not his experiences while out of the body that I wanted to get, but to learn how he returned to it.

“‘My dear fellow,’ resumed Tom, ‘I did not “get back,” as you call it, either by my own act or my own will. For myself I did not in the least desire it. Yes, Frank, my *individual self* would much rather have enjoyed the freedom of volition of which I felt to be capable, and joined other beings conditioned like myself, beings of whose presence I was cognizant; but my love for my *other self*—Nellie—held me to the place. Frank, I don’t know how to express my meaning in words, but the *real I* loved the *real Nellie* just as fondly as ever, and I felt, what I never had realized in bodily life, that our love was an inseparable part of the being of both—that no matter how widely conditions might separate us, there would still be a ligament of love connecting us that would draw us together again, and that *through the forever* we should each be conscious of this bond, and feel its tension drawing each to each. But dear, grieving Nellie was still in the body, and therefore could not dissociate in her consciousness that body lying there from *me*. And for so long a time as she ideated that body as being or pertaining to me would *our* love, *which was one*, keep a connection or attraction between it and me. Each time that she gazed tearfully upon it, or even when her thought turned lovingly toward it, I seemed drawn toward it also. If I have made this at all clear to you it will render the rest more comprehensible.

“‘On that last morning, when Nellie went alone, as she supposed, into the room where the body lay, I was with her. You must realize that she thought that she was looking upon it for the last time, and that to her it still was *me*—her loved and loving husband. Remember, Frank, that every thought of her mind—every pang of her heart, was known to and felt by me. Her love for me, as represented in that body—her intense yearning for it, *as it had been in life*, for that was the picture in her mind, radiated from her and inclosed me, as it were, in a net that drew me closer into rapport. Our one love was becoming *one will*.

“‘Frank Libbie, can you imagine all love—all intense desire—all will—expressed in one little sentence? I can, for I have heard it. From heart, brain, soul, to Nellie’s lips rose that intense whisper—“*O, my husband, come back to me!*” Then for a moment her soul and my soul were *one*; her will and my will, her desire and my desire were one; our ideation of that body reanimated as *ME* was

one—the next, a terrible pang of pain wrenched this, "my body," and then I was sitting up in my coffin with my Nellie's dear arms around me. You know the rest.'

"And now, John," inquired his friend, "has this true tale carried any conviction to your mind? It was surely long enough to have done so. Why, see, it's after midnight! You must sleep here to-night, my boy—it's too late for you to take that long tramp to the hotel; and it's raining, besides. You'll stay, old fellow?"

"Surely, Frank, and I thank you. But, as I have to be in court at eight in the morning, I ask that we postpone discussion of your story until to-morrow evening; by that time I'll have time to arrange my argument in opposition—good night!"

CHARLES E. CUMMING.

SEEING.

Away back in Bible times some one tells us of "those who have eyes and see not, ears and they hear not." From time immemorial it has been the same; conditions have not changed.

Seeing is understanding. Seeing bravely, broadly, with a face turned toward the stars. Seeing the sunshine and shadows; the smiles and tears; the joys and sorrows. Seeing is a fine art, and it should be daily cultivated. One sees with one eye, probably, as well as with two, all things being equal. It is not the eye that sees, but the man behind it; the Spirit of the Whole.

Tolstoi, the philosopher and leader among hosts, only the more grandly and broadly looks out upon life—the eye trained to see; the heart to respond. This is the eye to see oppression and remonstrate; to see injustice and pain, and attempt to alleviate.

The Indian, dependent upon his sight for daily food will chase the rabbit across an open field after the same manner that a boy will chase one across a snowy open. The white man will see no traces of the animal in the open field; but the Indian can see by the shadows on the grass; by the falling of a burr from a bush; by a hair on a thistle just exactly the way a rabbit has passed. But your Indian, nine times out of ten, does not see the brilliant scarlet and orange of the sunset, nor the moon in pale splendor just across his right shoulder; nor the lavender and pink clouds melting into the soft gray curtain of the night. Neither does he hear the music in the ripple of the waters, or the soft cooing of the lovebirds in the trees.

He does not see the fairies as Eugene Field saw them; nor the "old folks back home," as Eugene Wood brings them to our vision; gone before but visible.

The blind man takes our hand and sees us, often with a far keener vision, than those with "eyes that see not."

Some one has said that Thoreau was probably the greatest seer we have ever known. Living among the famous group of Concord transcendentalists—Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Alcott, Channing—to him more than to any other of them was given originality. To him was given the happy faculty of seeing the breadth

of the sea, the blue of the sky, the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty in a dead leaf, the charm in the noise or the sweet peace in the quiet of nature. He knew that nature never fails us. He seems to have seen more than the temporal things of life; for he asks: "To what do we want to dwell near? Surely not too many men; the depot, the postoffice, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points where most men congregate; but to THE PERENNIAL SOURCE OF OUR LIFE."

To Mrs. Wiggs, with her outlook upon poverty and tin cans everything was beautiful.

Listen to the Attic Philosopher of Paris: "I open my window, and the prospect of roofs opens out before me in all its splendor." He who has only lived on the first floor has no idea of the picturesque variety of such a view. He never contemplated the tile-colored heights which intersect each other. He has not followed with his eye the gutter valleys, where the fresh verdure of the attic garden waves, the deep shadows which evening spreads over the slated slopes, and the sparkling of the windows which the setting sun has kindled to a blaze of fire.

We all know that "into each life some rain must fall." Sunshine and shadow, smiles and tears comprise the sum total of our lives; it is not enough to eat and sleep; to live and die; but to see and feel and live.

The woods are a royal painting, touched always and ever by the hand of the Great Artist. A symphony prepared by the gods—divine, glorious, inspiring. These are mighty pictures for us to see if only there is the Man behind the eyes.

VIRGINIA BRYANT.

WHY TASTES DIFFER.

BY F. H. CARPENTER.

In the course of conversation with a gentleman the other day the question arose regarding the personality of a certain eminent man whom we both knew equally well. Our opinions were so far different and given with such equal earnestness, that the question was forced on me—why do tastes differ? My friend and I had an equal chance to judge of this person and were equally able to judge, yet our settled opinions were entirely different.

I immediately set to work with my knowledge of human nature to discover reasons, not only for this particular difference in opinion, but for the differences in tastes in general.

Now we will all agree that there is truth, that there is beauty, and that there is perfection in the world, and these are the qualities of our ideals to which we compare all things. But the difference comes in our idea of what is truth, what is beauty, and what is perfection. Since it is nothing tangible, but is simply a matter of feeling, we must study deeply into the very inheritance of our likes and dislikes.

Take for example a child who is just old enough to realize the unusualness of a thunder storm. He hears the rolling and cracking of the thunder and is startled. He sees the sudden flashes of lightning and the pouring down of rain. He sees his frightened brother, and hears the quick warning of his mother to keep away from the windows and to drop all objects of metal.

In this illustration can be found the main key to our likes and dislikes. The startling of the child can be likened to our inheritance. Seeing his frightened brother can be likened to the influences that our friends have with us. And the warning of the mother can be likened to what we are taught. So it is on these three points that my argument will be based.

First—Inheritance.

Second—The influences of our friends.

Third—The teaching that we receive.

As to the part we inherit we must say that animals, plants, and in fact, all living things, share in the same inheritance. It is an

instinct that is ever urging us on for the betterment, enrichment, beautifying, and perfecting of our own selves, and for the propagation of our kind. The flower has its mission to exhibit its beautiful form and foliage, its symmetry of branches, its color and nectar. Thus it attracts such insect-visitors as are needful to enable it to set its seed. The animal has the same ambition to enrich itself and thus leave the world better than it found it. The plumage of the hummingbird and the song of the nightingale are said to be due to the competition of countless generations of suitors, rivalling each other in brilliance of tint or melody of tone. And so it is with the human being; only, we are conscious of this betterment, and aim towards perfection. The differences in tastes lie just here, in the power of perception of things that are good, true, and beautiful.

Although each of us, as consciousness tells is one being, and we live separate lives, yet we all have a side apart from our animal nature, which to some extent is able to apprehend true things as true; good things as good; and beautiful things as beautiful.

Now there comes a time when instinct tells us that the rose is beautiful; its aroma is pleasing; and its limbs and branches are graceful. Yet, should we be asked to state how we know that it is beautiful, what makes the aroma pleasing, or what constitutes its gracefulness, we would be unable to answer, although we are sure that we have made no mistake. Still, on second thought, we can see that nothing is or can be beautiful in itself, but only in relation to something else with which it conforms. The essence of truth is likeness. When we say that a thing is beautiful we mean that it is beautiful when compared with something else. And when we say a thing is good we mean that it is well adapted to serve the purpose for which it was intended. The aroma was pleasing because we compared it with things that were not so; and the branches were graceful in comparison with others. So it is true, that there is a certain amount of power, which we inherit, to see beautiful things as beautiful; good things as good; and true things as true.

To continue on this point of inheritance, we must take into consideration the condition of one's bodily health, his moods, and feelings; for these have a great influence upon our likes and dislikes. The unhealthy cannot perceive beauty, nor can the down hearted or pessimistic perceive good. This power of perception is only

active when we can forget self and associate the thing in mind with the finer side of life. The reason for our inability to see anything but grief at the death of a friend or relative, is due to our condition at the time, and this has been inherited through scores of generations. Yet there is beauty in death, and it can be seen if we forget our inheritance; if we ignore the influences of those about us, and disregard our teaching. We must be in sympathy with nature to participate in its beauties.

Were we to collect all of the pieces of Greek art and study them carefully, we should immediately see that the quality of taste exhibited was the most exquisite. The reason for this universal taste at that time must have been due to one of three causes—either the simplicity of the people, the submission of the people, or the general culture of the race. If we aspire to this degree of taste, we must first decide which of the three possible causes was the vital one.

Seeing that the time on which we have fallen is out of tune with simplicity, and since the spirit of the age has determined that obedience shall not be blind, it would seem as if modern taste must depend upon culture. And in culture, our inheritance plays a most important part.

To the large majority of people inheritance, and the influence of their friends, are all that they have by which to form their likes and dislikes. Their teaching of taste has never been received, and to supply this lost quality, it is often affected.

Probably there is no subject at the present age which seems to interest the cultivated class of people, especially those of favored circumstances, more than art. It is one of those subjects with which all are to some extent familiar. On returning from travels in foreign countries some will immediately tell you of their visits to the galleries and will tell you of cathedrals and parks. They purchase statuary, pictures, rugs, and more than all this, they go into ecstasies over them, assume a cynical criticism or an authoritative opinion, regardless of whether they know what they are talking about or not. They realize that the study of art is a subject with which one should be conversant to be in fashion; concerning which, it is not well to be ignorant; yet it is a subject about which there is an immense amount of borrowed opinion.

Think of the absurdity of people going into ecstasies over the

beauty of the statues of the archaic period! And yet they do, because they have heard somewhere that it is proper. Let me ask these people this question: Would archaism to-day be tolerated for one moment in literature? I think not. Neither should the archaic period be considered as a period of good art, but only as the early part of the art before taste had been developed.

Observe the great mass of people who worship old furniture simply because it is old, and because they believe it to be orthodox. To be sure, the siftings of a century are good, but there were as many ridiculous things made in olden times as there are at the present day. The unaffected expression of a man's opinion is valuable in proportion to his experience and character.

The confusion in the minds of people regarding taste may lie in the different senses in which the word is used. Bad taste may mean bad breeding, and certainly no one cares to be accused of this. Then again, taste may signify liking, and in respect to liking, of course every man must be a law to himself. But liking, and taste are quite two different words. Have you ever heard a person speak of disliking another person very much and yet in the same breath admit that that person had excellent qualities? For one to make such a confession only shows that he is broadminded, and willing to give another his due credit, regardless of whether it reflect upon his own self or not. Such people are scarce and are worthy of imitation. However, this faculty which enables us to recognize its merits apart from our own likes and dislikes, is closely akin to taste, and the more competent the critic the more readily he will acknowledge that he is liable to be mistaken. Judgment is an opinion backed by experience; while opinion is more of a personal matter, a like or a dislike, perhaps without good reason.

Concerning the influences of our friends, we hear a great deal of late concerning the doctrine of the Socialist, and his contention, that society should be so organized that all material interests shall be common. His scheme may be ideal but his hope will never be realized; for there will be two distinct classes, the cultured, and the uncultured, so long as the world turns round. There will always be firsts, and always be seconds, and while there will be many grades of firsts and many grades of seconds, yet good taste will prevail in the one and bad taste in the other.

Years ago, among the cultured class, the belief was, that objects of good taste, such as furniture, carried the stamp of delicacy, were smoothly polished, minute in detail, and that anything bold and strong was considered loud and vulgar. The rough, and strong, and bold objects, were at that time used by the savage and uncultured and when this class of people realized that the upper class, the people to whom they looked up had the delicate objects, they began at once to imitate, and in imitating, they introduced a bit of their poor inheritance, which was gaudiness and crudity of color.

Immediately, the cultured class abandoned their taste and took up with the bold and strong things, and they added their bit of inheritance which was proportion, simplicity, and harmony of color. This not only shows that we get ideas of taste from those about us, but that a marked step has been made toward better taste throughout the entire race. It is true that the admiration for rugged mountains and canyons is modern. They were once considered as ugly and repulsive, and the time will come when we will see beauty in the hurricane, and in the flood. But to come back to the influences of those about us: Is it not true that the real reason for our inability to be original or even to be our own selves, is our fear of criticism from those about us? The only reason that the early nations such as Egypt, were original, was that they were isolated from the other countries, and were free to think and to act.

Originality nowadays to a large extent has lost its way. One says, this is the right way, while another points in a different direction, and the result is that we go back on to the well-trodden path and walk cautiously, for fear of the criticism of those about us. It is an age of imitation, yet care must be exercised to imitate those who are worthy of imitation. You know "The eagle never lost so much time, as when it consented to learn of the crow." But it is indeed natural to look to our friends for criticism, and weigh their opinion according to the value we set upon their ability to judge.

The real reason why we take pride in dress or in home furnishing is to challenge criticism; and if we are defeated, we immediately, and secretly try again. For example, a woman selects a hat which she believes is becoming to her. She waits anxiously, and listens attentively, for the first criticism. If it is favorable, she is pleased, but if unfavorable, it has created a doubt in her mind, and if the

unfavorable criticisms continue, the hat will soon disappear, and another attempt will be made to please her friends.

Novelty and fashion are the greatest enemies of good taste, and to these the majority of people are slaves. We admit that a thing is not artistic, yet, we give as a reason for its existence, that it is the fashion or that it is odd.

Now as to the part we receive from our teaching, we will consider first the lessons that nature has taught us. Foremost of all are the lessons in color harmony, its constant demonstrations of this, its beautiful gradations of tone, and the ever changing of combinations; the subtle and mellow tones of evening and its rich and harmonious shades of night; the brilliant colors of noonday warmed by the golden sun, and the restful grays of a sunless day. More than this, nature has given us lessons in rhythm, balance, proportion and variety. It was to nature that the Egyptians turned for all of their suggestion in art; their remains show this in every particular. Their capitals were designed from the lotus flower and their columns suggested bundles of reeds bound together. This looking to nature for help in the matter of taste was universal during the early ages, but as the great variety of tastes gradually accumulated, and when the great whirl of commercial life began, nature was pushed into the background, and left to naturalist and farmer. In late years nature seems to be regaining its foothold to some extent.

Natural parks and drives are indeed modern, and the protection of natural scenery, such as rivers and waterfalls against the hand of man is a decidedly new step.

Nature is constantly having an influence upon us; that is, we are taught by nature. Just how much we are taught is impossible to determine, but this we do know: that every new idea that is gained in this way, is used as an additional element of self-expression. The teaching that we receive from man begins first with our parents, and before the age of maturity our likes and dislikes are apt to be similar to those of father and mother, because we realize the necessity of a guide. The German child likes the German food because it sees that its parents like it, and the American child relishes the American food because it is taught to. The same is true in dress and ways of living. The environment plays an important part in our tastes.

I have spoken of culture as being the one thing upon which taste depended. Culture is the enrichment of self with what we inherit as a beginning. The degree of our culture is reached through our environment, our own exertions, and our teaching. "Taste," said Sir J. Reynolds, "depends upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul."

To return to the original question: Why do tastes differ? Why was it that my friend and I differed so widely on the question of the personality of this certain eminent man whom we each knew equally well, and of whom we had an equal chance to judge? It was because our degrees of culture were different. It was because of the different environment under which we had been brought up. It was because of the teaching that each had received, and in short, it was because of our entirely different makeups.

This then is the reason why tastes differ, and before condemning another for differing with us we should weigh carefully the two degrees of culture, and give the other the benefit of the doubt.

F. H. CARPENTER.

ONE WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

If I should mention separately the several things which have as "conceptions" influenced the development of my mental life, I think I should put it thus: First, when I changed my attitude of self with the wish that I should understand others instead of being understood; second, when I found that almost always what I was contending against was *my idea* of the thing, and not the thing itself; third, that what is called "original sin" is heredity—animal heredity and propensity.

The changed point of view brought peace to my heart, and furnished me with much food for thought.

Other things followed. One day of days I came into the realization that all life was One Life. I had heard it before, but had not realized it. The One Life in different forms of manifestation and in differing degrees—but ever climbing upward in the scale of creation as form, with always the germinal cause the latest spark of divinity within from which itself sprang.

Finally I was able to relate successively body, soul, spirit, and to apprehend the thread of purpose that unites them and ultimates in Spirit—the three in one. Hitherto I had said "I have a Soul." Now I said "I am a Soul." I began to see through the mind and not by it—a vastly different thing.

However well we realize certain things there remains the difficulty of a true statement. Certain thoughts descending upon us for the moment seem to saturate us with meaning and tendency, but we cannot well word them. They are unspeakable, yet they mark an era in our life and separate us from "yesterday." The point of view is changed. We have in that moment of emotion and perception arrived at a point in our own evolution where the upper or universal element meets our own individual apprehension, and we are for the instant, so to speak, "caught up in the spirit;" for in that moment of perception we have become an inlet of the universal consciousness ever seeking to manifest itself in human beings. The very quality of life and thought is changed.

Yet another realization greatly stirred my mind; namely, that thought actually connects us with the thing thought of; that by

intelligent concentration we may attract and incorporate within ourselves the very essence of the thing thought of. We have the power to choose what we shall be, and in the building of character to direct consciousness and make it operative according to our will.

This is the knowledge that individualizes the consciousness—develops aspiration and will. It makes thought clear-cut, direct, definite and practical. It lifts above influence and environment and emphasizes individual responsibility in development of character and knowledge. We may choose what elements shall be builded in soul. It is the first step in the direction that leads to wisdom and power.

* * *

Without the day is chill and grey, and rainy; but within the warmth of a glowing fire gives cheerfulness and comfort to a rather silent household. All day my mind has been full of a cheerful, almost creative activity, but thought refuses to be expressed in words. There have been so many silent, barren days of late, I seem to have lost the habit of putting thought into words.

Why do we have these long periods of obscurity, and grey, barren hours? I will try once more, for only as we express consciousness do we make it fruitful and truly our own. I need and crave at times the association of other minds to awaken me and precipitate thought.

* * *

I cannot endure the idea of retrograding with the passing years, the years after middle life yet to be mine. It is then if ever the "within" should be called into noblest activity, and the mind passing from the plane of personality become fully individualized upon the more spiritual plane. It should be in a sense a new incarnation, and life once more be new. There should be no decline, but a continual ascension until the body wears out. But the body also refines with thought. For thought changes the polarity and the body responds to the finer vibration.

I look into every old face that I see, wondering—questioning; for rarely do we find a highly intelligent, sensitive and spiritualized old face. Too often they are blank, material, childish or animal, as if hopeless and living only in a sense of physical comfort and mental indolence; a gradual letting go into indifference. Always it saddens

my soul in a sorrowing wonder. Shall I be stronger to overcome the inertia of physical decline?

I recall one beautiful, noble old face, full of life and spirituality, that gives me hope. It was noble with the beauty of spirit and an active intelligence.

* * *

Why indulge in so much destructive criticism? It hurts; and inspires resentment and self-justification. It stimulates a spirit of retaliation. Also it is destructive to the individual speaking. Silence is better.

It does not hurt to give praise. It stimulates growth of being and the endeavor toward correct action.

We must prune justly and wisely when needed, but it is well to stimulate love and joy at the same time in motives and in wiser methods; we should employ the constructive methods which touch the heart. The tendency to severe criticism is a sign of unripeness; it is unjust and narrow in its conception of life and personality.

Faults are as the leafage that precedes flowers. And so long as humanity endures, leaf and flower will be on one stem. The warm, compassionate heart ignores the fault, and awakens the higher impulse of each nature that comes within its sphere.

* * *

Sometimes when I awaken I feel as though I had been far, far away. There is not a memory of events, but an impression that taxes the powers of recollection in vain. Yet there remains the effect in a quickening enthusiasm, a rush of spirit that urges to action. It fills me with a wondering delight. Could it be that I have really been free in hours of bodily sleep?

* * *

There are moods that enfold us as a cloud; saturate us; moods that enlarge consciousness, transfuse, transmute being until we are not what we were before. It is uplift that gives a foretaste of Heaven. Alas for the darker hours!

* * *

Thank God for the realization that no one can make us unhappy, unless we permit it. It places all the responsibility on self, where it belongs. Why should I be unhappy because people are not to me what I wish, or misunderstand, or things go wrong? It just remains

to do the sweetest, best thing I may from the light and warmth within my own heart. I may refuse disturbance and negative these conditions in their effect upon me and go on trying to create harmony. I cannot, perhaps, help being disturbed for the moment, but I need not make bad worse by responding in kind. If I do, it is adding to discord. It is easy to see this, but not always easy to act with kindness and discretion. God help me continually to be my best self.

Do we realize that *words* are *alive*—are creations having form, substance, essence—are *ourselves*, having influence and power to heal or wound? Oh, why do we fail to know and recognize our power and influence in the sphere in which we dwell, through the appreciation of words and their living values! Why wound when we might cheer? All hearts suffer, why add to their pain?

“We shall do so much in years to come—
But what did we speak to-day!”

* * *

More and more I realize what it is, what it means to “be born again in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” It is literally the birth of the soul into a new environment of extended consciousness; one that always existed and enfolded us, yet to consciousness non-existent until we realize it and awaken to it, and become receptive to its finer vibrations.

More and more, too, I appreciate the reality of friendship and its privileges to the awakened soul, and that “those are the deepest friends who reveal most of life to one another; whose interlacing circles sweep the largest circumference.” Thank God for friendship.

This helped me in an hour of stress. It is very hard, however, to apply “high thought” to an act of repulsion. But what does high thought avail if not applicable to *any* duty, be its nature and reactive influence what it may? “We are placed here to accomplish results, whether in relations of directive power, or as the humblest operator does not matter, if only we are doing our duty in whatever guise it assumes, realizing in the life, courage, justice, consideration, sympathy, courtesy, love.” Yes, it is all true.

* * *

Let each day close its own account with life. If my heart is full

of irritation and anger against another it is best that as I pillow my head I say "I, too, may have been in error. It is forgiven and forgotten." Then the morrow shall be a new day, and a new life with opportunities for both to come to a better understanding. One rests better when the heart is free.

To-day the question was asked "What does 'universal love' really mean? Is it of the heart, or is it an expression of duty?" and it set me thinking. Perhaps something depends upon how we construe duty. Perhaps we learn best by considering the law of contrast. There is the strong, personal love which holds and binds in the meshes of its affections and jealously excludes every avenue of association and joy which itself cannot provide. Lover, husband or wife and parent oftenest manifest this phase of love in the more selfish nature-manifestation of strictly personal affection.

Then there is the love which finds its fullest satisfaction in enriching and developing the individuality of the person beloved. Its affection is just as concentrated as the other, but its object is not to contract, but to expand, and it seeks as constantly to *free* the object of its affections from all limitations and sense of personal obligation, even to itself, as does the other to bind and impose itself as a consideration of gratitude. Perhaps its more usual, as well as its purest manifestation is seen in some forms of parental love, and in the highest type of friendship.

It loves ardently, but does not desire to appropriate. It welcomes as a gift to itself every source of joy and benefit to the object of its affections, so that it is twice blessed by every good so received; and the heart goes out to the donor more generously than if it were itself the first-hand recipient.

This is the other pole of love in human hearts most deeply, strongly capable of the love of one, and there concentrated expands into that which desires constantly to bless, benefit and give, wherever its own life and influence may touch and reach. It is use and beauty near at hand, and fragrance and attraction afar. It is the magnetic fountain of life in the personal sense and the electrical principle of diffusion in the spiritual sense; and the inter-blending and continual action of these life-manifestations of its own nature are the sources of its healthful, joyous activity in the universal sense of continual benefit and goodwill to mankind, and

which constantly reverences the "ought" of to-day. It interprets duty as delight and as the most genial, fruitful source of its inspiration, and the continual unfolding of new and inviting opportunity.

In brief, universal love is the very outpouring of a heart too great to contain the warm treasure that constantly feeds its own life, and that must from its own abundance enrich all life that touches its own. It is the human manifestation of the God-principle that governs the universe and seeks conscious and intelligent expression in hearts great enough to become its channel to mankind.

S. T.

LEGEND OF THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

You wish to know the legend of the little four-leaved clover?

And why it brings good luck to her who wears it in her shoe?
Well, listen then, I'll tell you, for I've thought the matter over—

Thank you—I'll take this rocker here beside the fire and you.

When Hope, and Faith, and Charity, three sisters happy-hearted,
Went roaming through this land of ours from distant sea to sea,
Beneath their hastening feet the little three-leaved clover started,
To thrive, and grow, and blossom over hill and grassy lea,

A leaf for each, you see, my dear, trefoil of emerald tinting,
As fresh and bright and beautiful as ever they could be,
Their yellow, white and crimson blossoms blooming without stinting,
With one for Hope, and one for Faith, and one for Charity.

But now came one more lovely far, a fair and radiant being,
Whose form and feature far outshone the beauty of the three;
With outstretched wings of rainbow hues and eyes, though all
unseeing,
Were bright as Hope's and clear as Faith's and kind as Charity's.

He scarcely touched the verdant fields as he went flying over,
 The wide, wide world from east to west to find the maidens three;
 But where he stepped, now here, now there, a knowing little clover
 Added a leaf named "Love" to Hope and Faith and Charity!

And that is why (because the leaf belongs to all true lovers)
 That, should you wear it, dear, within your dainty little shoe,
 'Twill be a magic talisman whereby you may discover
 The one you are to love the best—the one who will love you.

But, dear, the most mysterious thing about this four-leaved clover
 Is that not one, but every leaf, must always treasured be,
 Unless one-half the charm is lost. So think the matter over—
 To *keep* Love, entertain sweet Hope and Faith and Charity!
 EVA BEST.

Know thyself, for through thyself only thou canst know God.
 —*Ruskin.*

Indolence is the paralysis of the soul.
 —*Lavater.*

If all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock
 in order to be equally distributed among the species, those who now
 think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they have
 already to that which would fall to them by such a division.
 —*Socrates.*

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at
 last we cannot break it.
 —*Horace Mann.*

God does not weigh criminality in our scales. God's measure
 is the heart of the offender, a balance so delicate that a tear cast in
 the other side may make the weight of error kick the beam.
 —*James Russell Lowell.*

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but
 which man hath put asunder.
 —*Colton.*

A FRIENDLY SMILE OR KINDLY WORD.

A friendly smile or kindly word,
Whene'er you pass him by,
Will help your neighbor on his way,
And brighten up his sky.

A friendly smile or kindly word,
Great good indeed will do,
And principal with interest large
Will soon return to you.

A friendly smile or kindly word
Will give a sad heart cheer,
And help it bear the trials sore
That oft befall us here.

Then let the friendly smile or word,
High-born of pure good will,
Greet all your neighbors by the way,
And keep on smiling still.

For as the sun's bright, shining rays,
Increasing in their glow,
Herald the coming of the spring
By the passing of the snow,

So, too, the friendly smile or word
Has virtue like a prayer
To warm the soul that feels the chill
Of grief, so hard to bear.

Yes, friendly smiles and kindly words
Are ties, both strong and good,
That help to bind the hearts of men
In a common brotherhood.

JOHN ALLEN WINKLER.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

EXPLORATIONS IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.

Professor James H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, gives an account of the explorations which have been made in Upper Egypt and Nubia, and are of much interest to those conversant with those matters. At the temple of Abu-Simbel are numerous stelas or tablets on which are recorded important events in the career of Rameses, the great. In the early years of this reign this monarch made a campaign against Khita, "the land of the Hittites." It is represented as a victory of the Egyptian monarch who ascribes his success to the gods Harmachis and Seth or Typhon. The war continued between the two powers, however, for many years, all Palestine and the contiguous region coming into the possession of the Egyptians. The Hittites appear to have been of the Mongolian race, and they held the country on the Upper Euphrates. Finally, a treaty was made between the contending monarchs, which was confirmed by the marriage of Rameses and the daughter of Khitasar, the Hittite king. In this treaty the Hittite towns were recognised as under the protection of the divinities Sutech and Astartê, and Egypt under that of Amun of Thebes. The inscriptions at Abu-Simbel give glowing representations of this alliance. Khitasar accompanied his daughter to Egypt, to place her under the charge of her future husband and she received the Egyptian name of Ra-mas-ur, adopted evidently in conformity to the maxim for a bride to "forget her kindred and her father's house." (*Psalm XLV.*)

The largest tablet at Abu-Simbel is devoted to the nuptials. A relief depicts the Hittite king and his daughter received by Rameses, and below is a prayer of Rameses that the two as they are coming from their country to Egypt may be free from rain and s-r-k.

Twice this expression occurs, and it is supposed that the term—unknown in Egyptian usage—means snow. It is curious to find such a word in a region where snow is never seen.

AN IMMORTAL SNAKE.

During the demolition by the Japanese authorities of a building known as Koo Cheun Kak, built many hundreds of years ago by the founder of the present Korean dynasty, an enormous snake emerged from the hole left in the floor of the compound by the removal of a stone weighing 1,000 pounds.

It began to travel round the compound with great rapidity, jumping over any walls that came in its way.

Seven Japanese soldiers eventually killed it, and they then took the remains outside and burned them.

That night a green fog settled down over the city, and the seven soldiers who had killed the snake are said to have died suddenly and mysteriously.

After the soldiers were dead the snake again made its appearance, and, rushing round and round the houses and jumping over them, prevented any one from sleeping that night.

What eventually became of the strange reptile is not related.

—*Korean Times.*

Of the credibility of this story we have no opinion to offer. But it may be remarked that Serpents as objects of worship have been cherished in "Asia and the whole world." The Korean story is very similar in important respects to the legend of the Serpent of the Temple of Pallas-Athena in the time of the Persian wars. Herodotus tells of the serpent that was dislodged when the shrine was burned, and of its subsequent reappearing.

Every ancient religion, so far as there are records, had its Sacred Serpent to represent Divinity. There was one to every temple of Æsculapius, to the temples of Assyria and Egypt, and we are told that King Hezekiah, as a reformer, broke in pieces the brasen Serpent of Moses, because the children of Israel offered incense to it. Only in the Persian Sacred Writings do we find the animal described as evil.

The legends of the early Christian Church abound with accounts of serpents killed by saints and missionaries, and processions were held in their honor. Indeed, serpent-worship was not extirpated from Northern Europe till the Eighteenth Century.

IS VENTILATION ONLY A HOBBY?

Have we ever stopped to think how our ancestors two or three generations back lived and flourished with little or no ventilation in their sleeping apartments? The night air used to be considered a very dreadful menace to health, and a sure inducer of colds. Bed-rooms were kept closely shut; and yet our ancestors, many of them, were hardier than we and lived to a good old age. Animals burrow in their holes at night, breathing the same air over and over again, while birds tuck their heads under their wings. Of course, ventilation is absolutely necessary for proper comfort, cleanliness, and health, but people have lived on little or none of it for hundreds and thousands of years.

TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED.

There is a Bacteriologic Institute at Madrid where experiments are conducted with all the savage heartlessness of bull-fights or the former autos da Fe. The practitioners inject into the dumb animals the poisonous matter obtained by means of the most deadly diseases. In August forty-seven rabbits were stolen from the institution after having been thus inoculated. Among the diseases in the case were tuberculosis, typhus, small-pox and tetanus. One of the bacteriologists expressed his horror, "It is hard to conceive a more dangerous situation," said he. "Every one of these animals which have been stolen was inoculated with the virus of a most deadly disease. Every person who has eaten these rabbits may become a plague-centre for the spreading of some of the most violent and fatal diseases known to medical science."

But what of the rabbits? Infected by heartless experimenters with venomous substances, for the sake of watching their anguish and lingering death, it is a cruelty that can be justly characterised only as execrable.

The merciful man regardeth his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty itself. Dr. Carr, in *Medical Talk*, declares the practice horrible and declares his belief in its utter uselessness.

"We do not believe," he declares, "that any truth which will ultimately be of any value to the human family will ever be discovered in this way. We do not believe that God has so fixed things that man has to subject dumb creatures to the most excruciating tortures

in order to discover the facts of our existence. We do not believe that God has hidden away his secrets in such a way that men must be cruel and heartless to discover them. If God is Love, surely he has not so fixed things that men must necessarily be cruel in order to protect themselves from disease."

CARNEGIE ON HAPPINESS.

"I have lived both lives. I know how little there is in riches to increase happiness. I think it decreases it. As I have said before, billionaires who laugh are rare."

SEWARD AND LINCOLN.

When Mr. Lincoln made his first appearance in Washington as President elect, Mr. Seward was greatly at a loss about introducing him to society in Washington, and employed Mr. Schleiden, the German minister, to help him. Schleiden arranged for a small dinner party at his house where Mr. Lincoln, with a few friends and foreign diplomats should make his entree with little embarrassment. But Mr. Lincoln was not embarrassed. He was equal to the occasion as Mr. Seward soon experienced in their official relations.

THE HEBREW TRIBAL GOD.

Dr. Sanders, former head of the Divinity School of Yale University, has given an explanation which will be somewhat novel to many, of the religious views of the ancient Hebrews. He admits that they were not monotheists but monolaters. They did not recognize a single Supreme Being, but only a God that was dominant over them, while other peoples had Gods of their own of equal authority. The chieftain Jephthah addresses the King of the Ammonites: "Wilt thou not then possess that which Chemosh, thy God, giveth thee to possess? So whomsoever the Lord, our God, shall drive out before us, them will we possess." The existence and authority of the various deities was recognised. The book of

Judges from which this is quoted is the oldest in the collection of the Old Testament. It was not till a later period that the God of the Hebrew tribes became identified with the supreme divinities of other peoples, and thus came to be recognised as a Universal Being. The prophet Isaiah made a prodigious advance in religious conception when he wrote: "I am the First and I am the Last; and besides me there is no God."

ANOTHER ST. PATRICK.

Professor Zimmer, of Berlin University, has given the following result of his investigations in regard to the identity of Patrick, generally recognised as the patron saint of Ireland. He states that a British lad of sixteen, named Sucat, was kidnapped and sold as a slave in Ireland, where he remained six years. He then ran away, entered the Church and made a visit to Rome, where he adopted the Latin name Palladius. He was afterward sent as a missionary to Ireland where he took the Roman title of dignity, Patricius, or patrician. Ireland was missionary ground before; it was now made an Episcopal See.

JUGGERNAUT CAR IN AMERICA.

"Every year," says Arthur B. Reeve, in *Everybody's Magazine*, "we draw on Europe for one million emigrants to work in our mines, to build our houses, to dig our tunnels, to keep the wheels of the Juggernaut car of industry grinding at the speed that we insist must be maintained; every year, as against this million of workers, we kill or injure half a million."

This is figured out in detail. In the big tunnel construction in and about New York, on an average a man a day is killed. A caving in, a dynamite blast, or an attack of the "bends," is the immediate cause.

Again, there are over thirteen hundred thousand railroad men on the trains and in the yards of the United States. Of these in the last complete year in record, 69,191 were killed or injured in one year's time—one in every twenty.

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania, last year, there were 1,123 killed and 2,365 injured; in the coal mines of fifteen states, 5,986 were killed and injured.

The "sky-scrappers" also exact a heavy toll of human life. Factory accidents are a prolific cause of death and mutilations, generally "from being caught in the machinery."

In New York City there occur ten violent deaths a day as a direct result of daily activities; in Chicago, six. In Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, the record of deaths and injuries received in the workshops and manufactories exceeds 17,000 a year.

The productive power thus sacrificed is estimated to exceed \$50,000,000 a year.

"ADVANCED THEOLOGY" IN STRAITS.

Professor Koenig, of Bonn, in Germany, seems to think the modern theology a failure. "This, at last," he declares, "can be no longer denied: That modern theology has produced little fruit for religious or spiritual life; and that among the most devoted followers the conviction is gaining ground that they must see to this; that it be decently buried."

RAVENS AND THE HAPSBURGS.

The imperial family of Austria have a horror of ravens, they having seemed to be a bird of evil omen. When the present Emperor accepted the throne a flight of the uncanny birds passed over Olmutz sending a shiver over his supporters. As Maximilian and his wife set out for Mexico, a raven followed them through the grounds of the Emperor and the mother of King Alfonso was escorted to some distance by a raven. One also flew into the face of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva the day before she was assassinated.

You know that through all the mysteries of human fate and history, this one great law of fate is written on the walls of cities or in their dust—written in letters of light or in letters of blood—that where truth, temperance and equity have been preserved, all strength and peace and joy have been preserved also;—that where lying, lasciviousness and covetousness have been practiced, there has followed an infallible, and for centuries inevitable ruin.

—*Ruskin.*

AN EXPERIENCE—A Letter.

During April of '96, my spirits as to any measure of worldly or literary success accruing from unceasing effort, sank to their lowest possible ebb. Almost I feared to look within, or, did I look without, only darkest gloom surrounded my prison-house of narrow environment, and trammeling conditions. In desperation, I addressed several persons who seemed to have achieved that measure of literary success which seemed to me desirable, imploring suggestion, advice, opinion on my work; anything, in short, that might stimulate me to fresh endeavor, or might serve to induce the abandonment of my hopes in that direction, and bring to me at least the final condition of unresisting endurance. *All* to whom I wrote responded most kindly and most helpfully. Among others, I received a letter from Kate Field, then editing a paper in Washington. To say that each smallest word of that letter is imprinted upon my heart, is to tell you but the slightest part of its influence over me. To this letter I responded *immediately*; not only giving her my heart-felt thanks, but trying in some measure to let her see what an immense stepping-stone her words had seemed to lift for me out of the troubled waters in which I was struggling. But, I also begged in my reply, for answers to certain questions; for certain *further* statements as to her beliefs as to her understanding of the future.

To my surprise and at first, to my chagrin, no answer came to this letter, although I had purposely couched mine in the most urgent manner. Nor did any answer come. And in a few months the news came to me that she had laid aside her beautiful earth-body for raiment of which we, as yet, may know but little.

In the meantime, chance had brought me into close, and I may say, intimate, correspondence with Lilian Whiting; Poet, Thinker and Helper, of Boston; and in Lilian Whiting I found Kate Field's dearest earthly friend. So, my thoughts so loving, so devotedly admiring, were sustained by a still greater measure of love and devotion that filled Lilian Whiting's heart for her best-loved Kate Field.

On April 14th of this year I had a strange presentiment of good sweep over me. So much so that I remarked about it to many of those about me. But alas! Nothing of good came my way. The dreary, unremunerative days crept by. Nothing that *I* could write, seemed to please; on this phase I will not linger, but hasten to its outcome.

On Sunday night, May 16th, I sat in my room utterly disheartened. Seeking solitude, I determined to *try* to reconcile myself to the giving up, finally, all hope of literary success. Ungratefully forgetting such measure as the year had brought me, heedlessly willing to thrust from me those hands held out in such gentle, understanding kindness.

But—to my amazement, as I sat there alone, all at once, “in the twinkling of an eye,” the ticking of a moment of time, my apathetic sadness fell from me, as a dismal cloak might fall.

I sprang to my feet, mysteriously and wonderfully buoyed up—by what, I knew not; nor did I for an instant stop to think. Stretching my arms above my head I exclaimed aloud: “I shall just do the best I can and let come what will. The end is not yet.”

So saying, I sought my couch, and did what was an almost unprecedented thing with me; fell asleep on the instant, and slept undisturbed until morning. Now, I beg of you to *mark* what follows:

When I arose, the morning was dawning fairly. Going to my desk, I wrote a verse. Then I went at once to sorting some old papers; and among them I found a Newspaper, still in its close-sealed wrap. Idly I tore from the paper the outer wrap; as I did so, a letter fell therefrom. A *sealed letter*, which must have slipped within the paper cover unnoticed by the postman, and unnoticed by the person receiving, whether myself, I cannot now say.

The letter was the *reply* so long looked for to my letter to Kate Field. Its date was *April 14th, 1906* (the day I was so buoyed up, you will recall.) In it occurred these words: “Just do the best you can, and leave the rest. *The end is not yet!*”

I make no comment. To the thinking mind, to the seeing eye of inner thought, none is necessary. My friend had spoken to me.

JULIA NEELY FINCH.

ORIENTAL QUIETISM.

It is supposed that Buddhism and other oriental systems teach that Bliss is a negative condition, to be obtained by cutting out all that makes life full and active. The Oriental peoples are supposed to have succeeded more or less in reaching this condition in the mass and to be living in a state of resigned contentment.

It is quite possible that such an attitude of mind may exist among a few. But if so, it is an error and not the general and true way of looking at things. The calm and repose which is sought is not a negative condition due to the removal of all positive factors; it is not resignation or despair; it is not a quiescence to fate or drifting in the current. It is a positive state. The passionlessness, the tranquility, the poise, is not an empty void but a seeming fullness; it is a life stronger and richer than the life we know. It is not the absence of energy, but it is an energy so strong that it can silence all lesser forms of energy. What these old philosophies really seek is the attainment of the true Life or Way, the Life which the Soul leads,—a life which is to our feverish activity as the sunlight is to the fitful glimmer of Will o' the Wisps.—*L. T. E. in New Century.*

PRINCIPLES AND THOUGHT.

Spiritual principles are the real entities of the Universe. Spiritual ideas are the developed activities of those principles. Metaphysical thought-concepts of those ideas and principles are the active realities of human existence. These concepts vary in degree of accuracy according to conscious recognition by each individual mind; therefore, human experience varies in accordance with the changing of the mental pictures formed during the experience of each one.

Intelligence recognizes spiritual activities.

Imagination pictures (images) the recognition.

Intellect interprets the mental picture.

Reason determines its qualities and characteristics.

Thought brings all together in conscious comprehension of the entire subject as a conception.

Thought is a process of reason, exercised through intellectual interpretation of the mental pictures reflecting from spiritual ideas, through consciousness.

Thought itself is an active power, capable of intelligent operation on any subject; imagination is the living instrument of its action.*

*From *The Philosophy of Mental Healing*, by Leander Edmund Whipple.

WHERE?

Some people are good as flowers are handsome—in the same way. They are born so; all their dispositions are most harmoniously tuned to the world they live in, to the air and the light, to wind and rain, to food and sleep and action, and to all the world of humanity also. Opposition does not disturb them; disappointment does not fret them. They have great hearts full of tenderness and love; and the face and presence of man, woman, or child always calls forth beams of love upon their faces, and ready words of love from their lips. Wherever good people of this degree are found, who have not laboriously meant to be good, the beginning of it all is God. His spirit shines out through these happy mediums. We love them, and cannot help but love them, and ought not to regard them otherwise than with love and admiration. We want such for our companions; we want such for our friends. And it seems a most thoroughly mistaken sophistry to cast a slight on natural amiability and loveliness; as if our grouty attempts to live by the laws of integrity and goodness were as much to be admired as goodness without effort, all complete.

—*Eli Hartness.*

“Make your thought-atmosphere true. Your thought and your spoken word determine your atmosphere. Both must be at one and always remain at one, with your purpose and desire. No matter how much money you have in the bank, you must fill out your check and properly sign it before you can connect with the bank so as to make use of any of the money you may have there. You, the effect, in life’s throbbing realm, must connect with the Infinite, the Cause, or its supply (boundless tho’ it be and free to all) can never reach your consciousness. You (your conscious self) must recognize the oneness of life to connect with the supply. Recognizing that, you know your right to call for the fulfilment of your desire. Desire is Love’s message to your conscious self, advising what is yours to claim and to possess.”

—*Floyd B. Wilson.*

COMPENSATION.

As singing after silence is, or sun is after rain,
 So may the lesson be that tells the blessedness of pain.

For only at the ending of the journey lies the crown ;
 And none see all its light but they who on its light look down :

Life's labor won is never won, unless it first be lost,
 As priceless things most priceless are when bought at priceless cost.

The sorrow and the sinning that are o'er shall be the way
 That leads us from a darkened past into a brightening day.

Though still, as in the past, the night must come before the morn ;
 The loftiest loves in sorrow still must deepest down be born.

Not all on page of parchment, or on monumental stone,
 The records have been graven that the universe hath known :

God still is writing gospels in the lives of those that sin ;
 E'en while their hearts refuse to let the graver's chisel in.

Though all have sinned, and still they sin, it shall not be in vain
 That any human heart has drunk the dregs of pain.

Or not in vain the sky of life is dark with clouds of woe,
 While all its misty mountain-tops are clad in trackless snow :

The light shall shine out brighter, when at last it flashes through,
 And evermore the old shall be the pathway of the new.

—*L. B. Moore.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right,
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

PERT AND PERTINENT.

Prof. Starr, the *Argonaut* declares, charges that women are not only barbarous, but illogical and inconsistent.

"I was walking in the country one day with a young woman," said he. "In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from an angle it was possible to see in it three eggs.

"'You wicked little boy,' said the young woman, 'are you going up to rob that nest?'"

"'I am,' replied the boy.

"'How can you?' she demanded. 'Think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs.'

"'Oh, she won't care,' said the boy; 'she's up there in your hat.'"

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. Book V. Translated by Alexander Kerr, Chicago. Charles H. Kerr & Company.

There is always a select number to read and admire Plato. They are generally the thinkers, and have some perception of the recondite character of his writing. The *Republic* is his masterpiece, and fortunate is the person who can read it understandingly. Teaching that justice is the equilibrium of motives and principles, he proceeds to depict Man, the complete Humanity, under the figure of a city or commonwealth, in which the various qualities and tendencies are represented as citizens and their powers and duties are assigned accordingly. A social condition must needs be absolutely perfect to realise the mode of living described in this little pamphlet, but the philosopher safeguards us against any such loose or literal interpretation by the assurance that it can have existence nowhere on earth but may, perhaps, in heaven.

Professor Kerr has made an excellent translation, less a paraphrase than Jowett's version, fully as literal as Burges', and fairly endeavoring to give a just expression of the philosopher's utterances. His Introduction admirably introduces to a distinct view of the subject. A. W.

PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY FOR EVERYBODY. By Llewelyn George. Paper, 82 pp. 50 cents. Issued by the Portland School of Astrology.

An astrological work for the people free from technicalities, especially arranged for a text and guide to those who are anxious to learn somewhat of this interesting science.

DON MIQUEL LEHUMADA, DISCOVERER OF LIQUID FROM THE SUN'S RAYS. An occult Romance of Mexico and the United States. By Sue Greenleaf. Cloth, 305 pp. Pub. by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

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MANIFOLD MAN.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

"One newly dead, wafted on winds of space,
Felt clustering shapes he knew not and yet knew.
'Who are ye?' cried he, scanning face by face.
'Your self!' they laughed; 'We all have once been you!'"

—ARLO BATES, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

It is said that the late Robert Louis Stevenson had a dream the curious incidents of which enabled him to produce the strange story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. In this tale he has described one of the characters as an amiable and truly worthy gentleman, and another as being totally the reverse. It transpires that these two persons who are so represented are actually the same individual. He is manifest at times as the man of superior worth, and on other occasions as fit only to consort with the vile. A certain practice of drugging produces these transformations. The evil result, finally predominates over normal condition and the degradation becomes permanent.

A recent number of the London *Lancet* narrates a case of multiple personality, far more extraordinary. The individual was a girl of twelve years old. She was apparently in good health till she was attacked with influenza. The changes then became manifest. Some were complete and others partial, some were sudden and others gradual. In some cases she was totally blind, and in all of them she was partially ignorant of what she had been in other states. In some of them her acquirements, such as drawing and writing and other normal faculties, were present; in

others, they seemed to be lost. When she was in the blind condition she developed the faculty of drawing, aided by touch only. This sense was then enormously increased in delicacy. Her character and behavior were widely different in some of the peculiar states, from what they were in others. There were ten of these phases, and they varied in length from a few minutes to ten weeks. They have lasted about three years.

These descriptions, it appears to me, are little else than examples of human experience in conditions more distinctly marked than is common in every-day life. Indeed we need only to take note of our own motives and impulses, to perceive that there are periods in our temper quite in analogy with those which have been described. The celebrated preacher of the Eighteenth Century, Whitfield, once observed a wretched man making his way with difficulty, disgrace in every motion and feature. "There," he exclaimed, "there goes George Whitfield, but for the grace of God." A physiognomist is said to have described Sokrates as addicted to low vices, drunken and sensual. The philosopher checked those who were about to protest. Such had been his disposition, but he had been restrained by philosophy. So true it is that the greatest virtue is developed above the darkest vice, as the beautiful water-lily grows from filthy mud.

Holmes suggests that perhaps there are co-tenants in this house of which we had thought we were the sole occupant. He brings to confirm this the dream or reverie of a budding girl in which several of her remoter ancestors seemed in turns to blend their being with hers. This takes us a step further. The lessons of experience are slowly learned, but they bring the deeper facts to view.

Many years have passed, but I remember it well. There had been worry and vexatious disappointment in several matters to which I was attending. To intensify the trouble, a severe influenza was developed, affording no opportunity for repose. It was in May, and the Columbian Exposition was about to open at Chicago as a memorial celebration of the third centenary of the discovery of the Western Continent. I must make ready for a week of service in a World's Congress Auxiliary and could not pass my duties over to another. The matter was successfully

carried through, after which followed months of work and responsibility. When December came I was prostrated by my fifth visitation of pneumonia.

The exacerbations were severer than they had been of aforetime, and were accompanied by hallucinations that were curious from their novelty. For several days there seemed to be some half dozen persons in the bed with me sharing my personality, suffering as I did, and making the pain harder to endure because each of them was adding to it a spectral contribution of his own. I had the impression very vividly that if they should be removed elsewhere, the distress which I was suffering would then become easier to bear. This anticipation, however, was not realised. After a few days they did seem to go, but there was no such amelioration. There was, perhaps, an exchange of one form of sensation for another that was equally disagreeable, and with it possibly some change of hallucination.

An individual unable to leave his bed has abundant opportunity to speculate upon what he observes. The field is large; it may be larger than when he is in normal condition. Vagary and new sensation are added to memory and imagination, and all of them are busy with their contributions. Nor is it well to be contented with any flippant explanation, such as that it was mere phantasm that had its origin from the fever. I must be permitted to doubt the power of a fever to generate alone even a phantasm. It is by no means a producing cause. It may destroy, but it cannot create. It can only display something that really exists. If we are so disposed, we may call the manifestation abnormal and even morbid, but it is none the less real, and further enquiry must be made.

The subjective nature of the manifestations requires to be examined. The fever brought them to view; but whence did they come? In some way they were projected from the thought and personality of the individual sufferer. They were not mere phantoms external to him, but actual facts and qualities issuing forth from him into an apparition of objective reality. The several sufferers that apparently participated in my pain and uneasiness were portions of myself that were, as it were, individualised. The fever which was disturbing my body had caused them to

seem as separate personalities, each of which might possibly be contemplated by itself. I did not think to count them, but thought of them as six or more. Accordingly I am not able to tell, or even to suggest, what or whether any specific quality or characteristic any or each of them may have personified. Though thus seemingly apart and distinct from me, they were all in a manner myself; and with that conclusion I must be content. Each of them, I was conscious, had an intimate relationship with the others.

This sense of complexity in a personality has been noticed by different writers, and explanations have been offered, which widely vary. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us autocratically of an unconscious action of the brain and a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or feeling and some corporeal phenomenon. Emanuel Kant carries the idea still further, and propounds that the soul is acted upon by the nonmaterial natures of the spiritual world, and receives impressions from them. Professor Tyndall is also philosophic in his deductions. "It was found," says he, "that the mind of man has the power of penetrating far beyond the boundaries of his full senses; that the things which are seen in the material world would depend for their action upon the things unseen;—in short, that besides the phenomena which address the senses, there are laws, principles and processes which do not address the senses at all, but which need be and can be spiritually discerned."

These assumptions do not quite solve the matter satisfactorily, but they afford valuable help. I readily acknowledge the presence and influence of spiritual essences in my own thinking, and also that these influences may extend to illumination and seeming intuition. Every thing, Goethê declares, every thing flows into us, so far as we are not it ourselves. Doctor Holmes has further suggested, and in this I am ready to agree with him, that other spirits, those of ancestors in particular, and other persons who are in rapport with us, have a place of abode in our personality, and so may qualify our action, even inspiring it sometimes. I am not alone in my body, or with it, for every one is with me whose nature, disposition or proclivity I share. This universe is an ocean of mind, and my interior essence may per-

meate it in every part as a drop of alcohol will diffuse itself over an immense body of water. For the body does not contain the soul, but is itself surrounded by it, as well as permeated and enlivened.

The apparent personifications were so completely in and of me that I was fully conscious that each of them felt every pain that I suffered. Each one of us is a complex personality in which an assemblage of living entities are grouped and allied together as parts of a single whole. As my body is a one, that is composed of a plurality of members—muscles, bones, membranes and nerve-structure all depending on one another in this totality, so my selfhood is constituted in an analogous manner, of qualities, characteristics, impulses, passions, tastes and other peculiarities.

We may follow the subject further, and explore into the recesses of our selfhood in order to ascertain somewhat more definitely in relation to the qualities and characteristics that make it up as an entirety. "The proper study of mankind is Man," and the proper way to pursue this study is for each of us to endeavor to know himself. Metaphysical speculation is not a study of what is outside of our nature, but rather of that which is superior to nature—the mind or spirit by which it is animated.

I remember that even in earlier boyhood I was of a serious, thoughtful turn. I was thus led to contemplate my personality as a two-fold entity composed of the body and the living principle. Naturally I considered the body as the principal object, but early teaching assured me that there was a soul that would continue after the body had perished. I was also told that according as I was good or bad, this soul of mine would enjoy delight in heaven or suffer excruciating torment in hell after its separation from the body. All this impressed me that the soul was a something distinct from me and not that it was my actual self. That I had to learn afterward.

Yet in this period of imperfect knowing there came forth many thoughts spontaneously, that did not harmonise well with these cruder notions. I could sit and contemplate my limbs as things that were distinct from my real self. When by some accident, a leg or an arm was temporarily benumbed, I noticed that it was apparently dead, and that though I myself was alive

and in full possession of my faculties, no impulse of my will could move the paralysed organ. This showed that the selfhood was myself from which the body was essentially distinct. This self was the being that thought, reasoned, willed, and impelled to action; and however closely the corporeal structure was allied to it, yet it was nothing more than its instrument. Speaking in more explicit terms: I am soul, and this body of mine is only my shadow, my objective manifestation. It may therefore be declared without further evidence or argument, that this soul, this ego, myself, has its being substantially distinct from the body, and accordingly, that it is superior to the body, and older.

Following this exploration into the subjective nature, I perceive that in the soul there are varieties of faculty and function that can be distinguished from one another. Thus I love, desire, feel and enjoy, and also experience the reverse of these in one department of my being; but think, observe and reason, in another. Designating these two departments after the fashion of the time, we term the one, *soul*, and the other, the understanding or reasoning faculty. It may be remarked, however, that these are so intimately close to the corporeal structure and functions, that it is not altogether clear from what has been here set forth that both soul and mind are not participant with it, rather than coördinate. By an instinctive consciousness I associate the thinking faculties with my head, and the affectional, sensitive and appetitive qualities, with the central ganglionic region of the body. If now, I push the investigation no further, I may be ready to say that life and existence itself can be no more than an illusion of the senses, and therefore, that death, ending it all, is the only thing genuine and real. Animals seem to possess all the traits to which reference has been made, in a less or greater degree; and from this analogy I can be little more than they.

Not so. My thought is not circumscribed by their limitations. This reasoning faculty which I am able to perceive and contemplate in myself is really itself twofold, and perhaps manifold. It certainly is a receptacle of something else than the facts that have been observed, lessons that have been learned, and the various deductions and conclusions. It is far more than a

storehouse or encyclopædia of former thoughts and observations that may be classified, labelled and put away as in pigeon-holes. There is a faculty of apperception transcending all this sort of thing. This is the faculty that renders us conscious of our selfhood, of our moral and reflective nature, and of all that is in us, of us, and about us. We are by no means hurrying too fast with the argument when we summarise the description of this faculty with the apothegm attributed to Elihu in the book of *Job*: "Certainly, there is a spirit in mankind, and the inspiration of the Almighty maketh them intelligent." Superior to the soul and understanding, and yet both surrounding and permeating them is this inspiration or influx, and it makes human beings intelligent because it is itself an extension and projecting of the Divine Intelligence. Our minds are made luminant by the apperception which has been thus established. We have the earth at our feet, and God at our head.

The Apostle Paul defines man as being an entirety, made up of "spirit and soul and body." Plato had already described him as triune, consisting of body, soul and the mind or superior intellect. In the *Timæus* he assigns the mind, the *noëtic* and absolutely immortal part of the soul, to a seat in the summit of the head; while the mortal part is placed in the body—the better portion above and the lower part below the diaphragm.

"With the mind (*noos*) I myself serve the law of God," Paul writes, using the philosophic term.

The late Angus Dallas, of Toronto, made a diagram of the human head to illustrate its threefold function. The lower part, embracing the base of the brain with what phrenologists call the perceptive region, he termed the *aesthetic*, as denoting the department of sensuous perception. The mass of brain above this, including the forehead, and sides, and parts behind, requisite to complete the arch, he demonstrated the *geometric*. In common parlance this would be considered the scientific region, the part of the cerebral organism employed in accumulating varied knowledge, but often ignoring and excluding anything better and higher. The third or *epistemetic* region is the topmost part of the head. Here phrenologists place the nobler and diviner faculties, veneration, benevolence, hope, wonder, conscientiousness. The

division is certainly plausible and ingenious, and seems to be philosophic.

The concept of the "double," or "astral" body, has been universally entertained. The Egyptian sages used to teach that there was a corporeal structure and an ætherial body that was like and yet distinct from the soul. After the death of the body, the soul was supposed to go directly to the gods, but the double remained on the earth and was nourished from the ætherial principle that was in the offerings of food made to it by friends. It was believed that food after this principle had been thus partaken, had no further nourishing quality. The *manes* of the dead, that we read of in Roman literature, was a similar personification, and its peculiar rites are described by Vergil in the fifth book of the *Æneid*.

But the Egyptian diviners held that man was really a complex personality. There was the *khat* or body; also the *ba* or soul, the *khu* or reasoning faculty, *ka* or eidolon, the *khakit* or shade, the *ren* or name, the *ab* or heart, and the *sahu* or corporeal framework. Of this last, divested of the entrails, the mummies were made. All these parts were supposed to sustain an intimate vital relation to one another; and it was believed that there could be no perfect life ultimately, except these were again joined. The eidolon or double, the *ka* being of divine origin, survived the body, and hence was subject to innumerable vicissitudes. It needed the funeral offerings to relieve hunger and sufferings. If the *sahu* or mummy chanced to be destroyed, this astral form would unite itself with some image or simulacrum of the deceased person. In this way phallicism was integral in the Egyptian rites; and the serpent as representing the soul and intelligence was borne aloft at festivals, and worn on the sacerdotal tiara.

These notions undoubtedly came from older peoples. Bunsen conjectured that Egypt derived her learning from the country of the Euphrates and Lamartine declared his full conviction that that country received it from India. We may expect accordingly to find there the whole dogma of component principles, in the human form. The Sāṅkhya philosophy is accordingly thus explicit. We are told of the body, the *atma* or soul, the *buddhi* or

intelligent principle, the consciousness, the understanding, the senses, the *manas* or passional nature, etc. The whole theory is there. We conceive of these principles as separate entities and describe them as such. Yet, to borrow the words of Pope for the purpose:

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole.”

In conclusion, I am certain that the troublesome bedfellows which have been described as causing me so much annoyance were only so many constituents of my individual self, which the excitement of fever had brought into consciousness as so many personalities. That they were not mere phantoms created by hallucination is almost demonstrated by the fact that I seemed to feel in myself that what I was suffering at the time they were suffering along with me. I suppose that they were those principles of soul that are more commonly described as qualities and sentiments. Perhaps they are capable of being brought into consciousness so as to be recognised by the external sensibility, as living beings, because they are actually endowed with life. “Every thought is a soul,” the philosophic Mejnour declares to his pupil in Bulwer’s famous novel *Zanoni*. What we denominate qualities and principles are animate realities, which may be apprehended as such; not, however, as things apart from us, but as constituent elements of our being.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

POLLIWOGISM.

BY CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

A French scientist, while investigating the action of light upon living organisms procured a number of tadpoles and kept them in a place from which light was carefully excluded. He supplied them liberally with water from their native ditch kept at the same temperature as the water outside, and endeavored to maintain all the natural conditions excepting as regarded the exclusion of light. The tadpoles grew and thrived exceedingly, some of them attaining to immense size; but they continued to be tadpoles. The usual transformation into the frog-form altogether failed to occur. No legs appeared; they retained their tails and their tadpole character, dying immediately if removed from the water.

Perhaps while in that condition the tadpole is perfectly satisfied with it—thinks that his native puddle is the universe, and that it was created especially for the benefit of tadpoles. In order to preserve in him this happy frame of mind it is only necessary to *keep him in the dark*.

Some well-meaning people will say: "If the tadpole is happy and contented in that condition why should you wish to change it? You will only 'unsettle his faith' and make him discontented and unhappy." Probably during the transition period, while his hind legs are breaking through the skin, his horny beak changing to a mouth and his tail being absorbed, the tadpole is often puzzled and uncomfortable, and in doubt as to what he really is, wishing, perhaps, that he were once more a contented tadpole. But this discomposing uncertainty is but transitory. Imagine his delight as, wriggling out of the remains of his tadpole skin, he climbs out of the stagnant ditch or puddle onto the grassy bank, and discovers all the added powers and qualities that he attained by his metamorphosis. His universe has widened and with it comes the sense of freedom. He can choose his location; for while he can still live in the water at pleasure and traverse it more rapidly than before, the new world of land is now opened to him, and he is endowed with physical powers to exist in and enjoy his place in it.

The French scientist is, unfortunately, neither the first nor the

only experimenter who has succeeded in arresting evolution by means of excluding the light. The process passed out of the domain of experiment centuries ago and has been recognized as the infallible method by means of which potentate, priest and plutocrat—all those who have wielded power cemented by the blood of their fellow-men, or lived in idleness and luxury at the cost of others' toil, have exploited mankind for their own ends. If the professor's object were merely to study the results of the exclusion of light in retarding evolution, he might have allowed the tadpoles to wiggle their way to perfect froghood in their native puddle and turned his attention to the *genus homo*. He would have found countless "specimens" in various conditions of arrested development resulting from being "kept in the dark." In the puddles of religion, politics, medicine, law, mechanics, social ethics, there are thousands of tadpoles that could be—should be—fully developed frogs. Some are contented to remain in the tadpole condition; some wish to attain to the higher, freer existence, yet fear the inconveniences that must be undergone in the metamorphosis; but the vast majority are "kept in the dark" by those who can profit by them while in the tadpole condition, but who would lose their services and stand in fear of them as frogs.

We stand among the ruins of the great temple at Karnac and are overcome with amazement at their grandeur, the gigantic dimensions and the solidity of the architecture which has preserved so much of its original form and beauty for five thousand years. One chamber or hall, the hypostyle, measures 170 by 329 feet, and its roof was supported by twelve great columns or pillars sixty-two feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference, and 122 smaller ones (or rather of less gigantic dimensions) of over forty-two feet in height and twenty-eight feet in circumference. Both columns and walls are covered with designs in *basso relievo* and *intaglio*. There were two other halls or temples nearly equalling this in dimensions and architectural grandeur, an avenue lined with sphinxes, obelisks of immense size and vast pillared halls or avenues. Mr. Denin gives a good idea of the size of the whole building when he says that it took him twenty minutes to make the circuit of the ruins on horseback and at a full gallop.

"What a wonderful people were the builders!" is the first thought

of the awed and admiring visitor. "How temporary and flimsy do the best of the structures of the present day appear when compared with these grand works of thousands of years ago." True, the designers and architects of these grand edifices were surely men of wondrous conceptions and vast executive ability, and some of the mechanical problems involved in the construction are unsolvable at the present day. *But what was the use of it?*

Champollion says, "The principal design of Egyptian architecture was to impress man with a sense of his own littleness—a feeling of overwhelming awe in the presence of the priests of the deity, and at the same time to show that the monarch was a being of super-human greatness and power. These temples were well adapted to the accomplishment of this purpose, The divine power of the Pharaoh was strikingly set forth. He is shown seated among the deities, folded in their arms, admitted to familiar intercourse with them. He is represented on the walls of the temple as of colossal stature while the noblest of his subjects are but pigmies in his presence."

Viewing these gigantic ruins, or reading descriptions of them must inevitably lead to the thought of the vast amount of labor involved in the construction and the immense number of men required to perform it; curiosity is also felt as to the condition of these armies of laborers. The ruins tell their own story in regard to these points. There are inscriptions giving the number of thousands of workmen and *slaves* employed on the work; also sculptured pictures showing the poor, toiling, naked wretches as engaged in the task, with the driver and his whip very often in evidence. Here were thousands of men toiling, generation after generation, under the most cruel conditions, at the behest of priest and king, upon a Sisyphean task which could result in neither utility, pleasure nor profit to themselves or their descendants.

Why did this people endure all this? Because king and priest filled the role of our French professor and "*kept them in the dark.*" But, it may be urged, if they had at any time attempted resistance they would have been crushed by the military power. True; but this was possible only because the soldiery composing the vast armies of the ruler were "kept in the dark" also, thus enabling him to send them forth to slaughter and be slaughtered at his will. Had these

soldiers had light enough to recognize that the toilers were their brethren—units of the same race—whose fate was indissolubly united with their own, then would the hideous tyranny of king and priest have been quickly overthrown. The great temples, pyramids, obelisks, would have remained unbuilt; but the ratio of human happiness would have been largely increased; terrible misery for countless thousands avoided, and the causes that have resulted in the misery and degradation of the Egypt of to-day would not have been set in motion.

Ah, but this was all in ancient times—the people cannot be forced to build temples now. No, they cannot be so forced to labor under the lash of the driver and the sword of the soldier. Too much light has crept in through the cracks that kingcraft and priestcraft have failed to keep closed. Yet it is but a very few years since the Catholics and all the “dissenting” Protestant population of Great Britain were compelled to pay a tenth of their produce to support the churches “established” by the government; churches which they not only never entered but in which were taught doctrines that the victims of this forced levy considered false and detestable, and to-day this same “established” church is struggling to obtain absolute control of the school-system for which people of all denominations pay taxes to support.

Have five thousand years of evolution alleviated the mania of temple-building? No. While many other fallacies and errors have been outgrown and abandoned by mankind, this particular one is perhaps rather on the increase. Temples such as those of Karnac, Baalbec or Babylon were but isolated structures, and the labor and wealth of many generations were concentrated upon the erection of each. If the cost of all the church buildings, from the humble “meeting-house” costing a few hundred dollars, to the grand church or cathedral costing millions, erected by the Christian nations in the last century, could be ascertained and summed up, it would probably be found that the outlay of labor and money (the latter being but stored-up labor) expended for temple erection was greater than that used for the like purposes during much longer periods in the ancient times. This becomes more apparent when we reflect upon the vastly greater value to the race, in modern rather than ancient times, of the services of the men employed upon the work if their

labor and skill had been directed to useful results. If the number of "ministering" priests, preachers and church officials of the temples of the United States and the cost of their support could be compared with that of the same classes in ancient Egypt, it is probable that we should discover that we were paying out vastly more for our temples and priesthood than did the Egyptians.

Opposite the window at which I write, a host of men are laboring at the erection of a temple for the worship of one who "had not where to lay his head," and who taught beautiful doctrines of race-brotherhood and charity and *works* of love to the multitudes as he stood in the street or in the wilderness. This temple—one of the many expensive ones in the city, is to cost over \$150,000, in addition to which one estimable lady has donated \$10,000 to furnish it with chimes. This in a city which does not support one free hospital, free library, lecture-lyceum or mechanics' institute. The workmen on this building are no naked slaves. They are skillful and well-paid men, and their skill and labor, if employed in useful work, of inestimable value to the community and the race.

The people who have subscribed their money for this or like purposes are doubtless, many or most of them, actuated by the best of motives; but, again, *what is the use of it?* Will the teaching in the temple be such as will lead man to the knowledge of the great ALL of the universe; of his own divine source and his vast capacity for evolution; of the influence for good or evil of every act and thought of his upon himself, upon his living brethren and upon future generations; that his own will—his own efforts—are the sole agencies by which he can work out his own redemption and do his share in the evolution and redemption of the race? No indeed. On the contrary, every effort will be made to keep him in the "tadpole" condition. In the basement, the children of the Sabbath school will be taught in part the same doctrines regarding an avenging, whimsical and utterly unjust deity as were taught in the old temples five thousand years ago; and in part the doctrines ascribed to Paul in an age when this little earth was still believed to be the center of the universe and the sole care of the Deity. Up stairs the people will be taught that they are "poor worms of the dust," utterly incapable of accomplishing anything for themselves and depending for existence and salvation from eternal torment upon extraneous

and miraculous intervention. Let us put the proposition into signs and see how it looks: God, (A) creates a race of beings, (B), imbuing it, presumably, with such qualities as seemed to A best fitted for the purpose. The first experiment failing, (Imagine infinite wisdom *failing!*) A destroys B by drowning all but a few individuals chosen as the best samples to preserve. B still proving a failure, A ordains, *through the priests*, that when the members sin they shall offer to A, always through the priests, the lives and carcasses of certain innocent animals as a bribe for A's forgiveness. But these methods becoming unavailable to enable A to forgive the faults of his own creatures, he disengages a portion of himself, which by a miracle, involving a contravention of his own law, appears as a man, (C) in order that B by persecuting and putting C to death cruelly and unjustly, (i. e. by a hideous crime) might enable A to forgive the sins of and resume amicable relations with B.

When divested of all circumlocution and extraneous matter this is, I think, a plain statement of the basic teaching in the temples, and a belief in it and a proper support of the temple, are the means of "salvation" offered to the people of the twentieth century.

"I give you the truth and the truth shall make you *free*," said that great emanation of the Eternal Spirit whose teachings (not whose blood) would, if followed, indeed "save mankind from their sins." Full well do king, priest and ruling class know that he spoke truth, and that it is only by subverting, distorting, interpolating, and "darkening knowledge with words" that the "tadpole condition" of the people and their own consequent existence can be continued.

In the domain of politics relations similar to those of the professor and the tadpoles will also be found to exist. Let us refrain from comment upon ancient or modern kingdoms and empires as being manifestations of lower forms of evolution, and consider the workings of our own "model system."

"All just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed" is an axiom of our Declaration of Independence. This being accepted as the basic principle, it follows that the guarantee of "equal rights before the law" for every citizen, equal opportunity for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to all, and the securing of the "greatest good to the greatest number" are legitimate functions of government.

Are these requirements fulfilled under our system, and if not, why not?

Let us ignore the first proposition, because in the latest test in this country it has been settled by the "logic of events" or "the arbitrament of the sword," and discussion of it is therefore useless. As to the second proposition—"equal rights before the law"—many classes of people will be found who will deny, with great show of truth, that it does not exist for them. The poor man against whom an unjust decision has been rendered in a lower court because his wealthier opponent had the means to fee more skillful lawyers, or to suborn witnesses, but who cannot appeal for justice to a higher court as he is too poor to "furnish bond for costs," may doubt that he is "equal before the law." The poor, ignorant wretch who has committed a crime and who is "railroaded" to penitentiary or scaffold after a trial which occupied but a few hours, during which his sole defense was the perfunctory service of some inexperienced young attorney appointed by the court; when he sees that the trial of some wealthy criminal (who had not the excuse of ignorance or hard conditions to offer in extenuation) may occupy many weeks, while the defense is conducted by many skilled and highly-paid lawyers who use every artifice that ingenuity can suggest, utilize all the advantages that wealth can secure to hide or subvert the truth and save their client; then, perhaps, the poor convict and his family may be so unpatriotic as to deny the "equality of all men before the law." But why multiply instances to prove that which every thinking person knows?

It is equally unnecessary to enter into any argument to prove that equal opportunity for "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is not possessed by all or even by a majority of our citizens. The man who has attempted to carry on an independent business in territory which a wealthy individual or corporation desires to control, and failing in the unequal contest is compelled to seek a livelihood as a wage-earner, thus falling under the domination of the trade unions and subjected to the "orders" of a "labor leader," or "walking delegate," under penalty of being ostracized and perhaps beaten, maimed or killed if he dares to disobey, may feel that his opportunities for liberty and happiness are somewhat limited.

The immense wealth so rapidly and easily acquired by a few

individuals, when contrasted with the poverty of the mass, is all-sufficient evidence that opportunities are not equal. By "poverty" I do not mean abject misery and suffering, though there is, alas, too much—far too much of that. A man, by laboring at his vocation all the working hours of every working day, can provide a decent living and the absolute necessities of life for his family; but when his earnings will not admit of his expending anything for recreation or relaxation for them or for himself, or for such facilities for acquiring knowledge as will enable them to keep abreast of the evolution of the race, nor permit of any adequate provision being made for sickness, disability or old age, then that family is in a condition of *poverty*.

The sharp contrast between such a condition as this and that of the multi-millionaire leads to the conclusion that in the division of the results of the industry of the nation, the former obtains less and the latter much more than a just share. Yes, a *just* share, not an *equal* share. The first term is the expression of practical socialism, the latter of impossible idealism. Men are *not* born equal; their characters, intellect, ability are the result of evolution. If some have, during many lives, earnestly endeavored to reach higher planes of being and to attain to that knowledge which is power, it is just that they should take precedence of those who have loitered by the way. The scientist, the author, the artist, the inventor, the projector and organizer of great enterprises, all those pioneers of evolution who, when they have by toil and pain gained some vantage ground of advance, hold aloft their light as a beacon to illuminate the path for those that follow—to all these "friends of the race" should be freely accorded so liberal a share as not only to leave them free and unhampered for further effort, but to encourage others to emulate their achievement and follow in their footsteps.

Is it among the more highly evolved, the path-finders and helpers of the race that we find our millionaire plutocracy? In most cases
 "The good old law sufficeth them—the ancient plan—

To let him take who has the power, and let him keep who can."

It is often urged that the lavish expenditure of wealth by the millionaire class "makes work" for the laboring classes. It is true that it enables the workman, by the performance of further labor, to receive of the wealth which is the proceeds of the work of himself

and his compeers, unjustly appropriated, the smallest amount which his necessities compel to accept. It is as though a man had stolen the purse of another and having bought a horse with the contents, generously gave his victim a shilling for holding the horse. Immense sums are also spent for mere sensual gratification, degrading not only to those who practice it, but also to those who are paid to furnish means for its indulgence.

It is also urged as an excuse for the existence of unduly wealthy persons that they sometimes donate large sums for charitable or public purposes. Dick Turpin made the same plea—that he supported a poor widow and her children with such portion of the plunder derived from his robberies as he did not require for his own debaucheries. I have no right to misappropriate a dollar from the earnings of each of a thousand of my fellow-men in order that I may “donate” a thousand dollars to some purpose which I may consider worthy, or by means of which I may gratify my vanity. If I do it I am sailing under false colors—flying the white hospital flag when I ought to have hoisted the “Jolly Roger.” The millions expended for monuments to the donor in the shape of libraries, or the other millions donated with a flourish of trumpets to colleges or missionary work would have accomplished vastly more good if divided justly among those whose industry and intelligent effort produced them. Such distribution to have been in approximate ratio to the value of the services of each as factors in the result, allowing a liberal (but not the lion’s) share to the projector and manager.

A constitutional government can be carried on by means of laws only. The laws of a free nation are but crystallized public opinion. If these laws result in or admit of injustice or unnecessary limitation of liberty, or if they fail to secure the greatest good for the greatest number, then the fault must lie in their source—in the errors of judgment, misapprehension of facts and failure to profit by the lessons of experience on the part of the units whose conclusions are the factors that make up public opinion.

The wealth-producing capacity of the nation is amply sufficient to assure to every inhabitant a comfortable livelihood in pleasant and healthful conditions, in return for a reasonable amount of industry on his part, allowing leisure for rest, education, (the latter con-terminate with life) social intercourse and recreation; it would also

admit of an adequate and ample reward for those who devoted the powers gained by the higher evolution to which they had attained to the benefit of the race. To attain this condition it is but necessary that each man should bear his proportion of the labor involved in the production of the wealth, and that he should receive a just proportion of the resulting benefits—a share approximating the value of his efforts as factors in the result attained.

Why, then, do the people endure the continuance of unjust, unprofitable and unhappy conditions, when those so much more desirable are within their reach?

Again we find the answer in the incident of the professor and the tadpoles. The people allow themselves to be "kept in the dark." There is a large and constantly increasing class of people who desire to live in ease and luxury, to enjoy wealth and yet escape any of the toil or responsibility of wealth production. Not only do they *desire* to do this—they succeed in doing it. By sharing with, subsidizing or patronizing politicians, the press, "leaders of public opinion," they succeed in keeping the attention of the people engaged upon trivial and often inconsequent matters and so diverting them from serious consideration of questions of vital importance and from realizing their own vast possibilities and powers of evolving to nobler and happier conditions.

I once knew a wife who sometimes left the baby to be taken care of by her husband during her temporary absence. He used to put molasses on its fingers and then give it some feathers. So entirely would the little one become absorbed in picking the feathers from one hand to the other that she could think of nothing else and her father read the Sunday paper in peace. Had she penetrated his selfish motive she could have made him take her up, wash her hands and take her out walking, or give her anything she wanted. Well, the questions of who shall be president, or congressman, or alderman, or pound-keeper; of what kind of money we shall use; of tariff or no tariff; of whether Chicago butchers shall wear clean shirts at their work, and of high-salaried inspectors to see that they do, and a thousand other "issues" are the feathers that the non-producing class gives to the masses to pick off one hand on to the other and keep them from demanding what they need, what is their right, and what they have the power to peacefully and lawfully take

at any time. If at any time the smaller feathers fail to hold the attention of the people, the "governing classes" hand them out a war to play with, allowing them to get a few thousand of themselves killed or maimed while butchering their neighbors and brother-men. This will so fully occupy their attention that the capitalist patriots will be enabled to accumulate many more millions unquestioned from contracts for shoddy war supplies. If you doubt the value placed upon this war-feather by the ruling class, ask what real, whole-hearted sympathy, assistance or encouragement has been offered by press, pulpit or politician to the efforts of the peace congress to abolish this hideous relic of barbarism.

Of late years a large number of intellectual and highly evolved persons have, after careful experiment and research, arrived at and published their conclusion that many of the diseases to which mankind is subject are the result of mental or spiritual conditions, and are preventable or curable by rectifying or changing such conditions. They offer convincing arguments, and cite innumerable cases in which this form of treatment has proved successful. Their opinion is shared and corroborated by the experience of thousands of intelligent persons. While it is true that, like all great advances in science, religion or mechanics, it has been exploited by charlatans and unprincipled quacks for purposes of fraud, yet that very fact is an evidence of its value. No counterfeiter imitates the notes of a broken bank; no dishonest dealer the trademark of an inferior article.

No profession contains a larger percentage of large minded, altruistic, and progressive men than does the medical. Many of them practice the profession from true love of science and put forth their best efforts to save life or relieve suffering without prospect of or hope for fee or reward. Their responsibility is great, and therefore it behooves them to be very careful in experimenting with new methods; yet some of them have given a more or less qualified indorsement to the claims of the advocates of mental healing, while doubtless many others are quietly investigating the subject. But the medical profession also numbers in its ranks a vast array of hide-bound fanatics, men who "never learn anything and never forget anything;" to these may be added the immense horde of vendors of quack nostrums and patent medicines, making up an army of people

all of whom live and many of whom acquire wealth at the expense of the producing classes; and not only do they make no adequate return, but oftentimes do great and irreparable injury. The very existence of this horde depends upon keeping people "in the dark." The mere mention of "mental healing" has the same effect on them that the picadōr's red flag has on the bull in the arena—makes them furious. Not only do they use tongue, pen and press to villify, ridicule and controvert the statements of all advocates of mental healing, but they "lobby" legislatures, the members of which are themselves in the tadpole condition, to procure the passage of laws restricting or prohibiting the practice. Sometimes they succeed in this, as in the case of Texas, where not only is the practice of mental healing by professors of the cult prohibited, but parents must not use the method for their own children.

While some of the positions taken by the advocates of mental or spiritual healing are probably untenable, yet the system is based upon a mighty truth, which, when brought into the full light, understood and acted upon, will not only wonderfully improve the physical condition of man, but also have a most beneficent result in proving to him his spiritual powers and possibilities.

As every tadpole will, under proper conditions evolve into a frog, so every human being is capable of becoming a good and useful member of society. Soon or later, after few or many lives, he *must* attain to that character, because in the final result of Divine Law there can be no failures. The retardation or acceleration of the attainment depends in great measure upon the conditions; and the chief condition—that which renders all favorable ones possible—is LIGHT—the light of knowledge—the understanding of the laws that govern our being.

The race, nation or community enjoying the greatest degree of happiness must be the one that includes the greatest number of altruistic and useful citizens. The only safe and lasting basis for individual happiness is the welfare of the race. We all desire happiness, comfort and safety for ourselves and those dear to us. To permanently attain it we must maintain a constant struggle with the "powers of darkness"; not only seeking the light ourselves, but strenuously endeavoring to establish such conditions as will assure to each of these "our brethren" all the light and opportunity

necessary for his speedy evolution to the condition of perfect manhood and useful citizenship.

Well said the poet:

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.”

He might truly have added to this the needless articles: penitentiaries, hospitals and poorhouses; for crime, sickness, pain and poverty are results of ignorance of or disobedience to the law—of our holding ourselves or allowing others to hold us in that darkness which hinders our evolution to freer, happier conditions.

CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

LOST ATLANTIS.

The day had been warm beyond comfort, and a measure of sultriness lingered through the evening. Our ship labored among long Atlantic rollers—a mountain region for height and depth.

Indeed the heat and the motion together had overcome the larger part of our company; the dinner tables and the decks were empty, even the smoking room was deserted at an early hour. By eleven o'clock there were only ten of us left, gathered on the promenade deck, to windward. As we sat making the best of our discomfort from the heat and the great swell, our talk grew hot like the weather and stormy like the sea.

There is in the ocean a strong current of influence bearing men's thoughts toward the supersensual. This is scarcely avoidable when one ponders the vast heights of the inscrutable dome above and the unseen depths of the hollow sea—when nowhere in the whole circle of vision is aught but water, vapor, cloud and mist, no fixed form, nor rigid line, nothing but swell and curve and undulation, the ceaseless motion of undefined and changing, formless forms; here the wind and tide and current, the unseen forces rule the clouds and waves and colors; the visible is the result of invisible activity—and even to the rude men before the mast the great analogy is ever present.

So on this night our talk was a running fight about dreams, hallucinations, visions, wraiths and crystal vision.

There was among us, sadly disturbed by the motion of the boat, but firm in conviction a young Belgian theosophist,—a man with his eyes set wide apart in his head.

We had been talking of the famous vision, by the child seer, of the death-bed of Louis XIV—and I had argued against the credulity of the Duc d'Orleans, when the hand of the young Belgian moved to my arm, with a tightening grip.

"You! I could make you see in a crystal! And cause you to foretell from the ink pool!"

My friend with whom I was travelling shouted his measureless

derision, "Man, you don't know *him*, he is the Doubter of the 19th Century—he doesn't even believe in disbelief, he doubts doubt."

"I care naught for his doubts—I *know*. This man has a seeing eye; get me the ink; I will show."

My friend went in, unsteadily merry making along the skyward pointing deck, to fetch ink. The others gathered closer for the sport. I was none too well pleased, hating to be made the sport of the evening, looking for some clever deception by the Belgian, indeed expecting ventriloquy—and not for one instant did I believe that he could make me see anything whatever in the pool of ink.

My friend returned and poured the ink into my cupped hand.

"Now we will have quiet," said the Belgian—and fixed his eyes on mine.

"Look into the ink pool and see," he commanded.

The liquid in my hand shone blue and black, centered in a point of light that took my fretted attention. I remember how my manifold consciousness of the sky, and myriad stars, the trouthing sea, the deck, with its lights, and the faces of the men about me, faded, somewhat as does the afterglow of a sunset; my eyes refused multitude of detail, and drew in to the point of light, craved it, probed it, rested and bathed in its shining unity; the light held me; I gazed and gazed. I remember a pain, a fear in my mind, and a recoiling that I had never felt before—and I remember the point of light.

They tell me that I began to speak, gabbling and unintelligible—and then began to voice my vision almost as the clergy intone.

"The fields are sere," I said, "and the dry fruit falls. I see the kine wandering without respite seeking drink.

"Beyond, above the hills, hangs the smoke, as of a vast forest afire; all the sky is dull with it, so that no blue may be seen.

"Also, between old oaks, the altar fire smoulders sending blue smoke to hang among the mistletoe; the great stones that are set on end ringing the altar, are garlanded, and the tote baskets high with offerings, crowd the ground between. Amidst the opening the paving of stone is swept, and upon it the signs, the deep-cut runes are dark as with new blood.

"I see a man of mark, burly and with a great under jaw, and the

glance of power ; an eye unfathomable and hard like stone ; coral and gold were braided into his hair and his swart beard, his throat was like a tower, muscles like young hills, each leg a strong marvel. Seven times I saw him come, at the rising of the moon, falling prostrate before the smoking altar, unattended, and not received. The seventh time from the shadow of the oaks came a man, old beyond comparison, the covering of his bones a mockery of flesh, girt with scarlet cloth that blazed against his hoar body, his white teeth only left from strong manhood long gone by ; in this frail vessel was garnered wisdom visible.

“The great man lies hot and powerful, his head in the dust ; the feeble, aged man presses ever forward, and lays hold upon the altar.

“Then comes a youth, running, girt in oak leaves, about his white tunic ; he kneels before the aged man, holding, in upraised hands above his head, a trencher set around with dead cygnets ; one of these the old man lifts and slits with a knife, so that blood falls on the altar fire and steam goes up ; with bony fingers he tears out the entrails of the cygnet, and cons them sagely ; three birds does he thus question, and at the third he casts his hands up, imploring heaven. I can see that he cries out with a terrible voice, but never a word reaches my ears.

“The youth falls foaming at the mouth ; and the great man writhes upon the ground, seemingly in an agony of terror, and apprehension.

“Clouds drive over the moon and darkness covers the scene of foreboding.

“I see dawn about to break ; the watchmen on the towers, and the prisoner in the stocks, set amidst the market place, alone awake. Around the city go uncouth walls, pierced for archery. Set over against the stocks are two posts, a pendant drum between ; in the midst a great stone carved in runes, hung in fading garlands of yesterday. About, grey houses, with roofs pitched steep, as for a weight of snow, with straight slits for windows ; every door ajar, vines about the houses drooping and dry ; the prisoner in the stocks, already tilting his jug, seeking water in its emptiness.

“Behind the drum, that is surely a palace I see, with roof after roof, large buildings, a vast oak tree rising from the inner court, a

troop of men-at-arms asleep within the deep porch ; looking from the open door of a great sleeping room, a woman, her hair the color of a lion's mane hung about her shining in softness, through which glint white shoulder and white shift ; her mouth red in her rosy face, wide blue eyes just opened from sleep, into which there comes as they rest on the man in the stocks, a baleful burning.

"This woman is not of one race with those asleep within the porch, nor with the vast man I see lain, within, upon a carved and painted bed ; he is the man I saw before the altar, he is race-knit with those armed men, the boy, the soothsayer—but she is blood and bone, hair and heft an outlander ; the man in the stocks is of the same kindred as she.

"I see her with honeycomb and fish in her hand, and a little deal of wine in a horn, go, like a dream among the sleepers, and reach from the bosom of a black avised man a key ; she passes to the stocks and frees the man in durance. I see her set the wine to his lip, making ado with her eyes, and a fluttering of hands caressing, and tuck the food in his wallet.

"Afoot he is a sightly man, well knit and thewed.

"I see the light grow stronger, and her in fear. I see those two fleeing, and thro' the thin shift the quaking of her limbs, and the lift of every startled breath ; I see by his grim face he would liefer than flee be the bane of him who lies in that great sleeping room whence the woman came. In one place I see there is a breach in the tower wall. They make as if to pass through—from the shade of the opening one darts to seize the man ; they grapple. I see the guard cry out aloft as he falls, and the woman beat upon her breast ; I see her thrust a boar spear into his fallen body ; the two turn to flee anew. I see folk, scarce clad, run from the houses with rings of copper and silver upon their arms, their black hair bound in thongs—each arrayed with spear or knife, all arraught against those two tawny-haired ones who flee ; and the mighty man, their leader, in the van of the hue and cry, his face wrung and working ; he bears a two-edged battle axe—the throng thickens ; the heat is great, their bodies shine, wet already in the early morning. The foremost of the following are close upon the man and woman. In the breach of the wall two horses are tethered. She makes of the blue cloak on her arm a mask for their flight ; spears, with many

a spiked cudgel and stone, are hurled. I see the horses hit, and rearing, the man and woman, sprung upon them dark against the red risen sun. I see a hundred hands pull them down, and a hurly burly of tossing arms; ferocity on every face. With bared teeth they press upon their leader, urging, claiming something, clamoring, he, in the midst covers the crouching woman with his shield, and stands, a rock in her defence; the man they have bound in the horses' tether, and bait him as a bear. The chief holds the woman against all, and, binding her hands with her own hair, leads her through the raging folk. I see fearsome faces and wagging heads.

"The ancient priest, holding by a tottering wall, points, and the throng turns to look: they see what I now see, the smoke, not a forest fire as I said, but a tall hill afire, pouring smoke and cinders, a pall, over the heavens. At the same time I see the walls, and the houses, sway and reel, some crack and fall, sending against smoke-hung heaven a smoke of dust—some shake, and stand—the earth splits away from the feet of some—the whole ground is gashed this way and that like the face of a man come from battle. I see the seer as firm as an oak among aspens—pointing the omens of wrath descended, the people prostrate, beseeching with bowed necks, and hands lifted, pleading.

"And later I see the man who had stood against many, thrust the woman into a turret upon a hill and bar the door without, and go back to the market place. There I see one beat upon the drum, and all gather together; and the tawny man, bound and wreathed, between two with trumpets, led forth to that place of stones, amid the oak grove; and the fighting men, upon their knees, without the holy close, lift ashen faces to the smoking hill.

"I see the outlander bound upon the altar, and a thick cloud fall from the hill, and darkness above all and around all shroud the world.

"The darkness lifts and I see a yellow, smoke-streaked heaven bend near upon a heaving earth; from the shore the sea drawn back and quivering far off, leaving rocks old in shell and lichen, and long covered sands, to lie naked beneath the fierce impending sun.

"Over the land I see wrack, and dire ruin—and from the town pours forth a route of frightened folk, some seek the clammy beach, some the aged forest, and some flee to the hills. By the gate of the

fallen city-wall stands the priest, crying without ceasing, a clotted knife in hand, he seeks another sacrifice to appease his gods, and finds it not.

“In that turret on the hill, I saw the tawny woman unbound, turning to her savior; she points in terror to the priest and the mighty man holds to her open arms. Even as she, a glorious figure of fear, shrinks, alike from King and Priest, I see a mountain of water, crested with foam, as with a thousand leaping serpents, rear, far out beyond the bared bar; and come, swift, impetuous, crashing, upon the shore, the meadows, the town, surging upon the hills that seem to wince and shrink before that onslaught; come seething and boiling over the face of the lost land; lashing and beating about the bases of that smoking hill, rising, or is it sinking? till only a gaping mouth with molten lips pours smoke and cinder amidst a circle of besetting breakers, that beat and dash up into spray.”

Upon that I ceased to speak. Here, centuries upon centuries having passed uncounted since that day, here where the ocean rolled without let or hindrance, I doubting had seen in the ink pool, the last days and deeds of those who went down in the welter with the Lost Atlantis.

CHRISTINE SIEBENECK SWAYNE.

SUBSTANCE AND ELEMENT.

BY S. C. MUKERJEE, M.A.

What is called the material world is composed of the sensations of sound, sight, touch, taste and smell. Whether it be an atom, or the sun, it is composed of five attributes which with their various combinations are called matter. We perceive matter by means of the senses. These are considered by the Hindu philosophers, as elements rather than compounds, as nothing is able to resolve them into component parts.

The view of Science that vibrations of material particles cause these sensations is powerless to shake the Hindu theory, for *material particles* themselves are composed of any or all of the five elements, viz., sound, touch, taste, smell and color. These are the primordial elements of Sankhya Philosophy, not Oxygen and Hydrogen, which will some day be resolved into their constituent parts and finally, perhaps, into the *protyle* of Sir William Crookes.

The professors of our colleges, orientalists and writers of ephemeral books never lose the opportunity of emphasizing that the Hindu view that air, fire, water and ether are elements is false and that the error has been exploded by Modern Science. In fact, the Hindu philosophers never held that earth, air, fire, water and ether are elements. They only held that sound, color, touch, taste and smell are elements whose various combinations produce matter of endless grades and qualities. The Hindu theory of elements is sounder and more profound than the theory of Science, for many of the so-called elements of Science have been reduced into compounds. The Sanscrit works *Tatwabibeka Panchadasi* and *Bhutabibeka Panchadasi* should be consulted to gain full and accurate information on the subject.

The attributes of matter are everywhere the same. The sun and the atom are composed of the same attributes, viz., sound, color, touch, taste, and smell, corresponding to the five instruments of knowledge such as hearing, etc. The number of elements outside corresponds with the number of the instruments of knowledge within us.

Each of the elements has various degrees of manifestation. Sound, divested of its increasing degrees and varieties is reduced to the mere *rudiment* of sound, in Sanscrit called *Sabdatanmatra*. Touch divested of its increasing degrees and varieties is reduced to the mere *rudiment* of touch and this rudiment is called *Sparsatanmatra*. This argument applies also to the other three elements. The term element is equivalent to the rudiment of each of the five not being used to denote the degrees and varieties of sound, touch, etc., but only to their rudiments which are to be considered as mere bases from which sound, color, etc., take their rise.

These subtile elements exist everywhere and they find expression wherever there is a gross organ to enable them to manifest. The rudiment of sight, for instance, exists everywhere in space in an undifferentiated condition and wherever the gross organ, the eye, exists it finds scope for its manifestation. The subtile rudiment of hearing is all-pervading and finds expression wherever it finds an organ like the ear for its play. The combination of the subtile rudiments or elements in various degrees produce the gross elements earth, air, water, light and ether.

The earth has five attributes, in other words, it appeals to our five senses. It is, therefore, a compound. Pure water is composed of the rudiments of sight, hearing, touch and taste; i. e., it appeals to these four senses. Fire is a compound of the rudiments of sight, touch and color. It appeals to these three only. Air is comprised of touch and sound. It appeals to two senses. And ether is composed of the rudiments of sound only. It appeals to one sense only. A thing has as many attributes as appeal to our senses neither more nor less. Each attribute is a rudiment, and the mixture of several attributes is a compound substance. A compound substance appeals to more senses than one.

The objection that light, sound, etc., are the effect of vibrations is not valid at all. For vibration means the vibration of material particles, and every material particle is composed of either one or many of the rudimental attributes. Our senses cannot take cognizance of these finer attributes of matter, but it is a postulate of reason that even the minutest particle of mat-

ter must be composed of attributes. To say that an atom is devoid of attributes and the earth which is a vast aggregate of atoms, is composed of attributes is to make a statement which is inconceivable. There are as many elements as there are senses to perceive them. A compound substance is one which is perceivable by more than one sense. The rudimentary elements are the subtlest states of the attributes.

Doubtless, there are sounds and colors not perceivable through our senses of hearing and sight, still the sounds and colors are there ready to manifest themselves as soon as a suitable ear or eye is found.

The Hindu view of substance (that is of something which stands behind the attributes) is as follows: The idea of a material substance devoid of attributes is a fiction, for matter is nothing else but a group of attributes. This erroneous idea has crept into the human mind in the following manner. We generally talk of one or two attributes of a particular object, leaving for the time being out of view the other attributes of the object. When we talk of the color of a rose we confine our attention to its one attribute *color*, ignoring the rest for the time being. The rose is erroneously regarded as the substance of the object. If there be a substance at all behind the group of attributes, it is not a material but a spiritual substance, the sense of ego, the "I," which is the basis of all intellectual, mental and material phenomena.

The search for substance in the outer world is futile. It must be found behind the mind and the intellect, as the sense of "I." The substance of the universe which is an aggregate of mental, intellectual and material phenomena is, therefore, the sense of ego, the pure "I." It is the basis of the manifesting action of the phenomenal universe. Without it matter loses its motion; thought and intellect lose their activity; the sun and the moon will not rise and set; the wind will not blow; the mind and the intellect will be inoperative. Itself immaterial it sheds life and lustre all around and animates the otherwise dead universe. It is fluidity in water, heat in fire, light in the sun and the moon, and odor in the flower. It is immaterial, intangible, devoid of taste, smell, color and sound. It is the basis of consciousness, the ground

of thought and the refuge of the universe! One and single, it pervades every sentient being. It is unborn and deathless, devoid of attributes as well as the sustainer of attributes. Such, according to the Hindu view, is the substance of the universe of matter and mind.

Consciousness consists in the conception of the pure "I," which means "I" devoid of the notion "I do." The latter notion arises from the contact of "I" (consciousness) with intellect. In itself "I" is devoid of every material, mental, or intellectual attribute. The pure "I" is omnipresent, and wherever the insentient intellectual and mental organs are precipitated into life by their contact with it, an individual existence or *Jiva* results. The intellect can not work without the notion of "I" behind it. In fact, this notion is a permanent reality and the mental and intellectual world receives light and consciousness from it. It is the higher self of man; it is the omnipresent self of the universe as well. Liberation consists in realizing this self which is a mass of consciousness (devoid of duality) and bliss. Such realization is knowledge absolute, freedom absolute, and bliss absolute. Consciousness is nothing more or less than the notion of pure "I."

The objection that the notion "I" is derived from "not I" or the objective world is a fallacy. For whatever we ascertain is an act of the intellect whose basis of activity is the notion "I." For every intellectual and mental process involves the notion "I," such as "I think," "I argue," "I feel," etc. This notion is, therefore, original and absolute and exists as the background of all phenomena, conscious or unconscious. No intellectual or mental process can give it birth. The existence of the universe cannot be conceived without it. The background of the thoughts and conclusions of the materialists and atheists as well as of the theist is this primeval notion, "I." The Bhagavat Gita is an elaboration of this notion from beginning to end, for in that peerless monument of spiritual wisdom Krishna stands as the embodiment of "I" and Arjuna as the embodiment of the intellect. In verse 38 Ch. xi, Arjuna (the intellect) addresses the *Atman*, the self ("I") as follows:

"O limitless One, Thou art the original God; The oldest *Purush* art Thou; Thou art the chief shelter of all this. Thou art the all-knowing and worthy of being known and the chief abode. Thou

art the all-pervading." In the above the "I" colored by the attributes of the intellect and the mind, is not meant, but the pure omnipresent "I" uncontaminated by the contact of subtile matter in the form of intellect and mind.

The domain of consciousness extends as far as there is the notion of "I." What we call "I" is identical with consciousness. The intellect and the mind apart from "I" are subtile states of material action. All kinds of matter are inert and insensible. They appear conscious as their subtile action cannot be detected by our senses. Their action *appears* to be the action of "I" for want of discrimination (Agyan).

If the conception "I walk" be analyzed, the notion "I" is found to belong to the domain of pure consciousness and the activity called "walking" turns out to be a material action. The conception "I see" is a combination of color, the material instrument of seeing called the *eye* and the notion "I". The action of the organ of sight becomes vitalized by the contact of "I."

The attributes by which gross and subtile matter are made up become manifest only in the presence of "I". Experience means experience in consciousness. The qualities of which the subtilest states of matter such as intellect and mind are composed are different from those which constitute gross matter.

Thought depends upon the presence of "I" for its manifestation. It is a process far more subtile and complicated than any physical action. It is as foreign to the self or "I" as the landscape or the blue sky. Nature supplies the material side of thought which is galvanized into life by the presence of "I". But the attributes of matter are foreign to "I" and appear identical for want of discrimination. When such discrimination reaches its culminating point, it is technically called *Bibeka Khyati*. With the dawn of this intuitive knowledge, the distinction between soul (I) and nature, *Prakriti*, is fully realized—a knowledge which distinguishes soul (I) as an omnipresent, omniscient entity, from nature which is a bundle of lifeless attributes. As the presence of the sun rouses the world into activity, so the presence of the *Atman* (I) rouses the otherwise inert intellectual and mental worlds into activity. The attributes are insentient whether they are gross or subtile; they are also the objects of consciousness. Attraction and repulsion operate

in the mental and intellectual worlds as fully as in the physical world.

Desire, love, and avarice are forms of mental attraction. Hate, anger, envy are forms of mental repulsion—they are more subtle forms of the attraction and repulsion which prevail in the gross physical world. Being subtle in their nature, the inert mental phenomena become blended into one with the soul (I) and appear like consciousness.

The consciousness of the universe is one and single and is termed God. The deity acts through countless subtle organisms and the free-will of man is a misnomer. There is no entity in the universe but God and His attributes or power. The notion of separate selves arises for want of discrimination which is the result of ignorance. When in this way man realizes fully that he is God, he attains freedom or liberation in the true sense of the word. His limited consciousness becomes one with the cosmic consciousness; his mind and intellect unite with the cosmic intelligence and in place of his puny physical power he sees the infinite power of nature. This is the liberation aimed at by the Hindu Sages and many have achieved it while in this life by the processes of Yoga and Samadhi. Thus the sage realizes that he is the *substance* of the universe and the universe of attributes is his *Sakti* or power.

When *gnosis* arises duality is nowhere.

When a man realizes that consciousness is the notion "I" and nothing more or less; when he also realizes that the "I" is devoid of every tinge of attribute and every taint of thought; when he realizes that the mental, intellectual and physical universes can only move, think and act on account of the presence of "I," just as man acts as long as there is solar heat in his body; when he realizes that the "I" is no actor or thinker but the sole cause of thinking and acting; when he realizes all this, he feels that he is the cosmic consciousness and that nature is his handmaid. He feels that whatever difference there may be in the material organs through which consciousness finds expression the "I" of the dog and the "I" of the man, the "I" of the angel and the "I" of the bird, the "I" of the atom and the "I" of God is the same—immortal, omnipresent and devoid of both want and attributes.

This "I" is the "inscrutable Power" of Herbert Spencer and the

“transcendental Ego” of Kant. Throughout their whole lives they searched to reach this self but the materialism of the age as well as of their intellect prevented them from divesting the “I” of all its superficial limitations and attributes. For the cord of nature which binds the “I” down to the intellect can for many only be cut asunder by the processes of yoga. For the connection between the gross and subtile bodies (the spiritual body of St. Paul) must be severed and the tie which binds them together is the tie of breath. The initiates who know the secrets of Pranayama (the control of breath) can only lead one to the desired end. Printed books are of no avail, for the real practical methods are never given out to the masses, but to the earnest inquirer of truth. And those secret methods are more simple, natural and effective than can be derived from books. The Self or “I” is described in our books as *satchidananda* (reality, consciousness and bliss). It is formless and colorless, unborn, non-dual, self-shining, pure, sentient, devoid of attributes, subtile, devoid of want, omnipresent, and actionless.

The human being who realizes his “self” fully, in this life is called *Jivanmukta*. Another appellation of *Jivanmukta* is *Paramhansa*. The true *Paramhansa* is acquainted with the past, the present, and the future. He possesses supernatural powers which he may not care to exercise. The more a man approaches the divinity, the more he is permeated by divine powers even against his will. Such is the view of Patanjali, the great writer on yoga philosophy.

The idea of free-will is a superstition and it can only find place in a mind unenlightened by the discoveries of science and philosophy. All work is done by nature which is the cause and human free-will is an effect. How can an *effect* be *free*? The rainbow is an effect whose cause lies in the colorless drops of rain and sunlight. The cause of every movement of the rainbow are water and sunlight. The rainbow can not, therefore, have any freedom of action. So are your intellect and minds. All of us are the instruments of the Supreme Power which works as cause for the good of the universe.

S. C. MUKERJEE, M. A.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

"Since with your help, Solas, I have begun to comprehend what evil is, I find myself asking the reason of being of other things that go to make up the grievous side of our earthly existence. In the first place, it seems to me, the most important problem in human life is its sorrow. None lives who is exempt from sorrow in some form; it assumes many shapes, and none may escape its visitation."

"You would have me solve for you 'the tender mystery of pain'?"

"If it be possible for you to do so. It surely is a 'mystery' to me, and not a very 'tender' one, at times. How can you thus qualify it, Solas?"

"Querant, if some one near and dear to you had broken an arm; and if, when the bone had set and the splints or plaster cast had been removed the arm was found to hang a stiff and useless member, would there be any lack of tenderness in your heart for the dear one if upon you devolved the duty of bending the hurt limb into shape and usefulness again, even though you both knew the doing of such a thing would entail agony?"

"I see—I see."

"It is the infinite love of the Living Law that makes it possible for us (through our mistakes) to learn how we may take better and better care of ourselves, and avoid that pain which assails the ignorant being who lives contrary to (out of harmony with) Divine Law. If no pain followed our misdeeds, how long would our living structures remain habitable, Querant, do you think?"

"Not long, Solas; I see—I do see."

"No matter upon what plane a man's ignorance causes him to neglect the laws of health—health of mind, health of body—he must suffer. When he (through experience of his own and observation of others) becomes wiser, his mental and physical welfare improves; and there is less misery for him, less pain, less sorrow."

"It is all cause and effect?"

"It is all cause and effect, and so dependable a thing to any thinker that the tenderness of the All-Wise Creator is proved by it."

"It is the custom to blame 'Providence' for whatever ills befall humanity. People rail at 'Fate,' and consider themselves 'doomed' to this or that or the other wretched plight."

"Those in the bondage of superstition so consider themselves."

"While you hold, Solas, that it is within their own power to establish better conditions for themselves; that it has ever been their privilege to win to a more wholesome, happier estate. Then, why haven't they done so?"

"A child burns its fingers in the flame of a candle. Was it 'Providence,' was it 'Fate,' was it anything other than simple ignorance that 'doomed' the child to burn itself in the fire?"

"No, Solas, it was its own ignorance of cause and effect."

"You have your answer. Pain is an efficient teacher, and after several disagreeable warnings from the Law that fire burns, the child will begin to be wise enough to look out for its own welfare, and render this especial 'doom' a thing impossible.

"And in just this way people will come to avoid the doing of certain deeds that must bring misery in their wake—*must* bring misery, Querant; for as the wise teacher has said: *'Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'*"

"And *'ye shall know them by their fruits?'* Men, then, are what they have made themselves in the past?"

"And will be in the future what they are making themselves at this moment. Nor is it simply the doing of deeds that will avail; for acts in themselves are as empty and as valueless as sterile seeds—and as fruitless in results for good if not instigated by the right motives. Perfunctorily performed acts of charity, so-called, profit the giver nothing at future harvest-times; but a willing lifting of another's burden by a fellow-pilgrim toiling along life's highroad, a genuine desire to help another—a desire born of a warm, living, human heart-sympathy, by such an act man wins to a happier, higher estate. It is the motive, Querant, the true inspiration, the purity of the prompting that counts."

"That was what the wise king meant when he said: *'All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits.'*"

"He meant just that, Querant. Solomon knew. His words

prove to us that cause and effect were verities to him. He declares *'The wicked worketh a deceitful work; but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.'* And, *'The integrity of the upright shall guide them; but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them.'*"

"And again, Solas: *'Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished'* that is plainly enough told for our modern understanding to grasp, surely."

"And yet again, Querant, he says, that *'Evil pursueth sinners; but to the righteous good shall be repaid.'* By these words we are made to know that even in Solomon's time cause and effect were recognized as absolutely dependable verities. His wonderful Proverbs assert and re-assert his knowledge of this one particular thing, his repetition of this mighty truth making it evident to us that he considered its recognition of paramount importance. Above all things he wished to make his hearers realize that the 'way of the transgressors' was 'hard.'"

"How wise the great king was. In his writings there are to be found statements concerning affairs even of to-day, warnings and prophesies that seem to point the finger at us of the present time more than at the people of his era—or is it possible for human nature to be so always the same? Do you suppose there were speculators in his day, Solas, who inspired him to say: *'An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed.'* Why, Solas, we have always had the truth preached at us!"

"Of what avails the beauty of the firmament overhead if a man be blind? Of what avails the sound of heavenly harmonies if he be deaf?"

"But always there were some who could see and hear?"

"Solomon could, Querant, and so could many who have lived since his time and were as wise as he."

"To go back to the motive being the real thing that counts, Solas; I fear that it is here where the unenlightened man deceives himself. He imagines that the successful accomplishment of any deed is all sufficient."

"He strives to mock the God in himself; he hoodwinks, or rather attempts to hoodwink, that better, finer, divine part of himself

that knows the appearance—the empty shell—of the thing is not a genuinely righteous act alive with a real life born of Love and Will. It is a dead thing, a nothingness, and adds no store to any treasure the man may wish to *'lay up in heaven.'*”

“If so small a thing as the little lifting of another’s burden for an hour, a day, be a real inauguration—a true starting point of a beneficent cause, how full life is of splendid opportunities to sow that which will yield a man a golden harvest.”

“Full to overflowing, Querant. This world is the field of man’s endeavors; in it he may sow such seed as he chooses to select from the great store-house of life.”

“Even if the seeker after righteousness be suffering from causes set in motion in the days of his ignorance, could he not seize every opportunity to do a worthy deed, and, as he tears up the stinging nettles he unwittingly sowed in the past, could he not, right there in the loosened soil where once grew the roots of the baleful weeds he is obliged so painfully to harvest, plant seeds of nobility and worth that will yield him good effects in years—in lives—to come?”

“Assuredly he could, Querant. If instead of having been taught to believe that this life is the only one he has to live he had been made to realize that life is without end, eternal, and that his desires—no matter whether they be realized or not—are the good and bad material out of which he himself is building his future weal or woe, he would no longer be the whining, despondent, dependent being he is to-day, but a grateful, courageous, independent man.”

“The very thought is encouraging.”

“He would, understanding the Law and its workings—its stern justice, its unwavering kindness, its divine certainty—come to *wish* to meet his punishments like a man—glad as each one came that he could meet it bravely, pay it in full, and call each debt cancelled.”

“I should think when a man arrived at this stage he would rechristen his disasters ‘opportunities.’”

“He would, Querant.”

“You have so convinced me of the truth of what you have just told me, Solas, that hereafter I shall recognize in that which once appeared to me calamitous a something to be met by me cheerfully; shall realize that it is a ‘true bill’ to be paid, not only without grumbling, but with a feeling of positive pleasure that I have put

an end forever to one more cause for misfortune for myself, and (through me) for others of my little world."

"Good, Querant! You do not realize it, but you are turning hell into heaven for yourself."

"Oh, I do realize that it is a grand opportunity—a glorious opportunity! And while, at times, the punishment may hurt me, I shall now be able through all the anguish to see the 'tender mystery of pain,' and be enabled to endure silently, courageously, thankfully."

"So a wise man pays his debts, as quickly as may be, ridding himself of his true obligations. Of what avail his loud complaining, his bitter reproaches, his lamentations, his childish 'kicking against the pricks'? In clear and simple words the Great Teacher has told us that man must pay what he owes, for he has said: *'Verily, I say unto thee thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.'*"

"What a new meaning the words bear now that I understand——"

"Now that you *'have ears to hear'*—yes, Querant."

"There is a question in my mind urging to be asked."

"I am glad of that."

"If a man should commit a crime—should rob a fellow man, let us say, would he be obliged to be robbed by way of punishment—could no other form of penalty be put upon him?"

"That idea is entertained by some, Querant. They would apportion an especial 'punishment to fit the crime'; a retribution exactly the same as to its nature, its enormity, and so on, overlooking the fact that there may have been a mixture of causes which would be bound to modify, neutralize, change the nature of the effect."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance there are individuals who are weak in one or more characteristics (here all bad, let us say), strong in others (here all good). For want of a better illustration let us liken a man's real self, his soul, to a crystal-clear goblet full of pure water. We pour a drop or two of coloring matter into the water; it is immediately tinged throughout with the tint we have chosen shall represent for us a good trait. Now we add several drops that

represent his evil traits. At once there is a decided change in tone, yet the 'good' tint has not allowed the water to become what it would be if only the 'bad' were there. Now add another 'excellent' tint, and it is again changed, with a result so modifying the second alteration in tone that the 'evil' has very little showing, or force, in the final effect exhibited in the goblet."

"Then it is not, can never be, a simple working out of a problem upon a single line."

"No; for the apparent cause of any circumstance is usually widely different from the original cause. In fact, Querant, each circumstance, whether it be important or trivial, is almost always the result of a number of causes, insomuch that the result is bound to be wholly different from that which would have been produced by any one or even several of these causes."

"I think I comprehend you, Solas. It is something on the same order of a certain mental exercise I have always enjoyed, that of tracing back the cause of some special event. One finds so much and such divers things brought to bear upon it, that it goes rami-fying on and on and on."

"Perform now one of your intellectual feats for me."

"You are laughing."

"I am serious."

"Well, I proceed thus: I have, let us agree, achieved a certain victory over adverse conditions because I was requested to do this by one whom I was eager to please. The object of my solicitude desired me to better my condition so that I would be in a position to render aid to a third person in whom the second person was naturally vitally interested. Information imparted to me by the grateful third person brought me into juxtaposition with a problem that had nothing whatever to do with me, yet which was the means of causing me to go to a certain place, where, by accident (or *was* it, Solas?), I came across a person who was able, and who did eventually, render me signal service in the working out of a scheme which I could not without his help have undertaken. This changed the whole tenor of my work-a-day life, and resulted in setting up new conditions which have proved most beneficial to me. Let us suppose the accident had not happened, Solas; what then?

"There are no accidents."

"Then man is not a free agent? You mean that?"

"No, Querant, I don't mean that. You were a free agent. You were free to chose to do this favor for your friend, or to signify your unwillingness to do the same. What followed was, I hold, a reward for your kindness—a working lovingly and *with the Law*. Had you been ungracious—well, you see the chain of events could not have worked themselves out at all."

"That is true. What a mystery it is to know when to act."

"If a favor asked be one not contrary to one's views of what is right, I think it a pretty safe plan to do the good turn thus solicited. I accept all such requests as opportunities afforded me—felicitous occasions, allowing the working out of something that is manifestly intended *for me*. In some cases the results are not speedy in arriving; sometimes they are as sudden as a flash of lightning—but there are *always results*, and what they are to be who is it that can tell? In almost everyone's experience there have been incidents that have shown the destiny of an individual to have hung upon the speaking of a word, the performance of an act too trivial to be deemed of any moment."

"That is indeed true. I know of more than one such case."

"Let me relate to you an experience of my own, Querant. I will begin by making this rather startling statement: A table being moved a few feet from the side of a bed saved from destruction a railway train over a mile away from the house containing the table. Now for the story:

"A horse had been run over and killed on that railroad some time before. The owner had sued the railroad for the value of the horse, but had lost the suit because the horse had broken through the railroad fence and on to the right of way.

"Now, the owner of the horse was an ignorant and vindictive person, and allowed a desire to avenge himself upon the railroad to take possession of him. Choosing a place where the result of a derailment of the train would have been a frightful massacre of the passengers and crew, the man—made a fiend by a mistaken sense of injustice—opened the switch on the edge of a precipitous bank of a deep river. The victim of hideous hate uncoupled the switch-target and set it so cunningly that the engineer would discover nothing wrong or out of place. It was a dark night—here were

good and sufficient causes established for a most horrible calamity.

"Over a mile away from the switch was a farm-house in which a little child lay ill of a fever. In the evening some of the neighboring children came to see their little sick playmate, and in order to allow them to get around the bed, the mother removed the table from the bedside, and failed to replace it. Later in the evening the sick child became a little delirious and impatient.

"She asked for a drink. Her mother brought a pitcher of water and a glass to the bedside, but, both hands being full, she set down pitcher and glass on the floor while she went to fetch the table and replace it. The impatient child, during the moment the mother was engaged, in attempting to reach the water, fell from the bed, struck upon and broke the glass which cut her temple badly.

"Finding that the flow of blood could not be stopped by home treatment, the father decided to summon the doctor, who lived a little more than a mile away. His horses being out in the pasture at a considerable distance from the house, he was confident that he could bring help in less time by going on foot. The wagon road was at that time very muddy, so he took the railroad track.

"Just as he left the house his wife put a lighted lantern in his hand. The track being wet and slippery he walked upon the ties, and this led him (when he arrived at the place where the switch was located) to stumble over the disconnected switch-lever. The light of his lantern showed him the condition of affairs, and from afar he heard the sound of the approaching night-express train.

"Running forward with all speed to meet it (yet still in the direction required by his errand) he set fire to his handkerchief, and waved it across the track to attract the engineer's attention. He then continued to signal with his lantern until the train was brought to a standstill and he was able to warn the engineer of danger ahead."

"A mixture of causes indeed, Solas."

"Yet we could trace back to scores of others."

"Who these farmer people were, for instance? How they came to live there? The state of their little daughter's constitution? What caused her illness? How it came about that those neighboring children came there on that particular evening?"

"Yes, Querant, and to reach the cause of the wildly angry

man's action we should be obliged to discover from what manner of family he came; his care during childhood, training, environment, disposition; whether the abnormal condition of society, erroneous religious teaching in connection with their rendering him liable to the maleficent influences of the astral plane had so helped to make him what he was."

"It would seem that one might be obliged to go back to what you are opposed to my mentioning—the very beginning of things.

"Farther than any known 'beginning'—we might even have to leave this earth of ours, and find one in a lower state of evolution than this is now."

"And so on, *ad infinitum*? To go back to your poor, crazed, hate-stricken man—for you must admit, Solas, his was a pitiable condition following the loss of (to him) so valuable a possession as a fine horse—and through no real *fault* of his, we must remember, but the irresponsible action of the animal in trying to reach better grazing than he might just then have been enjoying—let us admit the owner was negligent in not keeping track of the beast's whereabouts—must the man whose evil intent was frustrated suffer for it?"

"The motive was positively evil, was it not? To be sure, he was blinded by his bitter rage over what he honestly felt to be a real injustice—too blinded to see that it was in no way the fault of the railroad, but an accident brought about by his own carelessness and the natural desire of his horse for food, yet he intended to kill a lot of innocent people, guiltless, at least, of doing any harm to him, and for that terrible intent he must and will suffer. Thoughts are things, and are manifested upon the astral plane by elemental forces—I think of thoughts as boomerangs, Querant, each one not only sure to return to the original sender, but augmented and redoubled in force by all the thoughts of the same nature it meets upon its way. So wicked thoughts grow more strongly wicked, worthy thoughts more potent for good when they return to their sender."

"And will the farmer be rewarded in time to come?"

"What do you think, Querant?"

"I don't know just what to think. You see, Solas, he didn't start out purposely to save the train; while the angry man deliber-

ately planned to wreck it before he started to go in that direction."

"That is true. Well?"

"Well, perhaps he deserved the magnificent opportunity, and that, when he saw the privilege afforded him of saving precious lives, and he rose above all thought of self and his own great present trouble, he may not only have wiped out some past stupendous obligation, but won some future reward. His little sick child was very near and dear to him; but, as though it were just then part of his very own self he was forgetting, he thought only of the many lives in jeopardy, and at once became their savior."

"In fact, for that moment he was a helper of his race, and to him and to the other man will surely come, in due time, reward and punishment UNDER THE LAW."

"And perhaps in the same intricate manner this reward and this punishment will be brought about—in this same way these two causes arrive at their effects."

"If the man of wrath develop spirituality sufficient to enable him to see the enormity of his hideous intention, and by genuine prayer (*which is doing*) become truly repentant before he leaves this present incarnation, he will have neutralized, modified the working out of the cause. If, however, he goes from bad to worse, he will render more active—intensify—his certain punishment."

"Justice will be meted out to this 'free agent' who wills to select good or bad motives and make them his own for his helping or his hindrance. But by what intricate paths justice finds its way!"

"It is this very intricacy that renders the action of cause and effect so just."

"Tell me why."

"Why, Querant? Why, if it were not for this our lives would be passed in wild alternations of happiness and sorrow, as the causes set up in former lives worked out their absolute and unchangeable results; whereas our good actions set up causes that work through these intricate methods, ameliorating or neutralizing the result of our errors or crimes."

"After all, that is not difficult to understand, even though the mind of man must think with awe of the perfect working out, in every case, of the law of justice."

"He must view this with that same awe that is his when he

comes to grasp the fact of gravitation, and what its working means to the systems of worlds in the universe. If the force of gravitation did not keep our world in its orbit, centrifugal force would send it flying off loose through the realms of space. The effect of one cause mitigates the effect of the other and a desirable balance is obtained."

"This is all so—so—encouraging, Solas! I feel like crying aloud—'*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!*' It changes a man's trembling faith to perfect confidence—to *knowledge* when he becomes conscious that there is a divine truth that will not fail him—a truth upon whose certainty he may rely; a divine Law from which there is no appeal, but which works with and for all who choose, *in matters trivial and great*, to follow after righteousness."

EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

ONE WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

It made a difference in my early life when I one day realized that unless one could be happy independently of circumstances one could not truly be happy at all.

I then made up my mind to *be* happy—to refuse to be unhappy, and if need be make my own happiness, and extend it as far as I could to others.

That barring actual disaster and fatalities of life, that I *would* be happy, and do my best under any circumstance—just day by day, whether appreciated or not.

Since then, love has ever flowed toward me, though circumstance and all it includes, has continued untractable, and largely unsatisfactory.

But every experience has its compensation, for it brings knowledge, development of mind and character; gives deeper insight into the hearts of others, sympathy and toleration for the limitations of less developed natures.

Once in a while we meet with some gracious personality whose “light” blends with our own for a moment and doubles our powers of perception and expression. Then there is a happy time! For most people bereave us rather of these finer forces seeking to possess us—and draw us down to the human plane of habitual and hereditary thought and the conventional point of view.

* * *

I begin to realize that it may be a delight to die—that Death is for some of us the Gate to Life; the larger, happier, freer life that invites the fullest expansion of our powers.

Sometimes the thought fairly woos me—yet I love the personal life of the body, and delight in the duties that bind us to those about us; and I know that being still necessary, I should resist death to live and serve.

I realize, too, that more than most, I live in two worlds, or rather that I am conscious of the two halves or planes of this one great world.

All repression, or unsatisfied aspiration drives me into the upper sphere—the while my heart is ever going out in the common activities of life to those about me.

There is ever a disposition to gauge character by material success; but material success is largely a matter of constitution, force and tendency aided by circumstance; while character in the highest sense is adherence to principle, and is born of a deep and spiritual insight that is but increased by material failure; for adverse experience clears away much illusion from the philosophic mind.

This insight and deeper tranquility characteristic of some lives is the reward of a soul.

People confuse the ideas of material rewards of industry and personal aims with the more spiritual rewards of the soul.

I mean that if material aims are first with the individual and aspiration secondary, he will reap according to the energy directed along the line of his ambition. If, however, the plane of his incarnation makes the spiritual tendency predominate, in all material things he may be a failure though he himself may be a success.

It is the transition line so hard to cross, and where so often we fail to understand ourselves. Also education and the influence of environment all oppose the struggling spirit.

What makes a character heroic is its deliberate choice of principle with the knowledge that in so choosing it cannot hope to have a material reward, or, more properly speaking, it must accept the possibility of defeat by holding to its principles to the uttermost.

Success may or may not come but the renunciation will be, if needs must, in favor of principle, right conduct,—in short, duty. The higher rewards of life are always to the soul.

The purpose of Life seems to be to eliminate evil through experiences that prove the strength of spirit; so that our faults and weaknesses become stepping stones to higher things. Compassionate, helpful souls who have struggled through the same errors and limitations, intuitively know this, and help us through these mortal crises by "understanding" us.

* * *

How noble is the freedom from obligation in a high pure friendship! If I have been of use to my friend, or he to me, it is by the grace of God, and the compensation was in the mutuality of a delight that precludes any idea of obligation.

The mission we have in point of censorship is not to others but to self, and thus indirectly to others through the natural outcome of

a highly developed character that works no ill, nor assumes responsibility for others.

They seek us, they leave us. If we have what they need, we dwell in that same tent of friendship for the time being in a mutuality of benefit, and the duration is determined by causes not personal but universal.

Why should not all souls be free, and their relation universal and impersonal? Why should not these choice relationships be consecrated to the development of the inner best that causes either soul to discard naturally the baser for the higher good and fuller benefit.

It may be that in this renunciation of the personal the ultimate restoration may be complete, but this we cannot know, and we may not seek it; for in devotion to a principle, selfish and purely personal aims must not obtrude themselves.

When God seeks a channel for the out-pouring of his richest gifts to humanity, he radiates love and a beneficent influence from some noble heart dedicated to loving service. It may, or it may not be recognized, but the divinest compensations wait upon the nature that in its life-expression is to all that come within that influence "a gift and a benediction."

* * *

This morning Myself and I had a little conversation. "If only I could get away from everything—go somewhere, anywhere, and begin over again," I said.

Then Myself answered: "Go if you can. If you *cannot*, then 'go' into the sanctuary of your very own soul. Brighten your spiritual light of aspiration. In changing 'yourself' you will be changing your environment. Can you not see that? The process may be slow but it is certain in results."

"But," I said, "I cannot get away from people; from conditions; or anything; and it all disturbs me so, and hurts me."

"I know," was the inner response. "But it simply remains for you to say: 'shall I be submerged by these conditions, be controlled by them—or shall I rise above them; have soul-poise, and be my best self in spite of these things, that I may serve in the true spirit of love, just as best I may? If I may not speak my inmost thought to responsive ears, then let my motive give quality to my actions

and so express the life I feel throbbing within for free expression.' "

Oh Soul within me I will! and yet—and yet——

* * *

There are so many things in thought-life that cannot be "explained." If your listener has not grown into *perception*, your thought is distorted; or it is "vaporizing" merely; or you are insane. It is this that drives many into the isolation of spirit that seems so inaccessible to the average mind. Yet that fleeing soul is hungering for companionship and self-expression.

It is well for us to remember when we are inclined to dwell upon and criticise the faults of other people, that we are attracting and incorporating the same elements within ourselves.

Remember that this is a vital truth of being, that the kind of thought we have is a center of magnetic attraction to the essence of the thing thought of.

If we think disease, we attract disease; if we think evil, we attract morbid thought. If we refuse to think evil of anyone, and reject critical and resentful feelings, we do both ourselves and them a good.

If unpleasant or unkind things are forced upon us, then it is necessary, of course, to recognize the condition that we may protect ourselves from it, and then we should refuse it a dwelling place in our minds.

Forgive it in the sense of a lack of resentment, and you are by a spiritual law at once protected from further injury to your own spirit and condition. In this way the power of evil is overcome by good, and we ourselves rise to purer heights of being and perception. The law of growth is the law of happiness.

We betray our intuitive knowledge of this truth in our tendency to new resolves each year. Again in that curious sense of loss and renewed hope united in that strange mingling of pain and joy awakened in the heart at the solemn moment of the passing of the year—that ever new and ever old mystery of the re-incarnation of Time and the birth of the new year.

Suppose we kept all the beautiful resolves born to the passionate heart at this moment of emotion! what glorious possibilities would lie before us, and how beautiful life would grow!

Individual progress means, in the aggregate, universal progress;

for as we take up and act upon any idea of individual advancement, we stir others to some degree also, and thus every positive mind communicates, in some sense, its own onward impulse to action.

It matters little what our ideal may be—material benefit, intellectual advancement, or the unfolding of the greater possibilities contained in the three-fold life so many now begin to appreciate, with the larger measure of action and usefulness implied by the more spiritual gift of life—it lies within the power of every one of us to advance through the cultivation of the power that suggested resolve.

A cheerful, determined "I will," with concentrated enthusiasm focussed upon the object in view will conquer every obstacle of environment or circumstance.

Nothing resists the determined will. It seems to magnetize from the very air we breathe the conditions for success; to create strength out of obstacles, and evolve method from chaos. It becomes a magnet to which all things must contribute.

It is not opportunity we lack when we fail or drift; it is insincerity of purpose.

In the studio listen to the ardent admiration born of superficial desire: "Oh, I would give anything in the world to do that!" Would you? The artist knows better. He knows that the one thing only necessary to success you will *not* give—his own sincerity of purpose and persistent effort.

The same principle applies in everything in life. We prosper according to the output of persistent thought in the direction and evolution of the thing desired—be its nature what it may.

In the degree we succeed we are happy. The smaller success is the stimulant to the greater success—it is the beginning of growth. Growth puts aside the worry of life and assimilates only the elements adapted to the fruition of its purposes. It leads to cheerfulness and serenity.

If our desire for improvement is based upon the impulse to be useful in our sphere of life, then we have also opened the avenue for the more spiritual compensations of life, and have involved the law of beauty, then we begin to create our own heaven, though for the most part we know it not. One who does realize it, however, thus speaks: "Think of the inexpressible sweetness of the

conception that one is to live forever and forever, not in such beauty of life as we now enjoy, but in constantly augmenting beauty." This is the language of the soul that has risen to inspiration, but every aspiring life will interpret the same thought in the more personal degree of experience, according to the purity of his motive and the strength of resolve underlying aspiration.

Life is good, life is a joy to those who aspire, think, resolve and act. Endeavor's crown is success and happiness.

S. T.

THE MOOD OF LOVE.

At first we love in littles,
 With a distance here and there,
 Filled in with something different
 That with love can not compare.

And then the separations
 Become a wee bit less—
 One love spot draws another
 Towards togetherness.

And so the love line strengthens,
 And spreads below, above,
 Till life is all changed into
 One grand, great mood of love.

BARNETTA BROWN.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labour! all labour is noble and holy:
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

—Francis S. Osgood.

The philosophy of one century is the common sense of the next.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Solitude is often the best society.

—Proverb.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve

Thy worth the greater. —Shakespeare.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

POLICE POWER.

The abuses perpetrated by Courts and Legislatures by wantonly subverting personal rights under the pretext of police power has been remarked by several of our ablest jurists. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States has spoken significantly upon the subject. Mr. Herrick, late Justice of the Supreme Court of the Third District of New York, has spoken in terms no less significant. Referring to certain action he remarked to Judge Greenbaum: "I think that the Court too far extends the police power."

Again he said: "While a police power exists and is necessary to some extent, it is subject to the limits of the Constitution; and under the guise of this power an individual can not be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. Vast as this police power is, it is subject to such constitutional limitations."

It is about time for a rational view to be taken of this subject.

SAINT PATRICK A BAPTIST.

The Rev. Addison Moore, of New Jersey has started a controversy as to the religious standing of the Irish patron saint. "He really belonged to the church universal," the minister asserts. He was not an Irishman, but may have been a Frenchman, although he was most probably a Scotchman. He was born in wedlock; both his father and grandfather were priests. His creed proclaims an orthodox faith like that of the evangelical churches, and he never mentions the Pope, Virgin Mary, purgatory, transubstantiation, or prayers for the dead. The bishop of Rome knew nothing about him; old writers do not mention him, and he followed no distinctive

teachings of the Roman Church. The story of his work resembles that of a Baptist missionary.

A writer in the *Chicago Standard* supplements this statement, declaring that Patrick antedated the Catholic Church and all its Protestant offshoots, as "he lived at a time when all Christian men were Baptists."

Several years ago a writer put forth a specious argument to show that Patrick was really an Arian. He named his birthplace, described his associations and career and reasoned very plausibly in support of his position. His argument was as good as any.

As much of Church history is little else than ingenious fiction concocted by religious partisans, we may feel safe in giving it little consideration. It comes from a period when it was esteemed proper to add or cut out from the text of manuscripts, and to ascribe books to old authors. There is about as good reason to believe the current Irish tradition that Patrick banished the snakes from Ireland. He did no such thing. There were no snakes infesting the island except the effigies of serpents on market-crosses and elsewhere, which the people revered as divine; and those remained for centuries afterward.

The name Patrick itself was probably an official title and not a man's name. The designation of "father" now given to priests is only its form in English, and indicates that there may have been many Patricks in Ireland at the period. Certain of the pagan priests were also styled "paters," which would afford a precedent for applying the title to the missionary presbyters. Gen. Forlong mentions them as "Phadriks." But the legends of St. Patrick are of no authority, and the priest, J. F. Shearman, author of *Loca Patriciana*, writes that he is forced to give up the idea that there ever was a real St. Patrick.

This would bring the Irish tradition to the crucible of simple facts: that there were not snakes in Ireland; that Patrick did not drive them out; and that there was really no St. Patrick.

Roman mythology, however, suggests another origin for the veneration of this Saint. In the *Fasti* or Calendar of Ovid is the account of the Liberalia, the festival of Bacchus. This divinity was also styled Liber Pater, and his annual festival took place on the 17th of March. There were games, and processions, and the

gown of freedom was conferred on youths of seventeen. The taking of the name Patricius or Patrick, the adoption of this day as his festival, observing it with sports and processions, are not only significant as to who and what St. Patrick really was, but also of the fact that the older religion of Rome was simply merged into the newer faith, carrying with it its observances and other paraphernalia, and also its divinities duly transformed into saints with new histories to replace old myths.

NEW LIGHT ON OLD EGYPT.

The London *Times* has the account of another find which goes far toward clearing up a hidden place in the history of the former Egypt. Manetho has recorded the occupation of the northern part of the country by the Hyk-sos or Shepherd Kings. Egypt had attained a high civilisation, and Osirtasen or Sesostris had carried his arms victoriously over the region of the Levant and into Asia Minor. Then happened what has since occurred in worn-out dominions. A swarm of barbarians flooded Northern Egypt and subjected it with hardly a struggle.

Many have been the theories advanced respecting them. Josephus actually denominates them the earlier ancestors of the Israelites. Various papyri call them Amu, the designation of a Syrian population. The book of Genesis tells of Hittites in Southern Palestine from whom Abraham purchased a sepulchre at Hebron. Before that he had been in alliance with three princes at the same place, who were Amorites. Some Egyptian records indicate that there were Hittites likewise in Northern Egypt, and later explorers regard the Hyksos invaders as of that people.

They however had left few monuments accessible, to solve the problem. In later periods when Ramases II., himself a descendant of the hated race, carried on war against the king of the Khitons or Hittites, their dominion was at the north of Syria and Phœnicia on the upper Euphrates. They are mentioned several times in the Book of Kings as belonging in that region. Since that time they were conquered by the Semitic Assyrians, and disappeared from history so completely as to be forgotten.

Professor Flinders-Petrie seems, however, to be in a fair way to

solve the Egyptian enigma. He has dug out a large camp at the Tell el Yehulieh, where are abundant evidences of the invaders, indicating their character and social conditions. It is square, fifteen hundred feet across, surrounded by an embankment two hundred feet at the base. There was no gate, but the enclosure was entered by a sloping road over the bank. This was guarded by defenses which had been provided for archers, who could thus rake the whole way with their arrows. Around the embankment a stone wall had been built, forty feet high.

It is apparent from all these evidences that these early invaders were a people similar to the nomad races of Central Asia. The Skyths, Persians, Parthians, and Turkmans were great archers and depended on earth-works solely for defense. Gen. Forlong, in "*Rivers of Life*," presents pictures of the Hittites of that period which indicate them to have been of the Mongolian race.

All that has been discovered confirms the statements of Manetho, He described the Hyksos as barbarians, who within a century organized a firm government and built a great walled camp. This was probably the City of Hau-ar or Avaris, afterward the Zoan of the Bible, in which the wonders of the book of Exodus were wrought.

The mound of Tell er Retabeh has also been examined. Its fortifications revealed a Syrian or Phœnician influence; a child had been buried under the foundation, (Ch. 1 Kings xvi. 34.). It was evidently a store city, and bore the name of Ramases.

The Hyksos adopted much of the civilisation of the Egyptian. They introduced the horse into the country, and in later periods horses from Egypt were largely in demand abroad for cavalry. Doubtless, like the various tribes of invaders from Northern Europe in later centuries, the adopting of the customs of the conqueror was attended by weakening of their energies, and made it possible for King Aah-mes and his famous general to expel them from the country and restore the native dominions.

Reason, looking upwards and carried to the true above, realizes a delight in wisdom, unknown to the other parts of our nature.

—Plato.

TRUTH.

Lessing has said in one of his discourses: "If God should hold out to me all truth enclosed in his right hand, and the ever-active pursuit of truth in his left, with the condition that I should always and forever come short of attaining it; and if he should say to me: 'Choose!' I would fall with submission upon his left hand, and say: 'Father, give me this! Pure Truth is for thee alone!'"

Reverent and even commendable as this sentiment may be, it does not impress us heartily. Yet it squares with experience. Though in our ecstasies we feel confident that we "find out God" we may not venture to suppose that it is "to perfection." Our career at best is as the line of the asymptote; perhaps we approach closer to the perfect knowing.

"GOD GEOMETRIZES."

Plutarch in the "Symposiacs" gives a discussion of the sentence imputed to Plato, that "God always geometrizes." The explanation is neither so mechanical nor recondite as many may imagine. It is simply an averment that God operates by harmony and order. All manifestation is based on proportion and proportion is the base of the material universe. Perfect Cause leaves nothing in confusion or heterogeneous, but establishes order. The Supreme Cause is accordingly a geometer.

THE THIRD POPE.

The Supreme Pontiff at Rome is popularly designated "the White Pope." In contradistinction, the General of the Jesuits is styled "the Black Pope." In addition M. Durand-Marimbeau, or Des Houx, the advocate of the Catholic League in France to meet the requirements of the recent legislation has been denominated "the Blue Pope." He is not accepted by the others as anything better than a Schismatic; however, with perseverance, and patience under the ecclesiastical slime that is voided upon him he is likely to win due recognition.

Truth, like roses, often blossoms on a thorny stem.

—Hofis.

WHY FAMILIES BECOME EXTINCT.

Of all the distinctions of Man the highest is his power of amendment, of reparation, of recovery, of improvement. Even for the strengthless sprouts of those unlucky stocks, neither physiologist nor educator, scientific as we pretend to be, knows how great a measure of redemption might be secured by proper education of mind and body. For our poor, our schools and our life afford it. In other countries much is accomplished by the aid of wise and just sentiments as to the responsibility of inheritors of wealth. But with us, physiological ignorance prevents any remedy for the peculiar temptations around the helpless as they grow up. So the impartial self-limitations of nature are left to do their cold unerring work, and in the second or third generation the abused race is extinct.—*Frederick Beecher Perkins.*

REVELATION IN THE SILENCE.

When thou art quiet or silent, then thou art that which God was before Nature and Creature! Then thou hearest and seest with that wherewith God had seen and heard in these before thy own willing, seeing and hearing began.—*Jakob Boehme.*

INSTINCT FOR LEADERS.

It is strange to see how Socialists, notwithstanding their pretensions to equality, have always followed acknowledged leaders. It was Christ, or Pythagoras, or Cabet, or Minos, or Lycurgus, in whose personality they adopted their principles, and not in that of the free idea itself. The Icarians, in starting out, bound themselves to obey M. Cabet for ten years as dictator. They have, moreover, generally followed their masters, even in their chance opinions, although having no relation to Socialism. The Pythagoreans, after the example of their masters, would eat no beans; the Zealots of Rousseau's communism would eat no meat; the Icarians are all camphor doctors, eat great quantities of salad, and regularly purge themselves with aloes, all because such is the system of M. Raspail, their present political leader. This is important, as showing the temperamental character of the Socialists.

—*Austin Bierbower.*

LOOKING WITHIN.

Because of failure to look within, men are losing spiritual pressure toward duty, losing knowledge of what duty is, what is its sanction and function. Its place is being taken by impulse and desire.

They are losing knowledge of their souls' rights and each other's rights. They are losing knowledge of real selfhood, more and more confusing the centre of desire with central self-consciousness.

Ceasing to look within men find the world without petrify into the unconscious mechanism pictured by science, of which they are dependent fragments, flying specks inscrutably cursed with a momentary gleam of consciousness.

Because they do not look within, men have lost all conception of the higher will, and even knowledge that it exists. * * *

The world that endures is not a hereafter; it is a permanent now. The eyes which see it are of the interior, not the exterior consciousness. On the interior rests all our hopes of pushing beyond animalism into perfect manhood, and even still further.

H. CORYN in *New Century*.

THEOLOGY TO FIT THE CASE.

Before the war there lived on a plantation near Lynchburg an old colored preacher whose sermons were very remarkable. One day his master, who happened to be passing, paused to listen to him as he discoursed to his fellow-servants. His subject was hell and its horrors—a favorite topic with illiterate preachers. He described them in terrible terms, declaring that there was “whipping, and whaling and snatching out of teeth.” He then proceeded, with a touch of Dantesque vigor to tell his hearers that Hell was a region of fearful cold, where ice and snow covered all things, and where freezing was the favorite punishment.

“Why, Cæsar,” said his master the next time they met, curious to learn why the preacher differed so strongly from the theory usually accepted of the infernal regions, “what makes you tell my servants that Hell is a cold place?”

“Law, massa, I don't dare to tell them people nothing else. Why, if I was to say that Hell was warm, some of them old rheumatic niggas would be wanting to start down thar the very first frost.”

—*Old and New*.

Curiously, the same doctrine of a Hell colder than ice was taught in ancient Skandinavia.

Society rots as the trees, from the top down. Enough that the ornamental branches have already begun to reveal their decay. Let them be hewn off; let the moral vineyards be pruned, that the harvest may be a vintage of purity and sweetness, and not venomous and destructive.

—*Henry Frank*.

A man's thought starts from himself; but if it stopped there, he would be nothing. All philosophy, science, knowledge, presuppose certain original faculties, and intuitions; but not to cultivate or carry them out, would leave their possessor to be the mere root or germ of a man. A line in geometry presupposes a point; but unless the point is extended, there can be no geometry; it is a point barren of all science, of all culture.

—*Orville Dewey.*

CREDULITY AND GENIUS.

A weak and fearful credulousness has its revenge; nevertheless we must acknowledge that the wisest are trustful and capacious of belief, while those are the half-wise who excel only in a kind of detective intelligence, and whose zealous wits are like spectacles which indeed enable weak eyes to see within a foot of the nose, but cast a blur upon the landscape and the horizon. A kind of kingly credulity, an Arabian hospitality as well to the suggestions of ancient tradition as to the adventure of modern thought belongs to the noblest genius as its inseparable trait. Here genius harmonises with character.

—*D. A. Wasson.*

SIN A MEANS OF GOOD.

What shall be said of sin, the greatest, the most unqualified of all evils? First it may be said that it is an incidental result of man's moral freedom, and therefore not directly chargeable upon the divine government. Without that freedom of will which makes sin possible, there could be no virtue; the exalted excellence that is sometimes attained would have no existence; unceasing progress would be impossible. Then, there is a remedy for sin; it may be repented of and forsaken. Its evil effect upon the soul may be undone; and one who has fallen into it may rise to lofty heights of goodness. Thus a variety of character may be produced that fills a necessary place in the scale of moral being. * * And there are spirits of just men made perfect; not originally created perfect, but who have become so through a varied experience of error and correction, wandering and return, lapse and recovery, sin, repentance, pardon and removal. Chords of deeper harmony have been touched in their souls; and it may be that they have been thus prepared for spheres of service that no one of the angelic host could fill. Thus even out of the evil of sin God may eventually bring a greater good than could else have existed.

—*Palfrey.*

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him.

—*Emerson.*

THE COMING CRIMINALS.

Bad offspring usually die off, if not early, at least, in a generation. Consequently the present criminal class will not leave many descendants. More than half of them are children of respectable parents. The criminals of the years 1925 to 1930 are now being born in respectable households. It is our duty to find out why they will not grow into good citizens and why we cannot compel normal development. That is the only practical eugenics; and it will surely become a possibility in the future, so that one generation will not suffer for the ignorant sins of the previous ones.

—*American Medicine.*

CONSCIOUSNESS.

Consciousness is a living reality. Divine Consciousness, in active thought, eternally creates the universe—an actual entity of spiritual substance, divine in nature and eternal in duration. Physical things are objective projections of particular limited phases of this thought-activity, and the Material universe is but the sum total of this imperfect projection of externally conscious thought in the mind of man.

If Divine Consciousness could terminate its thought the physical universe would necessarily disappear, because the principles and qualities of things would have ceased to be. These are the substance and must endure, else nothing could remain. The perpetual endurance of the spiritual phases of the Universe is an evidence of their fundamental reality.

Conscious, intelligent comprehension of Principle illumines every depth and banishes every doubt. The consciousness that rests upon principle always possesses a secure foundation. The "faith" that is born of knowledge is fearless. Nothing ever turns it.*

Thinkers are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject, pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.

—*Lavater.*

*From *Mental Healing*, by Leander Edmund Whipple.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF A PATHFINDER. By P. Deming, Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, May 1, 1907. Cloth, \$1.25; post., 10 cents.

The story here related is not so much a tale of adventure as of experience. It is an experience in pioneering in the literary field at a time when newspapers did not employ large staffs of reporters, and stenography was about to be superseded by Pitman's superior invention. We are told of the early efforts of a youth reared in a village of Northern New York, acquiring amid prodigious difficulty a collegiate education; drilling himself to become skilful in the work of reporting, and entering upon engagements, first at the Legislature in Albany and afterward in the Supreme Court of the Third Judicial District, winning his way despite rejection from a District Attorney and such attorneys as W. K. Hadley and Lyman Tremain. Not content with his success as a pioneer in these achievements, he next undertakes writing stories for the *Atlantic Monthly*. In this he has an occult prompting like what Bunyan has described when writing the allegory of the Pilgrim. He was not able to revise or to "change a word or syllable or even a comma of that first revelation that came to him." Other tales have since been written, and they are evidently autobiographic in character, somewhat after the manner of the *Confessions* of M. de Lamartine. He writes close down to the experiences of earnest life.

The tales are truly "founded on fact." However much they have been embellished in narration, the material for them was furnished from his own career. He was a legislative reporter when the writer held a similar position at Albany. He was unassuming and strictly devoted to his own affairs. Hence although as a phonographic reporter for the Legislature and Courts he actually "blazed" the way for thousands now to follow, few are even aware of his existence. Perhaps such is the common fate of the men who live in advance of their time. But no one having sympathy for courage and bold achievement can read these pages without deep interest in the man and his achievements.

A. W.

PRACTICAL HEALTH. By Leander Edmund Whipple. Cloth, 316 pages, \$1.50 net. Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.

This book endeavors to set forth the practicality of health from a point of view not often insisted upon or even considered by writers upon hygiene at the present day. It dwells not upon personal habits, such as whether the food is proper in quantity or quality, the sleep too much or too little, the clothing excessive or insufficient, the exercise of body too excessive, or defective. Its whole temper is in conformity to the sentiment enunciated in the Gospel: "These

ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Mr. Whipple gives his attention to that "other." It is well to give due care to the physical, but of far greater urgency to consider the metaphysical. "One of the most important topics of the hour," he strenuously insists, "is to use the mind rightly for practical purposes in individual life." He has been a laborer in this field for many years, and the results of his endeavors are entitled to the most candid consideration. They may, by no means, be pushed out of notice by a sneer. Despite ribaldry or persecution, they have come to stay. He has made no pretentious assumptions of discovery, but simply offers us what he has learned, what he considers as truth, as fact which others may verify and demonstrate by experience. Each position which he takes is based on observations which he has made, and serves as a step for further advancing.

In the philosophy underlying the views here taken, there is a principle more radical than what is usually propounded. The true sense of the term "health" is wholeness, a condition completely sound. Even "salvation" as the term is employed in the New Testament comprehends health of body, a being made whole. The fact that the soul and mind are substantial as well as non-material indicates their priority and superiority to the corporeal structure which they keep alive. It seems to be plain enough accordingly, that they keep the body alive in all its parts, they are continually affecting its development, that "each one's thought *reproduces* its action in his own body."

That abnormal states of mind tend toward weakness and originate sickness is a conceded truth. Yet most persons habitually look for an external cause for their ailments. They overlook, and often are without perception of the profounder fact that there must have been some morbidic impression already in the mind, or the external cause would be harmless. We find abundant evidence of this in the train of ills that follow in the path of worrying. More persons suffer from what they fear than from the troubles and dangers which they actually encounter. The genuine prophylactic is self-control. "We may and should create within our own consciousness AN IMPULSE TO RIGHT ACTION FOR A GOOD PURPOSE, and maintain it always at the front; this will act subconsciously for our protection at all times," our author strenuously maintains.

The chapter on "Specific Image Treatment" is a novelty to most readers. Yet, perhaps, it is the most rational of all that has been written on the subject. What Plato has written upon the *eidos* or ideal form seems to be demonstrated in the theory. The imaging faculty of the mind is the instrumentality employed by the healer through mental agency. There is no thought without its accompanying image, and the nervous system externalises this as a physical condition. Near a quarter century ago, Mr. Whipple

set about the investigation of this subject, and "the hypothesis of A DIRECT MENTAL CAUSE EXISTING IN THE ACTION OF A SPECIFIC MENTAL IMAGE was duly established through this observation." In the case of remedial treatment the ascertaining of the specific cause, the "mental image" is the first task of the practitioner, and its removal is effected by the eradication of that image.

Upon these postulates the whole theory of this "metaphysical" system is based, and even a dissenter from some of the assumptions, if he is candid and intelligent, must acknowledge their plausibility, even if not ready to admit their entire accuracy. The author has presented the subject fairly and with full confidence; the style is simple and unaffected, appealing directly to the "plain people" as well as to the earnest student; and the reader is certain to find something new in every page inviting consideration. The solid thinking of the time is steadily converging to distrust in the utility of drugs and despite arbitrary legislation there is an increase of the number of those adopting that sentiment. A. W.

PROOFS OF LIFE AFTER DEATH. By Robert J. Thompson. Cloth, 365 pp., \$1.50 net. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Wentworth Bldg., Boston, Mass.

This book is a collation of opinions as to a future life by the world's most eminent scientific men and thinkers.

The Author has divided the work under four heads: Part I.—The Scientists. Part II.—The Psychical Researchers. Part III.—The Philosophers. Part IV.—The Spiritualists; to which he adds his own views and closes the volume with an article from the pen of Prof. Elmer Gates, entitled: *Immortality from New Standpoints*.

Whatever the reader's view on this absorbingly interesting subject may be he has a treat before him in this consensus of opinion from the minds of the greatest thinkers of the day, which, if it does not convince, at least must stimulate to deep thought those who are yearning for an insight into this profound problem.

Mr. Thompson has endeavored to keep the matter comprising these pages within the easy comprehension of the general reader. He says in his Preface: "It is the opinion of many thoughtful people—among them some of the best known and most eminent scientists—that the question of life after death is a demonstrable proposition, that it is already fairly proved, but that it awaits the amassed, severely tested and systematized knowledge that is first and always essential to effect a universal conviction." Be this as it may, the earnest opinions of such men as Prof. Sir William Crookes, Prof. William James, Camille Flammarion and others of the same calibre are entitled to deep respect, and Mr. Thompson has certainly prepared a most interesting book upon a vitally interesting subject.

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ILLUSIONS OF THE SENSES.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

When the statement is made that the evidence of the senses is unreliable, questions usually arise as to how it can be possible that action apparently so direct as sense-evidence of things can be wrong, and how the evidence may be examined to gain certain demonstration. Numbers of illustrations known to almost everyone arise on the merest stimulation of thought and combine to prove that sense-evidence as presented in daily experience is at least not entirely accurate. With most people, however, many of the well-known illustrations have been such common experiences since earliest recollection that they are passed without a thought, being considered as "matter of fact" to such an extent that they excite no interest; yet examination proves them both interesting and instructive.

Every person considers the sense of position especially distinct and well defined, and each one knows to a certainty when his head points "upward" and his feet "down." This sensation is so clear that the least variation from the upright position causes distinctly unpleasant feelings and, if continued, suggests danger.

No one can for a moment avoid the complete assurance in sense-evidence that he stands all the time on a level platform of earth, with his head "above" the rest of the body and pointing in a fixed direction, always upward and always the same. Still everyone who has thought at all knows that in shape the earth is a sphere, revolving in space, and that during every twenty-four hours his head turns successively in every point of direction, as calculated from where he stands. This fact is known by all, yet consciously recognized

by few. Reason has fully determined it as a fact, but sense still goes on reporting it wrongly. This is one of the continued evidences of sense, which have been so long established with all people that the conscious thought of one person alone has no effect upon them and the false statement is accepted, thus cutting off investigation. There are other illusions of the same sort. By no possibility can anyone recognize, by sense-action itself that which reason has established as the truth about these experiences.

Another illustration is the positive evidence to the eye that an arched dome is always above us in space; and the clearer the atmosphere, with its consequent advantages in seeing through space, the more certain are we of the roundness and limit of distance of this same dome-like firmament. But the merest schoolboy *knows* that space is unlimited and that no dome exists where the illusion appears. Sense always reports this illusion as a reality. In no way can we see it as it is or correct the error of vision, except through reason; and then only by denying every evidence of the eye and adhering to the dictates of intelligence.

Another evidence of this form of illusion is the seeming rise, progress, and setting of the planets. We all know to a certainty that the Earth, being approximately round, revolves in space turning each part of its surface to the planets, which, relatively considered, continue to occupy their own permanent positions. But the sun, for example, seems to rise from underneath the earth and steadily to move "upward" toward the midheaven angle, then "downward" until we actually see it sink beneath the western horizon, while the earth remains firm and steady under our feet. No possible effort can render the sense of sight so acute, powerful, or exact in operation as to detect the truth and enable us to *see* the sun stationary and the earth revolving to meet its light. The fact has been demonstrated by the thinking mind through the exercise of reason; but it can only be established as a fact, by any mind for itself, through denying the power of sense, ignoring its evidence and evolving the spiritual activities of thought, entirely independent of sense or the response of bodily organs. In fact nothing can be truly known, even about the movements of the largest material bodies, without impartial and unselfish exercise of the spiritual faculties through right thinking; and the less this thought is tinged

with the limitation of sense-action the more nearly true will be the conclusions reached. When established, this fact argues indisputably against the senses as instruments for the conveyance of Truth.

A direct illustration of the fallacy of sense and the impossibility of its ever setting the evidence right by itself alone, is the reflective operation of the mirror. Here the mind is deceived in every imaginable way, nothing about its action being as represented by the sense of sight. On the contrary, all the real facts of its subtle operations, so marvelous, so beautiful, and so important to men, are hidden from view and await the coming of reason, judgment, and freedom in thinking to bring forth their activities from the self-encasement of bigotry based upon the supposed reliability of sense-evidence.

The action of the mirror is complicated and more varied as well as more subtle than any other illusive feature of external life. It is also important to understand, because so closely associated with the natural operations of the mind. It is an exact counterpart, expressed invertedly, of the Imaging processes of thought, and contains the operative action of thought-transference in physico-sensuous reproduction. In the world every smooth surface is a mirror and gives a reflected image of every object within its radius. In the mirror every image is inverted from the object which it reproduces in appearance; i. e., that part of the object which stands toward the north, will, in the reflected image, be found toward the south; or the eastern extremity at the west, etc., according to the position of the mirror. The right hand becomes the left, and each peculiarity of the right side of the body will be found, in the reflected image, as a fixed feature of the left side. While the image appears to be an exact reproduction of the object, yet, in all such ways it is inverted; and if trusted literally it bears false witness of the thing or object from which it comes into appearance.

"But," it is sometimes argued: "every one knows that this is only a reflection and sees and judges accordingly." This is not true except under certain circumstances which define things to the judgment. The sense of the eye always sees this reflected image as if it were *the object*; and sense invariably pronounces it real. To the eye, it is always solid and looks substantial. It is not

possible for anyone to see it as a reflection, or to see any difference whatever between it and its object. Recognition of the difference is a matter of judgment and the inverted relation existing between the two is entirely the result of exercising the reason independently of sense, in spite of sense-evidence, and by thinking *contrary to the evidence of sense*. When the evidence of sense is ignored reason soon determines the facts; but until then the reason is clouded by the seeming accuracy of sense-evidence.

When looking upon the mirror the first evidence to the eye is that of space beyond the glass. This is an illusion that the eye never overcomes. It is as impossible for the action of sight to stop at the glass and recognize the truth that no such space exists, as it would be to see materially without eyes. The glass is transparent, to be sure, but only as to its thickness. The back of the glass is covered closely with an absolutely opaque substance into which sight cannot penetrate and through which no light can pass. This substance usually is quicksilver. The images of apparent objects seem to occupy space which has no existence. The images occupy relative positions at certain distances for which space would be necessary; yet everyone *knows* there is no space for them. The images cannot be said to occupy space in the room in front of the glass, for the *objects themselves* are there.

If it be argued that the reflections are only flat images on the glass itself, and are without perspective, that does not help us at all; because, no eye can possibly see any tracing of them in or on the glass and there can only be the hypothesis of mechanical reasoning to bear out the assertion. Besides this, the illusion of the space filled with objects, extends to an unlimited distance either side of the frame of the mirror (the limit of extent of the reflecting medium) and in some instances the images would be so tiny as to be beyond the recognition of the eye. By certain processes images can be fixed upon a surface; but the illusion of space always remains with them else they would be meaningless.

The entire phenomenon of the mirror belongs with the action of light and its reflective operations. It illustrates the fact that whatever goes forth from a foundation of reality, RETURNS AGAIN UPON ITSELF in fulfilment of the laws of wholeness of its being; and this "returning" is the re-flection of the action which proceeds from the

center of light. The Image exists solely in the sense-mind of the thinker; and as such it is a delusion to the mind. The presence of a seeming material image in or back of the mirror is an illusion of sense; and every detail of action which helps to make the illusion possible to sense is exactly inverted through the delusion of the sense-mind. This delusion occurs while dealing with action which has been inverted from the true thought-processes of the mind itself. The inversion occurs at every *outward* step in thought and the illusion comes into appearance as a consequence of the error.

As regards the power of sense the deception of the mirror is complete, permanent, and universal in this life. There is no hope for man save through the independent exercise of reason. This must begin with a willing rejection of the notion that sense can either see rightly or render correct evidence; and it must continue by unconditionally submitting every statement of sense to examination, through analysis, by means of the higher processes of pure thought.

With the minor illusions of sense everyone who thinks at all is familiar. They all point in one direction, however, and when properly understood, all testify to the fact that sense is not sufficiently reliable for credence by honest investigators of life's tangle of unsettled problems. Some of the more commonly known illusions are interesting and each shows some particular feature of the limitation and consequent unreliability of the senses.

The spectacle of the moon in an autumn sky sailing majestically and at great speed through myriads of fleecy clouds which appear to be stationary is a good illustration of the fact that the sense of sight may be deceived as to movement, by its own failure to estimate the relative sizes and clearness of objects. Here every fact goes to prove that the relative movement is quite the reverse of all the evidence; still, the illusion is complete. The reason usually ascribed for this phenomenon is that as the moon is the smaller object and the more distinct, the motion is transferred to it by sense, from the larger and less distinct clouds and the wrong judgment is at once reported as right and real. Sense is entirely void of moral acumen and possesses no vestige of conscience. Its operations are mechanical and practically automatic.

This feature of deception may also be noticed when sitting in a

railway car waiting for the train to start, and another train on an adjoining track starts first. If the eye is not fixed on any stationary object the motion may be immediately transferred by sense to the stationary car, which will then seem to move in the opposite direction from that in which the other train is moving. This illusion is so strong in its seeming and so undoubted by the subject himself that he may readily feel the jar of his (supposed to be) moving train and even a distinct swaying of the car, until when the last car passes the window and the eye meets stationary objects, the fact that his train has not moved at all impresses him so suddenly that again he feels what does not occur, and his own car seems to stop with a sudden jerk. This sort of experience is more or less distinct according to circumstances, but it is very common. It usually is most astonishing. The same species of illusion is also experienced when standing upon a dock and a large ship slowly drifts in or out; when the ship comes opposite the onlooker, the motion is at once transferred to the dock, which now seems to move while the ship appears stationary. Again, while riding in a railway train at a high speed, the fences, telegraph poles, and even buildings, if nearby, all seem to rush at a terrific pace by the car in which we sit, and for the moment we lose the sense of movement for ourselves and our car. These illustrations all represent different phases of illusion that are closely akin, but each has its own lesson in philosophy for the erstwhile deceived man who is now examining evidences for himself. There are many similar deceptions, all more or less familiar, as they have been described by various writers.

The many and varied illustrations of the illusion of the refraction of light-rays are common to all who investigate Optics; and the inability of sense to follow light through a denser medium—as vapor, fog or water, coupled with the fact that this faculty never admits its own incompetence, but at once presents a definite statement in bent, broken, or distorted rays supposed to be real, shows that sense should be carefully judged by reason before its evidences are admitted as true. This form of illusion is commonly illustrated by thrusting a straight stick obliquely into a jar of clear water. At once the stick will appear bent; and the sense-evidence is both strong and clear that a bent or crooked stick occupies the position really occupied by one that is perfectly straight.

The illusion of moving lines on a plane surface, when the eye looks for a while at lines so arranged as to represent the idea of movement or action, is another of the varied assortment of evidences that sense makes its reports accord with what the mind thinks in that relation, entirely regardless of facts and oblivious of the truth.

The sudden change in the appearance of a reflected image from opaque solidity to shadow, through which the sight seems to pass unobstructed, is a most interesting feature of sight deception. This may be observed on a dark night from a moving train on a railway. While the train is passing through unlighted territory the darkness outside renders each window a fairly good mirror to the inside of the car, but with the added advantage of open space beyond the glass, which may be occupied by solid sense-objects as well as seem to be occupied by objects of reflection. Raising the window-shade, we at once see a complete counterpart of the car in which we are riding—the rows of seats, the people, all substance and movement being faithfully reproduced. The opposite side of the car itself with its solid panels and frames of colored and polished wood appears, of course, at the same distance beyond the window that it measures from the glass across the car and it looks equally solid and substantial; so does each seat and the body of each passenger. No suggestion of either shadow or reflection enters the mind while the eye rests upon any of the images, all of which seem real and apparently are perfect counterparts of the objects within the car. There appears to be another solid car filled with real people, gliding along beside the one in which we ride.

Thus far the experience is the same as with any "mirror" scene, except the forward movement of both image and object. But now another feature appears and absorbs all our attention. As the train glides rapidly along, in such a degree of darkness as may be present with a clear sky but no moonlight, a star—a glistening spot in the darkened blue of the sky, near enough to the horizon for the reflection to intervene between it and the eye suddenly comes within range; and with the eye steadily fixed upon the reflected panel of the side of the car we continue to see the star in all its brilliancy and with perfect clearness, while it sails by the panel, the frame, the post, and the next panel, then by the body of our fellow-passenger which looked so solid. And there is no difference in the clearness

of its appearance whether we view it seemingly *through* the reflected window of transparent glass, the panel of "thick" wood, or the "solid" body of the passenger. All these instantly CHANGE TO APPARENT SHADOW when the star reaches them; and each, in turn, suddenly changes back to solidity when the star has passed by it. This sudden change of base of sense-evidence, as each imaged object passes before the star, is a beautiful illustration of both the illusion of sense itself and the action of the reversal of the evidence. It also illustrates the fact that sense-evidence is relative, and is always based upon some conception of the external thought-processes of the mind, which, whether right or wrong are immediately affirmed by the senses as both right and real.

Some years since a vivid impression was made upon the mind of the writer by a marked illustration of this form of mixed and moving illusion of reflection. It has, of course, been seen by thousands, but it is probably passed by nearly all without notice. It was as follows:

On a dark night, while riding in a street-car drawn by horses and running through the outskirts of a city, and occupying a seat adjoining the window at the front end of the car, the fact was noticed that the driver, standing about three feet from the window, was a large, broad-backed man nearly hiding the horses from view. While there were a plenty of city lights, objects outside the car were quite distinguishable. As these conditions were left behind and the car entered stretches of unlighted territory, the brightly lighted car contrasted more sharply with the darker space outside. Turning again to the front end window, the entire car and its contents became clearly visible in reflection, apparently beyond the window and in front of the car itself. It was, of course, an end-to-end reflection so that there seemed to be, outside, a full-length car with two rows of passengers seated facing each other. The effect was as though there were two cars, *en train*, one a duplicate of the other but reversed in position, so that the person occupying the front end seat in the rear car, was seen in the rear end seat of the reflected car, as in any such reflection. These details, otherwise unnecessary, are given here because of what follows:

The remarkable impression came when the eye tried to adjust the driver and the horses to the objects seen in reflection. Just

outside the window was the broad back of the driver, solid and substantial according to all material understanding and all direct sense-evidence; yet the entire row of passengers on the opposite side of the car was mirrored outside in a continuous line of reflected personalities, although the *solid and real* driver stood between them and the eye. The picture contained a car filled with people, and a driver standing apparently at the rear end and *inside* the forward car, and two horses bobbing up and down as they leisurely trotted along, apparently in the car and upon the people. The next instant after the eye lighted on this strangely mixed performance, the actual driver and horses were seen as mere shadows, through which vision seemed to pass unobstructed to view the reflection of the car and people as solid, and therefore a complete obstruction to vision. The illusion was now complete and it remained so. The car and people, which we all know to be but reflected shadows, looked absolutely solid and real; while the driver and horses, which we all recognize as materially solid and real, appeared only as shadowy unreality through which the eye passed with ease to see the illusion as though it were real. At first sight this was startling.

Look, watch, and try as we may such an illusion cannot be set right by any exercise of the sense of sight. It again illustrates the *relative* evidence of sense-action. One of the two kinds having been determined by the sense of sight as real and solid, the other *has to be named as shadow* for the sake of consistency. Truth or actual fact plays no part in the transaction. Shall we trust, then, without a careful test, statements of any kind submitted by instruments that are known to render such fallacious evidence with regard to action that reason can readily analyze?

The illusions of feeling are equally as numerous and as effective as those of sight. In fact all sense-action is feeling. In its determination to reproduce, in a sensation, anything that the mind establishes as a condition in its thought-action sense runs riot over the entire gamut of bodily feeling. Whatever one persistently thinks, he will eventually feel as present. When once established this sort of an illusion is extremely difficult to dislodge by ordinary means.

The recognition of heat and cold comes in this category. Beyond a certain degree of rising temperature, the sense of feeling cannot

go, or operate; then the next higher and hotter degree is reported as "no heat" and sensed as cold. The same rule holds good in the reversed action. Grades of cold below the sense limit are invariably reported as heat, and on contact they seem to burn. The babe who has been taught by experience what the sensation of burning is, if its tiny hand be suddenly placed in contact with ice will declare it burns. It has been repeatedly stated on authority that if anyone be blindfolded, and at the same instant one hand be thrust into a vessel containing very hot water and the other into ice-water he cannot tell which is hot and which cold.

The newspapers have reported many instances of deception of the senses which afford much food for reflection by the wise, though they are usually passed by the multitude as very amusing evidences of how weak "the other fellow" can be. One such report given a few years since, by one who observed it, relates that A, having sat in a railway car until he was suffering with cold feet, finally left his seat and took another at the end of the car next to the stove. Extending his feet toward and near to the stove, he remarked on the comfort experienced and proceeded with the reading of his paper. Soon his feet were warm; but upon again expressing his satisfaction, another party called his attention to the fact that the stove contained no fire. His thought, working through expectation, had produced the result which it could not do until the expectation was mentally established. In both these extremes of action sense reported action according to his thought. Probably the physical circulation also responded to the realizing thought.

The many instances where intelligent people have been deceived by double windows, feeling and suffering from the supposed inrush of cold air considered to be dangerous, after the opening of one window, the double one remaining closely shut so that no air could come in, and similar beliefs about drafts from cracks in windows and doors, followed by feeling the "dangerous" chill when no incoming air was possible, would fill a volume and need not be further described here. Everyone is familiar with this sort of deception of the sense of feeling. All of this shows that personal thought and the sense of feeling closely follow and aid each other in illusion.

While the foregoing illustrations are classed as "illusions of

sense," and it is generally admitted that they are deceptions possible in the experience of all people, the direct dealing of sense with matter itself is still adhered to as real and conclusive, and its statements in evidence are implicitly believed. But none of these illusions are more unreal than the evidence about the nature and character of matter and of material things themselves. It is the most common belief that material things are made just as each one sees them, as regards substance, solidity, resistance, expansiveness, contractibility, resonance, color, odor, shape, size, etc. But as a matter of fact, all these characteristics vary with the nature, degree of activity, thought-elements, and temperament of each observer. All judgments rendered about material things are based upon comparison and the qualities are relative, not fixed. A walking-stick is both short and small when compared with a telegraph pole; but it is long and large when considered beside a cambric needle. Shades of color increase or fade and even disappear entirely under comparison with others more or less intense.

The degree of solidity and also of smoothness or roughness of the surface of things is also a matter of comparison, as well as a distinct matter of illusion. Here is a piece of wood. It is hard, firm, solid, and red. It has a fine finish and is smooth and even in surface. The eye sees it, the hand touches it. "These are facts—*the facts* about this piece of materiality. Anyone can see for himself; and, of course, everyone who is sane and in possession of his faculties would necessarily see them in practically the same way. These are the things that *we know* about the things of the world, and they are certain, fixed, exact and true."

But stop! wait a moment while we consider a point or two. Are we entirely right? Let us see: We look at the surface of the wood, and *see* that it is perfectly smooth; we run the fingers over it and *feel* its smoothness to be a certainty. There is, apparently, a perfectly straight, level, even surface, and a *continuous level line* of particles of wood across its entire surface. Nothing whatever breaks this even, continuous, solid surface of substance. Let us, however, try a magnifying glass to increase the power of the eye. This brings a change of appearance. No! it is not so very smooth, after all. There are both declivities and elevated points; and there is no straight line of continuous points of wood-substance contiguous

to each other, but they are separated by depressions and changed by elevations. The whole appearance is different. Try a more powerful glass—a microscope, if you will. What result? Not a vestige of the idea of smoothness, or continuous surface is left. And its color, that beautiful red, one of its most real and most beautiful qualities, “made with it, for the benefit of man”—it has vanished; not a sign of it is left. In fact, as an independent entity and real in itself, it never was there. The seeming color of things is only the temporary adjustment of the sense of sight to the sense-action of the material itself and it had no permanence or substantial reality independent of its relative comparisons. It exists only to the particular degree of sense-action that finds it in its adjustment, and it disappears immediately when the adjustment changes. To no other grade of sense-action has it any existence whatever. It is, therefore, a pleasurable sensation suggesting some degree of satisfaction *within the mind, heart, or soul of the observer*. Apart from him and his kind, it has no being.

All observation with the microscope demonstrates this truth about the relation between man’s mind and external nature, obliterating nearly everything that is seen naturally and disclosing forms, colors, and qualities not discernable by the natural eye. The solidity of matter almost disappears under its action and the X-ray finishes it, reducing it first to shadow, then to nothing, so far as sense-evidence is concerned.

Chemistry, also, has well-nigh annihilated the opinion that sense can tell us the truth or show us the reality of anything, even the most external. All solid bodies are readily converted to fluids, and these, in time, to gases, to dematerialize in electricity and vanish from the eye of sense, in Ether. Nothing reported by sense proves to be as represented. In the last analysis, every sense-evidence resolves itself into thought-action, and finds lodgment in the mind as a relative view of external self-life. To every REALITY OF BEING these evidences are nothing.

But these extreme views, forced, as they are, by every form of ultimate examination of material things, need not disconcert us or prevent the proper use of our sense-faculties for the best results possible here in this life. The senses are instruments for use with regard to the personal life of the separated personality, and without

them, in some degree of action, there would be no personal existence. As we find ourselves here in this state of existence, and can find ways of doing good to others who appear to be in the same kind of delusion as ourselves, it would seem best and wisest as well as truest in life for us to put all the instruments at our command to the best possible use for the greatest probable good and await results. This does not mean that we should judge the senses as real, or depend upon their evidence beyond the natural limits of their powers.

The senses are not Mathematical Instruments and were never intended to give exact information on any subject. They are the instruments of external thought, created in their appearance of being, for the limited use of the separated self, and they bear limitations accordingly. The self-mind having fixed its opinion on the hypothesis of real matter formed in lethargy through crystallization, stagnation, and stoppage of action, must have mental support; and at its bidding its own thought-powers come forward in inverted action to affirm the reality of the prognosis; then the sense of feeling comes into seeming existence as the agent of the mind for the substantiation of the false assertion that crystallization is substance, and that stagnation is life.

The subdivisions of this one inverted, self-willed thought-action, give us the seeming five senses. Their sole office is to report the presence (seeming) of that which the inverted self-mind has postulated as real substance and is determined to hold as "being." They report it present and affirm it as real; but beyond that they cannot go. There the range of the power of sense ceases. To learn more about that which is reported as present the mind must take up the question and work out its problems by higher laws.

Sense says an object is present, it is solid, and is real; but that ends its information. How large it is, how solid, how heavy, of what color, endurance, etc., are all comparative speculations. They can be determined only through reason, by means of mathematics and the use of mathematical instruments.

Reason, instead of sense, is man's faculty for understanding matter and its objects—and its illusions as well. On this earth where the "sorrow" of illusion holds sway reason is man's only hope for salvation. Through it he must learn to estimate qualities, recognize principles, and discover the laws operative in the pei-

manent activities of each subject that comes before him for analysis. Then he may know and be able to command for a useful purpose everything with which he comes in contact—and the senses will become his obedient servants for external action alone, while reason competently manages the real affairs of life.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

THEOLOGY.*

The writer of the following, during the latter part of a long life, has given much thought, study and reflection, to the subject of Church Theology. He has always lived among intelligent, thoughtful people. With him, it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Its many false claims continuously invite attack.

Theology is not Religion. Religion is not Theology. They are far, very far apart; yet, strange as it is, we see great masses of people accepting, without question, Theology as Religion; whereas Religion as taught by Jesus, by Judaism, by Buddhism and by Confucius, who formulated the Golden Rule long before the advent of Christianity, is one of the simplest teachings in all the wide world.

Religion is not in *profession*, or so-called belief, which is almost always, *mere assent* to Theological teachings. Religion is in the Life; in *right living*. It is easily defined by the simple phrases: "BE GOOD. DO GOOD." It needs no elaborate expounding; not even explanation to ordinary minds. Yet, we see what a muddle the World is in, over Theology; which is widely accepted as so many different, *so-called Religions*.

If asked: "Why is this?" we answer it is because in the very earliest Ages of Mankind, Theology was *invented*. Yes, INVENTED,

*The writer of this article, who prefers for the present to remain unknown, is a young old man—83 years of age. His ancestors on both paternal and maternal sides were Quakers and Abolitionists. He was brought up among the famous galaxy of Abolitionists, and personally knew Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Pillsbury, Foster, Collins, Douglass, Remond, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone and others and his father's house had the latch string hanging out for all of them for thirty years. It was a veritable Pilgrim's Hotel. This was a good environment to produce a liberal thinker, with moral courage, which is a rare combination. His views appear to be worthy of consideration.—Ed.

by the more astute minds, to enable them to lead, guide and control the unthinking masses. Superstition is innate in Man. So, also, is his insatiate love of power over his fellow man, whose ignorance and superstition gave the opportunity for a Priesthood to be established. The Priesthood has continued to this day, but its Theology is continually being more and more modified with the ever increasing intelligence of the people. Any ordinary observer may see that with the lapse of time, more and deeper thought, reflection and observation have broadened the ideas of *intelligent* Humanity.

The evolution of broader, higher, more intelligent ideas of Human Progress and destiny is going on in ever increasing ratio. But, as seen in all history, Nature, or the Providence of it all, has always called a halt in every Nation that has ever existed, for other Nations to succeed them, many of which have reached a higher development than those which preceded them. So far as our finite powers can perceive or conceive, it will so continue. We, too, shall pass away in time.

Nations have been developed, become successful, next luxurious, then effeminate and finally have perished. The Theology which teaches that a future *personal* existence is sure, has no warrant whatever for the statement; it has nothing back of it, for it cannot be demonstrated. The notion was born of man's innate desire to be perpetuated. If viewed rightly, this intuitive desire is quite natural. The Priesthood have for ages taught their unwarranted interpretation of it. Honest, thoughtful, independent thinkers, know it to be false teaching.

The Church has become aware that it is losing its hold on the people, and it denounces them as irreligious. The real reason, however, is that they are becoming more intelligent and less credulous. The Church sees heretics multiplying and they all deny Theology, while claiming the right to more freedom of thought and expression.

The day is dawning, when a larger proportion of Mankind will live for a higher purpose in Life. They will see that higher and still higher ethics should be taught, *from the cradle to the grave*. From this will flow all possible GOODNESS—which is all the Heaven we can know. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Immortality is sure, is indisputable, for all things are indestructible and annihilation

is impossible; but the Church idea of Heaven is not warranted. "*Heaven is here and now*"; or otherwise only when we are not obedient to the higher Law.

The Stoic Philosophers were among the deepest thinkers the World has ever known. Their sayings have been preserved and handed down to us. They discarded all the Theology of their times and were content with the idea, the hypothesis, that at death "THE SOUL GOES BACK TO THE SOURCE FROM WHENCE IT CAME, TO BECOME ABSORBED INTO THE GREAT WORLD SOUL; AND IN TIME TO BE AGAIN BORN INTO THE GREAT HUMAN FAMILY." This was the belief of all the Orientals, ages before the time of the Stoics. It was simply Re-incarnation—being re-born, again and again, from the great Vortex of Life and ETERNITY—destined to make slow but eternal progress in a positively unknowable Future. They ignored the numerous Gods of Classic Times. They had no belief in an ideal, personal God. They were content to worship at the Shrine of NATURE, by recognizing its illimitable, wondrous Power and Wisdom. They had an abiding Faith in the inscrutable, unknowable, wise PROVIDENCE which is so manifest throughout our great, little World, for we are only a mere speck in the wide Universe.

But, far removed from all this wilderness of so much, so many kinds of Church Theology, there is a TRUE THEOLOGY. It is found in PURE METAPHYSICS; which is simply a search into the Psychic region beyond the Physics of the World. *Meta* is a Greek word and signifies *beyond*; beyond Physics. Metaphysics is a search for more light, more knowledge of Nature's wonderful Laws. It has no Hierarchy to support or defend. It seeks for more light, for the TRUTHS of the World.

Theology has usurped the place of Religion. I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that *Theology is a masquerade in the name of Religion!* Matthew Arnold said: "Religion is that which makes for Righteousness." The New Testament says: "Religion consists in visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and in keeping one's self unspotted from the World." Jesus said: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Buddha, also a Saviour of men, who was born 643 B. C., and died 523 B. C., at the age of 82; lifted 200,000,000 of Human Beings up from a most abject condition and taught them to feel their responsibility and to

live with more and higher purpose in Life. Buddha, being asked to state his teachings in few words, replied:

“Cease to do evil.

Learn to do well.

Cleanse thine own heart.

These are the teachings of Buddha.”

Is not that the very essence of the New Testament?

Some years ago, a prominent writer in the *North American Review* wrote these remarkably truthful words: “What Mankind needs more than anything else is to pause and indulge in the rare and noble art of THINKING.

The earnest study of pure Metaphysics—the True Theology—would vastly aid in saving the World from so much sin, suffering, misery and wickedness. Humanity, perforce, inevitably, has to apply a due mixture of both optimism and pessimism, for the World appears dual in all things; there are two opposite principles in every thing, in all of Nature. The so-called God and the so-called Devil appear as two principles always and ever contending for the mastery of HUMANITY. And through the innate selfishness of or in man, evil seems to prevail half of the time. “Whatever is, is right,” in the concrete; though quite otherwise in the abstract. For instance—note the DRINK HABIT, which is by far the worst and most wide spread evil in all the World. It is the cause of more misery, poverty, crime and iniquity, than anything else; yet the Church, Society and the Government allow it to go on, with very, very little effort to lift Humanity to a higher level. They all tax the business for their support, either directly or indirectly.

Only the few cry aloud in protest, and the evil is ever increasing. Does Theology and the Church “cry aloud and spare not?” Stop and THINK.

Horace Greeley said: “Politics and the Church are Living Machines.” Who can successfully gainsay this assertion?

Consider the present Theological Revolution and Evolution now going on in France to separate Church and State. One thousand years ago, in France, the Church and State made an Alliance. The State has been a great financial support of the Church during all this time.

The people have been held in Theological bondage till now,

though at times in lessening degree; but the end will come in time.

The Hierarchy at Rome are probably more alarmed than ever before, for they see that intelligence is continually on the increase.

The majority of the people, the intelligent people of France, and their Rulers, have awakened from their bondage and are asserting freedom of thought and expression and progress. "All hail to them!"

Theology is as vulnerable as it is ancient; and condemnation is inevitable from all honest and independent thinkers. Theologians may say that its endurance through the ages is warrant for its continued existence, but the idea of the Devil has existed equally long. Error must give way to truth for it cannot live in the light.

C. B.

THE NEW PLATONISTS.

BY SAMUEL SHARPE. *

Potamo, a teacher of philosophy in Alexandria had tried with very little success to unite the followers of Plato and Aristotle, by showing how far the doctrines of those two philosophers agreed. But in this reign of Alexander Severus he was followed in this respect by Ammonius Saccas, who became the founder of a new and most important school of philosophy, that of the Alexandrian Platonists. It is much to be regretted that we know so little of a man who was able to work so great a change in the philosophy of the pagan world, and who had so great an influence on the opinions of the Christians. But he wrote nothing, and is only known through his pupils, in whose writings we trace the mind and system of the teacher. The most celebrated of these pupils were Plotinus, Herennius, and Origen, a pagan writer, together with Longinus, the great master of the "Sublime," who owns him his teacher in elegant literature. Ammonius was unequalled in the variety and depth of his knowledge, and was by his followers called "heaven-taught." He aimed at putting an end to the triflings and quarrels of the philosophers by showing that all the great truths were the same in each system, and by pointing out where Plato and Aristotle agreed,

*From "History of Egypt."

instead of where they differed; or rather by culling opinions out of both schools of philosophy, and by gathering together the scattered limbs of Truth, whose lovely form had been hewn to pieces like the mangled body of Osiris.

As a critic Ammonius walked in the very highest path, not counting syllables and marking faulty lines like the followers of Aristarchus, but leading the pupils in his lecture room to admire the beauties of the great authors, and firing them with the wish to rival them. He pointed out to them the passages which Plato, to improve his style, had entered on a noble strife with Homer, and had tried in his prose to equal beauties of the poet which age after age had stamped with its approval. Of these lectures Longinus was a hearer, and to them we owe much of his golden treatise *on the Sublime* in writing—a treatise written to encourage authors in the aim after excellence, and to instruct them in the art of taking pains. This work of Longinus is the noblest piece of literary criticism which came forth from the Museum. In it we find the Old Testament quoted for the first time by a pagan writer; it is quoted for its style only but we may thence reasonably suppose that it was not unknown to his great master, Ammonius, and may have been of use to him in his lectures on philosophy, as indeed the Jewish opinions seem to have colored the writings of his followers.

Plotinus was born at Lycopolis, and, after studying philosophy for many years, he entered the school of Ammonius at the age of twenty-eight, where he studied for eleven years more. In the works of Plotinus we have the philosophy of the Greeks, freed from their mythology, taking up the form of a philosophical religion, a deism accompanied by a pure and high-toned morality, but clouded in all the darkness of metaphysics. Like the other Platonists he enlarges on the doctrine of the trinity, though without using the word. He argues against the philosophy of the Gnostics, and points out that in calling the world evil and the cause of evil, they were denying the goodness or power of the Creator, and lowering the model upon which their own characters were to be formed. He teaches that it is not enough for a man to have the virtues of society, or even to be without vices, but he must aim higher, and take God for his model; and that after all his pains he will fall short of his aim; for though one man may be like another as a picture is like a picture,

yet a good man can be like God as a copy is like the original.

In the Greek mythology the gods were limited in their powers and knowledge; they were liable to mistakes, to vicious passions, and to change of purpose. Like mankind, whose concerns they rather meddled with than governed, they were themselves under the all-powerful laws of fate; and they seem to have been looked upon as agents or servants of a deity, while the deity himself was wanting. It was round this unfortunate frame-work that the pagans entwined their hopes and fears, their feelings of human weakness, of devotion, of duty, and of religion. By the philosophers, indeed, this had been wholly thrown aside as a fable; but they had offered to the ignorant multitude nothing in its place. Those who sneered at the baseless system of the many raised no fabric of their own. It remained for the Alexandrian Platonists, borrowing freely from the Egyptians, the Jews, and the Christians, to offer to their followers the beautiful philosophy of Plato in a form more nearly approaching what we could call a religion. The overwhelming feeling of our own weakness, and of the debt which we owe to some unseen power above us, was not confined to the Christians, though perhaps strongly called into being by the spread of their religion. It was this feeling that gave birth to the New Platonism of the Alexandrians, which the pagans then raised up as a rival to the religion of the New Testament. The same spirit which led these Eclectic philosophers, in forming their own system, to make use of the doctrines of Aristotle as well as those of Plato, taught them to look also to Christianity for whatever would give a further strength to their philosophy. To swell the numbers of their forces they counted among their allies many of the troops of the enemy. And in so doing they were followed unfortunately by the Christians, who, while they felt the strength of their own arguments and the superiority of their own philosophy, still, in order to help the approach of converts, and to lessen the distance which separated them from the philosophers, were willing to make large advances toward Platonism.

* * The Persians, taking advantage of the weakness in the Empire caused by the civil wars, had latterly been harassing the Eastern frontier; and it soon became the duty of the young Emperor Gordian to march against them in person. Hitherto the Roman armies had been successful; but unfortunately the Persians, or rather their

Syrian and Arab allies, had latterly risen as much as the Romans had fallen off in courage and warlike skill. The army of Gordian was routed, and the Emperor himself slain, either by traitors or by the enemy. * * * So little had a defeat been expected that the philosopher, Plotinus, had left his studies in Alexandria to join the army, in hopes of gaining for himself an insight into the Eastern philosophy that was so much talked of in Egypt. After the rout of the army he with difficulty escaped to Antioch, and thence he removed to Rome, where he taught the New Platonism to scholars of all nations, including Serapion, the rhetorician, and Eustachius, the physician, from Alexandria.

About this reign of Gallienus, Porphyry was at the head of the school of Alexandrian Platonists, as the pupil of Plotinus and successor of Ammonius. But though the school and the philosophy took its name from the city of its founder, Porphyry lived for some time in Rome, as the rebellions in Alexandria made it a very unfit place for a philosophical school. He was an admirer of the Egyptian philosophy, and one of his works on the nature of demons, and about the true path to happiness as taught in the books of Thoth, was in the form of an epistle to Nectanebo [neket Anebo] an Egyptian priest. He has left a treatise entitled: "*On the Cave of the Nymphs*," and a second, "*On Abstinence*." His short history, or rather chronology of the Ptolemies is of the greatest value; and its exactness is proved by several eclipses which have been recorded by the Alexandrian astronomers. To Porphyry we also owe some of the notes on Homer, known under the name of *Scholia*, which seem to have been written while he was a student in the Museum at Alexandria, where it was usual to exercise the pupils by questions on the great epic poet, and for them to give their answers to the professor in writing.

Under Constantine the pagan philosophers had but few pupils and met with little encouragement. Alypius of Alexandria and his friend Iamblichus, however, still taught the philosophy of Ammonius and Plotinus, though the philosophers were so much in the habit of moving about to Alexandria, Pergamus or Rome, that it is not always easy to know in what school they taught. The only writings of Alypius now remaining are his *Introduction to Music*. Iamblichus, who had studied under Anatolius in the school of Christian

Peripatetics, has left many works. In his treatise on *Mysteries*, in which he quotes the Hermetic works of Bytis, an Egyptian priest, the outward visible symbols become emblems of divine truth; the Egyptian religion becomes a branch of Platonism; and their gods so many intermediate beings, only worshipped as servants of the one Creator.

Sopator succeeded Iamblichus as professor of Platonism in Alexandria, with the proud title of "Successor to Plato." For some time he enjoyed the friendship of Constantine, but, when religion made a quarrel between the friends, the philosopher was put to death by the Emperor. The pagan account of the quarrel was that when Constantine had killed his son, he applied to Sopator to be purified from his guilt, and when the Platonist answered that he knew of no ceremony that could absolve a man from such a crime, the Emperor applied to the Christians for baptism. This story may not be true, and the ecclesiastical historian [Sozomen] remarks that Constantine had professed Christianity several years before the murder of his son; but then, as after his conversion he had got Sopator to consecrate his new city with a variety of pagan ceremonies, he may in the same way have asked him to absolve him from the guilt of murder.

The beautiful and learned Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, was at the time [of Theodosius II.] the ornament of Alexandria and the pride of the pagans. She taught philosophy publicly in the Platonic school which had been founded by Ammonius, and which boasted of Plotinus as its pupil. She was as modest as she was graceful, eloquent and learned; and though, being a pagan, she belonged to neither of the rival Christian parties, yet, as she had more hearers among the Greek friends of the prefect than among the ignorant friends of the bishop [Cyril], she became an object of jealousy with the Homoousian party. A body of these Christians, says the orthodox historian, attacked this admirable woman in the street; they dragged her from her chariot, and hurried her off into the church named "Cæsar's Temple," and there stripped her and murdered her with some broken tiles. She had written commentaries upon mathematical works.

The philosophers were still allowed to teach in the schools. Syrianus was at the head of the Platonists, and he wrote largely on

the Orphic, Pythagorean and Platonic doctrines; but so little does the world now value these studies that the works of Syrianus still remain in manuscript and are therefore unread. We know him only in a Latin translation of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, in which he aims at showing how a Pythagorean or a Platonist would successfully answer Aristotle's objections. He seems to look upon the writings of Plotinus, Porphyry and Iamblichus as the true fountains of Platonic wisdom quite as much as the works of the great philosopher who gave his name to the sect. Syrianus afterward removed to Athens to take charge of the Platonic school in that city, and henceforth Athens rather than Alexandria became the chief seat of Alexandrian Platonism.

Proclus came to Alexandria about the end of this reign [of Theodosius II.] and studied many years under Olympiodoros, but not to the neglect of the Platonic philosophy of which he afterward became such an ornament and support. The other Alexandrians under whom Proclus studied were Hero, the mathematician, a devout and religious pagan, Leonas, the rhetorician, who introduced him to all the chief men of learning; and Orion, the grammarian, who boasted of his descent from the race of Theban priests. He also attended the lectures at the Roman College and made himself master of the Latin language. But Proclus removed to Athens, where Christianity pressed less severely upon the philosophers than it did in Alexandria, and where, under Syrianus, the Alexandrian, Platonism flourished more vigorously than it did in its native city. At Athens he wrote his mathematical and philosophical works, in the latter of which Platonism appears even further removed from the opinions of its great author than it had been in the writings of Plotinus.

Hierocles, the Alexandrian, was at this time [in the reign of Zeno, 474-491] teaching philosophy in his native city where his zeal and eloquence in favor of Platonism drew upon him the anger of the Christians and the notice of the government. He was sent to Constantinople to be punished for not believing in Christianity, for it does not appear that he ever wrote against it. There he bore a public scourging from his Christian torturers, with a courage equal to that formerly shown by their forefathers when tortured by his. When some of the blood from his shoulders flew onto his hand.

he held it out in scorn to the judge saying with Ulysses: "Cyclops, since human flesh has been thy food, now taste this wine." After his punishment he was banished, but was soon allowed to return to Alexandrian Platonists; he maintains the agreement between the never wears so fair a dress as in the writings of Hierocles; his Commentary on the Golden Verses of the Pythagoreans is full of the loftiest and purest morality, and not less agreeable are the fragments that remain of his writings on our duties, and his beautiful chapters on the pleasures of a married life. In his essay upon Providence and Free Will he shows himself a worthy member of the school of Alexandrian Platonists; he maintains the agreement between the doctrines of Plato and those of Aristotle, and quotes the opinions of his master, the heaven-taught Ammonius, as of little less, and perhaps not less weight than those of Plato himself.

Justinian either made a new law or enforced an old one against the teaching of philosophy, and many of the learned men fled into Syria to claim protection of the Persians and to avoid the persecution without wounding their consciences. The philosophical school through the works of Plotinus and Porphyry, and their successors, had altered the face of paganism, and through the writings of Clement, Origen and other Alexandrian fathers, had worked no little change in the opinions of the Christian world, but it had been closed when Sopator, the professor, was put to death by Constantine. Since that time the laws against the philosophers had been less strictly enforced; but under Justinian the pagan schools were again and forever brought to a close. Isodorus, the Platonist, and Salustius, the Cynic, were among the learned men of greatest note who then withdrew from Alexandria. Isodorus had been chosen by Marinus as his successor in the Platonic school at Athens to fill the high post of Platonic successor; but he had left the Athenian school to Zenodotus, a pupil of Proclus, and had removed to Alexandria. These learned men, with Damascius and others from Athens, were kindly received by the Persians, who when they soon afterward made a treaty of peace with Justinian, generously bargained that these men, the last teachers of paganism, should be allowed to return home and pass the rest of their days in quiet.

Thus in the flight of the pagan philosophers very little learning was left in Alexandria.

THE MYSTIC.

BY S. C. MUKERJEE, M. A.

The one great idea which marks out man from the animal kingdom and lifts him up from the level of the brute is a strange and mysterious notion,—the idea of God. This intuitive belief in God, which can be traced in the history of Man from prehistoric times is the product of an advancing mental evolution. In the animal kingdom it is absent. Imagination has clothed this idea in various forms. No doubt the difference is great between the conception of God in the mind of an ignorant savage and in the mind of the highly cultivated man. Still the idea is there,—the idea of a perfect, immortal, omnipotent being. The God of each individual, tribe, or nation is perfect according to its own notion of perfection.

This mysterious idea interpenetrates the mental history of every nation, ancient or modern, and it is so deep-rooted that the scepticism of the modern age has not been able to shake its foundation. Considering that this idea is wholly absent in the animal kingdom and detecting its appearance only in the mind of man, we may conclude that the higher a being is in the scale of evolution, the more is he saturated with this transcendental idea.

It is a very curious fact that man always *creates* God after his own model. This anthropomorphic tendency may be detected in the religious history of every nation. The rude savages think that true greatness consists in power only and they are more struck by the manifestation of evil than that of good. Their God is the type of an omnipotent tyrant. As the civilized man is more struck by the manifestation of good, the God of the enlightened theist is a loving God omnipotent in good. But in both the above conceptions there is a common element and that is the anthropomorphic tendency. The God of the Negro or Santal is the personification of evil; while the God of the Christian missionary or of the Brahman theist is the personification of good. But both these conceptions are material and both are vitiated by anthropomorphism.

The more the conception of God approaches the truth, the more it becomes devoid of the attributes of matter. It is not enough that all the base attributes of matter be taken away from Him, but also

the higher and nobler qualities which are considered good *from our standpoint* should be absent in Him. In short, no material quality should mar the excellence of spiritual existence. God should be regarded as unembodied intelligence or more properly unembodied consciousness. Not only that pure consciousness should have no connection with the gross physical brain of man, but also no connection whatever with any material organism however fine. For instance, an intelligence encased in a frame a million times lighter than the invisible hydrogen gas can not be regarded as the unembodied intelligence in the strict sense of the term. In our Shastras beings possessing such light bodies are known as Devas, Bidehamuktas, etc. But only God is the unembodied consciousness. In the Vedanta such intelligence or consciousness is denoted by the term *Bramh*. It is of a perfectly immaterial nature and is, therefore, unborn, infinite and eternal. Hence it is called Chidakas (consciousness resembling the infinity of space).

Just as in dreams our mind transforms itself into a little world, so the unembodied consciousness (Chidakas) appears as the infinite universe. The universe is the incarnation of *Bramh*. Every human being is one of its innumerable manifestations; every atom is the *Mayavic* body which conceals in its bosom the infinite spirit. The spiritual substance casts a reflection, a shadow as it were, and that dream-like shadow is the *Jiva* encased in matter. The *Jiva* identifies itself with its physical vehicle, the body; hence it is the procession of births and deaths. Material cravings tie it down to the senses and make it pass from birth to birth but cut asunder the tie of desire, and the connection of the spirit with matter ceases; the *Jiva* becomes *Bramh*.

He who among mortals is able to break asunder the chain of desire and mingles his consciousness with the infinite spirit is called "*Mystic*." He is so called because he realises his atma by an intuitive process which is above reason; hence, to the ordinary mind, his ways seem mysterious.

The Mystic occupies the borderland between matter and spirit. He moves among us like a being from the higher world. An attempt will be made here to note the characteristics of the true Mystic as distinguished from the hypocrite or the self-deceived one who sometimes goes by that name. What is, then, the essence of true mysti-

cism? There are some men who turn away from active life and fall back upon contemplation; there are others like Janaka, Bishma, Drona, etc, who live in the world and manage their household affairs. Others like Jesus, Buddha, and Mahomet have come forward as world-reformers. There are others who like Chaitanya exhibit bodily fits, convulsions, and ecstasies. The above manifestations being so various and manifold, none of them can be called the essence of mysticism.

In this we do not find a common element which may be regarded as the characteristic of the Mystic. It may be the external manifestations of mysticism, but not its internal essence. Among other external manifestations are the modes of figurative expression, extravagance of metaphor, and obscure expressions which the Mystics often use. Mere wonder-working can not be regarded as the criterion of mysticism for we find that persons of positively evil disposition could perform what may be called miracles. The case of Hassan Khan Jinni is still fresh in the memory of many old men. Who can deny that Hassan Khan did not perform far more wonderful miracles than those ascribed to Madame Blavatsky, though the former did not know even the alphabet of religion?

If any of the above phenomena is not the essence of mysticism, what then should be the characteristics of the true mystic? Mystics usually assert that they have derived their knowledge directly from a higher source and not by reason of experience. This knowledge is acquired, they further assert, by a purely intuitional process, far superior to reason itself. Referring to this process Fichte says: "This doctrine pre-supposes an entirely new inner sense-organ through which a new world is given that does not at all exist for the ordinary man. It is not exactly ex-cogitating and creating a novelty, a something not already given, but bringing together and reducing to unity of the given by means of a new and yet to be developed sense."

The new sense-organ mentioned closely resembles the *Gnan-Chakshu* of the Hindus. One Mystic, Jacob Böhme says: "I say before God that I do not myself know how it happens to me that, without having the impelling will, I do not even know what I should write. For when I write the spirit dictates it to me in great wonderful knowledge that I often do not know whether I am in my

spirit in this world. And I rejoice exceedingly, since then the constant and certain knowledge is given to me. The more I seek the more I find, and always more deeply that I also often think my sinful person too small and unworthy to teach such secrets. Then the spirit spreads my banner and says: 'See thou shalt live forever therein and be crowned, why art thou afraid?' Another Mystic says: "Day and night have appeared for me like a flash of lightning. I embraced at once eternity before and after the world. To those in such a state a hundred years and an hour are one and the same."

Direct cognizance of the Supreme Substance by a process of intuition which is far superior to reason, is therefore the chief characteristic of a true Mystic. "Conviction by means of proofs," says Hamann, "is a second-hand certainty, rests on comparison and can never be perfectly sure and complete. Now if every acceptance of truth which does not spring from rational grounds is faith, conviction from grounds of reason must itself come from faith, and receive its force solely from it. For sensation precedes reason. He who knows must in the last resort depend on sensation or a feeling of the mind. As there is a sensuous intuition through sense, so there is also a rational one through reason. Each in its province is the final and unconditionally valid."

The second characteristic of true mysticism lies in the spiritual striving of the Mystic to bring about the mystical death of the mind and to remain absorbed in God. The Mystic says that in absorption the man is not conscious of his body nor of any other external thing. During absorption (Samadhi) time and space disappear along with the conditioned mind. It is not the annihilation of the higher self, but only of the lower. This state is similar to trance when the soul communes with God.

The next characteristic of the true Mystic is genuine inspiration from the source of all knowledge, while in the waking state. The true Mystic is the medium through whom the soul of the universe pours out its thoughts.

The Mystic is a true prophet, inspired by the Infinite Spirit. Through his lips we learn the secrets of the unseen universe. He stands in the borderland between Man and God. He may be called the 'God-Man.' When he chooses to speak and to set himself as the teacher of the people he brings about a revolution in the moral

world. He moves among us like the incarnation of the Spirit. Such was Christ, such was Buddha and such was Chaitanya ; not to speak of Krishna who moved among us not like man but like God. Edward Hartmann only speaks the plain truth when he says: "Mysticism has also performed priceless *services* to the human race. Without the mysticism of the Neopythagoreanism, the Johannean Christianity would never have arisen. Without the mysticism of the middle ages, the spirit of Christianity would have been submerged in Catholic idolatry and scholastic formalism. Without the mysticism of the persecuted heretical communities from the beginning of the eleventh century, which, in spite of all suppressions ever sprang up again with renewed energy under another name, the blessings of the Reformation would never have dispelled the darker shades of the middle age and opened the portals of the era. Without mysticism in the mind of the German people and among the heroes of modern German poetry and philosophy, we should have been so completely inundated by the shallow drifting sand of the French materialism in the last century that we might not have got our heads free again for who knows how long." As the finishing touch we may also add from the Hindu standpoint that without the mystical inspiration of Sankaracharya, Chaitanya, Tulsi Dass, Kabir, and Nanak, in modern times we too would have been completely inundated by the atheistical speculations of the mis-represented doctrines of modern Buddhism.

Here we should distinguish true mysticism from its false counterpart. For false mysticism has a peculiar tendency to develop itself into insanity and self-deception. Hysterical swoons and convulsions, extreme asceticism, self-deification, imaginary visions, bodily torturing, and hallucination are not the *essence*, but the *excrescences* of mysticism. The total of these morbid out-growths of mysticism prevents people from penetrating into the heart of mysticism in its purer and higher form.

The pertinent remark of a living German thinker may not be out of place here: "It is as difficult to distinguish a genuine inspiration of the unconscious in the waking state in a mystical mood from mere freaks of fancy, as a clairvoyant dream from an ordinary one; in the latter case only the result, so in the former only the purity and inner worth of the result can decide this question. But as

true inspirations are always rare conditions, it is easy to see that among all, who ardently long for such mystical suggestions, very many self-deceptions must occur for one true inspiration; it is therefore not astonishing how much nonsense mysticism has brought to light." But true mysticism is of great value to mankind.

S. C. MUKERJEE, M. A.

WHEREIN MODERN SCIENCE IS NOT PHILOSOPHY.

The expounders of the modern doctrine of natural development apparently assume that growth dispenses with causation; so that if they can get something growing they may begin upon the edge of zero, and, by simply giving it time, find it on their return a universe complete. * * * This, of itself, can never do more than hand on what there is from point to point, and can by no means help the lower to create the higher.

—James Martineau.

In morals, as in art, saying is nothing, doing is all.

—Renan.

In repaying kindness, we ought to imitate fertile lands, which give back much more than they receive.

—Cicero.

In the denial of self is the beginning of all that is truly generous and noble.

—Carlyle.

One thought includes all thought in the sense that a grain of sand includes the universe.

—Coleridge.

Our dreams drench us in sense, and sense steeps us again in dreams.

—A. B. Alcott.

The counsel thou wouldst have another keep, first keep thyself.

—Proverb.

The soul of man is a mirror of the mind of God.

—Ruskin.

The soul's emphasis is always right.

—Emerson.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

"What have you there, Querant?"

"A pamphlet from which I beg to be allowed to read a few extracts. Several years ago I discovered this upon a bookstore counter, and its title, *Itra Muros*, interesting me, I bought it, took it home, and through its pages found my way, or rather was led into, heaven."

"And you are going to take me there? Thank you, Querant."

"I found it—at least it seemed to me to be—a rather peculiar heaven, Solas, but one which I could readily understand must entirely satisfy the orthodox mind; for it meets almost all the requirements of a heaven promised by the religious sects of the world to those who 'repent' and are saved by the 'Blood of the Lamb.'"

"I have heard of this book, Querant, and am satisfied that hundreds of thousands of readers have been regaled by its remarkable pages. I confess to some pardonable curiosity in regard to it."

"Then let me, in a measure, satisfy your 'pardonable curiosity' by reading these paragraphs I have selected. First I will explain that the author left her body lying upon a couch in a house in a small town called Kentwood, and meeting her brother (who had been 'dead' sometime) was by him carried to heaven. This brother had already prepared for her coming—had himself built a house for his sister in a choice section of the celestial regions. Thus she describes her entry:

"Turning to the left, he led me, still through the beautiful marble columns that everywhere seemed substituted for doorways, into a large, oblong room, upon whose threshold I stopped in wondering delight. The entire walls and floor of the room were still of that exquisite light gray marble, polished to the greatest lustre; but over walls and floor were strewn exquisite, long-stemmed roses, of every variety and color, from the deepest crimson to the most delicate shades of pink and yellow.

"Come inside," said my brother.

““I do not wish to crush those perfect flowers,” I answered.

““Well, then, suppose we gather some of them.”

“‘I stooped to take one from the floor close to my feet, when, lo! I found it was imbedded in the marble. I tried another with the same astonishing result, then, turning to my brother, I said:

““What does it mean? You surely do not tell me that none of those are natural flowers?”

“‘He nodded his head with a pleased smile, and said: “This room has a history. Come in and sit with me here upon this window-seat, where you can see the whole room, and let me tell you about it.”

“‘I did as he desired, and he continued: “One day as I was busily working upon the house, a company of young people, boys and girls, came to the door and asked if they might enter. I gladly gave assent, then one of them said: ‘Is this house really for Mr. and Mrs. Sprague?’ ‘It is,’ I answered. ‘We used to know and love them. They are our friends, and the friends of our parents, and we want to know if we may not do something to help make it beautiful.’ ‘Indeed you may,’ I said, touched by the request. ‘What can you do?’ We were here at the time, and looking about, one of them asked: ‘May we beautify this room?’ ‘Undoubtedly,’ I said, wondering what they would try to do. At once the girls, all of whom had immense bunches of roses in their hands, began to throw the flowers broadcast over the floor and against the walls. Wherever they struck the walls, they, to even my surprise, remained as though in some way permanently attached. When the roses had all been scattered, the room looked just as it does now, only the flowers were really fresh-gathered roses. Then the boys each produced a small case of delicate tools, and in a moment all, boys and girls, were down upon the marble floor and busy at work. How they did it, I do not know—it is one of the celestial arts taught to those of highly artistic tastes—but they embedded each living flower just where and as it had fallen, in the marble, and preserved it as you see before you. They came several times before the work was completed, for the flowers do not wither here, nor fade, but are always fresh and perfect.”’ Comments are in order, Solas.”

“If flowers are always ‘fresh and perfect’ in the celestial regions

why bother to 'preserve' them in marble? But that was truly an angelic act, Querant. However, doesn't it seem to you that the working of a little such magic (if the thing were possible on any plane) if performed upon the earth—within this world of ours—would have been quite as angelic an act as was that which took place in this heaven which seems to your historian objective—substantial? Earth-flowers would fade, but the motive that prompted the children to take the flowers—that was imperishable."

"Then you think that if the earthly dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague were to be beautifully decorated by loving friends, it would make it seem as much a 'heavenly abiding place' for the two who must be inexpressibly gladdened by the manifestation of such pure love?"

"It is always love and only love that makes heaven, so what matters the plane? One naturally expects orthodox angels to go about doing such nice things for friends who have been good to them and their parents, and it cannot be a matter of so much surprise to us to learn of their doing this. Indeed, we rather, as I have said, expect it of them, the denizens of the orthodox heaven having so little to occupy them. And that which is taken so much as matter of course, could not, in the very nature of things be as capable of bringing happiness as the heart-inspired kindnesses showered upon one by earthly friends. I hold, Querant, that as much loving zeal shown by 'mortals' to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague would have converted their terrestrial home into a heaven as real as this the author has depicted. And, in a way, it could easily be done—if the friends felt so inspired. Read on."

"There is evidently a library in this wonderful house the good brother has built for his sister, for she says:

"My first sensation upon entering the room was genuine surprise at the sight of the books, and my first words were, 'Why, have we books in heaven?'"

"'Why not?' asked my brother."

"Another taste enjoyed *'there,'* Querant, of what goes to make real heaven for many of us yet 'in the body.' There is pure happiness in the company of noble books, the companionship of great minds. What next, Querant?"

"This: 'Not far from our home we saw a group of children

playing upon the grass, and in their midst was a beautiful great dog, over which they were rolling and tumbling with the greatest freedom. As we approached he broke away from them and came bounding to meet us, and crouched and fawned at my feet with every gesture of glad welcome. "Do you not know him, Auntie?" Mae asked brightly. "It is dear old Sport," I cried, stooping and placing my arms about his neck, and resting my head on his silken hair "Dear old Sport you shall never leave me again," I said, caressing him fondly. At this he sprang to his feet barking joyously "He understands every word we say," said Mae "I think one of the sweetest proofs we have of the Father's loving care for us is that we so often find in this life the things which gave us great happiness below. . . .

. . . I remember once seeing a beautiful little girl enter heaven, the very first to come of a large and affectionate family. I afterward learned that the sorrowful cry of her mother was, 'Oh, if only we had some one there to meet her, to care for her!' She came, lovingly nestled in the Master's own arms, and a little later, as He sat, still caressing and talking to her, a remarkably fine Angora kitten, of which the child had been very fond, and which had sickened and died some weeks before, to her great sorrow, came running across the grass and sprang directly into her arms, where it lay contentedly. Such a glad cry as she recognized her favorite, such a hugging and kissing as that kitten received made joy even in heaven! She had evidently been a timid child, but now as the children gathered about her, with the delightful freedom they always manifest in the presence of the beloved Master, she, looking up confidingly into the tender eyes above her, began to tell shyly of the marvelous intelligence of her dumb pet, until at last Jesus left her contentedly playing among the flowers.' "

"Another joy we may know upon earth, Querant, if animal pets make heaven for us. What follows?"

"I turn to page 41 and find the first recognition of Mrs. Sprague of one who regarded her almost as her own mother. 'Suddenly I heard some one say: "Surely this is Mrs. Sprague!" and looking up I saw sweet Mary Bates a few steps away, regarding me intently. I cried joyfully, "My precious Mamie!" She flew to me, and folding me in her arms, drew my head to her shoulder in the old

caressing way, almost sobbing in her great joy, "Dear, dear little Muzzer!"—a pet name often used by her in the happy past—"how glad, how glad I am to have you here! I could scarcely wait to find you." "How did you know I was here, Marnie?" "The Master told me," she said softly. "Mae had already told me, and we were on our way to find you when we met Him, and He told us He had just left you. Then we knew we must wait a little," she said reverently. How my heart thrilled! He had thought about, had spoken of me after we parted! I longed to ask her what He had said but dared not. Seeming to divine my thoughts, she continued: "He spoke so tenderly about you, and said we must be with you much." I am wondering, Solas, if she could feel a greater happiness greeting this girl thus than if she had chanced upon her after a long absence upon earth. I myself have known as keen an ecstasy of delight at the meeting and greeting of a loving friend as ever a disembodied spirit could know—why should the mere disembodiment make it all seem so much more pleasurable?"

"It does not. Only a dreamer dreams that it may."

"With this description of a celestial city I shall cease my reading. During what would seem years and years, but the time *'there'* seemed beyond any computation—spent in all sorts of activities (learning to 'weave draperies' being one of these), Mrs. Sprague makes excursions, now and then, to different parts of the celestial regions, and, at one time, visits a city which she thus describes: 'We found no dwelling houses anywhere in the midst of the city, until we came to the suburbs. Here they stood in great magnificence and splendor. But one pleasing fact was that every house had its large door-yard full of trees and flowers and pleasant walks; indeed, it was everywhere, outside of the business center of the town, like one vast park dotted with lovely houses. There was much that charmed, much that surprised me in this great city, of which I may not fully speak, but which I can never forget. We found in one place a very large park, with walks and drives and fountains and miniature lakes and shaded seats, but no dwelling or building of any kind except an immense circular temple capable of seating many hundred, and where my brother told me a seraph choir assembled at a certain hour daily, and rendered the oratorios written by the great musical composers of earth and heaven.'"

"Ah, here earth and heaven meet—in the divine harmonies! I wonder if the seraph choir rendered them any more perfectly than I have heard them rendered here upon earth?"

"If the composers were 'of earth' their harmonies must be identical *'there'* and here—so again—what matter the plane?"

"In regard to the historian's celestial city: In the suburbs of almost any terrestrial city we find 'dwelling houses with large door-yards full of trees, flowers and pleasant walks.' . . . like 'one vast park dotted with lovely houses'—that this should so surprise Mrs. Sprague surprises me. She has offered us nothing exceptional in her celestial suburbs. Ah, Querant, wood and marble and grass and leaves have really so little to do with the making of heaven! I have known its bliss where the black soot fell, the walls were dingy, and the air I breathed malodorous. To the soul at peace environments are as nothing, and the gleaming tints of a rainbow's splendor were dull and dark when compared to the mean and sordid surrounding in which I have spent some heavenly hours of rare and ineffable happiness."

"You have worded Milton's thought:

*'The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell or hell of heaven.'*

"I believe this, Solas, for I am able, alas, to prove the truth of your words by my opposite experience. I have suffered the torments of those who fear but will never know a worse hell than that which I endured when surrounded by marble walls, with flowing fountains singing in the court, and lilies as fair as our dreamer could have dreamed in her brightest visions blooming on every side. Magnificence, luxury, all were here—no, heaven has no *place*, Solas."

"Heaven is a condition."

"Which we may ourselves bring about? We may here and now make heaven or hell as we choose?"

"We may here and now make heaven and hell as we choose—indeed, Querant, it is not *may*—it is *must*."

"To form these conditions—how does one proceed?"

"Thus: If I be sincere; if I bear no false witness; if I take from no man that which is justly his share; if I be magnanimous in my

thoughts of others, sympathizing with rather than criticising them for their mistakes; if I in my real concern strive to plant a truth in the place of that error that brought my brother to grief; if I willingly use the same discipline for myself that I am willing to urge upon others for their betterment; if I honor another's perfect trust in me; if I take no advantage of any man's fortune or misfortune; if I do no deed the exposure of which would make me blush for shame; if in the performance of that which may affect another, I, with conscientious desire to act righteously, weigh the motive that prompted the doing of the deed, and refuse to allow selfishness to actuate me; if for my livelihood I may do the work for which I am best fitted and do it well; if I may know my friends to be those who love me for what I am rather than what I have, and if among them there be one closer, dearer, more single-hearted for my cause' than any other in my big or little world, I dare to believe I may possess and enjoy every bliss 'heaven' has to offer.

"If, on the other hand I be dishonest; if I feel only contempt at the failure of an erring fellow-creature; if I remain indifferent to the woes of others and make no effort to assist the strugglers out of ignorance into the sunnier paths of self-helpfulness; if I rebel at the paying of just debts, of deserved penalties; if I profit by another's misfortune; if I miss my real life-work and am obliged to toil at an obnoxious labor, performing it unsuccessfully and irksomely for a mere living; if I cheat, rob, kill, or betray another's sacred trust in me; if so-called friends prove false and there lives for me no special, sweet love that is true, steadfast, eternal, then that which is not 'heavenly' will be my portion, nor can the letters of its horrid name spell half my anguish."

"Heaven and hell—how wide apart the two conditions seem."

"Not 'seem,' Querant. And they are very real. No burning of the flesh in quenchless flames, but that real agony of the starving soul that knows somewhere there must be stores of divine manna for its use, yet which it fails to find. If only the churches would help the starveling! But they hide the real and nourishing kernel, and offer the hungry world only the husks of truth."

"The orthodox conception of heaven as a place of perfect rest, perfect cessation from all activity—completion—does not appeal to me, Solas. With no longer a purpose in view, no grander, higher

ideals to achieve, there would cease to be happiness for me—and happiness, we are asked to believe, is another name for heaven.”

“Comfort yourself, Querant, there are ‘heavens’ more glorious and ever more glorious ‘world without end’ awaiting your ‘violence.’ Nor will you be obliged to be freed from the body to realize and enjoy their ever-increasing bliss; for like the mysterious life-principle that stirs to growth the little cell, and which lies in the heart of the nucleus, deeper in the heart of the nucleolus within it, still deeper in the nucleoleolus, and ‘heavens’ of the evolving man all lie within, growing with his growth, widening with his horizon, brightening with his knowledge of truth, until no human tongue hath words to paint their glories. It is his soul-growth that makes a man’s ‘heaven’ more and more easily realized and enjoyed, not his mere slipping out of the tenement of clay; for locality knows it not, **it being part and parcel of his imperishable being.**”

“Just as more and more horrible hells would await him if he should choose persistently to walk in darkness, should allow his soul to sink into evil that leads to its ultimate destruction. I understand. All the heaven that I now may know is right here with me—and all the hell.”

“True, Querant. And whether we suffer or enjoy more keenly when liberated from the flesh is not the question. Those who possess occult knowledge may be able to assure us upon this point; but what concerns us is the mighty fact within our present grasp—that we are able to make for ourselves and help make for others a ‘heavenly estate.’”

“Its *nowness* is to me the thing that makes it most sublime. To think that I am privileged now, at once, to do that which will make the world about me happier—will help at once to make the ‘kingdom come’! I may be kind and sympathetic and generous and just *this moment*; may carry heaven about with me in brightness and cheer and loving encouragement to the sad and despairing this very hour. No need have I to wait for ‘The Sweet By-and-by’—no need to sit with folded hands until I am unable to do anything towards making heaven for myself and others; no need to idle and sigh until the life has gone out of my body, the sight out of my eyes, the ability to manifest the love I feel out of my power. The old hymn was right—*Now is the appointed time.*”

"It's a pretty 'happy day' when we are privileged to do one kind act for another; cheer one sorrowing soul; lift one despairing heart even a little towards tranquility. If every one living would make it a rule to try to work one such little 'miracle' into each day—would determine upon one small sacrifice of time (no matter how busy the determining person might find himself) for the good of another, the world would have at once a mighty uplift, and the threatening clouds that now hover over it would lighten and brighten, and in time float away."

"Clouds are hovering over the world, Solas?"

"They who have eyes to see will tell you that the black thoughts of the greedy, the embittered, the revengeful—all the perverters of good—form a dark pall above our world. As heaven is pictured to our minds as something bright and beautiful and hope-inspiring, and as this pall is all that is dark and dreary and fear-inspiring, is it any cause for wonderment that the more highly evolved souls have named this 'The Sorrowful Planet'?"

"Is there no remedy—no way to lighten the cloud or dispel it?"

"Surely, Querant. It owes its being to ignorance. If people were wiser there would be justice shown to all alike. It is the injustice practiced by those in power—an injustice before which the masses are helpless, and whose enforcement breeds bitter hate (and hate is as truly hell as love is heaven) in many an innocent sufferer, and the dark cloud grows darker hour by hour.

"Absolute, divine Law does not discriminate, while man-made laws are flexible and like the mantle of gentle Charity, are stretched to cover and hide a multitude of evils. It is the cry of the Real Man for that justice his Higher Self knows exists for him that shakes the foundations of his world."

"Will the united voices of these Discontents level the walls of this, their own particular Jericho?"

"It is possible; but of what avail are ruins?"

"Is there a better way?"

"Than taking the kingdom of heaven by violence? What great blasts cannot rive a small, persistent flame is able to melt. Love is the flame that could work the mighty miracle sooner than ages of accumulated hate."

"How, Solas?"

"Once make it possible for a man to understand that he himself, individually, is a unit in a mass that were it leavened by Love's wisdom could dispel the cloud, he, recognizing himself as a lump of that leaven the Great Brother likened to the kingdom of heaven, would begin at once to work, and in due time the blackness would lift and—the kingdom come."

"But is there not even a little lump of this leaven anywhere, Solas?"

"Yes, Querant, but it is scattered too sparsely through the many 'measures of meal.' When more men think for their fellowmen as earnestly as for themselves, there will cease to be conditions in which greed will be fostered. When men become as filled with anxiety for the welfare of their brother-men as for their own selves, bitterness will die as the weed dies that is torn up by the roots and exposed to the rays of the summer sun. When the Golden Rule is followed all that is small, illiberal and unjust will have no longer any cause for being."

"And every human lump in the mass who can be made to realize his power to leaven the particular 'measure' to which he belongs will become a lifter of clouds, a dissipator of shadows, a leader out of hell into heaven?"

"In *only* this way are the shadows to be lifted. And think, Querant, how in your very own experience you have been privileged to discover how potent for good love is. The heart of the most ignorant man is touched by the really earnest concern of a fellow-creature, and in the mellowed soil what seeds of good may not be planted! That another lives who does not wish to rob him, dispossess him, rise upon his ruin—this (alas) amazing fact will soften the hardest nature, and a sweet, life-giving sun-ray pierces the pall of his hell.

"A kind word, a tender tone, a sympathetic sharing of another's heavy burden if only for such time as enables the weary bearer to rest and regain his needed strength; the tendering—not of *alms* but of one's *self* for an hour, a day, a proving by act '*in deed*' that my fellow is my friend, that is the blessed lump that leavens, that 'works' upon the kingdom of darkness, lifting and clearing the shadows from the world."

"And that he has not done this is because of his ignorance?"

"His ignorance of Cause and Effect, of the working of unalterable Law. So long as men are inspired by the savage instinct that causes them to snatch and hold from others their rightful share; so long as the passion of greed keeps alive the soul-destroying fires of bitter hatred; so long as 'holy men' whisper 'Avenge yourself—I will absolve you—kill—and for a nominal fee I will open to you the gates of heaven' and the Ignorant believe, so long will the dark cloud lower and heaven be shut out."

"What's to be done, Solas?"

"For those who know the truth this is to do. Make it possible for each man to realize that upon himself rests all the responsibility of his future joy or sorrow; that no money spent upon masses can lift him out of the purgatory of his own making; that not an adverse providence but his own folly, his own vice has brought and will bring him misery as surely as virtuous acts will bring him happiness; that a determination to live uprightly will bring a 'fresh, new leaven' to work in the 'measures' that are his own. Let him once grasp the divine truth that no ritual, no ceremony, no confession, no absolution can save him from the result of his own thoughts and deeds; no taking of his own life lift him from its responsibilities, no death deaden him to an unconsciousness of his sins; let him but realize that in the court of Eternal Law he has no friend save his own self—that he only can appear for himself, and that no plea, no imploring, no eloquent sophistries, no bribes, no prayers for mercy will help his cause; that perfect (and here will he find his supreme consolation) justice alone obtains; that every act, every thought of his stands for or against him—then will the man, freed from false teaching, from church-fostered superstition, arise in his might, a fresh 'leaven of sincerity,' a worker of good in the world of his fellows."

"He must realize all this himself? To his very own soul must his 'kingdom come'?"

"He must grow strong enough—wise enough—to break his own shackles; but the germ of Truth may be planted in his heart by Love. Our earthly laws are but a reflex of the Absolute Law; we may live in harmony with them and know peace, or in discord and know sorrow.

All the unhappiness man knows is brought about by his straying

from the smooth and absolutely safe pathway of Law, earthly or divine."

"It is the 'heavenly pathway,' Solas, and 'pleasant to our tread,' and must necessarily lead us 'above the clouds'?"

"To every man, Querant, has his 'kingdom come'—now—this hour. He is ruler over this kingdom, with none save himself able to make or break his resolutions concerning the governing of his empire. A noble man, a noble realm; an ignoble man, an ignoble principality. In this latter case, however, he may raise it to what heights he may choose, benefiting himself and all that enter his kingdom. His throne may become a glorious one, his diadem brighten with his wisdom, his scepter be transformed into a golden wand pointing the way and guiding others to higher planes of 'Life eternal in the heavens.'"

EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

FOR ETERNITY.

BY JULIA NEELY FINCH.

The following incidents, or series of events, were received by me direct from the lips of the one principally concerned therein; one long since free of the trammels of body and earth-senses. It was his wish that some day I should thus transcribe the brief history of this brief period of his life; a period which held in it the key to the beautiful serenity that marked him among all earthly trials; to the angelic unselfishness which made him beloved by high and low; to the unblemished purity which seemed to reflect in its crystal clearness the life of The Man sent to redeem men. And if this faithful record of a most loving heart, most lovely nature and most lovable life, help but one earth-tempted soul to seek a higher plane, it shall have achieved its end.

As we sat about him as he neared the shadowy valley, still serene and patient, still loving and lovely, we who loved him besought of him the secret of his life, the key to it all. And so one night, with all his splendid soul shining in his beautiful face, for his was a beautiful face—so that one scarce noted his frail, misshapen body—he began:

“She was a rarely beautiful creature the first time I ever saw her. Of a strange, gorgeously-hued coloring, and a royal plenitude of womanly charm singularly attractive to me with my slow-moving nature and lagging life-current.

“From a brow low and broad her dark hair upsprung in two distinct arches, which gave the appearance of a coronet above the stately beauty of her face. Slender lines of darkness spanned that serene brow, and, together with the long and sweeping lashes, gave greater brilliancy to the eyes beneath. These were long and full-lidded and held many shades of gleaming gold, of tawny brown and burning bronze. When excited, the pupil would so dilate as to overmaster those strange hues and then the eye would be but fathomless depths of velvet softness.

“The outline of her features had somewhat of a Semitic cast, with the slightly aquiline and thin-nostriled nose, the exquisite oval of the pale cheek, the short and deliciously arched curve of the

upper lip, and the ripe fullness of the under, which met and melted into the upper as the petals of a crimson rose are laid one on the other. The chin was a little too strong and square, for a woman's face, but Nature, as though to make amends, had deep-indented a dimple at one corner of the alluring mouth. Then the abundant figure, with its long and faultless lines of limbs and back, its swelling curves and natural, unrestrained grace. Nature had done so much that it would seem that art and fashion needed to do no more.

"As a general thing, so fair a temple often bears about a soul unworthy. But with her, her spirit far outshone and over-matched her beautiful body. So fine, so strong, so brave, so ready with deed and word to fit the moment's need; so true of heart and loyal of being! And withal, possessed of such a fine reserve and womanly reticence that revealed only to those whom she best loved her highest and broadest, her deepest and most intensely-centred self.

"We met at a dinner given in honor of some great musician, who was visiting our shores, and I was, after being attracted by her superb beauty as were all, further drawn to her-ward by her intensely responsive nature. For, while others gave to the wondrous strains that vibrated through the rooms but fitful, or, at best, strained and apparent attention, her very soul seemed to wait with bated breath at portal of eye and ear. The cheek, usually pale, like the petal of some jasmine of the South, would alternately flush with a tender, evanescent bloom, and whiten to even more than its wonted pallor. And, as I sat near, I could see the soft laces that veiled the beautiful throat and rounded bosom stirred by the quick beats of her thrilled heart.

"And once our eyes met, mine so dull and lacking in beauty of shape and expression, set in my poor, plain face, all seamed and marred by sorrow, and hers so full of liquid light that they seemed to brim as with some divine elixir up-welling from her pure and passionate soul—; and on her face there dawned a smile, so sweet, so tender, that well I knew it was born of some wave of gentlest pity, that swept through her good heart at sight of my stunted and distorted figure. For I was, then as now, a hunch-back—with the stature of a child, a-top of which my great, bushy head must thrill every heart with natural repugnance, whose eyes must, perforce,

look upon me. But it was never so with hers! From the very moment that these poor eyes were glorified by the casual glance of hers, so filled with womanly kindness and heavenly compassion, there was born in her heart as in mine, some subtle sense of nearness and dearness, which time did but strengthen into the undying bond that does now and shall forever indissolubly bind us. I knew not who she was, nor from whence, but there was within me a strange sense of recognition as I looked upon her. Every line and tint, every glance and expression, even the way the long, fair fingers curved themselves in the practical task of eating—; all seemed strangely and startlingly familiar to me.

“She sat at some distance from me, and, as I drank in with enraptured eyes her perfect beauty, I became suddenly conscious of some inner and penetrant sense of remoteness. The room, with all its soft and gracious appointments, died away; I seemed, in a sense, insulated, as it were, within some chamber of strange remoteness, and yet of perfect transparency, in which I knew myself to be myself, I knew the surroundings of my earth-body, but the *spirit* I was lifted up and set apart within a cold silence. A place of deep shadow and strange and complete isolation. There I saw—with my own dull and poorly-visioned eyes—a woman. Her back was to me, but I could have sworn to the grace and proud distinction of the attitude: to the long, white throat, on the snowy nape of which the soft shadow fell of hair so dark as to seem to cast this shadow on the snow beneath. And, as the woman turned that stately head with its coronal of dark tresses, to me-ward, there, beneath the curve of the small, daintily carved ear, was a birth-mark. An unusual one, formed more like a tiny star than aught else, and of the brilliant scarlet of coral. A moment she stood thus, then, turning completely around so as to face me—(nor was I surprised to find it to be the woman whose perfect shape I had recognized) she opened wide those white arms—so matchless of contour, so perfect; with a yearning fondness indescribable, and which thrilled me with an almost unbearably sweet rapture; reached them out to me, and threw her whole soul into the glance she bent on me. A glance which had in it, love and fire, tenderness and passion, yearning and desire; as deep as the sea and as high as heaven and wide as unspaced space! A moment she stood thus; a

moment in which I seemed lifted from earth, caught up into some heavenly place of which I had not even dreamed a moment; and was gone.

"Instantly the brilliant room, the blonde and dusky heads of the women, alternating with the close-cropped ones of the men, the *epergne* with its nodding bloom, the snowy napery, the attendants bowing and moving softly about us, all returned upon my sight, and in my ear sounded the light and insistent voice of my hostess, at whose side I sat. All came back, or, rather, I should say, I was returned to my surroundings, finding them exactly, seemingly, at the moment of time at which my transportation took place. Involuntarily, and moved by some impulse, irresistibly strong, I turned and asked of my hostess: 'Who is the beautiful dark woman, there, next Mr. Masters?' 'His wife,' she made answer.

"In moody silence I passed the remainder of that dinner hour. And even now, after all these years, the remembrance of what I then felt, is enough to stir me to an agony of feeling well-nigh unendurable. I seemed in that one hour to have known the pendulum swing of highest bliss and deepest woe. Nor did I raise my heavy eyes (in which I have no doubt, the tears stood unshed) at the silken sough and swish of the drapery of the women as they retired from the table. But, as upon my senses there floated an odor as of violets newly budded, there was a tap upon the floor at my feet, and I stooped to lift and restore a long fan, which was, as I noted, made of nodding plumes of the color of beaten gold. As I lifted my eyes, there, waiting, with her deep eyes full of some spirit of mingled reproach and compassion, stood my beautiful dark woman; and *just below the shell-like curve of the small, pink ear was a tiny star of crimson hue.* Drawn by her glance, as by some magnet too powerful to resist, I rose to my feet, thus laying more completely bare all my hideous deformity, and for the brief space of a moment stood beside her. Reaching but scarce to her whitely gleaming shoulder, yet—did my spirit seem armed with some new and wondrous power that made me forget my dwarfed stature, that, leaping from heart to eyes, did there en-match her glance with one of ardent love. Are you surprised that I should thus name the feeling but so lately born? As well expect a young and doting mother to deny her babe who but yesterday hid itself within her

fragile flesh, as expect me to deny the feeling that flooded my being, giving strength to the weak and power to impotence.

"I cannot tell you of the hour I spent with her later. It is a white-rose-memory, as fragile as fair, and has helped light me on my lonely way to my grave. To my hostess I owed what the world and its observances demanded; an introduction. But we needed none. Spirit leaped to spirit, and each found in the other something lacking in self.

"It was many months before we met again; but, in the meantime, night had become to me my living time; for, with each, she came to me. In dreaming too sacred to be recounted. Dreaming in which we each read the other's soul—and found it its rightful mate!

"At last there came a night that as I sat listening to the glorious pealing of Nordica's heaven-sent voice, I became conscious of *her* presence. '*How?*' do you ask? That I cannot tell to you. I only know that by some ineffably sweet emotion, in an instant of time, I knew I had but to turn my head to meet and hold the glances of those deep, entreating eyes.

"Boldly I made my way among the little crowd that during the music's interim paid court to her, and, seated by her, received from her the same, sweet and deferential attention she paid me upon our first acquaintance. As I looked upon her face, upon the enchanting curves of that rose-red mouth, I seemed to go suddenly mad, and bewildered, fain would have fled her presence, but, with her white hand, she touched my arm, saying—'Come with me'—and following her we found ourselves in a small reading room attached to the music room.

"'My friend,' she said, when we were at last alone, 'it is with you as with myself. Some bond binds us one to the other, too subtle to define, too strong for Eternity to sever. When I appeared to you, upon our first meeting, what I strove to tell you was that which I now can say with these earthly lips. Long, long have we loved. Who can interpret or fathom the mysteries of these love waves that have their source in some anterior portion of our existence! When first I looked upon you, I saw and recognized *the one* for whom my heart had pined always.'

"'True, I am bound. True, there can be no bond of touch between us, here: but—dear, dearest, while with my flesh I observe

the vows made by these earth-lips, in spirit, I am your very own, and believe that this restraint of body under which you, but now grew so restive is what we need, or it would not be. When the soul shall put off these soiled and life-worn garments—when spirit leaps out into space untrammelled by flesh—; *then*, my love, will spirit mate with spirit in union divine, complete; until then we must meet no more. Why! Are you so weak as to wish to forfeit the great, unbounded *forever* for this little *now*! Once more I shall come to you; and then it will be when I step from darkness to light, from death to life!

“More of this sweet, sweet converse was ours, and then she left me. Nor did I ever see her again in the flesh, and but once did her spirit come to me. To-night one year ago, as I sat drearily staring into the dying embers in my lonely room—of a sudden, heart, soul and brain of me were flooded with that strange, keen, sweet and familiar sense of nearness. And, leaping to my feet, I reached out my longing arms as once to me her own went out! For there, en-
framed in the dusty brown of my doorway, she stood, a vision of pure delight. But though lip and brow shone with a strange and supernal radiance her white hand was raised as though to wave me back. And when I would even, in the wild exuberance of my joy at seeing her, have resisted her will, some fine, invisible barrier seemed to hold me aloof. And I realized that it was not my earthly love who stood regarding me with those eyes of sweet and serious rapture. But her spiritual self who once before had come to me.

“Then there stole upon my ear a sound unlike aught that earth contains. Far and faint and delicately penetrant, it spoke. ‘In that we have abstained from earthly desire, in that spirit has indeed been dominant over flesh, I am thus permitted to come to you my own, my love! With me all is well. Be patient and steadfast. Hold our sacred bond in such dear and continual remembrance that nothing of earth can soil your highest self, and all will yet be well with you. Love is love, for life, through death, and endureth through all Eternity. With this love, love I thee!’ So saying—or so breathing, the voice ceased. My loved one faded from my long-
ing gaze, and I was once more alone. The morning brought the tidings of the fate of that beautiful one. She had been travelling, I knew, among the mountainous peaks of Switzerland. In attempt-

ing a higher peak than her companions she was seen to pause, totter a moment, on the verge of a deep ice-gorge, then noiselessly, without cry or appeal for help, slipped from sight. By the time that exquisite temple which had been the fair indwelling place of that matchless soul of hers had been recovered, that visit to my studio had already been paid.

"Since that day my life has been, as far as my poor earthly sense could suggest, one of good works and lofty aims. I know I shall be far beneath her when our souls unite, as unite they will, but I must try to live as best I may and with the better part of me! Please God when we do meet, I bear not these fetters." And here he touched his poor misshapen body.

Many years have passed, but of his bliss I am as sure as I am of the immortality of the soul. And if this record serve his earnestly-desired purpose and help one frail atom of humanity climb upward and onward, denying flesh that spirit may reign finally, it will have served its best end.

JULIA NEELY FINCH.

So many servants, so many enemies.

—*Proverb.*

Lips never err when wisdom keeps the door.

—*Delaune.*

The Gods are long-suffering; but the law from the beginning was, He that will not work shall perish from the earth; and the patience of the gods has limits.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

The great hope of society is individual character.

—*Channing.*

To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to be able to diagnose a fool than a clever man.

—*Cato.*

Within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part is equally related—the Eternal One.

—*Emerson.*

THE MYSTIC SEA.

We walk alone. A deep and silent sea
Invisible, parts ever soul from soul.
And though our nearest, dearest by us bide,
And though with love we bind them to our side,
Still this unnavigable, boundless sea,
Between us rolls, all silently.

Our inner selves we never may reveal,
E'en to those souls we fondly hold most dear.
For earthly mists and shadows hover o'er
This sea that parts us, and its silent shore
Blindly we seek, hoping perchance some sail
Awaits us, and a favoring gale.

With lip and hand we signal o'er this sea
Friend unto friend; but each is still unknown;
And if, by passing breeze a glimpse is given
Of beauties in some kindred soul, long hidden;
'Tis but a moment's glance, a word, a tone
Across the sea; we're still alone.

And when, with loved one at the even-tide,
Some sunset's glory heaven's gates unfold;
Or, at some wild-wood songster flinging wide
O'er wood and meadow his clear notes of gold,
Our hearts with rapture thrill; in vain we scan
The soul's horizon, for some bark to span
This mystic sea, to make our rapture known
To loved one. We are still alone.

When sorrow's mountain wave, with rushing tide,
Sweeps o'er us, making life a desert drear;
Though closest friends with loving, tender art
May strive to reach and soothe the anguished heart;
They cannot cross this silent, shoreless sea;
Save unseen ministrants, alone are we.

But when on other worlds our eyes shall ope,
 Our souls imprisoned here, shall, then set free
 From this world's shadows, no more blindly grope
 Striving to cross a deep and silent sea,
 We there shall see and know as we are known ;
 There souls shall no more walk alone.

SARAH MARTYN WRIGHT.

BUT A DAY.

We should fill all the hours with the sweetest things
 If we had but a day ;
 We should drink alone at the sweetest springs,
 On our upward way.
 We should waste no moments in vain regret
 If the day were but one,
 If what we remember and what we forget,
 Went out with the sun.
 We should be from our sinful selves set free
 To work and to pray,
 And be what our Father would have us be
 If we had but a day.

MARY LOWE DICKENSON.

Our love of truth is evinced by our ability to discover and appropriate what is good, wherever we come upon it.

—Goethe.

Study to be quiet; contain yourself within your own business, and let the prying, censorious, the vain and intriguing world follow their own devices.

—Thomas à Kempis.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

—Confucius.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

—Socrates.

THE DARKNESS.

When the day with its care is well ended
And the noise and the hurry gone by,
When to wants and to work I've attended,
And to rest I sink down with a sigh,
To be quiet alone with the darkness
Is as blissful as Heaven to me.

For it soothes, it protects, it enfolds me;
So restful and soft its embrace;
With its silent dark eye it beholds me,
I am touched with a quieting grace.
To be silent alone with the darkness
Is Heavenly comfort to me.

When is ended this tumult of living,
And weary and worn with the strife,
With the loving and longing and giving,
Uncomplaining I lay down this life,
To be quiet alone with the darkness
Will be Heaven sufficient for me.

BARNETTA BROWN.

The free man is he who is loyal to the laws of this universe; who in his heart sees and knows that injustice cannot befall him here; that, except by sloth and cowardly falsity, evil is not possible here.
—*Thomas Carlyle.*

He only is happy who thinks he is.

—*French Proverb.*

In any controversy, the instant we feel angry we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves.
—*Goethe.*

In exalting the faculties of the soul we annihilate, in a great degree, the delusion of the senses.

—*Aimé-Martin.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

A VERY ANCIENT SACRED SCRIPTURE.

"If I ever live to years," says President Edwards, "I will be impartial to hear reasons of all pretended discoveries and receive them, if rational, how long soever I may have been used to another way of thinking."

In a later generation, Emanuel Swedenborg, a scholar of encyclopediac attainments, propounded a peculiar method of interpreting the Bible, which would have put the eminent theologian to a severe test. He ascribed internal meanings to be obtained by a law of correspondence, which even now few, even of his professed admirers, have learned. The books which admit this mode of interpreting he denominated *The World*, and accredited them as Sacred, or set apart as the receptacle and vehicle of truth. But he did not limit the higher truth to these books or curtail history to the chronologic period there given. All the time to be measured by them from *Genesis* to modern periods, constitutes but a stage which is comparatively modern, and the religious men of the term antedating the Mosaic era were classified as "The Ancient Church."

But Swedenborg wrote of divine revelations in those far-off periods made to other peoples. One was to a nation in the interior of Africa; another to "the Ancient Word" which was "preserved" in the Chinese territory but lost in other countries. "Seek for it in China," says he; "peradventure you may find it among the Tartars."

Whether such a search would amount to anything of consequence is vastly improbable. Yet the suggestion is not without plausibility. The papyri and sculptures of archaic Egypt, and the cuneiform tablets of Assyria reveal the presence of a mighty people, the Khita or Hittites on the Upper Euphrates and the regions contiguous. They extended their power into Asia Minor, overran Syria

and Palestine, and contested the supremacy with Egypt under Ramases the Great, and afterward with Assyria. After that they disappeared from notice in Western Asia.

Who and what were they? Sculptures seem to affiliate them with the Mongolian peoples; and it requires only a smattering of philologic knowledge to recognise in the name *Cathay* a designation of Khita-land. Evidently in the far-off period the same race so formidable in Western Asia became dominant in all the region styled on the maps the "Chinese Empire." The Khitans were as much a literary people as their neighbors. They left in that region monuments and remains of a literature, and it is no great strain of imagination to suppose that a similar degree of culture existed with them in their Eastern homes.

Oriental are very tenacious in matters of religion. They are reluctant to change. They may be willing to receive a new belief, but it must be in addition to the one already entertained. A Buddhist in Japan has not necessarily abandoned Shintoism, nor in China has he given up the doctrines of Konfucius or Lao-tse. If there was an "Ancient Word" in the possession of the Khitans, it is by no means unlikely that men in the upper orders of society among their Kathayan successors still keep it, guarding it with the most jealous exclusiveness, and actually performing worship according to it.

A German expedition of a scientific character, led by Doctor von Lecoq, has been sometime engaged in Eastern Turkestan, a former seat of Turanian Empire. It has unearthed a library at Turfan, an oasis, which reveals the presence of a number of races, many of whose very names are unfamiliar. The manuscripts which have been found were on paper, leather and wood. They are in ten distinct languages, besides various dialects. Two of these languages, the Central Asian Brahmin and the Naghari are little known. A third, the Tangut, has been known only on a few rock-inscriptions in Tibet. A fourth, which was closely related to Syriac, had never been suspected. There are also Manichean Gnostic manuscripts in modified Syrian characters, but in the "Middle Persian" language—said to be equal in volume to the entire mass of Middle Persian writings before extant. Other manuscripts are in Chinese, Tibetan, Syriac, Ughur, and "Kok-Turkish"—the primi-

tive Turkish language with an alphabet that bears a curious resemblance to the ancient Norse.

Thus research is eating away received opinions and affording us a broader conception of our humanity. We are not an isolated colony of mortals cooped up between the cradle and the grave, with a few brief centuries of history back of us, but a brotherhood embracing innumerable peoples of the indefinite Past, as well as those now existing on the earth and the generations that are to succeed. The declaration of the Sage and Seer of Sweden is not unlikely to be yet proved to us, that there was and is a Sacred Record among the Remains of Nations in the East.

But there is much to be learned. In our desire to resuscitate knowledge of the Old, it should be with eagerness to combine its wisdom and real potencies to the New, making the Truth more vivid and the Right more distinct.

It may be supposed that his earlier education and habits operated to concentrate his attention upon Book-religion beyond normal proportions, but that there was a Superior Philosophy extant in the region which Swedenborg indicated, at the time which he was treating of was undoubtedly true. The remains of Sculpture and other art exhibit extraordinary skill, and where such skill exists there is corresponding illumination.

A. W.

• NEW YORK A NEW ATLANTIS.

A predictor is announced from Middletown in Connecticut, with a message most fearful and horrifying—if true. Not even the preaching of Jonah in Nineveh excels it in terror, nothing does except the hundred years of Noah when telling all humankind of the impending Deluge. By the middle of August of the present year, the island of Manhattan is to sink beneath the water, the southern portion under East river, and the northern half under the Hudson. Yet the millions of population go on as heretofore. They buy and sell, marry and are given in marriage as they formerly did, as though they expected the coming days to be like those of the past, and perhaps much more abundant. So, the record says, it was in Sodom till the day that righteous Lot emigrated, so it often is on days preceding disaster.

This prediction is by no means new. In the *Arena*, published in Boston, there appeared a declaration of similar character. It was made by the late Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan. Himself a scholar of superior merit and of acumen as an investigator, Professor Buchanan did not shirk the responsibility of publishing the forecast. Somewhere about 1905 or 1906, he did not quibble over precise dates, the lower end of the city of New York, it was predicted would sink beneath the water. The eastern coast of New Jersey would also have part in the catastrophe. Hudson county was to perish entirely, and the easterly part of Newark. Professor Buchanan was visionary in several respects, as we all are, but he was sincere and we would not sneer at his errors. Much that has been derided as fanciful or visionary has been found to be true, or at least not irrational. This predicted destruction of New York is undoubtedly an event so improbable that it is not worth our while to make any account of it; but there comes the proper stopping-place.

The story of Atlantis would seem to suggest that such overthrows have occurred in the past periods of unwritten history. In the Atlantic Ocean, we are told, opposite the Pillars of Herakles, was a large island "larger than Libya and Asia united," which, after a long career of prosperity and high culture, sank beneath the water. We may admit, because of wanting other evidence, that the story was a fiction. Yet such a description would not be imagined, except there had been an example from which it might be copied. The late destructive action of volcanoes in Oceanica and the West Indies are so many testimonies.

There certainly appears to be much seismic disturbance of later years, enough to indicate that the prediction of catastrophe, however fanciful, is far from wanting plausibility. While we do not believe it all, we can afford to listen respectfully.

A. W.

Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know anything of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind.

—*Pestalozzi*.

SIMPLIFY SPELLING OF SURNAMES.

The advocates of simplified spelling can find a field wide open for their reform in many of the surnames extant in this country and Great Britain. They seem to be as bad as can be. It is really often difficult, we may say impossible, to guess by the sound of a person's surname how it is spelled, and we frequently read names that we cannot safely pronounce till we are instructed. It has been said that in the Basque dialect people spell Solomon and pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar. We do not do quite as badly as that, but it does seem sometimes as though there was sensible approximation. When a Congressman writes his name Taliafero and everybody calls him Tulliver or Dolliver, we could wish it translated into our own vernacular, even though that does make it plain Smith. The Gows and Fabers, Favres and Lefevres need not take umbrage, as their pronunciation creates no embarrassment, and nobody cares to define the name. If any one did, he might be astounded to learn that the name Ahab, now so odious, means charity, love of the neighbor.

Some appellatives we admit are somewhat curiously suggestive. The Damklubb or Ladies' Association in Berlin may remind some of the Irish "Sprig of Shillelah," or the "big stick" at Washington. But there is no need to be so far-fetched. Our British cousins have a trick of clipping, mispronouncing, and so disguising, which would suggest a deal of good radical work to the spelling reformer. Such names and pronunciations as these are in point:

Dilwyn is pronounced Dillon; Brougham, Broom; St. John, Sinjun; Majoribanks, Marshbank; Cholmondley, Chumley; Beauchamp, Beecham; Farquhar, Forker; Colquhon, Calhoun and Cahoon; Cockburn, Coburn; Weimyss, Weems and a thousand others accordingly.

We have not quite assimilated the orthographies in this country with the pronunciations. Our Van Schaicks still give the Dutch sound to the diphthong as well as the guttural to the ch; and we pronounce Skoolkill and Skiler with the same uy. It requires two letters o before y to assure a diphthongal sound in a Dutch proper name, along the North river.

If the reform could be carried so far as to make the spelling and pronouncing of proper names plainer and easier, a world of annoyance and embarrassment would be obviated.

SPECTRE-SEEING IN THE SUDAN.

Dr. Welt, of Berlin, gives the account of manifestations of a remarkable character. Colonel Langfeld, the beholder, describes them at full length. A friend of his, the son of the merchant there, was about to set out for Victoria Nyanza, and made the promise: "If any harm befalls me I will let you know. I will give you a sign."

Two months afterward the Colonel was aroused in the night by a disturbance of the pigeons in a dovecote in the middle of the yard. Looking out he saw two round points more like coals than eyes looking out from the place. He fired upon it, and saw an animal resembling a chimpanzee with hair of a reddish brown color, fall to the ground. It immediately rose up and made its way quickly around the corner of the house and disappeared, uttering a loud yell.

An old Sudanese told him that it was a devil. It came as a warning, and he had seen it three times. Some European had died an unnatural death. A strict search was made, but there was no sign of blood, though the shot had been fired only at a range of twelve feet.

While still awake the Colonel heard light footsteps on the veranda, and arose to ascertain who was there. His table appeared to have been fully set for a meal, and to his greater surprise, his friend who had gone to Nyanza was sitting there. The man was hollow-eyed and he appeared to be suffering. The Colonel was about to speak to him, when suddenly the apparition vanished, and the table was clear of all dishes.

Six weeks afterward the news was brought to the station that on the day when these things happened the young man had lost his way and had been killed by wild beasts.

When we take people as they are, we make them worse; when we treat them as if they were what they should be, we improve them as far as they can be improved. .

—Goethe.

WAGTAIL AND BABY.

An Incident of Civilization.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

A baby watched a ford, whereto
 A wagtail came for drinking;
 A blaring bull went wading through:
 The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
 The birdie nearly sinking:
 He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
 And held his own, unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
 A mongrel slowly slinking;
 The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
 In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared:
 The wagtail in a winking,
 Rose terrified, and disappeared. . . .
 The baby fell a-thinking.

—*Albany Review* (London).

SCIENCE IN ATHENS 2500 YEARS AGO.

Athenagoras, a native of Asia Minor, taught philosophy to Sokrates in Athens. His great theme was Creation, which he declared was produced by Mind. The Sun, he insisted, was not a God in the sky but a huge ball of metal that emitted heat and light. Wind was air set in motion by being heated; the moon derived her luminance from the sun; the rainbow, was the result of rays of light reflected from water; comets were wandering stars, and fixed stars were globes vastly farther distant than the sun itself. He was finally tried by a dikastery for teaching atheistic doctrines, and exiled. It is evident, however, that these and other "discoveries" were even older than this, and it is probable, were taught as occult learning.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS VISITANT.

The "White Lady" visits German monarchs, and the "Little Red Man" waited upon Napoleon. Indeed the ancient Pythagoreans looked up with astonishment when they heard any one say that he had never seen an apparition. Oliver Cromwell was resting quietly upon his couch one night, wide awake. As he was meditating, there appeared a woman of gigantic size. Coming to the place where he was reclining she spoke in tones loud like thunder: "Within the year, you, my son, will be recognised as the greatest man in Britain."

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

Where some of them come from and what they mean.

It is interesting to know how certain flowers received their names. Many were named after people. For instance, the fuchsias were so called because they were discovered by Leonard Fuchs. Dahlias were named for André Dahl, who first brought them from Peru. The camellia received its name from a missionary named Kamel, who carried specimens of this flower from Japan to France. The magnolia was named in honor of Magnol de Montpelier. Other flower names are descriptive. Lady's slipper resembles a tiny slipper. The blossoms of lady's tresses are twisted like a braid of hair. The flowers of the foxglove are like the fingers of a glove. The name foxglove is said to be a corruption of "folk's glove" or "fairy's glove." Aster means star and received its name from the starlike rays of this flower. Daisy is really "day's eye." Dandelion means lion's tooth. Do you think the name is appropriate for this notched, rather jagged flower?

Anemone means "wind flower." The anemone is so delicately poised that it trembles in the slightest breeze. Dutchman's breeches resemble nothing so much as a baggy pair of trousers. Morning glories bloom only in the morning and four o'clocks not until that hour in the afternoon.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Our true wisdom is in our ideals. Practical judgments shift from age to age, but principles abide; and even more stable than principles are the motives which simplify and adorn life.—*Hodges.*

THE OLD FOLKS OF MODERN YEARS.

A spirit can never be too young for its body, and fresh sympathies are not incompatible with ripeness of years. But in the older generation to-day the quiet serenity of life's afternoon is conspicuously lacking, the inevitable result follows, and we find young people growing up devoid of a sense of respect and humility.

—*Anon. Atlantic Monthly.*

WHY LIFE ON EARTH IS REPEATED.

There have been, and there are many who are awake to the great responsibility of mankind for mankind. The query runs: How may the responsibility be met? And the answer is so very simple, it has been given so many times and has been received with so little appreciation that one hesitates long before repeating it. Yet it must come: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

To him who does not believe in God life may not be sacred. But to the man who knows with certainty that there is a God, or by whatever name he may call the supreme power in the universe, to that man life is and must be sacred. For it is God-given, and to God therefore is man accountable for the use he shall make of it.

And if it is sacred to him who believes in God as a being in some distant heaven, how much more sacred it must be to him who believes himself to be one with God—who believes that his body is the temple of God—who believes himself a Soul and believes in his divinity. These people, and there are many of them, base their belief on three important principles: unity, repeated earth-lives, eternal justice. There is but the one life, one spiritual essence; and all that exists is but the varied differentiations of it, the little lives that go to make up the elements, those that combine to form the mineral kingdom, and those that have progressed into the vegetable and animal kingdoms, are all degrees of that one life, which is Divine. All of these lesser lives in the kingdoms below man absorb and receive his imprint. How necessary then, that man should understand not only his soul is sacred, but that his body, being made up of countless numbers of lesser lives, is also sacred; that if he neglects his body, he is neglecting his own divine nature and opportunity. For it is only through his physical body that he as a soul may live on this earth and gain the necessary knowledge for further evolution; and further, that it is also within his power to give that upward tendency to the lesser lives within his care which shall bring them further on their journey back to the one life. To one who holds the body of man as his for a spiritual purpose, life is indeed sacred.

Earth-life is for the purpose of developing character. No one life is sufficient for this purpose, and so we come again and again that through experience we may evolve absolutely perfect characters—rounded out and spiritualised—that we may be ready to take up the next plane of activity, just as the kingdoms below us rise in degree.

—*Student in "New Century."*

IMAGINATION.

Mind recognizes Ideas, thinks about them by forming mental pictures, and explains what it thinks in words. To think, therefore, is to recognize an idea; and to think rightly is to form in mind a correct picture of the idea, intelligently comprehending all its subjective details. If the idea is not consciously recognized, no mental picture is formed, in which case there can be no mental action, no thought on that subject, and no information gained.

True knowledge cannot be acquired in conscious thought on the plane of this life, without the purely mental act of picturing in mind the qualifications of some real, subjective idea; this act cannot take place without spiritual comprehension of the principles involved in that idea, and of their activities.

Through conscious thought, by means of its imaging faculty, Mind is under the guidance and control of intelligent understanding, from which it receives its true impulses. These can never mislead the thinker.

Mind images—pictures ideas, by means of the Imagination. When understood in its true sense, imagination becomes the most powerful instrument of the mind. Indeed, it is the most wonderful of all human instruments. It is the intelligent activity of the spiritual side of human nature, and the only faculty through which the thinker can gain pure understanding of any subject. It is the only faculty of conscious, intellectual action and the only instrument with which principles may be examined.

From "Mental Healing," by Leander Edmund Whipple.

STRIKES THE OCCASION OF POOR WORKMEN.

An employer refuses to accede to the demands of his workmen for an increase of pay, and the men strike. The employer's aim is to tide over a few weeks, by some means, until his men are forced to return. To do this, he will put to work any one who has the least idea of the labor required, and will feel in honor bound to employ him after the strike is over. On the other hand the strikers will open wide the door of their unions, and receive every one who would interfere with the success of their movement. Thus master and men combine to lower the standard of workmanship.

—G. W. F., in *Old and New*.

THE FUTURE OF CENTRAL PARK FORESHADOWED.

There is not humanity enough in an American city to devote property when it becomes very valuable, to God, kindness or beauty. The church is made into a livery stable, the hospital square is covered with stores. Even in the comparatively Christian city of Boston the advanced skirmishers of the money Huns have cut off the outposts of the ancient Common, and over the corpses of half a dozen centennial elms, the victorious and guzzling aldermen and their allies, the real estate speculators, are planning the campaign which shall cover the whole of the Common with stores. The fate of the Central Park of New York is only a question of time. It will be cut up and sold for building lots whenever the land becomes so valuable for business purposes that the New Yorker can not bear it any longer.

—F. Beecher Perkins, in *Old and New*.

A POWERFUL PREACHER.

A theological student preached one Sunday in a church in the valley of the Connecticut. A few days afterward the village newspaper contained the following notice: "Rev. ———, of the Senior Class of Yale Seminary, supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed three weeks for repairs."

THAT MILK.

"Is this milk pure?" the customer asked.

"Yes," replied the milkman. "It has been paralysed by the public anarchist."

WHY SAUL SOUGHT TO KILL DAVID.

The late Henry Clay Trumbull once entertained the American Oriental Society in Philadelphia. All was in oriental style. Syrians in oriental costume offered iced sherbet, poured water on their hands, wiped them; and greeted them with music from a pipe played through the nostrils.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Wayne McVeagh.

"The Shepherd's pipe," Trumbull replied; "the same as was played in David's day."

"I don't wonder that Saul threw a javelin at him," said Mr. McVeagh.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. Cloth, 179 pp., \$1.50 net. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, California.

While reading this book we are drawn to a higher atmosphere. It breathes harmony. It instils true religion.

"To be wise and kind is to enlist the universe in our behalf, to focus cosmic rays of love here in our hearts. Witness then the Ministry of Beauty drawing us ever from circumference to center; from bluebird and violets and the blossoming apple, from snowy range and midnight sky and the expanse of moonlit ocean, to the love of these, to the ultimate recognition of the nature and purpose of beauty itself, the perception that beauty is within, that only to an inner loveliness is the landscape fair, that to an inner sublimity alone is any outward grandeur."

Such books as this are truly educational in the highest sense.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. By Robert Luce. Cloth, 302 pp., \$1.00. The Authors Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2616, Boston, Mass.

A manual containing much useful information for writers and students who are looking forward to newspaper or literary work. It should be widely read.

THE DREAM OF HELL. By G. Wilson Duley. Cloth, 32 pp., \$1.00. Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass.

This is a psychological poem, having for its object the teaching of retributive justice, and the futility of self-justification.

ONE WITH THE ETERNAL. By Edgar Daplyn. Cloth, 71 pp., 35 cents net. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

This little volume is a discourse of Love;—Soul Love; of "Love, the Eternal"; "Love's Power"; "Why Love never Fails." The Author says: "Love will go with us all the way. We may outgrow many things, but the years will only make love dearer to us as it brings us nearer to the Eternal Love. Then in that day when death takes us from Life to Life, how eagerly the soul will look to know and understand that Universal Love in which it has lived and through which it becomes one with the Eternal."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

ECHOES FROM OAK STREET, OR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRAYER MEETING. By Ruthella Benjamin. Cloth, 162 pp. Published by M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago, Ill.

CONCENTRATION: THE ROAD TO SUCCESS. A LESSON IN SOUL CULTURE. By Henry Harrison Brown. Cloth, 126 pp., \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. The Balance Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.

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THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

BY GENERAL N. B. BUFORD, U. S. A.*

The most precious jewel ever coveted by man is the Philosopher's stone. It has been diligently sought for in all the ages. The science of Alchemy was cultivated during the Middle Ages by two classes of men. By one class the "Philosopher's Stone" was a term used to designate the agent by which the baser metals could be turned into gold. By another, and a wiser class, it was used synonymously with "the pearl of great price."

The gold sought for was Truth. This latter class of thinkers has existed from the earliest periods of which we possess written records, and its peculiar style, using symbols, as being more expressive than words, is found abundantly in the Old and New Testament.

Both classes exercised a great influence over all Europe from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Century. The student may discover evidence that Dante, Shakspeare, and Cervantes were thoroughly acquainted with this science. Many of the "dark sayings" of these geniuses can only be understood by interpreting them in harmony with these mystical writers. The Sonnets of Shakspeare, which have puzzled the learned ever since they were written, and his purely imaginative dramas, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Tempest*, are made clear in the light of nature, truth and reason, when thus interpreted. The same may be said of the allegory of *Marcella* in the early chapters of *Don Quixotte*.

What I know of this science is mainly derived from the conversations and writings of General Ethan Allen Hitchcock. He was the son of Judge Samuel Hitchcock and the grandson of the

*Edited by Alexander Wilder, M. D. F. A. S.

celebrated Ethan Allen, who, at the beginning of the war of the Revolution demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." In 1862 he was commissioned a major-general and assigned to duty in the War Department. He soon acquired the confidence of Mr. Stanton, the sagacious Secretary of War, and a higher meed, the *love* of Mr. Lincoln.

He was the author of many treatises. The first of these, *Remarks upon Alchemy*, he used to call the "problem of life." In 1858 his second book appeared, entitled *Swedenborg a Hermetic Philosopher*. In it he described Swedenborg as master of all the writings of the Alchemists, and his method as built out of the writings of Spinoza. Following this came two volumes, entitled *Christ the Spirit*. He called attention to the existence of a secret society among the Jews, the Essenes, whose ethical principles and religious observances were essentially the same as those taught in the New Testament—love of God, love of virtue, love of man. This sect is often spoken of in the Gospels, and there called "*the Brethren*." He makes it appear that the Gospels were the secret books of this society.

In 1865 he published *Remarks upon the Sonnets of Shakspeare* which has proved to be a key for the understanding of that most wonderful work, the puzzle of the scholars and commentators for near three centuries, now made as clear as they are beautiful and wise.

And last, in 1866, he published *Notes upon the Vita Nuova of Dante*. He proves these three works were written in the Hermetic vein, and we, by understanding that science, perceive at once that Beatrice was not a mere woman, but a celestial vision to Dante—heavenly wisdom personified.

Now to my undertaking. Our author has proved that MAN was the *subject* of Alchemy, and that the *object* of the Art was the perfecting, or at least, the improvement of man. The "salvation of man," his transformation from evil to good, or his passing from a state of nature to a state of grace, was symbolised under the figure of the transmutation of metals. The Alchemists all symbolised when using the terms gold, silver, lead—salt, sulphur, mercury—sol, luna, wine, etc. The various opinions of the writers on the

questions of God, nature and man, all developed from one central point, which is Man, the image of God. Now if these symbolic thoughts had found no echo in the human heart, they would have perished. But they have been preserved through the past ages, awakening as much interest now in the minds of those who study them, as when first published, which proves that they have struck a vein of imperishable truth.

The Alchemists were the Reformers in the Dark Ages, when the spirit of religion was buried under forms and ceremonies; when superstition was taught for truth, and the hierarchy was armed with civil power and used to suppress all intellectual freedom. In that midnight of moral and intellectual darkness, it was a light from heaven. But the truth was treated of in their books as the Elixir of Life, the Universal Medicine, the Philosopher's Stone; and only understood by the initiated. The writings of these peculiar thinkers, these free men spiritual minded, were necessarily written in symbols to secure them from the persecutions of the Hierarchy and the Inquisition.

The truth when it finds a lodgment in the human heart, is predominant. Many of the writers were monks. The "still, small voice" was their secret. They were the genuinely religious men of their time. Their writings prove that they were students of Plato and Aristotle, and most of them also of mathematics and astronomy. It was his superiority in knowledge that caused Roger Bacon to be called a magician, and Galileo to be compelled by the Church to deny the fact that he had discovered, that the earth moved.

The effulgence of this light of truth and science in spreading over Europe necessarily produced the great Reformation, of which Martin Luther was the leader. He was acquainted with Alchemy, and translated one of the Hermetic books, *Theologia Germanica*, in corroboration of his teachings; and the writings of a holy monk, Thomas à Kempis, who was one of them, became from that time equally popular with both Protestants and Catholics, which continues to be a fact to this day.

I will now quote some of these Alchemical writers. First, Sandivogius, who lived and wrote in 1650. "There is abundance of knowledge, yet but little truth is known. I know of but two ways that are ordained for the getting of wisdom: the Book of

God and the book of Nature; and these only as they are read with reason. Many look upon the former as a book below them, and upon the latter as a ground for atheism, and therefore neglect both. It is my judgment that as it is most necessary to search the Scriptures, so it is impossible without reason to understand them. Faith without Reason is but simplicity. If I cannot understand by Reason how a thing is, I will see that a thing is so before I will believe it to be so. I will ground my believing upon Reason; I will improve my reason by philosophy. When God made man after his own image, how was that? Was it not by making him a rational creature? Men, therefore, that in the reading of sacred mysteries, lay reason aside, do but *un-man* themselves, and become involved in labyrinths of errors. Hence their religion is degenerated into irrational notions."

"The Most High Creator was willing to manifest all natural things to man, wherefore he showed us that celestial things themselves were naturally made, by which his absolute and incomprehensible power and wisdom might be so much the more freely acknowledged. Of all these things the Alchemists have a clear sight, in the light of nature, as in a looking-glass. For which cause they esteemed this Art—not out of covetousness for gold or silver, but for the sake of knowledge, not only of all natural things, but also of the power of the Creator. But they were willing to speak of these things only sparingly and figuratively, lest the Divine mysteries, by which nature is illustrated, should be discovered by the unworthy. This thou, if thou knowest how to know thyself and art not of a stiff neck, mayest easily comprehend, created as thou art in the likeness of the great world,—yea, after the image of God."

The Arabians, at the height of their power, having conquered Alexandria, the North of Africa, and Spain, took rank as the most advanced philosophers and physicians of the civilised world. Their savants cultivated this Art. I will quote one of them, Alipili. "The Highest Wisdom consists in this: for man to know himself. In him God has placed his eternal word; by which all things were made and upheld, to be his light and life by which he is capable of knowing all things both in Time and Eternity."

"Therefore, let the high Inquirers, the reachers into the deep

mysteries of nature, learn first to know what they have in themselves, before they seek into foreign matters outside of them; and let them, by the Divine power within them first heal themselves and transmute their own souls. Then they may go on prosperously and seek with good success the mysteries and wonders of God in all natural things.

"I admonish thee that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature. If that which thou art seeking, thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. The universal orb of the world contains not so great mysteries and excellences as a little man formed by God in his own image. And he who desires supremacy among the students of nature will find nowhere a greater and better field of study than himself."

Thus it appears that Man is the central object in all alchemical books; yet not man as he is an individual, but as he is a nature containing or manifesting the Great World, or as he is the image of God.

I will next quote Geber, another Arabian. His strange mode of expression gave rise to our word *gibberish*. He says: "The artist should be intent on the true end only; because our Art is preserved in the divine will of God, and is given to whom he will, or withheld."

He speaks of the Stone as "a medicine rejoicing and preserving the body in youth." This in alchemical language is immortality. How can it be better preserved than in perpetual youth?

Here is one of the prescriptions for the obtaining of perpetual youth: "Take a pound of persistence, and wash it with the waters of your eyes; then let it lie by your heart; then take of the best faith, hope and charity which you can get, a like quantity and mix all together. Use this confection every day. Then take both your hands full of good works and keep them close in a clear conscience, and use as occasion requires."

Had Ponce de Leon understood this recipe, he might have been saved his trials and journeys in Florida in pursuit of the fountain of perpetual youth.

I now come to the announcement that the starting-point in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, is the conscience. A consideration of more importance than all others is: That conscience can not

be said to err—in other words, the conscience can not sin.* It sits in judgment upon every man, approving the good and condemning the bad; but in itself it is incorruptible. When we say that a man has “a bad conscience,” we do not properly speak of the conscience, but what the conscience condemns. The error is not in the conscience, but in the judgment in applying means for the accomplishment of ends. The conscience has reference to ends, and not to means. A man is approved or condemned according to the end which he aims at. If the end is approved by the wise, a mistake in the means, however lamented, commands pity and not condemnation.

When the Alchemists speak of a long life as one of the gifts of the stone, they mean immortality. When they attribute to the Stone the virtues of a universal medicine, the cure of all diseases, they mean to deny the positive nature of Evil, and thus they deny its perpetuity. When they tell us that the Stone is the “cut-throat of covetousness, and of all evil desires,” they mean that all evil affections disappear in the light of truth, as darkness yields to the presence of light.

Hermetic philosophy is not a doctrine; it is a practice. It is the practice of truth, justice, and goodness. Now, the law of conscience being the law of God in the soul of man, obedience to it becomes of the first importance to all men. How few, in these days, recognise the conscience as the oracle of God, the Immanuel, and guide to his presence.

The power of man is defined by his knowledge of God, his acceptance of it and submission to it. A right view of this will explain the power and weakness of man—the power being measured by reason, the weakness by passion.

The Alchemists were of the opinion that true religion cannot be taught. It may be preached about, talked about, and written about; but there always remains something in the depths of a religious soul which cannot be expressed in language. Hence the line—

*The term *amartanô*, translated to *sin*, signifies to err from the path, to wander astray, to miss the mark. The morbid practice of describing trivial actions as sinful, in the sense of moral turpitude is an improper use of language.—Ed.

“Expressive silence, muse his praise”

is the best utterance of a true religious feeling. The final step, the entrance into “light,” is not taken by any force or mere human will. This is one of the reasons for the use in past ages of symbolic writing.

We may now see how the Hermetic philosophers handle the subject of man’s free will. It is impossible to maintain the idea of God’s omnipotence, in the usual sense, and of the eternity and immutability of his decrees as extending to all things, and at the same time, the notion of Man’s free agency, as though he possessed an actual power of his own. Whoever holds these two opinions must necessarily carry about a conflict within himself. In order to produce harmony, one or both sets of ideas should be purified. If the philosopher’s stone could solve this question it might be worth seeking, even though for nothing else. We will listen to the Hermetic writers. “Let the power of God be called Sulphur and the power of man Mercury; and then find a salt that shall establish their unity.”

This is the problem. The philosopher may find that the controversy lies between two of the elements or principles of Man, and must last till the third principle is recognised. Though last to be discovered, this is the first in order. It stands, as if it were above the other two, and though it takes no part in the controversy it decides the question. When this third principle, his God-given intuition, is awakened in a man he no longer depends upon mere opinion about things; he *knows*. This knowing, the Alchemists call “the gift of God.” For God must be the author and finisher of our faith if we have the true faith.

Two of the principles of the Alchemists are called *extremes*. But an invisible One includes the two inseparably as one idea with two manifested forms. When this conception is realised, its illustrations become multitudinous. Let us examine this one: Wronging and being wronged are the two extremes caused by excess and deficiency; then comes justice by equality in the middle. Justice is the regulating principle of the universe, operating silently and invisibly, but as surely as it is absolutely beyond the control of man.

The link between the human and Divine, matter and spirit, has

never been revealed. Is not this the philosopher's stone?

The union of sense and reason in the soul is said to be a mystical marriage. On the one hand Nature is seen as a blind force; on the other, as a life perfectly free. That there is a combination of these views resulting in a beautiful harmony, is the assertion of the Hermetic philosophers, while they tell us that their view is an incommunicable secret through the senses.

In one word, the spirit is free, but finds its freedom only in recognising itself in God, and then it can submit to nothing less.

Nothing in the universe can be proved but by the assumption of something unchangeable, not requiring proof; but this is God conceived in his immutability. It is because God does not change that anything remains true from one instant to another.

THE DOMAIN OF METAPHYSICS.

BY CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

We, the beings constituting the crew of the ship called Earth, are on board for the voyage. We are here because the character or qualities possessed by each of us was such as to draw us, under the action of the Law, to such conditions as the present phase of evolution of this earth provides. We are sailing "under sealed orders," do not know the final destination of the ship nor when we, the individual members of the crew, shall leave her or be drafted into other vessels. But we do know that we are here and that, in shipping for the voyage, we have "signed articles" to abide by the natural laws that are the "rules of the ship" and to do the work assigned us according to our "rating."

Are the conditions under which we exist in this world happy ones? Perhaps some few, whose lots are exceptionally favored ones may answer that earth-life is happy. But even these few have "taken no bond of fate" and are amenable to "all the natural shocks" that Hamlet says "flesh is heir to." Even if possessed of perfect physical health, great mental power, wealth sufficient to supply all their desires, it would seem that only by means of so absolute a selfish isolation as would shut them out from friendship, love or pity, could this happy condition be maintained, because every tendril of love which they extend to any other being becomes a nerve through which the throb of pain may reach themselves. The pain, danger or sorrow of the loved one must be pain to them, and when suffering the acute misery of separation from the dear one by death or, sadder still, by estrangement, then even these "happy" ones may be inclined to say of life:

"Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds that light and fly."

But what view of earth-life conditions will be taken by the millions of oppressed, of the ignorant, of those whose environments are vicious, disease-breeding conditions and misery, and those other millions whose daily labor is barely sufficient to provide them the sustenance that will enable them to labor on the morrow—

those "who may not rest from their toil and their labor," no matter how heartsick and sad they may be—those to whom life is, in the words of a true poet, "but an aimless drifting between the dreary banks of turbid streams." The answer from these might well be in the words of Siddartha, "The babe is wise that weepeth, being born." It seems difficult to realize how anyone, no matter how blissful his own condition may be, can say, "I am happy" while he knows of the pain and sorrow of "these, our brethren," or, "My work is done," while he can raise hand or speak word or think thought to relieve their condition.

These conditions are susceptible of improvement. Upon this point all will agree. There has been vast improvement in the condition of the majority of the race during the period covered by its written records. Every substantial improvement—every real advance in evolution—has come about by the acquisition of knowledge of some item of the INFINITE LAW that governs the universe and, by complying with its requirements, realizing its beneficent results. (*All ultimate results of the Divine Law must be beneficent.*) Every amelioration of conditions, all upward steps in evolution, must be attained by like methods.

The Greatest of Metaphysicians said, "Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven (*the kingdom of heaven is within you*); but he who knoweth the will of the Father and doeth it." The LAW is the "will of the Father" and to seek the knowledge of it with all earnestness, and, when one iota of it is found, to publish the truth to mankind, to be the light-seekers and torch-bearers of the race, is the mission of the true Metaphysicians.

It may be objected that the word "Metaphysics," usually applied to the consideration of psychic subjects, is a misnomer when used in connection with remedial agencies for physical conditions; but all physical conditions being manifestations of psychic causes, the word is here used in accordance with Ferrier's definition—"the theory of knowing and being." It is by means of the *knowing* that the conditions of *being* of the individual or the race are improved. Therefore he who, seeking knowledge, appeals through that emanation of the Eternal Spirit which constitutes his real self to its Source gains that which we term inspiration; or he who reasoning

by analogy, or by elimination of the errors and futile experiments of himself and others, attains to knowledge of any hitherto undiscovered item or provision of the great Law, and who freely shares the knowledge that he has acquired with others for the benefit of the being of all may, I think, be truly regarded as a metaphysician. Indeed if he only propounds a new theory, giving his reasons for holding it, and leaving it subject to the test of argument and experiment by others, he may be fairly placed in the same class. The advancing of a fallacious theory has often proved of benefit, because, in the course of the arguments and experiments entered upon to test its value, important truths have been brought to light. A principle of the law may be discovered, a truth declared, an error exposed or a valuable theory offered without any apparent or immediate effect; but they are not lost; they live in the memory of humanity, at intervals others call attention to or experiment with them, soon or later their value becomes apparent and they prove potent factors in evolution. Thus when Hero of Alexandria, 230 years B. C., discovered the mechanical powers of steam and invented and constructed a rotary steam engine, it was regarded as being but a toy, yet he established a principle—set in motion a thought-wave—which, coming down through the centuries, and cognized and acted upon by the minds of such men as Blasco de Garray, Branca, Savary, Papin, Beighton, Newcomen, Watt and others, resulted in the perfected steam engine of today. Here was an apparently insignificant seed-thought, and yet its perfected result, the steam engine, has liberated millions of human beings from exhausting, degrading, unhealthy toil, has vastly increased the producing power of the nations, and has done more for the amelioration of the condition of the race, for its education and consequent evolution, than any other one agency. The *knowing* of Hero and the later inventors resulted in the improved conditions of *being* of mankind. Shall we not then class these men as metaphysicians—useful metaphysicians?

All “knowing” is contained in the Universal Mind, and he who patiently, intently, and with unselfish motive, seeks for light on any subject, will generally receive such portion of it as the qualities he has assimilated; *i. e.*, his degree of evolution, will allow of his utilizing to improve the “being” condition of himself and others.

Taking this view of the subject the humblest seeker for "knowing" in what are considered the mere physical or mechanical lines may, to the extent of his endeavor, be considered as a metaphysician. The man whose "knowing" enabled him to "invent" the common lucifer match did more for the well-being and comfort of the race than the authors of many thousands of volumes.

Religion should be, eventually must be, the all-potent factor in the evolution of man to higher, happier, nobler conditions in this world and in fitting him for more highly evolved and vastly happier conditions in the future. But before it can begin to fulfill its most glorious mission its meaning or definition must change in the mind of mankind from "beliefs" and "creeds" to the "*learning of the Eternal Law,*" and its practice to a strict obedience to every provision of that Law that is known. It should be—must be—"a *knowing and a being*"; therefore does its discussion fall strictly within the realm of metaphysics.

Moses, in the "Decalogue"; Guatama, the Buddha, in the "Eight-fold Path"; Jesus, in the "Sermon on the Mount," each and all taught pure metaphysics—"knowing" that was susceptible of manifestation in "being"; and had either or all of them been so manifested, the evolution of the race and its consequent happiness would have been far in advance of what it now is. The source in each case was the same. Moses, alone on the mountain, Guatama, alone beneath the bodhi tree, Jesus alone in the wilderness, were each with pure, unselfish motive seeking to *know* the Law, in order that they might "save the people from their sins" by bringing them to obedience to that law, warning them of the direful results of its infraction and the sure benefits to accrue from living in harmony with it. That each of these teachers believed that it was knowledge of the Eternal Law that he had received and was declaring to the people is amply proved by the sayings of each. Moses, dealing with a semi-barbarous people, newly freed from slavery, was obliged to appeal to that "awe of the miraculous," which is a characteristic of ignorant people, by leading them to suppose that he had been in direct personal contact with their deity, in order to insure their attention and reverence for his message (we have all heard preachers in this Twentieth Century, declaring that "God's plan is—" or "What God means is—" so confidently

that we might easily conclude that they had just come from a confidential interview with him) ; but Moses' "thus saith the Lord," prefacing the decalogue, proves that he proclaimed it as God-given law. This simple, easily understood code (the decalogue) though relating principally to physical or objective matters, would, had it been strictly obeyed by all, have "saved" those to whom it was given from an unthinkable amount of the sorrow and suffering consequent upon its infraction. The priests, however, in order to secure power and emoluments for their class, and kings to secure a divine license for their tyranny, buried the simple code beneath such a mass of dogma and formula that Jesus, speaking to the same people to whom the code was given, said: "Ye have made the word (law) of God of none effect through your traditions." All these "traditions" and dogmas and all the specious arguments which then and now "render the law of none effect" are *false metaphysics*, obstructions in the path to that happiness which can only be attained by "being" that is in harmony with the Eternal Law.

The code promulgated by Guatama was essentially one of pure law—self-fulfilling, self-rewarding, self-punishing law. While it included all that was contained in the decalogue of Moses it was more far-reaching, disseminated more "knowing" that could be manifested in the well-"being" of the race and dealt with spiritual matters and conditions subsequent to earth-life. It differed from the Mosaic idea in that its tendency was to induce love for the law, characterizing it as "the power that always moves to good," even the punishments that its infraction involved being but calculated to force the offender back into the pleasant path of obedience.

"More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare."

The doctrine as taught by Buddha was essentially one of individual responsibility. Upon the obedience of the individual to the Law depended his happiness in his present life, his condition in subsequent earth-lives, and his final and eternal happiness. The free will of each person to fix his condition in present and future lives by his acts was everywhere insisted upon; "each within himself seeking the means of his deliverance."

“Higher than Indra’s you may lift your lot,
Or sink it lower than the worm or gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this;
The end of myriads that.”

Surely this was true metaphysics, a veritable “*theory of knowing and being*” which if reduced to practice might well have raised the race that made it the strict rule of life to wondrously improved conditions and an advanced stage of evolution.

Here, also, the false metaphysics of priestcraft and the natural tendency of mankind to superstition utterly subverted the original teaching. One of the very latest declarations of Guatama, when he believed himself about to enter into Nirvana was that he was but a man and that it was in the power of any man to attain to his condition; yet priestcraft and superstition deified him, and the worship of the ideal, spiritual Buddha was gradually degraded till in the case of the ignorant majority it degenerated into an idolatry in which not only the *image* of Buddha was worshipped, but also those of a number of other deities. The teaching of Buddha in regard to *forms* of worship is well expressed in the words of Arnold:

“Pray not, the darkness will not lighten. Ask
Nought from the silence, for it cannot speak.
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains.
Ah, brothers, sisters, seek
Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.”

But we find that the religion founded upon such pure and altruistic teachings became in practice one of rites and ceremonies, and that some of these were under the influence of priestcraft, of a horrible nature, such as the burning alive of women on the funeral pyres of their husbands, and the crushing of devotees beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut.

Those followers of the cult whose clearer intellects protected them from the influence of priestly imposition seem to have devoted

themselves to the study of a form of mysticism which can hardly be styled metaphysics, because, even if it be a "knowing," it could by no possibility be manifested in "being." In a scholarly and ably-written article containing many beautiful thoughts occurs the following: "The consciousness of the universe is one and single and is termed God. The Deity acts through countless subtle organisms and *the free-will of man is a misnomer.* * * * The idea of free-will is a superstition and it can only find place in a mind unenlightened by the discoveries of science and philosophy."

If this be true then is the beautiful doctrine of the "Karma," as taught by Guatama, but an illusion; for what could be more hideously unjust than the infliction of karmic punishment or the bestowal of karmic reward for acts which the person was compelled by divine power to commit. If this be true all the directions for the treading of the noble "Eight-Fold Path" to deliverance by pure life, good deeds, charity and love are but wasted words, no one being left free to perform them. If man has no freedom of choice then all incentive to effort for the evolution of the individual or the race to better and more highly evolved conditions are vain and futile; there is no hope for deliverance and we are but tortured puppets moved hither and thither on the chessboard of blind, irresistible fate.

Jesus was also a seeker and declarer of the Law. Said he: "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill," and "Verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." He too sought for "knowing" at its Source and obtained it. So similar would be the grand effect upon the condition of the race of his teachings and those of Guatama, had either or both been faithfully practiced; so alike is the spirit that breathed through both, that the Source from which each received his inspiration is evidently identical.

As in the case of Guatama so in that of Jesus; the teacher was deified and the teaching disregarded or subverted by priestcraft, so that were Jesus to return to earth-life now he would find that though there was a religion that bore his name, with temples and priests innumerable, yet false metaphysics had obscured the true meaning of his pure teachings and of the results to the condition of the race that he hoped to achieve, brotherhood, peace, love,

charity and the happiness that must follow their practice had failed to manifest. As did Moses, when he came down from the mountain with the message of redeeming law which he had sought and found, he would find the people engaged in the worship of a god which the priests had fashioned to the popular taste, as did Aaron of old, with a like result—the slaying of man “by his brother and his companion and his neighbor.”

The knowledge that these great teachers acquired, the doctrines they taught, have not been lost. Despite all the obstacles interposed to prevent their full beneficent effect by the rapacity, ignorance or superstition of mankind they have still been powerful factors in improving the condition of the race, and will become still more effective in the future when men discover that their essence is in accordance with the Eternal Law and therefore that their practice must lead to happier conditions.

If “knowing” must precede all successful “doing” and upon our doing depends all improvement in the condition or “being” of mankind while upon this planet, which would seem to be self-evident propositions, then is metaphysics, or the search for knowledge and truth at their source in the Infinite Mind the noblest occupation of man. Everything that may accrue to the physical well-being or spiritual evolution of the race comes within its domain, from the making of a nail to the elucidation of a code of law. It is said that our knowledge of any subject is but the accumulation of the knowledge of others or of our predecessors; but the original idea was derived from the Infinite Mind, though perhaps the seeker and receiver was not sufficiently evolved to receive more than a crude impression of its true import, and every successive improvement must have been sought and obtained from the same source by a more advanced pupil. It is said too that “experience is the wisdom of man.” Experience is but the barbed-wire fence that bounds the right-of-way of the path of the Law. Whether we are trying to make a nail or to better the conditions of a world, whenever and for so long as we stray out of the path of the law we are pricked and torn by the barbs till we return to that path.

Who are the *true metaphysicians*? From this view of the subject they are all who are earnestly seeking to know and obey the Divine Law; the farmer who seeking to find the law governing

the growth of plants, is endeavoring "to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before"; and, succeeding, imparts his knowledge to his neighbor; the mechanic at his bench, seeking to discover methods by which his own and his fellow workers' labor may be lightened and the results improved; the employer of labor who is thinking out plans tending to the comfort, health and improved conditions of his employees. These are all "helpers of the race."

The measure of opportunity is also the measure of responsibility. There are many whose higher evolution, more liberal education, lesser necessity for physical toil, afford them opportunity to seek for this "knowing" for the benefit of the race. Upon them devolves the responsibility indicated by Jesus in the parable of the servants who received the talents from their master. They are endued with free-will to choose to bury their talents or increase them and use them for the benefit of themselves and others. If they do the former the law of Karma will surely call them to a strict account. If they would but earnestly and faithfully pursue the latter course there would be marked improvement in the condition of mankind within one generation, vastly more in the next, and after a very few more, a wiser, happier race looking through the pages of history at our present conditions, would marvel how their ancestors could have endured such miseries while the remedies were in their own hands.

Religion will become the mighty power for good that it should be when priest and congregation abandon creed and dogma and heartily and earnestly unite in endeavor to learn the Law which is the "will of the Father" and in bringing about such conditions as would enable all to live in harmony with it, realizing that in that harmony was their only salvation from sorrow, pain and trouble while here on earth, their only hope for happier states of being and larger opportunity for evolution hereafter. Then instead of uninterested, perfunctory "worshippers" the churches would be thronged with earnest, truth-seeking thinkers, each conscious of his own responsibility, desiring to know and live the Law; not as now, chloroformed into supine uselessness by promises of immunity from the penalty for infraction of the law, by faith in unbelievable creeds and of "salvation" through vicarious atonement.

In the hands of the great writers and authors lies an almost unlimited power that could be utilized to benefit humanity and aid in its evolution. A few realize their responsibility and use their gifts in endeavoring to expose and correct error and combat superstition. Some have been seeking to learn the law by which the spiritual or real being can control conditions of health in the physical organism, and have discovered and disseminated truths that will mightily aid in the well-being of mankind. Some use the gift of poesy with which they are endowed to give expression to the inspirations they have received. In the pages of this magazine have from time to time appeared poems which were the true metaphysics of *knowing and being* set to the music of beautiful verse.

Although none of these efforts may seem to have immediate, visible result, not one of them is lost or wasted. They are *causes* that soon or later *must* produce *effects*. Some machinists are erecting a great compound windlass on the opposite side of the street in order that some immense pillars may be raised into place. None of these men will handle a pillar. When they have done their work they will go away, will not see the pillar raised, probably some of them will never see the pillars after they are placed; but without their work the edifice could not be completed, and the man who has made even the smallest bolt that holds what is used in that windlass has, if he has made a well-fitted bolt with a perfect screw thread, manifested his *knowing* in *doing* and has performed his share toward the erection of the building.

Many men and women of great ability make sporadic efforts toward disseminating truth; but, because they can see no result, they say: "What is the use?" and cease all endeavor. They are like the child who plants an acorn at night and expects to see an oak tree in the morning. Others fear the attacks that are made upon them by those whose interest it is to perpetuate the old order of things—who live and fatten upon the ignorance or superstition of others. The cry of these obstructors of the truth is that which assailed Guatama when seeking the Law:

"And then came she who gives dark creeds their power,
 Shabbat-paramasa, sorceress,
 Draped fair in many lands as lowly faith,
 But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;

The keeper of those keys which lock up hells
 And open heavens. 'Wilt thou dare,' she said,
 'Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,
 Unpeople all the temples, shaking down
 The law that *feeds the priests* and props the realms?'"

An "argument" or appeal which has been used with deadly effect for centuries. Let the answer of every Learner of the Law be that which the poet ascribes to Guatama :

"What thou bid'st me keep
 Is form which passes, but *the free truth stands*.
 Get thee unto thy darkness."

Let man and woman, the dual life principles through whose united effort and coöperation only the truth may be found, eschewing false metaphysics, seek earnestly for the true, knowing that in so doing they are setting up causes the effect of which will be happier conditions for future generations, happiness which they themselves in future lives may share, and aiding toward still higher, happier, nobler conditions for the race when this earth upon which we are now denizens shall have passed away.

CHARLES EDWARD CUMMING.

THE BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY.

BY FLORENCE ALLEN TAYLOR.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Galatians, 6 : 7.

"Fate is unpenetrated causes," Emerson tells us; and Job: "Remember, I pray thee whoever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off? Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity and sow wickedness, reap the same." (Job 4:7-8.) St. Paul wrote to the Galatians (6:4 *et seq*): "Let every man prove his own work and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden." "For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruptions; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

What taught the great Prince of Kapilavastu when he had sought, and found, the secret of death and sorrow? "Also Buddha saw,

"How the new life reaps what the old life did sow;
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain, and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil, whereupon the account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmetic—where no tittle drops,
—Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:

* * * * *

Marking, behind all modes above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb—
That fixed decree at silent work which will
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,

Good unto better, better unto best,
 By wordless edict, having none to bid
 None to forbid; for this is past all gods,
 Immutable, unspeakable, supreme;
 A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
 Ruling all things accordant to the rule
 Of virtue, which is beauty, truth and use:
 So that all things do well which serve the Power,
 And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
 Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
 Which carries bleeding quarries to its young:
 The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
 Globing together in the common work;
 And man who lives to die, dies to live well
 So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
 And earnest will to hinder not, but help
 All things both great and small which suffer life.
 These did our Lord see in the middle watch."

* * * * *

"Learn!

Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
 Only when life dies like a white flame spent
 Death dies along with it."*

"Then Death is swallowed up in victory" (Is. 25:8—Cor. 15:54).

"I will ransom them from the power of the grave" (Hosea 13:14).

For: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead (in sins),
 yet shall he live," because "*I am* the Resurrection," and of this
 type of Resurrection Jesus said: "Neither can they die any more"
 —"for the wages of sin is death"; wherefore eating of the tree of
 knowledge of good and evil they have died as the promise was in
 Genesis, and as Paul recounts (Romans, Seventh Chapter). "Every
 time that sin revives, death ensues," therefore we comprehend what
 St. Paul means when he says, "to die is gain," meaning until the sin
 of ignorance itself is dead, "to live is Christ," and Christ is the
 Wisdom of God and the end of the law, the Mystery in us, hidden

*Light of Asia.

from of old, forever, from the earthy mind; declared forever, and evermore to the heavenly minded.

The great Apostle when thinking of his imperfect nature says, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Great Soul was Paul who taught great truths while still striving to purify his own lower self from the dross of sin, and sometimes appalled by the magnitude of the undertaking. Still did he ever press onward toward the mark of his high calling. Not as though he had already attained, either were already perfect but following after—forgetting things behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before—even the prize of the high calling of God. (Philippians 3:12-14.) "Today if ye will hear his voice." (Heb. 3:7.) All may find the beginning of the way. This high calling being not lip assent, but a life to be lived among men. Thus Paul showed the pressure of the inner life urging him forward insistently, despite his human nature that dragged him down. . . . The Beautiful Necessity, the law of the One Life within him which was fulfilling Itself, even to the destruction of his bodily members, which war against the Spirit. The teaching "For every man shall bear his own burden," implies in itself a purpose not seen on the surface, for we recall that other saying: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," and this has been thought to mean merely a confession of Christ.

Of course, to child souls, Paul could not give these difficult teachings; children are not expected to bear all their own burdens, children lay their burdens upon stronger shoulders, but men, such as the disciples of Jesus and of Paul, were no child souls; they could be taught the deeper meanings regarding the strong Sons of God, who were to take their places as helpers and teachers when they passed from earthly life, they were to give up their lives in Sacrifice, consequently milk and water pabulum was not for them. In this light and from this view of God's providence, it is interesting to delve into literatures of different times and peoples. There is a peculiar charm in tracing the Letters, and Words of the Great Mind, through many, many lesser minds, and so I may say that my purpose in these tracings is to relate what a few of those various minds have thought, to gather together as it were some blooms from the gardens of the gods, saying as said Montaigne:

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."

Being not my posy, I may say, it is a garland that is laid at the feet of all good Angels and men, with the Hope that it will be acceptable.

"The secret of the world is the tie between person and event," says Emerson, also quoting Hafiz, who wrote in the Fourteenth Century, "Alas! till now, I had not known, My guide and fortune's guide are one."

Here is another bit that touches the deepest centres of morality and places ethics upon a sound basis of reason:

"A man will see his character emitted in the events that seem to meet, but which exude from and accompany him. . . . He looks like a piece of luck, but is a piece of causation." (Emerson.)

It was St. Augustine who said: "Alone among the Ancient philosophers, Plato made happiness consist, not in the enjoyment of the body or of the mind, but in the enjoyment of God, as the eye enjoys the light."

Always the most learned of the Church, as also the most brilliant and the most pure, have drunk at this same fount of so-called Platonic philosophy, which was however no new thing, but was an intellectually arranged and partial exposition of the Pythagorean system of numerals, that marvelous system by which he imparted his science of "things that are," which again were based upon another and older formulation. Plato did not expect that the unlettered and dull, nor the flippant would understand what he wrote, or that they would even interest themselves in it; we, therefore, find him very guardedly presenting an intellectual system, difficult of understanding, for those so inclined, to penetrate if they could.

The allegory of Er quite casually thrown into the tenth book of the "Republic" by way of illustration, is a marked example of the way in which he at once reveals, and conceals, his philosophy. Most great teachers are paradoxical and Plato is no exception.

Like other parables, or symbolic teachings, the allegory of Er needs explanation, by some one who himself understands the meaning. It is in this way, that is handed on, from century to century, what is known, so that nothing really is lost; "Let him that is

taught in the word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." (Galatians 6:6.) Cf Douay text: "Let him that is instructed in the word, communicate to him that instructeth him, in all good things."*

So much mis-interpretation of Plato has gone before, that I, who am only an ardent lover of him, and a humble one, too, yet may do him some little justice, by recalling something of that which seems to have slipped out of memory, since even a small child may point out a hidden sign-board to a great man if he does not know where it is, nor even that it is anywhere. Thus have I heard of Er:

Er, Son of Armenius, a native of Pamphylia, and a brave man, was killed in battle. Ten days afterward when the bodies of the slain were taken up for burial, Er's body was found to be still fresh, though the others, naturally were in a state of decomposition. On the twelfth day after his death when he lay upon the funeral-pyre, Er came to life again, and proceeded to describe what he had seen in the other world.

There is almost an irresistible temptation to interpose here, an account of the dreams and visions recorded in the Bible, of the trances of Baalam and Ezekiel and Daniel and Paul and Peter, of Cornelius, and St. John of the Revelation. They speak of these experiences in somewhat different terms though Paul as usual puts the thing in more philosophical, if less mystical language when he says (11. Cor. 12:2): "I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago (whether in the body I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth)," etc. . . . This fascinating by-path would take us too far from the story of Er, but a comparison of Platonic writings and those of the Biblical scribes gives us many parallels, especially if we can make allowances for racial, temperamental and individual predispositions; but referring the interested student to the "word-book" of the Bible where he will be able to search out his own texts, I return to Er.

His story was that when he had left the body, he went in company with many others to a certain mysterious place where judgment

*The use of the term "instructed in the word," of course, means instructed in Christ or the Wisdom of God or by the Mind of Christ. For the "word" as applied to Scriptures had not come into use in its present day sense.

was pronounced upon the dead, the just being directed to take the right-hand road, while the unjust were ordered to take the left. The just bore in front of them, a symbol of the judgment which had been given, the unjust *carried behind them* evidence of all their evil deeds. Er, when he arrived at that place was told to listen and to watch everything that went on, as it would be his business to carry back a "report of proceedings" from that other world. So he looked and saw Souls passing along through two openings, as they arrived from earth dusty and travel stained, or from heaven, pure and bright; greetings passed between those who knew one another. Those who arrived from earth questioned those who came from heaven, and those from heaven on their way to earth in turn questioned the others. Those who were come from the earth told their tale with lamentations and tears, as they bethought them of the dreadful things that they had seen and suffered in the *subterranean!* journey, which they said had lasted a thousand years; while those who had come from heaven described enjoyments and sights of marvelous beauty. Er further said that for all the crimes and personal injuries committed by any of them, a ten-fold retribution was suffered, and all who had shown themselves just and holy were meant on the same principle, to receive *their* due reward. Some who thought they were ready to ascend into heaven but who were not, were met at the aperture by a tremendous noise, and then carried off to their proper place, apparently by some automatic and unerring adjustment of the penalty to their crime. The place where they were assembled was the Meadows of Hades, where every man should find his desires. It was only a halting place as Plato shows in his (Er's) farther description of the higher state into which the just and holy pass by means of the law called Adrastea. This is the same inviolable Law of Necessity, that invariably causes corn to reproduce corn, and prevents the possibility of the thistle bringing forth figs. It is the law of the Cosmos, the Beautiful, the Just, inherent in the nature of things, in a word, if you will, the Divine Fatalism.

So when seven days had passed in the meadows, the souls who were fit, Er among them, set out on the eighth day, traveled three days, and on the fourth arrived at a place "from whence they looked

down upon a straight pillar of light, stretching across the whole heaven and earth, more like a rainbow than anything else, only brighter and clearer. This they reached, when they had gone forward a day's journey; and arriving at the centre of light, they saw that its extremities were fastened by chains to the sky. *For this Light binds the sky together like the hawser that strengthens a trireme, and thus holds together the whole revolving Universe. To the very extremities is fastened the distaff of Necessity, by means of which all the revolutions of the Universe are kept up.*"

Now the distaff as a Whole spins round with uniform velocity. The distaff spins round upon the knees of Necessity. Upon each of its circles stands a siren, who travels around with the circle uttering *one* note in *one* tone; and from all the eight notes there results a single harmony.

The three daughters of Necessity are the Fates, Lachesis—the past; Clotho—the present; Atropos—the future. They are Time as contrasted with Eternity. When the Souls arrive they immediately go to Lachesis. An Interpreter marshals them in order, mounts a pulpit and taking a number of lots and plans of life from Lachesis, he speaks as follows: "Thus saith the Maiden Lachesis—the daughter of Necessity, 'Ye short-lived Souls, a new generation of men shall here begin the cycle of its mortal existence. Your destiny shall not be allotted to you, but you shall choose it for yourselves. Let him who draws the first lot be the first to choose a life, which shall be his irrevocably. *Virtue owns no master*: he who honours her shall have more of her, and he who slights her, less. The responsibility lies with the chooser. *Heaven is guiltless.*" Then Er saw the Interpreter throw down the lots among the crowd and the people took those that fell by their sides. Er took none, as he was forbidden.

Then the plans of life, which far outnumbered the Souls that were present, were laid out upon the ground. They were of every kind. There were lives of all living things and among them every sort of human life. They included, high and low, sovereignty and slavery, health and disease, bodily skill and impotency and all the modes and means between these extremes. Er reported that the Interpreter also said:

"Let not the first comer choose carelessly, nor the last despond."

Then the one who had drawn the first lot came forward and chose the most absolute despotism he could find; but so thoughtless was he, and greedy, that he had not carefully examined every point before making his choice, so that he failed to remark that he was fated therein to devour his own children. Therefore when he had studied it at his leisure he began to beat his breast and bewail his choice; and disregarding the previous warning of the Interpreter, he laid the blame of his misfortune, not upon himself but upon anybody sooner than himself. (“’Tis weak and vicious people,” says Emerson, “who cast the blame on Fate!”)

It was truly a wonderful sight, Er said, to watch how each Soul selected its life—a sight at once melancholy and ludicrous and strange. Many were the Souls that chose as he watched. The Soul of Atalanta, beholding the great honors attached to the life of an athlete could not resist the temptation to take it up. Then he saw the soul of Epeus, son of Panopeus, *assuming the nature* of a skilful workwoman. Among the last he saw the soul of the buffoon Thersites putting on the exterior of an ape. (Let us not forget that these souls were without physical bodies so “putting on the exterior of an ape” in the meadows of Hades could not mean to incarnate in or put on the body of an ape as Plato has been so often accused of teaching.)

Now, it so happened, that the Soul of Odysseus had to draw the last lot of all. When he came up to choose, the memory of his former sufferings had so abated his ambitions, that he went about looking for a quiet retired life, which with great trouble he found, where it had been thrown contemptuously aside by the others. As soon as he saw it, he chose it gladly.

Now, when all the souls had chosen their lives in the order of the lots, Lachesis, *the Past*, dispatched with each of them the Destiny he had selected, to guard his life and satisfy his choice. This Destiny led the Soul to Clotho—the Present, and as they passed beneath her hand and the whirling motion of her distaff, the fate they had chosen was ratified by it. Then Destiny led the Soul to the Spinning of Atropos, and thus rendered the doom of Clotho irreversible. From thence the Souls passed straightforward under the throne of Necessity.

When all of them had passed through this, Er, also passed

through and they all traveled into the *plain of Forgetfulness*, through dreadful suffocating heat, and they took up their quarters by the river of Indifference, *whose water cannot be held in any vessel*. All persons are compelled to drink a certain quantity of the water; but those who are not preserved by prudence, drink more than the quantity; and each, as he drinks, forgets everything. Then there was a clap of thunder and an earthquake, and the souls were carried up to their birth.

Er did not drink any of the water. How he reached his body he knew not but he suddenly awakened and found himself laid out on the funeral pyre!

This passage through the "plain of Forgetfulness" may have suggested to Wordsworth the idea for the great Ode:

"Our *birth* is but a sleep and a forgetting."

While it reminds us of II Cor. 5:6; "Whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord": the reason being, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality (or form) might be swallowed up of life." Paul did not tell them they were not to accomplish this while they lived in a physical body, but on the contrary he besought them as an ambassador of Christ to rise out of their lower fleshly natures *then* into the Spiritual. He especially says "not for that we would be unclothed but clothed upon," showing beyond question, it would seem, that immortality is to swallow up the mortal eventually, but "ye must be born again."

Does this mean souls, or bodies, or rebirth of Souls in new bodies, or birth of something in the Soul not there previously? Is it a hint of the birth of the Divine in the human? Is there a reasonable intelligent explanation of this passage or must we think it too high for us to know, or too good? "Be ye perfect," must have been a promise as well as a command. If it was, then there is a gnosis of the way to fulfill it, else it were futile from the first; and unless there are birth-days on the other side of death in excarnate life, a return to birth is part of the Beautiful Necessity that holds us in its beneficent will moulding us slowly life by life to the Pattern in Its Mind.

Had Plato's translators known Plato and his Theosophy as well as they knew Greek, they would never have made him say that human Souls *could* take birth in the bodies of animals, since they would have understood, that he perfectly knew the impossibility of such a doctrine. We have but to look about us or watch the criminal statistics to be convinced that the animal in many men, has the throne for the time being; and to see for ourselves that some of the ten commandments are broken every day by many, while the two commands of the New Testament are for the most part considered archaic.

In the Preface by Mead to a new edition of Thomas Taylor's Select Works of Plotinus (London, 1905) occurs the following remarkable passage quoted from the Commentaries of Proclus, the eminent Neo-Platonist, wherein he (Proclus) vindicates this very tenet of Plato, which has occasioned so much confusion and engendered so much contempt for the great philosopher. "It is usual," says he, "to enquire how human souls can descend into brute animals, and some indeed think that there are certain similitudes of Men to brutes, which they call savage lives, *for they by no means think it possible that the rational essence can become the soul of a savage animal.* On the contrary, others allow it may be sent into brutes, because all souls are of one and the same kind, so that they may become wolves, panthers and ichneumons. But true reason indeed, asserts that the human soul may be lodged in brutes, yet in such a *manner as that it may obtain its own proper life, and that the degraded soul may, as it were, be carried above it, and be bound to the baser nature by a propensity and similitude of affection.*

And that this is the only mode of insinuation we have proved by a multitude of arguments in our Commentaries (on the Phaedrus). If, however, it be requisite to take notice that this is the opinion of Plato, we add that in his "Republic" he says that the Soul of Thersites assumed an ape, but not the body of an ape, and in the "Phaedrus," that the soul descends into a savage life but not into a savage body. For life is conjoined with its proper soul and in this place it is changed into a brutal nature. For a brutal nature is not a brutal body but a brutal life . . ."

Continuing the study of Mead we quote: "Max Muller, quoting

the well known line of Wordsworth on 'The soul that rises with us, our life's star,' endorses them and adds, tentatively, 'that our star in this life is what we made it in a former life,' would probably sound strange as yet to many ears." Then Mead quotes from Jules Simon's "Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie" as follows: "Whatever may have been the importance of Metempsychosis for Plato, we can hardly suppose that Plotinus did not take it seriously. He rehabilitates all the ironical and strange transformations of the *Timæus* and the myth of Er, the Armenian. . . .

"Even though admitting that this doctrine of Metempsychosis is taken literally by Plotinus, we should still have to ask for him, as for Plato, whether the human soul really inhabits the body of an animal, and whether it is not reborn only into a human body, which *reflects the nature of a certain animal* by the character of its passions? The commentators of the Alexandrian School sometimes interpreted Plato in this sense. Thus, according to Proclus, Plato, in the 'Phaedrus,' condemns the wicked to live as brutes, and not to become them. . . . And Hermes (Comm. of Chalcidius on *Timæus*, ed. Fabrie, p. 350) declares in unmistakable terms, that a human soul can never return to the body of an animal, and that the will of the gods forever preserves it from such disgrace."

The term "god" used here, is found officially or functionally throughout the Bible as angel, Arch-angel, powers, dominions, and even as lords and gods, as the multiplicity of allusions clearly show, in the delineation of functions performed by beings physical and beings superphysical, which functions obviously were not those of the Supreme being, Arch-angels, Angels, Ministers, powers, principalities and men are classified in the theogonies and theophanies and theosophies of the world. The words spirit and spirits are also brought into the Bible, and it is here self-evident that among the peoples who received the Testaments, the knowledge existed, concerning various superhuman and subhuman powers which both serve and thwart humankind in their long pilgrimage. The hosts and legions of heaven, and the hosts and legions of hell graphically pictured in the Bible have their parallels in the crores of Devas and Asuras of the Hindu pantheon. If we have forgotten to *search* the Scriptures, if we no longer feel the presence and if we see not the workings of the One Supreme power by means of many powers,

through which even our common daily life is made what it is today, let us turn to the old paths as Jeremiah says and find rest for our souls: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge," says the Prophet Hosea.

* * * * *

It is because of lack of knowledge, because of the loss of appreciation of the beautiful world-order, in which we live, that we accuse our brethren of older nations of a polytheism which I truly believe will hold its own when compared with the idol worship of the West, with the eikon and phallic idolatries of the most civilized (?) countries.

With Plato the Soul of things is a Harmony whose automatically acting, self-adjusting Nature, Will, Wisdom, Love, sustains the Universe, *but as a Whole*. It was in this sense that Nemesis was interpreted by the most enlightened Greeks though the doctrine was travestied by the profane and ignorant, no *less* among the Greeks than among other peoples, and no more. Even a burlesque of a truth we must think is better than its loss. It was the law of the Whole, working in the parts that compelled them to adjust themselves finally to that Whole. It was the *Nature* of the Macrocosm acting within and through the Microcosm as well as outside and beyond it. It was a transcendent Justice, always sacrificing the *forms* of its immanent self to that Divine event toward which the whole creation moves, and for which the whole created form-side of things groaneth and travaileth together, until it be delivered *together*, from the bondage of corruption (Romans 8:22), the souls of men being integral parts of that creation. So we find Paul often using the human body with its different members and functions to symbolize the reality of the larger consciousness in which our consciousnesses have being, and whose will must ultimately become our will. "Whose Law planted in our very nature was our school-master." (Galatians 3:24.) "For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me." (The Nemesis of the New Testament.) "Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just and good" (Rom. 7:11,12), as anything must be that moves to righteousness. But this law was not made for the righteous, but for the lawless and disobedient, the ungodly and sinners, the unholy and profane. (1 Tim. 1:9.) There-

fore one who transcends the law must say "Lo I come to do thy will, O God." "Thy will be done in Me." (Hebrews 10:9.) This is the "royal law" which is the liberty of the Sons of God, the covenant written in the hearts and minds of men, by whose workings there shall be no more need to teach every man his neighbor and his neighbor's brother, saying, "Know the Lord; for all shall know Me, from the least unto the greatest." (Hebrews 8:10,11), quoted in the New Testament from Jeremiah.

Thus whether we will or not the beautiful Necessity compels to die daily to self, to temporal things, and to the heresy of separateness—Emerson taught it as Destiny, as a Divine Fatalism, which urges the Man-Soul toward its goal. "If we thought," he remarks, "men were free in the sense that in a single exception, one fantastical will could prevail over the law of things it were all one as if a child's hand could pull down the sun."

The Breath of the Divine Will blows eternally in the direction of the Right and Necessary; but since man is a son, and must learn through suffering while he is being made perfect, he has the freedom of a will of his own, exercising which and being deluded by which, he thinks himself other than he really is, and so sin or ignorance deceives him and slays him through many lives on earth until at last one day the voice of God in his Soul resounds: "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and the Word shall give the light." (Ephesians 5:14.)

If Jesus was the firstfruits of them that slept, he could not have been the last, else were all instructions in vain. "I have said ye are Gods and all of you, are children of the Most High." (Psalms 82.) This last is supposed by the over-humble to be irreligious. As the Preacher says: "When they shall be afraid of that which is high," and so they think it is a sort of blasphemy to consider themselves as children of the Most High in its real sense and if children heirs to His Kingdom, His Powers, His Glory, denying which birth-right we deny the Father also, as the Master tells us, but to know which means to enter the outer court, at least, of that Temple where dwells the glorious company of Apostles, Saints and Prophets, the Messiahs and Saviors of the World.

* * * * *

What a citizen of the world was Emerson and how fit to keep

such high company! His was no parochial nor local mind; it was cosmopolitan and he puts to contribution the thought of antiquity when he says: "Fate needs extended eyes—draw out the tube of your telescope to the point of largest vision—to see it." "Of the Divine Will-Power in which men's Souls are immersed like crystals in solution, that in very truth, in which we live and move and are," he finely says: "Fatalism, the right formula to be holden; but by a clever person who knows to allow the living instinct, for though that force be infinitesimal against universal chemistry, it is of that sublimity that it homeopathically doses the system." (Notes to new Centenary Edition.)

An animated Law then, was Emerson's idea of the beauty of the Omnipresence, eternally active subduing all things to itself.

"O birds of ether without wings!
 O heavenly ships without a sail!
 O fire of fire! O best of things!
 O mariners who never fail!
 Sail swiftly through your amber vault
 An animated Law, a Presence to exalt."

When Newton stated in his Natural Philosophy, "To every action there is always opposed an equal reaction," he made it possible to illustrate the law which obtains in the moral and the mental departments of Nature. The mechanics of the unseen operations of worlds within worlds are therefore demonstrable in two ways: First, by our own inborn sense of proportion—if it is awakened in us—second by the concensus of opinion of the world's greatest minds. Among the latter, Plato taught clearly enough that the unjust man defrauds his own soul, and Emerson showed how seriously he had accepted the heritage of the ages. "The days of days," he says, "the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the inward eye opens to the Unity in things, to the omnipresence of law."

From Æschylus we glean: "Necessity is stronger far than art," and even "Jove himself, no way shall escape his destined fate."

Necessity is a name for God and the secret of evolution is revealed, when at the dawning of that day, the pilgrim-Soul comes to himself and reminiscences of his Home-land gleam in upon his

wearied heart and he says, "I will return." Ah! how many days has it taken the prodigal to reach that far country, for how many a life has he rushed on and on, seeking now this way now that, for the complete satisfaction that can never be found until after long ages, when remembering with intuition through the Divinity there within him, he sees that it was God in him leading him on through illusion after illusion to the Reality, slowly, gently allowing him to conform himself to Himself.

"Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans,
Its wistful hands between."

So the beautiful Necessity is the Will of the Great Mind. It is the Omnipotence back of evolution. It is That in the grain of mustard-seed, pushing upward to the Sun. It is the Power that pushes the God-Seed up and up to At-Oneness with the Father.

"Let us then build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds *nature and Souls* in perfect solution and compels every atom to serve an universal end."

"Before beginning and without an end
As space eternal and as surety-sure
Is fixed a Power Divine which moves to good
Only its laws endure."

* * * * *

"The Books say well, My Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes
The bygone right breeds bliss.
That which ye sow, ye reap. See yonder fields!
The Sesame was Sesame, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison stuff which mar
Him and the aching earth.

* * * * *

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet, Obey!"

—*Light of Asia.*

FLORENCE ALLEN TAYLOR.

HINDU ASTROLOGY.

BY S. C. MUKERJEE, M. A.

The Hindu Zodiac is made up of the twenty-seven asterisms or fixed clusters of stars beginning from the first point of the constellation Aries and ending with the last point of the constellation Pisces. By the procession of equinoctial points, the constellations do not now occupy the spaces originally assigned to them, for the constellation Aries has now advanced to the sign Taurus. The difference between the original position of the constellation Aries and its present position has been noted by Hindu astrologers and the first point of Aries is accordingly made to begin from the present position of the first point of the constellation Aries. Thirty degrees from this point are called Aries (Mesha), the next thirty degrees are called Taurus (Brisha), and so on.

English astrologers do not take into account, in determining the signs of the Zodiac, the altered position of the constellation Aries. According to them Aries begins from that point in which the arrival of the Sun makes day and night of equal duration. Considering the above the signs of the Zodiac are not the same in both cases, the difference between the first points of Aries being about twenty-one degrees. The Hindu Zodiac is, therefore, composed of constellations or clusters of fixed stars whose first point is always the constellation Aries. The English Zodiac, on the other hand, begins from that point in which the arrival of the Sun makes the day and night equal. It is now high time for the astrologers of both countries to come to an agreement in this point in the interest of truth. The signs of the English Zodiac are mere *spaces*, while the signs of the Hindu Zodiac are made up of constellations whose virtues are well-known from the past experience of thousands of years.

In certain parts of the great epic poem, the *Mahabharata*, the peculiar influence of stars and planets is described. The use of the Hindu Zodiac is, for instance, as follows: The star under which the Moon passes at the time of birth is considered inauspicious for the native; the second star from this is auspicious; the third star is inauspicious; the fourth auspicious; the fifth is inauspicious;

the sixth is auspicious; the seventh is inauspicious; the eighth is auspicious; the ninth is inauspicious. The next nine stars are inauspicious or auspicious in the above way. It is the same with the third group of nine stars, there being only twenty-seven constellations in the Zodiac. The moon occupying an inauspicious star, during her transit, is considered to shed an inauspicious influence on the native. All auspicious dealings are prohibited on those days. The reverse is the case when the Moon is conjoined to auspicious asterisms. The reason for the above is that the Moon is considered to be the mind of our universe. As a person cannot work without his *mind*, so the planets can only shed malign or benign influence through the Moon, their *mind*. When transiting a benefic star, the conjunction or good aspect of a benefic planet produces an auspicious influence on the native, but when transiting a malefic star, the conjunction or bad aspect of a malefic planet acts with great force.

Besides the above the 10th, 16th, 18th, 23rd, and 25th stars from the birth-star are considered inauspicious. Malefic planets coupled with them at the time of birth are very inauspicious. Again, the general temper of the native is determined by the star which is occupied by the Moon at the time of birth. For instance, the Moon occupying the first constellation of Aries (Ashwini) makes the temper mild, peaceful or religious; the Moon occupying the second constellation (Bharani) attracts the native to worldly pursuits; if occupying the third constellation (Krittika), the native generally possesses an impetuous temper, etc. At the time of marriage, the horoscope of the groom and bride are examined to see whether the birth-stars of both parties are of the same or of opposite nature. If their rising signs be of the same nature or if the signs occupied by the Moon in both cases be the same, or if the lords of the rising signs of the bride and the bridegroom be one and the same—the marriage will be a happy one. If the house occupied by the Moon from the rising sign of the bridegroom be occupied by the Sun in the horoscope of the bride, and if the lords of the signs occupied by the Moon in both be the same or friendly to each other, then the marriage will be a happy one. The union of the groom and the bride will confer happiness when the bride having the Moon in Aries is joined to a groom having the Moon in Aries, Gemini,

Cancer, Capricorn, Aquarius. When the groom having the Moon in Aquarius is joined to a lady having the Moon in Aquarius, Aries, Taurus, Scorpio, Sagittarius and Libra. When the groom having the Moon in Pisces is joined to a lady having the Moon in Pisces, Taurus, Capricorn and Scorpio.

If marriage is consummated according to the above rules, it will generally turn out happy and there will be less talk of divorce. But in calculating the above, the division of the signs of the Zodiac according to the Hindu method should be taken into account.

If the Sun and the Moon in the genitures of both husband and wife be in trine or sextile to each other, the husband and the wife will agree and live happily. If the luminaries in the horoscope of the wife be in quartile or opposition to the luminaries of the horoscope of the husband, discord, jealousy or separation may be expected. If the discordant position of the luminaries be aspected by evil planets, there will be infidelity, scandal and disgrace. Venus and Saturn in Libra and Capricorn and especially in the ascendant or tenth house show promiscuous intercourse. Venus joined to Saturn in any part of the horoscope produces licentiousness. In such a conjunction the wife is either unfortunate or suffers from disease or death. In the horoscope of Byron, Venus is joined to Saturn in Aquarius in the fifth house (the house of pleasure), which is a testimony to the above statement. Also Mars is joined to the Moon showing that he will suffer from bad company and depraved females, and will take to drinking. The trine aspect of Mars and Venus as well as the trine of Venus and the Moon in the same horoscope point to sensuality and the company of females. It should be noted that in Lord Byron's horoscope, Mars is the lord of the seventh house and Venus is the lord of the first house. So in him, the Venus and the Mars characteristics were most prominent. The Moon and Mars occupy the ninth or a mental house showing their influence on the mind of the native.

The study of the effects of the position of the planets in particular signs of the Zodiac together with the aspects of particular planets to the former according to the Hindu system will not be out of place here.

If the Sun be situated in the houses of Mars being aspected by the Moon, the native becomes charitable, religious, fond of home,

possessed of many servants and a soft body. The above Sun aspected by Mars makes one cruel, fond of war, of red eyes and strong. When aspected by Mercury the native becomes devoid of strength, happiness, wealth, resides in foreign countries, and becomes afflicted by enemies. When aspected by Jupiter, he becomes kind, charitable, rich, famous, and holds an important office in court. When aspected by Venus the native becomes fond of low-caste women, devoid of riches, possessed of false friends and a sufferer from skin diseases. When aspected by Saturn, the native becomes inactive, foolish, and afflicted by misery. The Sun situated in the houses of Venus and aspected by the Moon makes the native receive the favor of high-class ladies, the love of many females. He adopts a calling which has connection with water. The above Sun aspected by Mars makes one lean and lank, a powerful warrior, rich and happy. When aspected by Mercury, the native becomes a poet, fond of music and an expert writer. The above Sun aspected by Jupiter makes the native a recipient of the favor of the king. He is usually timid and possessed of fine ornaments. The above Sun aspected by Venus makes one melancholy and possessed of beautiful eyes.

The Sun in the houses of Venus aspected by Saturn makes the native devoid of riches, idle, and full of diseases. The Sun situated in the houses of Mercury and aspected by the Moon makes one afflicted with enemies, a dweller in foreign countries and devoid of riches. The Sun in the houses of Mercury and aspected by Mars makes one subject to enemies and afflicted by quarrels. He is liable to be defeated in battle and is overpowered with shame. The Sun in the houses of Mercury aspected by Mercury, signifies promotion through the favor of the king, a fortunate son and a victor in battle. The Sun in the houses of Mercury and aspected by Jupiter makes one proud and possessed of a large family. His mind is crooked. The same Sun aspected by Venus makes one live in foreign countries, fickle and luxurious. The mark of fire or of any weapon should be on his body, and he becomes a messenger to a great man. The same Sun aspected by Saturn makes one crooked, possessed of many servants, foolish, and devoid of friends.

The Sun situated in the house of the Moon and aspected by

the Moon shows that much wealth will be acquired from a business having connection with water or that the native will be the counsellor of a prince and will be cruel. The above Sun aspected by Mars will make one sickly and suspicious. The same Sun aspected by Mercury makes one famous, learned, honorable, the favorite of the king and free from enemies. The same Sun aspected by Jupiter makes one famous, the chief of his family and the favorite of the king. The same Sun aspected by Venus makes one the receiver of clothing and money from women and sympathetic. The Sun in Leo aspected by the Moon makes the native cunning, sound, rich and well-known. The same Sun aspected by Saturn makes one sickly, a backbiter, fickle and subject to many pains and trouble. The same Sun aspected by Mars makes one licentious, cunning, heroic, active and afflicted by phlegm. The same Sun aspected by Mercury makes one learned, a writer, cunning and loyal. The above Sun aspected by Jupiter makes one the planter of gardens, the builder of temples, the maker of ponds and the beloved of his kinsmen. The same Sun aspected by Venus makes one suffer from skin diseases, hot-headed, melancholy and quarrelsome. The same Sun aspected by Saturn makes one cunning, an ill-performer of works and very quarrelsome. The Sun situated in the houses of Jupiter and aspected by the Moon makes one happy, expert in talking and respected. The same Sun aspected by Mars makes one successful in warfare, eloquent, fortunate and possessed of few relatives.

The same Sun aspected by Mercury makes one expert in examining metals, the composer of poems, of fine speech and the friend of good people. The same Sun aspected by Jupiter makes one the minister to a king, the chief of his race, learned and of a scientific turn of mind. The same Sun aspected by Venus makes one the wearer of sweet-smelling garlands, fine ornaments and the enjoyer of young women. The same Sun aspected by Saturn makes one depend upon another for his subsistence, fond of four-footed animals and adhere to low occupations. The Sun in the houses of Saturn aspected by the Moon makes one lose property and happiness on account of women, impulsive and subtle. The above Sun aspected by Mars makes one lose property by quarrelling with enemies, becomes afflicted with diseases, enemies, cares, and

anxieties. The same Sun aspected by Mercury makes one devoid of sexual power, good friends and makes him a hero. The same Sun aspected by Jupiter makes one intelligent, the performer of good deeds, famous and the supporter of many persons. The same Sun aspected by Venus makes one the possessor of lovely women and fine ornaments. The same Sun aspected by Saturn makes one the victor of battles, the enjoyer of kingly honor.

The Moon in Aries aspected by the Sun makes one cruel, learned, honorable, and timid. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one suffer from poison, fire, weapons, women, diseases of the urinary organs, of the eyes and teeth. The above Moon aspected by Mercury makes one famous, learned, rich and possessed of good qualities. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one the leader of an army or the minister of a king. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one the possessor of wealth, women, and children, eloquent and the appreciator of qualities. The same Moon aspected by Saturn makes one sickly, of weak mind, poor, a liar and possessed of a wicked son.

The Moon situated in Taurus and aspected by the Sun makes one conversant with husbandry; rich, possessed of vehicles and active. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one passionate, the favorite of young ladies and religious. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one conversant with laws, merciful, gay and the benefactor of all creatures. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one famous, the enjoyer of domestic happiness, a lover of religion and dutiful to parents. The above Moon aspected by Venus makes one the possessor of clothing, ornaments, palatable food, luxurious bedding and perfumery and such animals as the cow, buffalo, etc. The above Moon situated in the first half of Taurus and aspected by Saturn kills the mother and when situated in the latter half, kills the father. The Moon situated in Gemini and aspected by the Sun makes one active, noble-tempered, but poor. The above Moon aspected by Mars makes one noble, heroic, of acute intellect and possessed of vehicles. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one patient, noble, and the favorite of kings. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one holy, meek, wise, learned and rich. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one the possessor of best clothes, garlands, women, vehicle, and orna-

ments. The Moon situated in Cancer and aspected by the Sun gives affliction from the lower class of people and he becomes the sentry of a palace and fort. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one active, heroic, the enemy of his mother and of slender body. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one the adviser of a great man, rich and the enjoyer of women. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one rich, full of auspicious qualities, happy and powerful. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one the possessor of precious stones, gold, ornaments and the best women. The above Moon aspected by Saturn makes one untruthful, the enemy of his mother, poor, a wanderer and vicious. The Moon situated in Leo and aspected by the Sun makes him the favorite of the king and gives great possessions. His issues are born late in life. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one the minister of a king and the enjoyer of many luxuries of life. The above Moon aspected by Mercury makes one prosperous. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one a religious or political chief. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one the possessor of the riches of the wife, active and full of auspicious qualities. The same Moon aspected by Saturn makes one devoid of wife, expert in agriculture and of small property. The Moon in Virgo aspected by the Sun makes one rich, of noble mind and religious. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one envious, heroic and angry. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one conversant with astrology, poetry, and famous in battle. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one luxurious, subject to his wife and rich. The same Moon aspected by Saturn makes one poor, stupid, devoid of mother, and the gainer of property from wife. The Moon in Libra aspected by the Sun makes one a wanderer, devoid of riches and happiness and afflicted by sorrow. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one desirous of possessing the property of another, full of subtlety, and sorrowful. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one conversant with arts and sciences, eloquent and rich. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one an expert in buying and selling. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one active, happy, the favorite of a king and strong-bodied. The same Moon aspected by Saturn does not allow a person to enjoy property, even though his house be full of these objects of enjoyment. The

Moon in Scorpio aspected by the Sun gives low occupation, and riches, makes one impatient and endows him with a soldier-like tendency. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one heroic and the favorite of the king. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one a fine speaker, a fighter, active in singing and dancing. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter makes one the favorite of the people, of lovely features and rich. The same Moon aspected by Venus makes one famous, rich, and the possessor of his wife's property. The same Moon aspected by Saturn destroys property, makes one poor, weak, afflicted with consumption and gives ill-natured children. The Moon situated in Sagittarius and aspected by the Sun makes one rich, famous, powerful and the favorite of the king. The same Moon aspected by Mars makes one the leader of an army, rich, and powerful. The same Moon aspected by Mercury makes one possessed of a fine speech, and many servants, and conversant with astrology and the arts. The same Moon aspected by Jupiter gives large possessions and riches, a noble mind and beauty of person. The same Moon aspected by Venus gives children, wealth, religion and happiness. The same Moon aspected by Saturn makes one truthful, conversant with philosophy, a good speaker, and fierce in temper.

S. C. MUKERJEE, M. A.

THE WET HAND.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE SIEBANECK SWAYNE.

It happened at breakfast time, and to this day if I look suddenly at the sun shining upon a window pane, the blood leaves my heart.

We were sitting about the table in the breakfast room at Falmouth Farms—the room ran in a rich scale from the tawny walls to the copper coffee urn upon the table—and, filled as it then was with sunlight, it glowed like a great nasturtium; there never could be a room better fitted or more pleasant for the beginning of the day; and, until then every day had ended, as it began, in a golden content.

Gathered together for the “house warming” at Falmouth Farms, we were a party of old friends who had known each other since childhood, all but Miriam. Fred had met her and married her in another part of the country and now, newly returned from their two-years’ wedding journey abroad, their marriage was our ever fresh source of amusement.

Miriam was small, swart, acquiline, ardent and intense; to all her raptures Fred would answer not a syllable but tease her with his mocking blue eyes, until she would bite her lip, or shake from head to foot, or perhaps fly out of the room, a fine flare of scarlet in her cheeks. “Ah!” she would cry, “I am so little that you think me a toy! You never are in earnest!” But she was so charming in her wrath, and with all her indignant words, so dainty that she gave us constant delight.

Miriam in her insistent ardor, and Fred in huge indolence lazily complacent seemed scarcely the same kind of creature; it gave us surprise that the language of one could carry meaning to the other; and yet, as it was soon tragically proved, they were, beyond the bounds of seeming possibility, knit together.

I remember how, on that morning, I had watched her hands dart among the coffee things, and thought, with a smile, of Fred’s leisurely measured movements. She was in one of her most characteristic moods, intensity expressed. She wore a dress of blue color that recalled to my mind the paintings of Raphael and in answer to my question she poured forth, fluent in her jargon, a whole theory of color symbolism. “This blue,” she said, with a

downward glance that seemed to caress the shining of her dress, "this blue appeals to the soul; no eye can rest on it unthrilled; conscious or not, the mind is led from the merely physical into the circumambient realms of the spirit." At that a great shout of laughter went up from around the table. We were all so intimate and so bent upon pleasure that this shout of laughter was the familiar greeting of every serious statement. Some one said, "I have no idea what 'circumambient' means," and some one else, "Miriam thinks it is somnambulent," and a third voice, keyed above the clamor, cried out, "Is Fred somnambulating still?" "Yes, where is Fred?" we asked. Then one began to sing "Hush, my Fred, lie still and slumber," and another "Rest, rest for the weary," and Marjorie Colton sang:

"Long, lean and lank he lay upon his bed,
His sleepy eyes asleep within his head."

Miriam's brow knotted, she was always impatient of our nonsense and uproar. When she could make her voice heard she said: "Fred was up and away before any one else waked; he left me a note saying that he had gone out in the sloop."

"It has freshened up since then and Fred will be having a cold bath before breakfast," Hal said, looking at the sky.

Miriam went to the window. I followed her. The blue above was filled with windy clouds, the blue lake below flecked with white-caps. She stood a moment, speaking of the lake; then called my attention to the lawns which spread for some space about the house ending, before the windows, in a low wall, or parapet, that topped the cliff. To the right and left perhaps a hundred feet away were the shrubberies.

As we stood looking out on the empty lawn the babel behind us rose again, we could not hear each other's words. Marjorie's shrieks of laughter stabbed our ears; the other girls were banded in falsetto chorus of reproach, and Hal booming out a chant, "For women are but vanity and false curls." Miriam and I turned from the window to see what caused this tumult.

In a moment, as we looked, Marjorie's mouth fell open, and her face turned ash-color, a dead grey; Hal, beside her was livid, pointing at the window we had but just left.

Silence swept over the room, like a wave; we all turned about toward the window; upon the middle pane of glass, ten feet from the ground, was the print of a *wet hand* that trickled down the glass and melted as we looked.

The sun shone upon the bare lawn and glanced across the parapet, no human being was in sight, and no one could have reached the window, or reaching it escaped unseen.

Miriam flung her hands out against the glass, clutching at something we could not see, and cried out, till the room rang with her crying, "Oh!—Fred! Fred! Fred!"

Then the silence rolled over us again, a silence in which we all struggled for breath and strangled horribly.

Marjorie crashed forward on the table, among the dishes, none heeding her.

Miriam swayed, a glaze passing over the sightless vision of her eyes. Thus we stood, appalled at the print of a wet hand where no hand had rested, with a sense of something overwhelming and bearing us down.

With a gasping, gulping noise and a queer contortion of his face Hal spoke first: "Are we all daft?"

Running around the table he shook Miriam by the shoulders, "Wake up, girl!" and "Wake up!" again he cried, dashing a glass of water against her face. With the shock vision was relighted in her eyes, and consciousness crept, warm, like a blush, over her face. "Oh, Hal! I saw the boat upset and Fred go down—and the water closed over him—and he could not breathe! Jackson held the gun-whale—when Fred came up his head hit the boom and he went down—without breath—he came up again. Jackson could not reach him—as he sank he flung up one *wet hand!*"—When she ceased we knew that every one in the room had felt the struggle for breath, and the rushing together overhead of the waters,—and had seen upon the window the print of Fred's hand; we were seized with the chill of death.—And Miriam, a mile away, within the house, had seen her husband drowning in the lake.

CHRISTINE SIEBANECK SWAYNE.

WHAT THE BROOK SAID TO THE LITTLE GIRL.

I asked a little girl one day
What the running waters say,
As they wander on their way.

We were standing by a brook,
In a green sequestered nook,
Where great willows waved and shook,

Seeming, in their solemn way,
Half inclined to chide our stay,
As if truant come to play;

But I loved the rambling brook,
For it wore to me a look
Of some ancient story book.

Songs as wild as Runic rhyme—
Gay in part, in part sublime—
Seemed to mingle in its chime.

To the blossoms at my feet
In a language soft and sweet,
It seemed something to repeat.

And I longed to know the lay
It was weaving night and day,
Winding through the meadows gay.

Long I watched it in its route,
Round the rough rocks in and out,
Wondering what it talked about.

But no answer came to me;
Bird and brook and bending tree,
Nature all seemed mocking me.

Then I asked the little girl
What she heard the streamlet purr—
What it said with dance and whirl.

And with merry laugh and shout,
Putting graver thoughts to rout,
She responded, "Let me out!"

"Let me out! oh let me out!
That is what it sings about,
Round the rough rocks in and out."

Silently I gazed on her,
Nature's child-interpreter,
Till amid the hum and stir

Of the water's noisy flow,
I could hear in echoes low
Her sweet answer come and go.

Years have vanished since that day,
Stream and child have passed away,
Yet whene'er I chance to stray

By the margin of a brook,
Or on lake or ocean look,
I recall that quiet nook,

Hear again the childish shout,
See the waters toss about,
Ever singing, "Let me out!"

"Let me out!" the echo rolls,
Up through fiery thunder scrolls,
Onward o'er a sea of souls.

Oft I hear it thrill the air,
Rising like a holy prayer,
Hymned by Nature everywhere.

"Let us out!" the young birds sing
From their nests in early spring,
"Strength we'll gather on the wing.

"Waves in motion wake to song,
Stagnant pools must fall ere long,
Struggling souls grow brave and strong."

"Let us out!" say birds and bees,
Waving, flitting in the breeze,
"Work is pleasure, pain is ease."

Thus to freedom all things tend—
Nature hath but one great end—
It is: always to ascend.

BELLE BUSH.

MAN.

O man, an atom, rocked in Age's strife
 Upon earth's bleak unsheltered shores of Time,
 Though finite yet is thine eternal life
 Endowed with all the attributes divine.

Child of immortal parentage thou art,
 Though clothed in cruder elements of earth;
 Long, dark has been thy rough and stormy path
 Since on earth's lower plane thou first found birth.

From out unconsciousness' long restless night
 Borne on the waves of Life's tempestuous sea,
 Ere Reason's torch first shed a feeble light
 Hast thou evolved—heir of Eternity.

As on the little height attained you stand,
 Think not your journey o'er, the victory won,
 Though lord and master rude of sea and land,
 The endless course of life is but begun.

Thy spirit needs experience's chastening hand
 It must be tempered in life's bitter fire.
 The conquered self but stamps the hero grand,
As Love, the victor leads it ever higher.
 M. F. BROOKS, D. D. S.

HEAVEN.

A beautiful feeling of inward joy,
 A sweet serenity naught can mar,
 Caressing love without alloy,—
 This is the Heaven we sought afar.

A tender touch with every thought,
 A calm, a quiet from earthly din,
 A youthfulness from freedom caught—
 There is no Heaven save that within.

BARNETTA BROWN.

Everybody knows as much as the savant. The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions.

—*Emerson.*

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

To overcome evil with good is good, to resist evil by evil is evil.

—*Mahomet.*

They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Three may keep a secret—if two of them are dead.

—*Ben. Franklin.*

Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate; and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

—*John Milton.*

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

—*Hare.*

Truth and fidelity are the pillars of the temple of the world; when these are broken, the fabric falls, and crushes all to pieces.

—*Felltham.*

We can more easily avenge an injury than requite a kindness; on this account, because there is less difficulty in getting the better of the wicked than in making one's self equal with the good.

—*Cicero.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

—*Watts.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE WORLD FROM ETERNITY.

Professor Arrhenius of Stockholm, has published "Words about the World" which bids fair to create a sensation among speculative reasoners. He conceives that the present order or balance of the universe, the world-scheme—is kept up by a process of a cyclic nature; that it is like the ceaseless turning of a wheel; that it has had no beginning and that it will never have an end.

Another concept of this author parallel with this is, that life, like the universe, never had a beginning, either on this earth or anywhere else, but has existed eternally.

MAN THE INSURGENT SON OF NATURE.

Mr. Ray Lankester affirms that civilised man has proceeded so far in his interference with extra-human nature, that he has produced for himself and the living organisms associated with him, such a special state of things by his rebellion against natural selections and his defiance of Nature's pre-human dispositions, that he must either go on and acquire firmer hold of the conditions, or perish miserably by the vengeance certain to fall on the half-hearted meddler in great affairs. To go back to Nature would be fatal.

POSSIBLE CONTROL OF ALL DISEASE.

Mr. Ray Lankester does not hold back from the declaration that Man will in a time not far distant gain absolute control over all disease. Unfortunately he cherishes the notion already proved preposterous, that Governments can in fifty years bring all disease into subjection. On that subject Government always muddles. He draws the conclusions from the achievements of fifty years past.

They all point to a general principle, the secure grasping of which will enable a ceasing to fight with disease in detail, but to triumph over it in all its forms and manifestations by strengthening the human constitution against it.

A DISPUTE OVER A STELA.

It has been substantially agreed among Egyptologists that Meren-Ptah, the son of Rameses the Great, was the king under whom the Israelites left Egypt. But a Stela or monumental pillar belonging to his reign contains an inscription which perplexes investigators. Professor Flinders Petrie acknowledges that "there is nothing in the inscription to corroborate the story told in the Pentateuch." He also declares further: "The deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt is turned into the deliverance of Egypt itself from the Libyan confederacy of raiding barbarians, among the hordes of which the Israelites were a scarcely distinguished unit."

Mr. Cope Whitehouse in a letter from Newport takes exceptions to this judgment of Professor Petrie. He declares it difficult to attach any importance to the Stela. "Nor is deeper digging in Egyptian soil," he adds, "any substitute for profound research among manuscripts and books."

The apparent agreement of the inscription with the Egyptian authors cited by Josephus in his reply to Apion, he does not consider of great importance. "Whether this account be true or only the Egyptian side of the story," he affirms that "there is nothing novel in its corroboration of the Stela." He gives a different interpretation to the purport of their statements. They stated that a certain foreign race, the "Hyksos," had invaded Egypt; and that several centuries afterward the "lepers" and other infected persons were allowed to occupy Auaris which the Hyksos had abandoned. They were joined by a force sufficient to command the neck of the Delta and the trade routes, but were compelled by a force from the south to surrender. Unable with their cattle and young children to retreat westward in the desert, they made their way instead to the Isthmus of Suez.

Mr. Whitehouse identifies Auaris or Hu-Aur with Howara the key to Lower Egypt. It was even more than that. It was the key of the whole Egyptian world. The whole region now known as

the Fayoum had been transformed by drainage into a fertile district, the metropolis of the commerce between India and the Mediterranean. With the expulsion of the Hyksos the fortifications had been dismantled. The new-comers now resorted to it. After their surrender, the Egyptian government determined to put an end to its use once for all as a menace to Memphis, their northern capital. They let the Nile fill up the region, using it as a regulator against flood and drouth. But in the period of Greek ascendancy, the Ptolemies caused it to be drained once more, and granted it to their soldiers; and so it became productive land, "as in the days of Joseph" when it brought forth by handfuls. But Mr. Whitehouse reminds us that "it was not considered as a part of 'Egypt' 3,500 years ago."

It may be well to remind readers that the Egypt or Mizraim of the Bible comprised only the northern part of the country. The Thebaid and contiguous territory in the South was known as Pathros.

We have already been shown that Egypt was very ancient and highly cultured for many reigns before Menes, and now we learn that the Fayoum was like Holland, flooded and drained as public policy dictated. What next?

A. W.

IDEAS OF JUSTICE.

To the Editor of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

On page 119 of the last June number of your magazine, you sincerely criticize the medical profession, its schools, and particularly the famous Bacteriological Institute in Madrid, Spain, on the subject of vivisection. Perhaps your criticism is right to some extent, and perhaps at some other time I will give you at least one doctor's ideas on the subject. But this is not my present thought.

I will here only call attention to a few other facts wherein this enlightened age must close its eyes and turn away with shame to think that such conditions still exist in this civilized stage of enlightenment and advance. I have here before me a Home Paper. I call it a Home Paper as it is published and constitutes a kind of an official organ or paper in a medium sized town about seventy-

five or eighty miles from the City of New York. The fifteen happiest years of my life were spent in this city and it is for this reason I call the paper the Home Paper. The town I speak of is a county seat, and in a beautiful grove on the banks of a large river stands a magnificent old stone building. It is the Courthouse.

Forty years ago the father of the Judge, who presides in this Courthouse now, presented to the county, for this building, a fine Italian statue of Justice with the usual sword and balance. This statue was placed over the main entrance. Representing thus, as it were, the highest power of the land, it seems to say to the passerby: "I preside over life and death; over Liberty and incarceration; between honor and disgrace," etc. A great awe-inspiring enigma.

The present Judge is a very pious man, a leader in the church to which he annually pays hundreds of dollars, and his good wife spends about an equal amount chiefly to convert the heathen Chinese and Africans. This Judge is also the leader of the Total Abstinence Society and the Anti-Tobacco League; also the Society for the Observance of the Sabbath; and I see in this Home Paper that under his efforts a wily son of Abraham was fined twenty-five dollars and costs because he kept his pawn shop open on a Christian Sunday.

It is evident that the Constitution of the United States relating to religious freedom was not fully understood by the Jew, who perhaps thought as long as he kept the "Shabbes," Jewish Sabbath, that he was all right; so he kept his little shop open on Sunday. Of course the Sunday Observance Society made a strict example of the Jew and as of old the Jew had to pay.

I also see where a certain Mr. F., an employee of a bank, had helped himself to two hundred and sixteen dollars. Mr. F. took this money to pay a mortgage which was about to be foreclosed on his place—his home. Mr. F. tried to borrow that much money from the bank that day, but the cashier refused. Mr. F. thought that he could replace the money before he was discovered, but the money was missed and suspicion fell on Mr. F., who was arrested. He pleaded guilty.

The friends of Mr. F. now made up a collection sufficient to pay the money which he had taken, but the Judge instructed the prose-

cutting attorney to bring the case to court. (His Honor, the Judge, is Vice-President of another bank.) The case was brought up for trial, Mr. F. was of course convicted. "I will give you," said the Judge, "the full extent of the law as an example." The defence had brought in a plea for clemency as the defendant had a wife and six children. To this His Honor said that the case had to be dealt with according to law.

The next case is a case of willful murder. Two neighbors had been quarrelling for years. One day a few weeks ago they met and at once began to quarrel, which led to blows, and the one neighbor killed the other. In the trial, the defence brought a plea for manslaughter and according to the account in the paper the evidence was entirely that way, but before the Jury adjourned His Honor in his address to them said it was a case of murder in the first degree. When the Jury returned it had done as the Judge had directed and "Murder in the first degree" was the verdict. "On such and such a day you shall die by hanging. We do not hang you for spite or revenge but as an example to others, sir," said our Judge.

Now, my dear reader, we certainly do believe in Law and Order. I do not criticise this Judge any more than any other over-zealous jack-in-office, of which we have thousands and thousands in Christendom, not in this country alone. And have we less crime today than three or four hundred years ago when the God Mob like the Babylonian God was worshipped in the form of justice by every judge in the civilized world, when even Mr. F. would after due torture have ended his life on the gallows?

What provision has the great, glorious and beneficent civil law made for this man, his broken-hearted wife and his six children? Mr. F. is not learning a trade; there is no chance for him to come out of prison a better man. His family is thrown upon the mercy of the community shamed and disgraced, while he is shorn and dressed in prison stripes, made one number among a large number of unfortunates who perhaps are all swearing silent vengeance against all Law and Order.

A prominent French jurist, member of a high Court, has called the modern prison "a school of crime." So I fear it will be with Mr. F. When he is freed from prison he will look for other employ-

ment, which he will not get. No one wants an ex-criminal to work for him. He has learned no trade. I'll assure you in three or four years he'll be in prison again, for he is bound to sink deeper and deeper through the modern prison system.

Is it not likely that some, at least, of the money that our churches spend so foolishly to convert an African or a Chinaman would be of greater benefit if used to help this family or this man after he comes out of prison? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren ye have done it unto Me," and again this Great Author says: "When I was in prison ye came to Me."

Most of our states, so far as capital punishment is concerned, ignore the New Testament and follow the laws of the Babylonian Moloch after which the ancient Hebrew laws were modeled to a certain extent, as they were neighbors.

The greatest part of the Jewish law was borrowed from its Babylonian neighbors. We also know that the Puritans adopted the Jewish names and also the Jewish laws. But capital punishment is not of Hebrew origin, as it does not agree with the story of Cain and Abel. The Great Creator did not ask to have Cain hanged, "For an example." Christ's teaching was a doctrine of mercy and brotherly love and is far from being observed in our modern laws. And as for the laws of the land today, they are still of a shade of medieval darkness, and in the far distant horizon there is a dark shadow of the fierce Babylonian Moloch to which the Old Testament forms the missing link.

Four hundred years ago, this Judge of the Home Paper would have wasted a full night's sleep to invent some new torturing device. The thumbscrew, wheel and rack would not alone suffice for him to make his prisoner say just what he wanted him to say. Perhaps the prisoner would die under the inquisition; such accidents in those days were not uncommon. The next day this Judge would build for his church a new altar or have a priest say twenty-five masses for his eternal salvation. Today, this Judge must be content with a cross-examination, a good plea to an ignorant Jury, and the next day fifty dollars to the Chinese missionary fund. Who can say we are not improving?

No, Mr. Editor, do not complain of vivisection. A museum in

Edinburgh contains the wheel, the rack, the thumbscrew, the dungeon, and a dozen other fearful devices of ancient or medieval justice. We shudder at these instruments of torture, and laugh at the old religious beliefs and creeds and thank God that we live in a time when these devices, laws and creeds are no longer in use. And, my dear reader and editor, a day is also coming when our posterity will walk through the modern prison and medical vivisection room and shudder, as we do today, at the inquisition rooms, and laugh at our missionary ideas, our Sunday and temperance or total abstinence laws.

Justice as well as Medicine has to get away from the old ideas. We all have to give up the old and gloomy for that which is new and brighter, happier and better.

R. J. E. MONTEAGLE, M. D., D. S. C.

COURAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE.

The courage of the commonplace is more difficult than the courage of the crisis. It is more difficult because it is not attended by the rewards of appreciation and applause. The courage of the crisis is called for by dramatic conditions. It belongs to the field of battle, where it is assisted by the beat of drums, by the sight of uniforms, by the presence of great companies of men. It is a public virtue which cannot be hid. The man who meets the crisis knows that if he fails he will be everlastingly ashamed of himself, while if he succeeds he will have the applause of his admiring neighbors. And that consideration keeps him mightily. But the commonplace does not attract attention, gets no mention in the newspapers, or in the histories, and does not lie along the way to glory. Thus Roger Williams said that there were Indians in Rhode Island, who would stand to be burned at the stake without a groan, but when they had the toothache they cried. There were no admiring crowds to watch the fortitude with which they bore that homely pain.

The Lord selected twelve plain citizens, most of whom could be duplicated in the last third of any college class, and they transformed the world. They appealed to the common man, and they showed him how to understand, and accomplish and glorify the common task. They had the courage of the commonplace.

—*Rev. Geo. Hodges.*

EVOLUTION.

BY LANGDON SMITH.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We crawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain.
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was driven away on a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the froned palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled
Till the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink;
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
 Loud answered our kith and kin;
 From west and east to the crimson feast
 The clan came trooping in.
 O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
 We fought, and clawed, and tore,
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
 We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
 With rude and hairy hand;
 I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
 That man might understand.
 For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
 Ere human laws were drawn,
 And the Age of Sin did not begin
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
 In a time that no man knows;
 Yet here tonight in the mellow light,
 We sit at Delmonico's.
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
 Your hair is as dark as jet;
 Your years are few, your life is new,
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
 And deep in the Coraline crags;
 Our love is old, our lives are old,
 And death shall come amain;
 Should it come today, what man may say
 We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
 And furnished them wings to fly;
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
 And I know that it shall not die.
 Though cities have sprung above the graves
 Where the crook-boned men made war,
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,
 Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
 O'er many a dainty dish,
 Let us drink anew to the time when you
 Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

—*Selected.*

TEXTS FROM "THOUGHT POWER."

BY ANNIE BESANT.

The Self as Willer, the Self as Energiser, the Self as Knower—he is the One in Eternity and also the root of individuality in Time and Space. It is the Self in the Thought-aspect, the Self as Knower, that we are to study.

What is the Not-Self? All which I do not know and will and act.

The *Knower*, the *Known* and the *Knowing*—these are the three in one which must be understood if thought-power is to be turned to its proper purpose, the helping of the world. According to Western terminology, the Mind is the Subject which knows; the Object is that which is known; the relationship between them is knowing.

The Self as Knower has as his characteristic function the mirroring within himself of the Not-Self.

The mind, the vehicle of the Self as Known, has been compared to a mirror, in which are seen the images of all objects placed before it.

DEFINED.

Ennui is the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE SECRET CHRISTIANITY.

These Mysteries the Church communicates to him who has passed through the Introductory Degree. These are not explained to the Gentiles at all; nor are they taught in the hearing of catechumens. But much that is spoken is in disguised terms, that the Faithful, who possess the Knowledge, may be still more informed and those who are not acquainted with it may suffer no disadvantage.

—*Archelaus*, Bishop in 278.

THOUGHT AND BRAIN.

Our own theory is that the brain is a secretion of Thought; for thought seems to be the more wonderful of the two. We would rather think about our brain than have our brain think about us. This is rather mixed, perhaps; but then we are not quite sure what is "us." It seems to be a third factor that has got into the equation.

* * * *

That the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile some quite notable people believe. But then the very theory itself, namely: that the brain secretes thought, is itself, by that logic, a secretion of the brain. So the brain secretes theories about its own functions. One thing—the professor could not have helped having this theory, as his brain secreted it; but it is hardly worth while publishing it, as at any time his brain may secrete some other theory. Who is to settle the truth? With people all over the world, and their brains secreting theories, we shall have a multitude of diverse beliefs, and the truth will be simply a matter of authority, or survival of the fittest. Perhaps some big brain will one day secrete a theory that will floor the other theories.

—*Student in Century Path*.

A FABLE FOR CRÆSUS.

"If you do not take care of your money," said the ant to the grasshopper, "the world will simply sneer and ask you what you did with it."

"Yes. And if I invest it and become rich the world will sneer and ask me where I got it."

—*Washington Star*.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking, says *The Birmingham (England) Post*. "Sing Loo, gleastest doctor," said his servant; "he savee my lifee once." "Really?" queried the Englishman. "Yes, me tellible awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He givee me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. Cloth, 179 pp., \$1.50 net. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

"Beauty is truth—truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know," might stand as the foreword of Stanton Davis Kirkham's new book, "The Ministry of Beauty."

Mr. Kirkham will be remembered by our readers as having been in the past one of the contributors to this magazine. The new volume is brought out in a uniform binding with the third edition of "Where Dwells the Soul Serene." Paul Elder & Co., the publishers, have given us a fine example of the bookmaker's art. The binding and typography are plain and beautiful. "Where Dwells the Soul Serene" appeared first some eight years ago, and still keeps its place among those who love the work of a philosopher, poet and nature lover like Mr. Kirkham. Mr. Kirkham's thought inclines toward Mental Science, though he objects to being labeled as belonging to any sect, or conforming to any creed. Having made a study of the religions of the world, he perceives the truth of Max Müller's contention that there is no religion which does not contain some grains of truth, and that religion must accommodate itself to the intellectual capacities of those whom it is to influence. He therefore urges upon the clergymen of the day, the necessity of knowing other teachers of truth beside Jesus, and other sacred books beside the Bible.

Religion is perhaps the faculty which enables man to apprehend the Infinite,—but unless in our lives we show forth the true idea of God our religion is vain. Love, joy, happiness, kindness, work, health—these are the texts of the sermons for everyday living.

In his chapter on health Mr. Kirkham says: "The first and best rule of health is kindness." Spiritual regeneration is what we need, bringing into realization the soul within us, one with God, absolute and unconditioned, and separated from Him only in consciousness. Health is wholeness, a perfected relationship of love and truth to God and man and nature. To realize this we must acquire the mental control which many of us are striving for and know that whatever ministers to the mind is also medicine for the body.

Mr. Kirkham may be said to be an exponent of the New Thought. He is a firm believer in the efficacy of a practical psychology applied to daily needs. In reading both his volumes one realizes that though an idealist he never loses sight of the practical application of his teaching. His philosophy of life is serene and smiling—he gives us thirteen chapters of it, in all of which beauty is the keynote. Beauty perceived through the senses, but far more through mind and spirit being a necessity of life.

The style is forceful, many of the sentences having epigrammatic power and lucidity. The book is one we are sure will appeal to our readers.

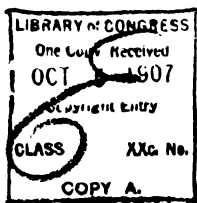
IAMBlichus' EXHORTATION TO THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY. Fragments of Iamblichus, Excerpts from the Commentary of Proclus on the Chaldean Oracles, Plotinus' Diverse Cogitations. First Translated from the Original Greek by Thos. M. Johnson, Editor of *The Platonist*. To which are Added The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. Osceola, Missouri, U. S. A. 1907.

With the translator this has been a labor of love, and to the genuine student of philosophy it comes with a welcome. It is no easy task to reproduce the thoughts of a Greek philosopher in an English dress, so as to express amply what was meant. The English language but imperfectly corresponds to the Greek when recondite ideas are to be expressed. This leaves to the translator the alternatives of transferring terms after giving them an English form, or of employing circumlocution, or leaving them imperfectly rendered. Besides this, there is a qualification needed which is still more imperative. The translator should be in rapport with the author. The attainments of the schoolmaster, however thorough his erudition, are not enough. It requires a Plato to understand Plato, and only a philosopher may interpret the utterances of a philosopher. To that credit Mr. Johnson is entitled. Philosophy has for scores of years been as food and drink to him, and he has wrought his task with rare fidelity. In many respects he is worthy to succeed Thomas Taylor, the most thorough and devoted of the students of Greek philosophy, as well as the most derided and maligned.

The writer must plead for himself a preference for the endeavor to express recondite speech in a form more familiar. He is loth to accept obscurity of expression as indicative of profundity of thought. Much of the scientific jargon of the present day savors more of affectation than of real knowing. The croaking of the frog may be impossible for a neophyte to understand and may impress the hearer with awe, but it gives no assurance of skill. Far wiser is the charge of Aristotle: to think like the wise, and speak like the many.

Nevertheless, we are more eager to praise than to criticise. In the work before us, we have not only an example of fidelity, but of devotion and the desire to serve. Since, thirty years ago, he ventured single-handed, to issue a periodical which should attract students to the works of the great philosopher, and make thoughtful readers familiar with the aims of the Akademeia, he has not swerved in purpose, and in this last publication shows that his hand has not forgot its cunning nor his purpose become cool or changeable. He assures us that he is still at work, and we may be certain that he will be heard from again. The Platonist always lives for the ages.

A. W.



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THE WAR AGAINST THE WORLD'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY SIEGFRIED HERZ.

Ancient culture had decayed after a long decline. As everything grows old and disappears, the most conceited people also grow old and become extinct. Many races had contributed to create this culture. All at last became merged in the world-embracing Roman Empire, which comprehended in its union, its own death, and, in its dying state, Christianity, the last view of the world of antiquity, had its creation.

Because civilized people grew weary, the barbarians were able to break into their decayed world. The great migration of people gave the finishing stroke to the rotten building of the ancient culture. But the victors learned from the vanquished. From the conquered, they took possession of all, the material and the immaterial. Thus Christianity became the creed of the world. Grown up in it from earliest childhood, this belief of the world was for a time an unshaken faith, beyond all doubt. In the Middle Ages the church educated the people severely. Its authority was absolute, non-resistible; it pressed heavily on spirit and on feeling.

The people, however, grew to maturity. They moved, and desired to become independent. The different peoples who up to this time had lived together in one nursery, as it were, began to withdraw more and more from the mother-church and its guardianship. They separated from it, but they separated also from each other, each going his own independent way.

The first general insurrection against Christianity, somewhat obscure and indistinctly expressed, took place in the time of the

Renaissance and of the Reformation. This was the beginning of modern liberty, the beginning also of modern culture.

Man now began to think independently and upon his own responsibility. The different people used different weapons in the war against the once oppressed, but now deeply rooted world view of Christianity. The French and English were cool-headed, they undertook the laborious task of finding out how and in what way they could *attain* cognition. Modern culture strove yearningly after the knowledge they were thirsting for. How to get it—what methods to employ—were subjects upon which the deepest geniuses of the nations reflected.

It was otherwise with the Italians and Germans. These wished at any sacrifice a cognition of the best, the highest things. They desired to fathom the depths of the mysterious world. Metaphysics being the philosophy which seeks cognition of the highest things, they passionately sought its secrets as of a philosophy that would offer compensation for the theoretical intuition of Christianity which was so greatly convulsed.

For many centuries the spirit had been prepared and trained to solve this problem. In the Middle Ages the doctrine of the Church was unquestioned, but soon there arose a feeling of discontent and the people did not accept the Christian doctrine with the fullest confidence. Endless exertion and indefatigable assiduity were devoted to give reasons for the faith. This was the task which set itself before the medieval philosophy—scholasticism. It was the first feeble awakening of the European spirit.

One by one they understood, however, that it would be wrong to prove as truth the questionable doctrine that already existed; they had first to *seek* the truth. They broke through the barriers of the old faith and sought for a new cognition. This was in the time of the Renaissance.

Thus prepared the Italians and Germans endeavored to obtain the highest, a new metaphysics, a universal view of the world in the largest sense. They did not venture at once to disavow altogether the metaphysics of Christianity, which is a theistic one, believing in one God, a God standing outside and over the world. He has created it, but now it goes its own way, not independently

however, God intervening, at will, in its course. This intuition had become untenable by the results of science. It was found that all things, all actions, all events of the world do not occur, one isolated from the other, but that all things have a general relationship. The one causes the other. Everything has its motive. This proves that God does not intervene in the course of these occurrences. It was this that the new metaphysics taught: God does not stand outside the world, he had not created it as a man might create a work of art, but God and the world coincide, they are the same. The divine attribute extends through the whole world, through all its phenomena. God lives in all and all lives in God. This intuition is called pantheism.

These were the ideas which were at first formed in contradistinction to the Christian view of the world. The Italian, Giordano Bruno, and the Jew, Spinoza, created these conceptions. Giordano Bruno expiated his deeds on the funeral pile; Spinoza lived severely persecuted and isolated.

Then followed the German, Leibnitz. He created a general view embracing the world. He did not wish to entirely break away from the Christian doctrine. He wished to combine all the ideas and intellectual tendencies then existing into his wide and comprehensive system. This was the last effort in the world of modern culture to retain the doctrine of Christianity.

More simple was the solution given by the philosophers of nature. They believed that no foreign incomprehensible power intervened in the course of nature. They taught that God has created the world and made it so perfect that there is no necessity for his intervention in any way. The world simply is going its own way. The world, as they believed, would indeed be imperfect and the creative work of God would be defective if he had always to care for its preservation. A machine is perfect only when it does not require the constant attendance of its inventor. In the same relation are God and the world. With the profusion of his power God has created the world, it is perfect, and now goes its way independently, while God himself enjoys his creative power and sublimity. This view of the world is called Deism.

Thus was the state of affairs towards the end of the Eighteenth

Century. An enormous suspense was lying over Europe. One perceived obscurely, that these experiments were mere compromises, only needy, last resources. In this state one could not remain.

To remove the tormenting suspense there were two ways; either back or farther on. One had to turn pious again or to drop God altogether. Both ways the new, the Nineteenth Century has pursued. Two metaphysical currents side by side run in the century lying behind us sharply separated from each other.

On the threshold of this time stands Kant. In him both directions are lying together still merged into a unity. He destroys, he demolishes with inexorable severity the old metaphysics. God is provable in no way. All the noble ideas which one had puzzled out to prove the existence of a God and which had now become doubtful, were shattered by the severity of this great philosopher, who taught that all the former doctrines were inconsistent. A metaphysical cognition, a knowledge that these important and highest things are absolutely unattainable for us. Therefore, taught Kant: because we do not understand these problems, we hold to tradition and continue to believe in the old faith of a higher being, of the immortality of the soul, of the eternal requital, the belief of which is for our consolation.

The successors of Kant created new ideas. Two systems of the highest order were given to us by Hegel and Schopenhauer. Hegel taking for his foundation man and history; Schopenhauer, nature. Hegel enjoyed great esteem, his glory was dazzling; Schopenhauer lived in obscurity and solitude. Hegel's popularity soon waned, however, and he became quite despised by those who had previously been his followers, while gradually the star of Schopenhauer arose.

But the old church-belief also awoke again in its simple, child-like nature. Indeed, the very uncultured religion of ideas which were absolutely incongruous with the modern thought, was brought forth again. After Kant there could be no knowledge of these things! Why then, not believe in the most absurd and preposterous things? In this way Christianity commemorated a never divined resurrection.

However, this was only the one side. Kant had destroyed

with undoubted certainty the old structures of Metaphysics. How was it with those who had lost the belief in God? It seemed to them that life had become unbearable, impossible, as if everything had fallen; their view, (which in part exists today under the name of pessimism, i. e., a view at once sorrowful, miserable and atrocious) full of pain and unspeakable horror. This pessimism we see in Byron, the great poet of the world-woe. This belief has found numerous adherents in France, and as far as Germany is concerned we have only to mention Schopenhauer.

From whence came this nihilistic view of the world and of life? Belief in God was lost. They were forced to live without God. But this they could not bear. The world seemed senseless, man felt a loathing for the world. Schopenhauer saw the world without God. It seemed to him an atrocious monster, his own feeling being that of misery and despair.

Nietzsche is the first man, the first great and deep man who dared to say: *God is dead*. And to whom this caused no cry of pain but rather shouts of joy.

Nietzsche is the first man whose life without God is not painful and senseless, but good, beautiful and praiseworthy. He did not fall into despair at the thought of there being no God, and think that the world was unworthy to live in, but now that God was dethroned, the true life of man began. With joyfulness Nietzsche salutes the birth of a new, a far more magnificent mankind.

The doctrine of God Nietzsche contrasts with a doctrine which shall satisfy man's highest desire and hope, which shall become for him a rich, over-rich return for every doctrine of God. Nietzsche endeavors to obtain a complete revolution of all human feelings. Formerly man had a wholesome dread, a hidden veneration regarding this world. Adoring, man bended his knees and it was his greatest pride, his highest hope to be obedient and submissive to his God.

These feelings Nietzsche desired to tear out of the heart of man and to implant into his soul higher ones. The world is not something finished, perfect, that already had its crown, its climax in a God; and man does not waste his earthly existence on a

drag line of this higher power. No, man is a limb of the world, a part of the world. Before him there were only inferior beings, no God is above him. He stands now at the head of all things, he goes on creating the world; man causes the further development of the world. To devote oneself, to plunge into new ditation, to adore, was once the highest delight and elevation. Production—that is the highest now. All the blessedness, all possible delight lies today in Creation. "Creation is the only great salvation from suffering."

Certainly the world is hard and cruel. Will, for power, is the world. All beings struggle with each other, wild powers rage around man. There comes no help from outside. No God's protecting hand is above him, still he is not afraid. Man enters into the contest with the world, he continues building the world he will create, and nothing less than always create.

One only can create in an unfinished, growing, changing, transitory world. Thus Nietzsche thinks the earthly, transitory world the only right one, the only important, only existing world. Formerly when one believed the world to be finished, crowned with the highest being, God, one abused and polluted this world, for man believed that the true life began in the other world with God, and only in this sense had life any value or signification. Now, however, man began to think quite the contrary. He felt the value of "this" world, desired to live and work here. Ever since the beginning of the combat against the Christian view of the world he esteemed more and more the value of this world. Man believed he served the other world best, when he served this world to the best of his abilities. This was the faith, the religion of those great geniuses at the end of the Eighteenth Century: Lessing and Schiller, Göethe and Kant. One lives here, this world is not bad, is not unworthy. Therefore, Göethe says with all distinctness (*Eckermann*, 25th February, 1824): "The occupation with the idea of immortality is for ladies who have got *nothing to do*. A clever man, however, who thinks there is something decent here and who therefore daily has to strive, to struggle and to create, leaves the future world alone and is active and serviceable in *this* one." This faith found its strongest expression in the *Faust-Poem*. This courageous genius wished to live his

own life in his own independent way, he thirsted after knowledge, fortune and deeds of the world. He, however, was damned by the old church myth. The men above mentioned could not allow Faust to perish, their argument being that any man whose life was so great and who produced such good works was not a sinner and should not perish. Faust goes with Göethe into heaven and the angels sing to him :

“Whoever strives forward with unswerving will,—
Him can we aye deliver.”

Here I may mention how our great contemporary nature-philosopher Haeckel, defines God. “Our Monistic God,” says Haeckel, “the all-embracing essence of the world, the Nature God of Spinoza and Göethe, is identical with the eternal all-inspiring energy, and is one, in eternal and infinite substance, with space-filling matter. It lives and moves in all things, as the Gospel says. And as we see that the law of substance is universal, that the conservation of matter and of energy is inseparably connected, and that the ceaseless development of this substance follows the same “eternal iron laws,” we find God in natural law itself. The will of God is at work in every falling drop of rain and every growing crystal, in the scent of the rose and the spirit of man.”

All things in the world are subject to transformation, alteration and evolution. Nothing stands still. All comes to existence, and all disappears, why then should morality alone be unchangeable.

Nietzsche comes to the decisive assertion, that there is not only one morality, but two. Life is given to us in two forms according as it rises or falls. Every time there must be a new law which designs the direction. There is one morality which builds up and lengthens life but also one which shortens, undermines and ruins life. Nietzsche alleges: Christian morality upon which so much stress is laid is the *décadence*-moral. Grown up upon the ground of *decaying* antiquity, as the product of degenerated and dying people this morality has kept its validity up to this time. The tendency of which is hostile and negative to life. Primitive Christianity teaches us only the depravity of this world, there being no good in this life according to its

doctrine, but it also teaches of another world, the Empire of God. As a brilliant and consoling light the Empire of God stands out of the blackness of this earthly world; this Empire of God being set against the true nature. "My Empire is not of this world." Thus natural man with all his manifestations, desires, wishes, which chain him to this earthly life, contradicts this Empire of God. The Christian regards this life as a burden of sin and wickedness; he wants to be redeemed. Christianity is a religion of redemption. Every idea, every feeling signifies a contrast to life.

Therefore, consistently opposite to all manifestations which strengthen life in the great sense, as state, art, science, sexual life, power, beauty, fortune—the primitive Christianity is in part completely apathetic, in part positively hostile.

In Christianity asceticism is developed, the best possible flight from life and this world. This is the aim of the doctrine of *décadence*. It denies and ruins this life.

Also, the moral part of the Christian doctrine: the love of our neighbors, the compassion for all suffering men, contradicts the true life. Life is a struggle. Work is put side by side with work. Ability with ability. Life is a struggle, again I say it.

This is a fact. In the face of this fact Christianity now asks love and, what is more, unlimited love, love to the neighbor as to yourself; that means it asks the breaking up of the contrasts, the stop, the settlement of the struggle.

One sees how Christianity wants to have employed, above all, its doctrine of love and compassion. Almost entirely Christianity gives its solicitude to the sick, oppressed and weak who have succumbed to the struggle of life. These people oppose the great and strong life, they restrict themselves to all that is insignificant, neglecting the strong and good for the poor and weak, whilst in nature all that is weak succumbs and perishes.

Christianity is like a gardner, who in his nursery-garden does not pick out the withering boughs, but in every way keeps them alive. For the sake of the weak branches he lops off, without consideration, the healthy and beautiful branches so that they may not deprive the sick ones of life and light.

One asks anxiously: how can human life exist after the rescis-

sion of these commandments? It is obvious that life can only be kept by self-sacrifice.

Nietzsche recognizes this objection, it is justified. But he replies: *the* sacrifice which is necessary for life he will not attack. This sacrifice is not contained in Christianity at all. The essence of the Christian doctrine is not sacrifice. One is in great error about Christian morality. It has not been understood.

If one would comprehend a mental fact, he has to ask for the *origin*. Nietzsche puts the question: What kind of men represent this doctrine? The examination gives us the right valuation.

Nietzsche goes back to the most general fact in life. That life is a struggle. Two kinds of man exist; these are always in conflict; one overcomes, one succumbs; victor and vanquished. Nature is a struggle. Man, however, loves to fight, he loves courage, bravery, self-command, perseverance, strength. He enters the struggle with all his energy, respecting himself and his adversary according to their ability.

The weak and defeated men, however, have quite another view of life, regarding their position as unjust. They are not willing to participate in the struggle. They want to rise again, they ask for relief. But how are they to get it? Not wishing to enter the combat themselves they try the art of persuasion, they preach loudly, raising their hands, begging and threatening at the same time: Peace; give up the struggle! Love! general love, which does not despise the humblest person on earth.

So strange it sounds, Nietzsche declares that on the contrary the moral of the struggle of inconsiderateness is the morality of self-sacrifice, of the love of the neighbor, of charity and self-preservation. Nietzsche asks: The demand of love to the neighbor, of compassion, will this not signify that everybody has to be kept alive? That all must be spared? Is this self-sacrifice? Does this not signify everybody will live and everybody must care and help that he lives? Is this self-sacrifice?

Those who espouse a warlike-life, where nobody spares the other, are very brave and courageous. Such a life of war is without doubt very dangerous. Who knows then, if one gains the victory? How easily one may succumb? There is a will, a readi-

ness to sacrifice himself. And thus Nietzsche demands struggle, self-sacrifice in this combat.

This life wants men who are willing to sacrifice themselves in the war of life. History says: the greatest epochs of man were when he drew away from the animal—they were epochs of war, of great bravery and self-sacrifice. It was only when man spared himself that he began to decay. We have the experience, says Nietzsche. Christianity has existed a long time, but there was a time when it did not exist or had no power. Let us compare the results, the effects of Christianity. "By their fruits ye shall know them." By what has man prospered?

Culture, whose foundation was laid in antiquity by the Greeks and Romans encouraged men in the art of war. For centuries mankind have praised the greatness and beauty of these people. The Greeks and Romans did not know the moral of love for the neighbor and compassion for the weak. Emulation was the law. None spared the other. The Greek was a warrior; in playing he was a warrior; in playing he ventured his life. The whole ancient culture was one great Olympian Game. Should these people have been selfish and without knowledge of sacrifice? these people who produced the Warriors of Thermopylæ, who procreated heroes upon heroes.

These people understood the true art of sacrifice. They did not sacrifice one for another; they did sacrifice one for all, for their fatherland. This was not by renunciation but by doing some deed of valor, in which they found their greatest delight. The *morality* of these people is the declaration for the greatness of their services to mankind.

This culture however was only a passing dream. It decayed. Man went down. How came this about? A new doctrine appeared which contradicted all intuitions and feelings which produced their greatness.

The Greek loved his life and therefore he created and worked for it. He adorned this world in order to make the same always more beautiful. The more he adorned the more he loved it. The new doctrine now taught that the world was really nothing but evil, that all who love the world would be irretrievably lost,

cast out. There should be no more war, no jubilating, no emulation; only love and peace should abound.

Antiquity decayed. Civilization arrived. Again man became man, and nature became nature. And thus one looked backward toward Rome and Greece where once a flourishing race had existed. This epoch was called Renaissance, new birth of Antiquity, new birth of man for nature—humanism. The foundation of all that has made modern culture great and has given it a right to compare itself with the Antique, was laid in the time of the Renaissance. This was the epoch of discoveries and inventions. And again, did man respect, here, the love of his neighbor, of compassion? Was it a mild and peaceful time? No! It was a wild time! No regard for the neighbor! Merciless war and emulation! To live or to die, to be victorious or to perish. It was a great time. The problem of the Renaissance was to change Christian morality to the Morality of Nature.

But this epoch also soon passed away. Christianity was restored by Protestantism, and jesuitism by reformation and counter reformation.

Since that time the greatness of the Renaissance was never attained again, only temporarily it arose and this time in Germany. Again there awoke in the young men a longing for Rome and Greece. Lessing and Herder, Göethe and Schiller made these heroes their ideals and praised in poetry and song the powerful and beautiful human race of the Greeks. The deification of Homer, the hymns sung in honor of Apollo of Belvedere, was this not a new religion, with longing for beauty, fortune and greatness of mankind?

It was in Göethe that this longing found its chief exponent. But also Göethe—a beautiful existence for nothing! One did not understand how to derive benefit from him. In this century the doctrine of abjectness of life on earth rose again and this time by the pessimist, Schopenhauer. One has only to reflect upon the stupefied life in France, the nihilism in Russia, and in Germany the pessimism and music. For instance in the music of Wagner so powerful and bright as it seems to be, again and again there resound moaning chords. And also in the pictures of that

great painter, Boecklin: behind all the glow and fullness of life, at the end death always appears.

Man should not deceive himself, says Nietzsche, by the activity, industry and restless eagerness in our days, in life, science and technique. Behind this feverish activity no confidence, no fortune conceals itself. Man wishes to deaden sensibility with all this, therefore man works.

Again man longs for redemption, one wants love and compassion. Love and compassion, cry Tolstoi and Wagner. Already the low and weak arise. The doctrine of equality of all men reappears. The leveling tendency is here—is growing. "O," cries Nietzsche, "*man runs on to his own destruction, he declines! turn back! reform! it is high time!*"

SIEGFRIED HERZ.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FEELING.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

Meditation on the suggestive aspects of life though demanding tribute from the intuitive rather than the intellectual faculties, is not only instructive but recreative, recuperative and unfolding.

Once we recognise the independent, individual existence of the human soul and tacitly admit the possibility of its eternal unfoldment, we are met by inscrutable enigmas and infinite mystery.

Our only and best method of becoming conversant with the true nature of this apparently incomprehensible being, even in a modified degree, is by reasoning from analogy; yet this comprehensive mode of ratiocination does not invariably obtain.

All operations external to us manifest change and interchange. Change is the spirit of progress. The conservation of energy is a scientific fact.

Matter is indestructible, but subject to change of form in the evolution of all its possibilities. Doubtless there is no more matter in existence to-day than there was ages ago, and the same substance will continue to obtain, but will be modified and clarified according to the continued association with the soul of man.

While that soul maintains its integrity inviolate; persists in intelligence and memory; perpetuates independent existence, and ever remains a storehouse of accumulated power which nothing can destroy, all things subsidiary thereto become modified in expression by virtue of the disintegrating, purifying, refining influence of human intelligence.

All worlds in the vast infinity of the interstellar universe have been evolving possibilities for untold ages, but the soul of man "secured in its existence" is unhurt "amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

The transformations that matter can undergo are everywhere apparent. The sunbeam vibrates through the ether, and spreads prismatic hues by diffusion on the atmosphere, and vegetation is colored thereby.

Its constituent elements become appropriated by the external world—that vegetation becomes the coal strata—the coal by combustion becomes transformed into the force of steam—electricity is evolved from latent material potentialities—all can be resolved into primal elements, and nothing is lost.

The earth is purified by these operations, and returns to a more etherial and spiritual condition the refined particles which have subserved her purpose. Thus the equilibrium of power is maintained between the two conditions of existence.

The vibrating atoms of the human body are ever interchanging—becoming modified and refined—the brain is ever disintegrated and renewed, but individualized intelligence remains.

Even the mentality is dissociated and expressed, therefore a recuperation is absolutely essential—that mentality refines and beautifies the intellectual world, and the soul proper must assert the harmonious relationship.

However, mind is not the soul, but the vehicle of its outer expression.

From where then, does the inner essence receive its compensation when its power is thus being absorbed by the external?

Manifestly, the human soul must be related in sympathy to the Great Central Source of Light and Power in the spiritual realm—that *impersonal*, inexhaustible, infinite, abstract essence of intelligence, from which man absorbs sustenance for continued activity.

Thus, while the physical brain is subjected to perpetual change, the soul remains intact, memory is perpetuated throughout the varied environments of new bodily forms, and individualization becomes master of all. The brain does *not* secrete but is the transmitter of thought.

As the conception of the artist cerebrated in a nebulous condition nestles in the brain organism to be eventually breathed forth as an idea materialized, so the thoughts of man in the aggregate attracted to and associated with human mentality determine the nature, beauty and harmony of the external by their outer expression.

When these combinations of spirit essence which embody thought have made their impress upon the surroundings in cor-

respondential symbolism, they pass on to their native center of gravity in the ether spiritual, to become tangible realities in a thought or spiritual world.

Thus the primary cause of all activity is human intelligence; for even the sunbeam may be but the breath of spirit.

However, this analogical rumination is but preliminary to the great question submitted for consideration in this treatise.

The philosophy of feeling is the most difficult problem that can possibly exercise the reflective and perceptive faculties of the human mind.

What philosopher can consistently deny that eternity is necessary for the solution of this infinite problem? Earthly life is a condition of contrast, invaluable, indispensable to all, incongruous to none who sense its significance—the ante-room introductory to higher attainments of superlative pleasure in spiritual infinity.

Though some faint by the way, though some protest because of what they term injustice of environment, ample compensation will be given by an unfoldment of power, which will render possible all that we desire.

The real man—the innermost consciousness—the perpetrator of life in its varied forms of activity, is evidently an indestructible, self-adjusting, living, double-acting human magnet—a grand center of attraction—nay, a principle possessed of both centripetal and centrifugal potentialities, which it has made for itself.

This principle is both receiver and transmitter. Thought is evolved, and other souls are influenced in proportion, while a negative indifference will allow the external flow from fellow-beings to flood the reservoir of emotion and consciousness within. Thus the positive attitude of the developed man is a benison to the race, but the susceptible condition presented by the less fortunate, makes his soul a repository of inharmonious thought and feeling.

When this philosophical proposition is duly sensed and regarded as the inevitable logic of the facts of life, the would-be suicide will no longer resolve to use violence, but be a hero, patient in the throes of contrast, and hopeful of a glorious future.

For me, personally, life here on earth is too prosaic for my mental and spiritual composition.

The charm, the romance, the ideal, the inspiration, the joy of existence seem to recede as the years roll on. With my conceptions of the future, with my convictions of man's God-possibilities and eternal delights in the great beyond, why am I sad? Oh, if the spiritual sweetness of childhood and youth could but again hallow my path—if the poetry of nature would but return to brood over my yearning soul, how happy would I be!

Is it because of physical disorganisation which causes congestion spiritually as well as physically? I think not: my health is better than in times past; there is nothing in particular on my conscience. If it is the man, why is it?

When life was in its morning, and it seemed as though the pure, ambrosial breezes of spirit existence gently breathed upon the budding soul, every offering of nature; every changing variety of the external; every heart-beat of earthly life; every sweet vibration of human love, swelled the bosom with suffusing joy: all was hallowed ground and a delightful dream.

Ah, truly the child lives in a world of exquisite beauty, and his heart echoes responsive to divine delight; the flowers are sweeter to him than tongue can possibly portray, and the romance of childhood is glorious indeed. He revels in and is overwhelmed by Nature's boundless love—nay, all the wealth of India would not compensate for days gone by.

The glorious orb of day, flecking the fleecy clouds with light, resulting in the corresponding hue of shade, the gleam of sunbeams in the blossoming trees, the wild, free, careless rambling in the verdant woods, the persistent strenuousness in demanding treasure from Nature's munificent hand, the thrilling, absorbing intensity of wantoning with the breakers on the surf-beaten shore, to bid God-speed to the evaporating snow, and reverently give glad welcome to the smiling buds which the Spring is bringing forth; to be overwhelmed with floral tributes, the song of birds, the ever unfolding glories of the Summer fields; to romp in the new mown hay and chase the festive bird; to roam the wilds for Autumn fruits, and revel in all its charms; to fondly recognise stern Winter's kind regards, and merge with

inexpressible pleasure our activities with his varied means of physical recreation; to feel the blood coursing like quicksilver through the veins; to glide over the frozen stream in the teeth of the wintry blast; all this, all these may be undignified to the maturer man—we do not wish to return to the condition of childhood, but when the spiritual aroma has departed, the clouds have obscured the sun, the cold winds of contrast have swept across the scene, and we have become fossilized in our environment, we *do* desire the perpetuation of that inimitable, incomparable joy.

The poets Wordsworth, Byron, Moore and Shelley have all experienced and deplored their inability to perpetuate and maintain these spiritual delights, and their philosophy could not assign a reason why. Man's environment on earth may exhaust its possibilities of soul awakening and strengthening, and it becomes necessary to inhale another atmosphere—have new surroundings—breathe other thoughts in order to satisfy the inexorable demands of the divine spirit.

Why are we so immeasurably benefitted by an ocean voyage and a change of climate? It is because the recuperative elements of our being require new appropriations, which our present surroundings cannot supply. If this be true in a physical sense, how much more is it apparent, from a mental, intellectual or spiritual standpoint? If we could change our environment at will, health and happiness, mental and spiritual, must inevitably obtain.

The lordly eagle, pining in captivity, sullenly, impatiently and with subdued vivacity, submits to the inevitable. He longs to defy the piercing solar gaze and soar to dizzy heights and cloud-capped hills—the sweet skylark, so cruelly circumscribed within the narrow limits of his captor's power, looks askance at the mocking semblance of the green fields, and beats his wings against his prison cage in abortive efforts to make the ethereal blue vibrant with melody divine: allow them both to enter their lawful environment and life becomes to them an embodied joy.

If I require a change of surroundings in order to experience perfect spiritual health, is not that an earnest of the fact that the soul is not in its native atmosphere, but is held here for the experience of contrast?

In spirit-life that hungering, yearning, aspiring, appealing cry for spiritual equilibrium will be heeded, and my soul will gravitate to those "fresh woods and pastures new," where every spiritual want will be supplied.

There, where the soul can harmonize its environment by the exercise of its own latent powers, everything possible of joy will be known, correspondent to the condition of unfoldment.

That divine, emotional principle which we call love reaches out on the spiritual ether, there is confusion like turbulent waters seeking equilibrium, as that positive principle seeks harmonious relationship with its negative counterpart, but eventually the merging of the two conditions is consummated, and tranquility, harmony and peace prevail.

C. G. OYSTON.

THE KING RECEIVES.

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

Poet.— The King receives. I am commanded here
To swell the throng that surges toward the throne,
Then ebbs away through marble arch on arch
As waves slip down the shingle to the sea.
It is a palace fit to house a king;
Its old embroidered tapestries, which hold
Quaint histories in every silken thread,
Hang, priceless fold on fold. On yonder wall
Cornelius' master hand hath deftly limned
A sylvan glade, whose tender, neutral tones
Background the goddesses he loved to paint.
Mine eyes are spell-bound by the witcheries
Of one who doth outshine her sister nymphs,
As sunlight doth outshine the moon's pale ray—
Whose classic features, fair and beautiful,
Hold my regard by their pure radiance.
Ah! were I but a conjurer, I'd bring
Thee close beside me here, O maid divine!
I'd curtain thee from yon full garish light,
That glares upon thy clinging, gleaming robe
Diaphanous as mists at early dawn
That golden head, the ivory of thine arms,
Thy sandaled feet, and rosy cheek and lip
I'd shelter from the bold impertinence
Of staring courtiers. Safe in shadow here
Behind this tapestry, I'd fold thee close,
And talk to thee in whispers.

Ah, the king
Descendeth from his throne; the audience
Is over with. Yet still I linger here,
Feasting my eyes—what's this?—what's this?—what's
this?
Oh, miracle! Oh, marvelous! Oh, strange

Past all believing—she hath vanished quite
 From out the fresco there upon the wall,
 And where she stood but now a pearly mist
 Hath risen under yonder painted tree!

Goddess.—Hush, poet, dreamer! I have come to thee!

Poet.— What, *thou?* Thou'st come to me—thou'st come to *me?*

Goddess.—Poets are conjurers, and may demand
 That which another mortal dare not ask.

Poet.— How didst thou know?

Goddess.— I, who am of thy world,
 Know as thou knowest. Art thou still surprised
 To see me here? Why, that surpriseth *me!*

Poet.— Thou smilest, goddess. Smile, and smile again,
 But hide the splendor of thy countenance
 Within the shadow of the arras here,
 Else will the world believe the silver moon
 Hath come to grace this audience; and, then,
 Discovering thee here, will come and take—

Goddess.—What, thou a poet, and bat-blind as this?

Poet.— Bat-blind as what?

Goddess.— As not to comprehend
 That none save poets see immortals thus—
 That only poets' eyes may meet our own—
 That only poets' ears may hear us speak;
 May realize our presence in their midst.
 Art still amazed, O poet?

Poet.— Then 'tis true—
 It must be true, O nymph, O goddess sweet,

That magic lurks within a poet's art?

Goddess.—As true as that I stand beside thee now ;
 But come, talk of the world—the world of which
 I know so little—this fair world of thine,
 On which I've looked uncomprehendingly.
 Be thou interpreter. Thy poet's tongue
 Will make translations I may understand.
 Do not delay ; but pray thee, pray thee, haste,
 Lest I be missed.

Poet.— I missed thee instantly ;
 The king may also.

Goddess.— King—what is the king?

Poet.— Yon decorated, much bejeweled man.

Goddess.—But what is he?

Poet.— The ruler of us all.

Goddess.—Of thee?

Poet.— Of me. I am his laureate.

Goddess.—And why?

Poet.— Because I chanced one day to write
 A little verse that pleased his majesty.

Goddess.—Was he its inspiration—he—the king?

Poet.— Thy gaze doth cover me with thy contempt—

Goddess.—Nay, but a poet should be free as air ;
 Not a subject of a king, but king himself.
 What power doth he possess that doth control

That which should never know a curb or chain—
Bind jesses on a heaven-soaring soul,
And teach thy wings to fly by mortal rule?

Poet.— Nay, spare me, dear divinity; not quite
So servile and abject a slave am I!
But I am of this world, and while I dwell
Upon this whirling planetule, must live
As others of my trade.

Goddess.— Thy *trade*? But there—
Enough. Why is the king the king?

Poet.— Ask thou the Fates why he was born a prince,
And why his sire, grandsire, and great-grandsire,
And his forefathers' fathers ruled the land.
I am, thou art, he is—'tis all I know.

Goddess.—Then, thou art not as fit to rule as he?

Poet.— Who knows? But there, my levity offends.

Goddess.—Offends? Nay, it doth fill me with amaze
That thou canst deem it mirth-provoking. Why,
It seemeth to a stranger like myself
A serious and most unhappy thing,
That this one man should hold you all in leash!
So many, and subservient to one
Whom chance hath brought into this little world
Through royal channels.

Poet.— Nay, but 'twas not chance;
There's no such thing as chance, divinity.
For grave offense committed in the past—
Some action dire enough to set him here—
Here in this most unenviable hell
Of men's fierce hate and envy, must he meet
And bear as punishment the lack of love,

The bitter enmity of all his world;
 The place he is condemned to occupy,
 Made his by the accursed right of might
 Of thieving ancestors—must live and fear
 That every smile hides back of it a frown
 So hostile that 'twould still his craven heart
 To see the hidden venom. Maid divine!
 If thought would kill the king, he'd die,
 Tortured to death.

Goddess.— Poor king!

Poet.— Most orderly,
 And with profound intent doth work the LAW,
 Aud subject unto it is mortal man:
 In all the world—

Goddess.— What is this world of thine?

Poet.— A little tavern on the road of life;
 A busy hostlery, where every hour
 New guests arrive, and older ones depart.
 A caravansary, whose inner court
 Is filled with maskers, as thou seest here.

Goddess.—I see no masks.

Poet.— What dost thou call a mask?
 If 'tis a painted thing with nose and chin,
 And eyes and cheeks and lips that all belie
 The soul it hideth; then behold each face
 Turned to his majesty a perfect mask.

Goddess.—Are they, then, false, these faces I behold?

Poet.— For some strange reason, not to be explained,
 Man giveth not his real self to the world;
 But of two well-known masks he maketh choice,

And this he weareth for what time he stays
Within the tavern that we call the world.

Goddess.—Two masks? Describe them, poet.

Poet.—One is that
Which doth conceal both cunningly and well,
Just what the wearer really may be;
The other mask as deftly makes pretense
Of that which he is not; and none there are
(Save those who are above or far below
Regard for all appearances) who dare
Stand bare-faced 'fore the world. But some there are
Who overdo their parts, and so betray
Themselves to those who watch the motley throng.

Goddess.—I notice, poet, on each countenance
Thou'st called a mask, a most peculiar look—
A strained expression which doth draw the lips
In stiff and painful lines across the teeth,
And which doth cause each masker to appear
An echo to his brother.

Poet.—Nymph divine;
That which thou dost observe is called a smile.

Goddess.—A smile, thou sayest? But behold, the eyes
Are cold and hard and mirthless—not a ray
Of merriment gleams from their dismal depths:
Who are these people?

Poet.—Courtiers.

Goddess.—What are they?

Poet.— Oh, gallant knights, brave men of ancient race,
And noble ladies of high rank.

Goddess.— High rank?
 If there be high, then doth the word imply
 That there are people in this world of thine
 Of low rank?

Poet.— Yes; the great majority.

Goddess.—And where are they?

Poet.— Outside the pale.

Goddess.— But why?

Poet.— O, goddess, fair and beautiful! are there
 No poor, no outcasts, in that world of thine?
 Beyond the dusky shades of yonder wood,
 Lives there no wretched, miserable soul,
 Avoided and contemned, and looked upon
 As undeserving of the smallest thought?

Goddess.—There, whence, I came, all men are gods, and all
 Are worthy of a brother's sweet regard;
 It is a fearful thing to contemplate,
 This miserable, unjust world of thine!

Poet.— No greater truth than that was ever told;
 But it may change.

Goddess.— Change? What is change?

Poet.— It is
 The only thing that's constant in this world;
 Since mutability's a law immutable;
 I fear thou couldst not comprehend my speech
 Should I endeavor to explain to thee
 That from which all immortals are exempt.

Goddess.—Thy pardon, poet; try not to make clear,
 That which I never may experience;

But there, it seemeth, is a brighter side
 To this queer world of thine. Those gentlefolks,
 Who gyrate mincingly before our eyes,
 With bending knees and reverent salaams;
 They seem a friendly company.

Poet.—

They seem

A friendly company: Thou say'st aright;
 But if I might tear off each fair, false face,
 So thou couldst clearly view each courtier's soul,
 Thou'dst see a sight so far more piteous
 Than all the beggars in the street can show,
 Thy pitying eyes would overflow with tears,
 The while thy heart rebelled indignantly
 At what is hidden under courtly guise.
 Such hate, such envy, and such dark despair
 Obtain where royal favor turns about—
 A golden vane before the winds of whim!
 Such scheming, planning, plotting, and the like;
 Such crafty wiles and deep diplomacy;
 As would encourage thee to entertain
 The thought that all the foul machinery
 Such deft manœuvres, skillful strategems,
 Of Hades were made use of for the ends
 Of greedy self's insatiate appetite.

Goddess.—And thou, a poet, must live in this world;
 Must bear to have thy heartstrings played upon
 By coarse and cruel hands; must hear the jars
 Of discords, hateful to thy singing soul—
 Must wear a mask to hide thine agony?

Poet.— Sweet goddess, heartfelt sympathy like thine,
 For one who wears his mask with such poor grace
 That seldom are his features wholly veiled,
 Must reconcile a poet to his fate!

Goddess.—What is his fate?

Poet.— To sing the living truth
 To all the wondering world; to paint its love
 And hate, dear nymph, its sorrow and its joy;
 Its inspiration, triumph and defeat,
 In glowing colors born of clashing tones,
 Or tender tints of blended harmony:
 The poet must do what none other dares,
 Nor hide behind the mask his brother wears,
 But bare his very heart that men may see
 It beats in sympathy with all that lives.

Goddess.—And all the world is grateful for thy song?

Poet.— It might be, goddess, if it chanced to hear;
 But 'midst the hurly-burly of the inn,
 Where guests arrive and guests depart, and none
 May linger long enough to rest himself,
 Nor fix his thoughts upon realities,
 One may not reckon on his audience;
 But yet I mean to sing, and sing, and sing,
 Until my voice doth fail me quite.

Goddess.— And then?

Poet.— And then I'll write a book.

Goddess.— What is a book?

Poet.— 'Tis something which we put aside to read,
 Or something which we read to put aside;
 It maketh very little difference,
 Since it, perforce, must fall into the hands
 Of either people who forget to read,
 Or who read to forget—'tis much the same.

Goddess.—I thank thee for thy gentle courtesy,
 But fear that my inquiries weary thee.

Poet.— Fair deity, it is a privilege
To speak with an immortal, and I pray
If aught thou seest perplexeth thee thou'lt ask
An explanation.

Goddess.— Taken at thy word:
Who's yonder woman there beneath the arch,
Clad in the cloth of gold; upon her mask
A grimace ghastly as 'tis sad to see,
And fires of fierce rebellion in her eyes?

Poet.— It is the queen.

Goddess.— The queen? What is the queen?

Poet.— The consort of the king; a martyr soul
Who hath been sacrificed—or call it wed —
To please the nation; she, for whom sweet love
Hath been proscribed; who liveth within bounds
Set for her by a princely etiquette—
Both crucified and crowned—a martyr soul.

Goddess.—'Tis piteous! but tell me, who are they
Who cross the room and stand before the king—
A splendid trio—aged men and wise,
Benevolence and gentleness I see
Speak from each noble—

Poet.— *Mask, O maid divine!*
These three benignant venerables wear
The most impenetrable, thickest masks
That ever have been worn by mortal men.

Goddess.—These gentle men? O, poet, what are they?

Poet.— His majesty's most doughty generals.

Goddess.—His *generals?*

Poet.— His military men ;
 Those who go out to battle for the king ;
 His noble chiefs who lead the common herd—
 The rank and file—to death.

Goddess.— To death?
 And what is death?

Poet.— Life's silent partner ; that
 From which all mortals would escape, and yet
 Toward which they ever swiftly make their way.
 It is a problem which no living man
 Hath ever solved. It is a potent thing
 That turns to dust the mighty and the mean—
 It is the hope of the unfortunate ;
 The terror of the wicked. Blessing, curse,
 Unfathomable mystery ! A thing
 In its material guise a baneful thought,
 To make men shudder, and to be afraid.

Goddess.—O, lamentable world ! and when these men,
 These generals, lead people up to this
 Dread mystery, what happens?

Poet.— Then they die.

Goddess.—Die?

Poet.— Yes, meet death ; cut to the heart with swords ;
 Pierced with sharp spears, or with a hurtling dart,
 Shot from some mighty bow, or crushed with stones,
 Or slashed with blades affixed to chariot wheels,
 Until their blood is spilled, and their poor clay
 No longer will consent to hold their souls.

Goddess.—O, evil world !

Poet.— And all this, that the king

May be enriched, and add to his estate
Some neighboring dominion.

Goddess.— And for this
These doughty generals are given rank,
And decorated with those blazing stars;
Are honored for their evil deeds, whilst thou—

Poet.— This little ribbon is enough for me;
And poet laureate's a post preferred
To that of royal butcher.

Goddess.— Who may these
Bright beings be, O, poet laureate?

Poet.— Two ladies of the court; and have a care
Lest their bright eyes discern thee!

Goddess.— I have said
That none save poet's eyes—

Poet.— Pray pardon me,
O, dear divinity! but this I know:
No mortal woman lives whose soul hath not
A rare poetic tendency. Behold!
They surely sense thy gracious presence here,
Such keen, inquiring glances penetrate
This shaded corner.

Goddess.— Modest laureate!
Thy presence is the magnet that attracts;
But see, they turn to greet those two old men—

Poet.— They are their husbands.

Goddess.— Can thy words be true—
These old, decrepid, miserable men
Husbands to these fair damsels?

Poet.— They are rich—
 Their coffers overflow with gems and gold.

Goddess.—And will young maidens sell themselves for that?

Poet.— Alas, alas, dear goddess!

Goddess.— Where is he—
 The boy-god, Cupid, with his golden bow?
 The minister of love, who mates the hearts
 Of joyous youth, and scorns the bribery
 Of sordid age? where's he whom poets love
 And swear by?

Poet.— If thou'lt send thy glances there
 To yonder niche beyond the second arch
 Thou'lt find him frozen into solid stone;
 The frigid air of calculation sapped
 The tender warmth of his young body, and
 He died, divinity. Then women came—
 Young, heartless, soulless, laughing woman came—
 And placed the marble form of Eros there
 Upon the pedestal, where it will stand
 In attitude so like to life, he lives
 In effigy for all enduring time.

Goddess.—O, miserable, miserable world!
 For all enduring time, thou sayest? Pray,
 What is this time, O poet?

Poet.— 'Tis a thing
 Immortals may not comprehend, since they
 Live at the high noon of an endless day;
 Time is the heart-beat of a mortal life—
 The counted beads upon a little strand
 That stretcheth from the cradle to the grave.
 It is a thing we speak of spending here
 As if, indeed, 'twere really mankind's

Perpetual annuity, whereas,
 Men spend their capital, and wasted hours
 Are each time-losses ne'er to be recalled.
 Time is the swiftly moving vehicle.
 That carries all things into nothingness.

Goddess.—Then naught endures?

Poet.—Naught earthly. Father Time
 (As mortals name him) hath a magic touch,
 And where his hand falls—be the fall as light
 As wind-borne petals of a shattered rose—
 Then doth a change, however unperceived
 By piercing, watchful eyes of hate or love,
 Straightway begin, and with the passing hours
 The short, swift months, and fleeting, hurrying years,
 There works the magic of his wondrous touch
 On those whom an untimely death hath spared.
 Beneath the wizard's hand, divinity,
 The oldest mortals find their youth again,
 And are as children to this Father Time,
 Who through their second childhood gently rocks
 And soothes them into slumber most profound.

Goddess.—Then he is kind?

Poet.—Kind is the holy thought
 That formed him for our uses in this world.

Goddess.—Then slumber endeth all?

Poet.—Beginneth all
 Were nearer truth. For, as when comes the dawn,
 The little children waken with the light,
 And, laughing, leave their downy nests to joy
 In all the gladness of the new-born day
 Whose golden hours are full of promises,
 So do the children Time hath rocked to sleep

Forget their weariness of yesterday,
 And at the first, faint, rosy glow of dawn
 Stretch rested limbs, and hail the happy morn
 Which offers all each eager child will take
 And make his very own.

Goddess.— Good laureate,
 What chanceth when these bright to-morrows end?

Poet.— My speculation doth allow no end
 To these glad dawns. Look, dear divinity,
 See yonder who approacheth!

Goddess.— Pray thee tell,
 What is yon mask; a woman or a man?

Poet.— Dear goddess, tell thou me.

Goddess.— The gorgeous gown
 Whose rich tint gleams through films of costly lace
 Suggests the woman; but the face is man's;
 What dost thou call this thing?

Poet.— A holy man.

Goddess.—"Holy?" Explain the word.

Poet.— His holiness
 Is that with which the miserable herd,
 Which bends its humble, fear-bent knee to him
 Accredits him. In this he wraps himself
 The while he hides the fat and unctious smile
 That kindles at their gullibility.

Goddess.—What doth he aim to do, this holy man?

Poet.— To teach his betters morals. Housed in state,
 With palace walls to shelter him and his—

For his great retinue doth ape the king's
 In numbers and magnificence—he bids
 The starving poor starve with a better grace.
 Be shriven, and die in seemly uncomplaint,
 Saved by the love of Christ!

Goddess.—Christ, poet? Who is Christ?

Poet.—

A holy man.

Goddess.—Like to this mask?

Poet.—

As like as noonday light
 To midnight darkness, goddess! This man here
 By the power of the church he desecrates
 Doth boast a rank and title. He extorts
 Fat tithes from those who starve because they rob
 Their own pinched selves to swell his plethora.
 He is not taxed to live, but taxeth all
 Who wear his livery and work in chains
 Of superstition which his powers forge;
 He is the awful mouth-piece of a curse
 Which that he paints in terrifying tones
 Hurls through him at the wretch who stands upright
 And dares to question his divinity.

Goddess.—You say this mask doth preach?

Poet.—

This he pretends,
 But hides the truth beneath a weight of words;
 Darkens the light and chokes the crystal springs
 Which are intended to allay all thirst.
 This mask can read; and so to hold high caste
 Among the ignorant he fosters ignorance
 Till he becomes men's sole dependency—
 Their only hope of heaven; so, full of fear
 Hurl'd at them from the pulpit overhead,
 They strip and starve themselves to buy their way

Into the heaven he draws with cunning hand
 Upon the blank walls of their simple minds.
 The costly laces and the shining gown
 May represent the price of heaven for five;
 His sense indulgences the price of ten;
 His retinue, his horses, carriages,
 The pomp of his palatial residence
 May people heaven too close for comfort!

Goddess.—

I

Would hear more of the other holy man—
 Him whom 'tis said he follows. Where is he,
 The Christ? Where doth his shining palace stand?

Poet.— In good men's hearts. They are his temples. He
 Hath left the world, and yet he liveth here
 Enthroned in every soul that knoweth love.

Goddess.—And did *he* sell the right to enter heaven?

Poet.— Nay, he taught us that heaven was within,
 And that the only way to enter there
 Was to push back the bolt of selfishness,
 And let the portals open of themselves.

Goddess.—How was he clothed?

Poet.—

In righteousness, and, oh,

The Son of Man, dear goddess, had no where
 To lay his head; nor took he any heed
 Of where his pathway led him. Through the world,
 He made his blessed way on foot,
 To anywhere the soul-sick needed him.

Goddess.—He taxed his people?

Poet.—

Only for their love;
 That which was Cæsar's was not this great king's.

All that he asked was love, and this he preached—
Love unto God, love to himself, and love
To every living thing in all the world—
Love, love, and only love, until the heart
Of all the universe beats with his own!

Goddess.—And then they crowned this glorious king of kings?

Poet.— They . . . crowned . . . him!

Goddess.— And they placed him, then, on high,
Above their heads so they could see him throned?

Poet.— Above . . . their . . . heads!

Goddess.— And all of them drew near,
And, coming close about him, called him king?

Poet.— Called . . . him . . . king!

Goddess.— Ah, that was glorious!
And love . . . his love . . . still lives?

Poet.— His . . . love . . . still . . . lives!

EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

EVOLUTION FROM BEING.

BY JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

There are no questions that appeal with a more intense interest to the consciousness of mankind than "What am I?" "Whence did I come?" "Whither am I going?" These have been the questions of the ages, and will continue to be propounded until man shall have discovered and announced their correct answer. It is unquestionably true that there is much that is unknown, and probably to us here in earth-life what is known is as but a single drop to the vast ocean in comparison to that which is unknown; but it does not therefore necessarily follow that there is anything that is absolutely unknowable. Unknown, but not unknowable, should be our assertion; and then we should use every endeavor to make our assertion true by reducing the unknown to the known, and in discussing the subject of the evolution of "Being *per se*, or Self-existence," we are making an effort in that direction.

In this effort we must be sure of our premises, and begin with something that is already known to exist, and never for an instant lose sight of it, and we must be exceedingly careful that all our reasoning is sound and our deductions logical and true, and then we shall at least have reasonable grounds to hope that our efforts will be rewarded with some degree of success.

Our first basic fact is this: Man is something, an entity of some kind and quality and could not have come from nothing, for nothing is a negation, the absence of everything; therefore, the something that constitutes man must have always existed in some form. If you deny this, then you must produce the evidence to prove that the time was when this something did not exist, for this something is here and is perceived by our consciousness; and common sense, reason, and logic all affirm that it always must have existed in some form.

Our second basic fact is, that as many qualities or distinct principles, such, for instance, as sight, hearing, feeling, tasting, smelling, life, organization, consciousness, sensation, will, intelligence, love, reason, wisdom, benevolence, morality or justice, etc., are all manifested in man, they must each and all have a potential existence and

inhere in this essential something that constitutes man, or else they could not be manifested by it.

We enter a vigorous protest against the assumption that life, mind, consciousness, etc., are self-existent entities, for all the known facts go to demonstrate that they each and all are qualities or principles that inhere in the entity of self-existence and that these principles can and do only attain to manifestation and expression under certain conditions.

It is not possible that the doctrine of involution can be true when advanced in connection with the primal entity of being, for that would be to presuppose a still prior entity as an involuting cause, and as we are dealing with the primal infinite entity of self-existent Being, such a supposition is not admissible. Hence, then, all things that are, ever have been, or that ever can be, must from the necessities of the case, have a potential existence; and inhere in the primal entity of Being, and the one and only question in relation to the whole matter in connection with evolution is this:

Does self-existence in its primal condition, have an objective and manifest existence, fully developed and unfolded to its highest and most perfect condition, or is its existence in its primal state simply essential in being and potential in form?

Here we have the whole subject in a nutshell; and having attained to the ability to correctly conceive and properly formulate the question, possibly we may find that the knowledge we possess may be sufficient to enable us to answer it.

Through the evidence furnished by chemical analysis, we know that this same something that constitutes the physical man is also present in and constitutes the various animal, vegetable and mineral forms that are lower than man in development, and that must of necessity antedate the existence of man, for without this something existing, or being manifest in these lower forms, it could not exist in the human form as man; for if all animal and vegetable forms should cease to exist, man would of necessity perish off the face of the earth.

Yet should this something cease to exist as man it might still continue to exist in the animal form; should it cease to exist in the animal it might exist in the vegetable; should it cease to exist in the vegetable it might continue to exist in the alluvial, and

mineral, and ceasing to exist in all of these it might still exist in the liquid mineral and igneous forms; and thus step by step we can trace this something, this self-existent entity of being that constitutes man, backward through the stages of its development until all worlds, planets and suns vanish; for all these as such had a beginning, backward along the line by which it has unfolded and developed until this something exists in its primal state, simply as a self-existent entity, essential in being, and potential in form, or simple Self-existence.

This is the only rational and logical conclusion, for from the facts stated it can be demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this primal entity must attain to expression in the alluvial form before it can attain to expression in the vegetable and animal forms, for the alluvial is the basic form from which the vegetable and animal forms are evolved; and this primal entity needs to exist in all these lower states, before it is possible for it to exist in the human form as man.

Thus we perceive that there is a process of evolution going on in this primal entity through which, step by step, it attains to a more full and perfect manifestation and expression of its inherent qualities.

Supposing we call this primal entity God, we shall gain nothing by so doing, for even a God could not create something from nothing, and by so doing we should set for ourselves the difficult and impossible task of trying to devise a way to justify the acts of such a God to man, a task that all theology has vainly been striving to accomplish by presenting for man's acceptances the "Plan of Redemption," vicarious atonement, reincarnation, etc., all of which those possessing the courage and ability to think and reason for themselves upon what is, cast aside as puerile and false.

There is no such thing as creating, when the word is used in the strict sense of producing an object or thing which shall manifest a substance that did not previously exist. Used in that strict sense, there can not be found in all the universe of manifest and objective being, one single thing that has been created.

All things that are, fall into one of two great classes. They are either evolvments or constructions. If produced by the inherent qualities and knowing action of the substance that constitutes them,

they are evolved, and in this class, are embraced all things that are said to be the products of natural or divine causes, and they are built up, unfolded and developed from within, through the action of their own inherent forces. But if they are built up and produced by the voluntary and conscious action of a force operating upon them from without, then they are constructions. Thus, a bird is evolved, but its nest is constructed. The bird and its nest, the man and his house, each show unmistakable evidence of intelligence and design in their production, but the bird and the man stand forth as perfect in their design and adaptability while the nest and the house are wanting in this quality of perfection.

The evolved forms are the resultant effects from the (to them) unconscious and involuntary action of the substance that constitutes them, which never makes a mistake, thus manifesting the quality of knowing absolutely, and attaining results without the process of thinking, while the constructed forms are the results of conscious, voluntary action applied to their substance from without, thus giving evidence of conscious thought and of conceived design as a result of rational perception.

The highest theological conception of God at the present time is that of an Infinite Being perfect in all respects, who consciously and voluntarily causes, directs and controls all manifestations of finite being, and if, as is sometimes said, all things manifest are the thoughts of God, then most assuredly the thoughts of God are a tangible something; therefore, inasmuch as there can not by any possibility be two infinities, it logically and inevitably follows that all things are constituted of the substance and are the varied expressions of this Infinite God, and we have the astonishing result of an Infinite, Self-existent God, fully and perfectly developed and unfolded in all directions, consciously and voluntarily assuming an existence in lower and imperfectly developed forms.

If you say that God thus manifests through lower forms for the purpose of creating a universe of finite being outside himself, we reply that, being infinite, he must of necessity embrace the all of being, and such a manifestation in finite forms would be an additional form of expression and state of existence, and a movement towards either a more perfect or less perfect state of being, either of which would be incompatible with the conception of an Infinite God.

That there is a God-state of the Infinite Self-existent Being, can scarcely be doubted when all the evidence is carefully considered; but that the Infinite Entity of Being or Self-existence on its primal plane, in its unevolved condition exhibits any of the qualities of Godhood as above defined, is not even remotely indicated by any of the evidence and the known facts relating to the evolution of forms.

It is claimed, and truthfully claimed, that the whole universe of objective being in all its parts and qualities gives unmistakable evidence of a perfection of design, and therefore that there must be something or somebody that designed it all.

We admit the fact of the existence of the perfection of design, as manifested in the evolved universe, but deny the correctness of the conclusion that there is, therefore, something or somebody that consciously designs, and thus creates the design; for we have shown that no thing can be created, nor can it be evolved unless it inhere and exist potentially in the primal Self-existent Entity. That which is produced by the operation of the forces that inhere in the substance constituting it, must give expression to the design that inheres within it as one of its potential qualities, and this applies to all evolved forms, while constructed forms express the design that has been conceived by a designer, and it is impressed upon such form from without.

There is a fundamental difference between design and designing. Design is a thing in and of itself, a self-existent quality or principle of the primal substance, if you please to so designate it, while designing is a conscious effort to rationally perceive a design before giving it an objective expression, and is the result of a process of reasoning; and inasmuch as conscious reasoning is a process of mental comparisons of such things germane to the subject as we have cognizance of, it follows that no process of reasoning can give absolute knowledge that does not include in its comparisons each and every form of existence that has any bearing upon the subject; and as original and perfect design embraces the all of being, past, present and future, in all its varied expressions, to consciously unfold such design would require a consciously absolute knowledge of All Being, past, present and future, and to develop such consciousness would give eternal employment to the energies of the primal, self-existent entity, in its state of Godhood.

Knowledge is conscious knowing; sensation is conscious feeling, and they are developed and unfolded through experiences, and experiences come to the primal, self-existent substance, through its varied manifestations of itself in differentiated forms.

Perfection of design cannot be predicated of a process of conscious reasoning, but can be predicated upon the condition of knowing absolutely without the process of reasoning; hence, as the evolved universe shows unequivocal evidence of perfect and original design, we are forced to the conclusion that the primal entity of Self-existence knows absolutely, without developed consciousness, and feels absolutely without developed sensation, and that in attaining to expression in forms it always acts unconsciously and involuntarily, as regards the individualized form, or from a sub-consciousness, and that it is perfection of design in and of itself, and that by the process of evolution it gradually unfolds and develops its design by attaining to an objective existence.

Being, then, by all the evidence and facts obtainable forced to the conclusion that the primal substance is *self-existent in character, essential in being and potential in form*, it follows, as an imperative necessity, that all things that are, are but the varied and differentiated expression of this primal substance, which by the exercise of its inherent principles, qualities and powers, attains to a fuller and more highly developed state of being.

Having ascertained this much as to its condition, let us see if we can learn aught as to the principal fundamental qualities of this self-existent substance.

Whatever produces an effect must be something, therefore substance of some kind; hence, wherever an effect is observed, we may know that substance in some form and state of being constitutes the efficient cause.

If we consider our physical body we soon discover that it has ponderability and dimension; therefore the substance that constitutes it must possess the qualities of ponderability and dimension, and as it produces effects, we know that it is something, therefore a reality of some kind, hence a part of the primal self-existent substance, and we designate it by the term, matter.

If we consider our mental being we find that by conscious thought we give expression to ideas, and that these ideas produce

effects, hence that they are something, therefore substance; and as ideas have neither ponderability nor dimension, it follows that the substance that constitutes them must be like them in that respect, and this portion of the primal self-existent substance we designate by the term, spirit.

Thus we establish the fact that the primal Self-existent Entity of Being, *per se*, is constituted of two forms of substance, the non-dimensional and the dimensional, and that by the aggregation of these two into specific, differentiated forms, it attains to expression on planes and in conditions above the primal.

We find that an idea cannot be divided; therefore its basic substance, spirit, is not divisible, therefore unparticled. We find that a body can be divided; therefore its basic substance, matter, is divisible, therefore particled. We find that an idea when consciously perceived imparts knowledge; therefore its basic substance, spirit, must know absolutely, or without the process of thinking.

We find that when a form or body is acted upon and such action is consciously perceived, it imparts sensation, and the body feels and reacts; therefore its basic substance, matter, must feel absolutely, or without sensation. Thus we find that spirit substance is imponderable, unparticled, without dimension, knows absolutely and acts; and that matter substance is particled, has dimension, feels absolutely and reacts when acted upon. Thus they are the true counterparts of each other—spirit the active, positive and internal; matter the reacting, negative and external.

For self-existence to produce an effect or to attain to an expression upon any plane above the primal, it is requisite that its two fundamental forms as spirit and matter shall unite to constitute a form that shall be composed of particles of matter in aggregation, within and around which aggregation of matter spirit will be condensed, and will constitute its active principle, and the action of the spirit and reaction of the matter thus condensed and aggregated will evolve an egoism of being which will constitute the essential *I Am*, of that particular manifest or objective existence, bringing Consciousness, the Soul of Being, into manifestation.

On the primal plane of being, spirit and matter, acting and reacting upon each other, evolve an egoism of force, and this, so far as we can perceive, is its first form of manifest existence; and this

manifest state of the primal substance of Being *per se*, in the form of force, is what is generally understood by the term Nature, when used in its broad sense and as the operative cause in the evolution and production of forms. Thus we see that all forms of being are triune, being constituted of spirit and matter as to their substance, and the *ego* or effect evolved by their specific combination in each separate form; and this is true of all expressions of the primal substance, whether regarded in its general expression of itself as a whole, or in its specific expression in parts. This triune character of the primal self-existent substance as a whole, consists of its two forms, spirit and matter, and the *ego* or effect evolved by their reciprocal action and reaction, which manifests itself as force, and gives to Being *per se*, an existence as Nature.

As it is demonstrated that spirit is unparticled, non-dimensional and indivisible, it follows as a necessary consequence, that it must ever remain the same, unchanged and unchangeable, for that which cannot be analyzed cannot be produced by compounding, and that which cannot be added to, or taken from, cannot be changed; and as matter is ponderable, particled and divisible, it follows just as necessarily, that the effect produced must change with each and every varying combination of its atoms; and as the fundamental quality of spirit is that it knows absolutely, and of matter that it feels absolutely, it is evidently true that neither of these substances, separate and by itself, can possess or manifest developed consciousness, for consciousness includes in its manifestation both knowing and feeling, hence its expression must be a resultant effect manifested through an egoism evolved by their union, in a specific form. Therefore the more perfect their union, the fuller, more complete and embracing will be the consciousness evolved; and as spirit can only attain to expression through an egoism evolved by its action upon matter, it follows that the more perfect the form assumed by matter in its reaction responsive to the action of its animating spirit, the greater will be the ability of the *ego* evolved to give expression to the potential qualities that inhere in the primal substance of Being *per se*; and it equally follows that the form capable of manifesting the fullest expression of Being *per se*, will be one in which all of the elements of matter combine to produce an ultimate of form.

We have shown that the primal substance of being does change

by a process of evolution, from its primal condition of essential and potential, to one that is manifest and objective, and that its ability to manifest itself is determined by the completeness of its union in differentiated forms, the manifestation of its inherent qualities and attributes ever being in an exact ratio to the complexity of the form that evolves the *ego* through which the manifestation is made.

Thus there is no manifestation of the primal substance on the mineral and alluvial planes that is not also exhibited on the vegetable plane; but in the vegetable forms, which are more complex than the mineral, it manifests the principles of life and organization which do not attain to expression in the mineral. Thus we may perceive that life and organization are not entities in and of themselves, but that they are principles or attributes of the primal substance, that, whenever and wherever the requisite conditions are present, become active and evolve the forms through and within which they attain to expression and manifestation. Thus it appears that the inherent qualities or attributes of the primal self-existent substance of Being *per se*, which may be properly designated as inherent, potential principles, are the efficient causes that produce all things.

Force is the great operative principle in the mineral forms, and in the more complex vegetable forms, life and organization are added, and in the still more complex animal forms, to all the principles that have heretofore attained to manifestation we behold those of Consciousness, Sensation, Thought, Will, Volition, Reason and Love; and in the human form, which is the most complex and perfect of all known forms, the primal substance of Being *per se*, attains to other and still higher manifestation of its inhering qualities and potential principles, giving expression to its principles of wisdom, justice and beneficence, attaining to a condition of self-conscious consciousness, thus becoming conscious of its individualized consciousness, and enabled to reason abstractedly as to the qualities and condition of its own substance, as is fully evidenced by what we are now doing. It follows, then, that the ultimate form in which the primal substance will find expression must constitute a differentiated, objective, finite expression of the primal Infinite Being, and such ultimate form must be an evolved cosmical unit of such being, possessing in a finite state all of its potentialities so combined that

each may attain, through the development and unfoldment of such ultimate form, to a self-conscious existence.

The question now presents itself whether the human form is the ultimate and highest finite form to which Being *per se*, can attain. If it is, then of necessity man is immortal, because the human form would then constitute the highest objective expression of Being *per se*; and as every form serves the purpose of elevating matter to higher conditions and fitting it to enter into higher forms, the human form must necessarily produce a similar effect upon matter, and if there be no higher form than the human into which it can enter, then it must find its use in perfecting that form, carrying forward the process until it shall be capable of giving a full and perfect expression to each and every potential principle of primal Being. On the other hand, if the human form is not the ultimate and highest form, then man cannot by any possibility be immortal, for that man should be immortal and not be the ultimate of form would require that the primal substance should cease to unfold and develop at a point short of its highest condition of existence; for it is clearly demonstrated that by the union in differentiated forms of the two forms of being, spirit and matter, that constitute the primal, self-existent substance, Being attains to a higher state of activity and the exercise of a greater number of its potential qualities.

To make this statement clearly understood we need only to refer to some of the varied forms in which Being *per se*, expresses itself. Contrast the different degrees of its manifestation in the mineral and the vegetable forms. In the mineral form it gives no expression to the principle of life. The form assumed by matter responsive to the action of spirit on the mineral plane, does not admit of the activity of the life principle. On the vegetable plane the form assumed by matter responsive to the action of spirit, is caused by the activity of the principles of life and organization. Ascending another step the principles of consciousness, mind, with sensation and others become operative and evolve the animal form.

Observe how feeble is the manifestation of these principles in the lower forms of the animal kingdom, and then notice the gradual increase of their manifestation as the animal organism becomes more complex; and also observe that just in proportion to the activity of these principles in any differentiated form is its ability to give

expression to still higher manifestations of being, increasing step by step from the simplest to the most complex animal forms, culminating in the human form, the highest and most complex of all, and in this form the principle of self-consciousness becomes active, and through the adequate unfoldment and development of which every principle, quality and attribute of Being *per se*, may be consciously perceived and voluntarily exercised.

Then there is no necessity for a higher finite form than the human. Spirit being as we have demonstrated, imponderable, non-dimensional and indivisible, must ever remain the unchanged and unchangeable element of primal Being. Being the active principle and element, it embodies itself in matter, evolving forms in and through which it can attain to the manifestation of its potentialities, and when it shall have evolved a form in and through which it can attain to an active exercise of all its potentialities, its necessities will have been provided for, and thenceforward its energies can and will be expended in the perfecting of that form.

We know absolutely that the human form gives expression and activity to the principle of self-conscious consciousness, and the ability to consciously perceive and become cognizant of things outside ourselves. Then does it not logically follow that the adequate unfoldment and development of this principle would make it consciously cognizant of all things? We think it does so follow.

We cannot but observe that in attaining to expression in differentiated forms, the primal substance ever acts unconsciously and involuntarily, and this applies to all forms, from that of the nebulae, through its gradual development to a sun, a planet, and up to man, and it is also forced upon our conviction that in the improvement of forms, Being *per se*, acts consciously and voluntarily through its differentiated parts, and this improvement begins with the first dawn of consciousness and volition.

The bird requires a nest in which to rear its young. Primal Being as it exists finitely in the bird, consciously and voluntarily builds its nest and to that extent improves the condition of its existence in the form of a developing world. The beaver requires a pond and home for its purposes of life, and primal Being as it exists finitely in the beaver, constructs the dam and builds its house and thus again effects an improvement by the exercise of its con-

sciousness and volition. Finally, primal Being attains to the ultimate of evolved forms in the human, fully differentiated as male and female, as a finite, cosmical expression of itself, and through the exercise of its consciousness it voluntarily and deliberately proceeds to improve its condition not only by constructions, but also by consciously directing and modifying its unconscious and involuntary action in the evolution of forms, thus improving upon its unconscious action.

Do you ask for the proof of this assertion? Well, go with us into the garden among the flowers, into the orchards among the fruits, into the fields among the grain; look at that flock of sheep with their long and fine fleeces; look at those thoroughbred cattle and horses, and in all these you shall find abundant evidence that primal Being as it exists differentiated and finite on the human plane, has exercised its consciousness, volition and reason to improve the quality of that to which it attains through unconsciousness and involuntary action.

Man, then, is a personalized, individualized and fully differentiated finite expression of primal, infinite Being, possessing potentially and in a finite degree all of its properties and potentialities combined in the ultimate of form, in and through which primal Being can act consciously and voluntarily, thus unfolding and developing its self-consciousness, and give expression to its inherent potentialities.

To be continued.

ONE WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

There are those who refuse to believe that the real and the ideal can be blended successfully in daily life; and insist that only discontent can come of the attempt to harmonize the two.

"I would be unhappy," said one to me in discussing this subject, "if I allowed my mind to dwell upon such things as you suggest. For me there is only duty; and it means work, work, work."

That is her idea of duty. Of the duty of delight she knows nothing. Her habitual expression is one of deep endurance. Her children grow up with their material needs satisfied, but of that tender intercourse of spirit playing upon feeling and thought they are mutually ignorant and thus to both is lost the choicest gift of life.

It is well to bring all the inspiration one may to brighten uncongenial occupations, and it is true that some labors afford that agreeable essential to life's enjoyment much more abundantly than others; but we need not refuse to be comforted because we may not choose.

* * * *

It sweetens duty to have a pride in its performance, and strengthens character to make cheerful endeavor. And cheerfulness creates receptivity of spirit: and so upon the soul dawns gradually a conviction of its privileges which cultivated, will in time place it above circumstance.

The circumstances of life do not greatly vary, but the point of view determines our relation to them, being influenced by feeling and character. These two are the subtle influences in a home that require direction and molding in conjunction with the common duties and employments of the hour. Household life is a Kindergarten for us older children, where we may incorporate great life-principles with the meanest details of our labor.

Accepting this conviction, the mind grows receptive of the deeper meanings of life and is quickened to active and loving fulfillment of duty as insight deepens.

It is false logic to reason that the cultivation of the higher life creates antagonism to the commonest forms of duty. It comes through a confusion of the terms pleasure and happiness. Pleasure is produced by outside agencies; happiness comes from within, and is independent of circumstance.

It is of the spirit and its cultivation is its own reward, since by its own peculiar power it attracts to itself all that is happiest and best from every source.

The higher realization of life comes always through the work entrusted to us, be its nature what it may, when we recognize our true relation to it. We have only to cultivate within ourselves that habit of thought that tends to the development of mind and the cultivation of cheerfulness, and a disposition to look upon the bright side of life.

The uplifting power of unselfishness brings all who come within its influence into its own sphere, and by acting upon their feelings gives delight and content. Life grows more beautiful, and a gracious quality is infused in every act, so that the merest routine work is transfigured by the idealism of a loving intelligence.

Conviction comes with thought, and realizing the possibilities of life under conditions which every soul is free to control when actuated by unselfish motives—why should we deny ourselves and others the fuller exercise of the gift of life which an All-wise Providence has provided for those who intelligently heed the lessons of each hour?

* * * *

Why insist upon having the "last word?" It is the true word that counts.

* * * *

Our way to Heaven and happiness is not necessarily to be sought through pain. When we suffer, and especially when inclined to self-pity, let us look within for the defect as cause. There is no especial virtue in suffering, as suffering. Rather are pain and martyrdom to be avoided like the plague; and if we are strong enough to exact justice as well as to rise above our own innate perversions of nature, and of selfishness, we may for the most part escape it.

The pains of life are the fruits of personality and are temporary. The joys, thank God, are imperishable. They enter into the inner self, are incorporated and become a part of us. All joyous things make us at heart aspiring and worshipful.

Certain natures demand happiness and are supplied because they cannot be denied. Defeated in one thing they turn to something else. If events are unsatisfactory—there still remains the world of mind. To lose oneself in the highest thought the mind can command brings harmony. Then there is progress and an increasing delight.

S. T.

SHADOWS.

I saw one day a-moving (my heart made sad demur)
Upon the snow a shadow, the shadow of a fir,
A wandering, wavering shadow, the shadow of a fir.

I saw one day the mountains (my heart took great delight)
A stately, ranged, procession of monarch's in their might,
Each crowned on his majestic head; all monarchs in their might.

I sat one day to ponder, sole in my inner room,
The shadows, and the mountains, equal before their doom,
The fleet, and the enduring, doomed with the selfsame doom.

I said, and joyed to say it, (my heart agreed thereto)
"The past and ever passing, the old and ever new
"Are one before transforming law, from old to ever new."

I said, and paled to say it, (my sick heart trembled then)
"So shadow-swift a man's one life, so old the race of men,
"What strange and awful alchemy transmutes the race of men?"

CHRISTINE SIEBENECK SWAYNE.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire mist and a planet;
 A crystal and a cell,
 A jelly-fish and a saurian,
 And caves where the cave men dwell;
 Then a sense of law and beauty,
 And a face turned from the clod—
 Some call it Evolution,
 And others call it God.

A haze on the horizon,
 The infinite, tender sky,
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
 And the wild geese sailing high,
 And all over upland and lowland,
 The glow of the goldenrod—
 Some of us call it Autumn,
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our heart's high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in,
 Come from the mystic ocean
 Whose rim no foot has trod—
 Some of us call it Longing,
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
 A mother starved for her brood,
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And thousands, who, humble and nameless
 The straight, hard pathway trod—
 Some call it Consecration—
 And others call it God.

— *Prof. Wm. H. Carruth.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHAT IS MATTER?

Two men whom I formerly knew, were holding a lively discussion over the subject of spiritual existence. One of them as the debate reached its height challenged the other to define what was spirit. The other replied by a problem equally recondite: "What is Matter?"

Bishop Berkeley propounded the solution in his famous treatise, that matter has only a relative existence. In a view of absolute reality, it has no place. This he demonstrated by indisputable argument. Several writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries expressed their dissent, but did not succeed in controverting his reasoning. Nothing came forth more forcible than Lord Byron's jest, that he proved it, and therefore it was no matter what he said.

Emanuel Swedenborg, seer as well as philosopher, inculcated that matter originates in the spiritual substance which is cognised as absolute being that is made in a certain degree objective and negative. It can hardly be considered, however, as within the scope of the common understanding to grasp this conception intelligently.

It was a proposition of the alchemists that the various metals and other bodies are but so many aspects of a single primal matter, and they inferred that as all had a common source, it is possible to recompose as well as decompose them: in other words to transform one metal into another. It has long been fashionable to decry their opinions as visionary, but as the knowledge of chemistry has become more advanced, the conviction of possible transmutation has been entertained, till now it seems to be at the point of being realised. It is by no means improbable, not-

withstanding the superciliousness of modern writers upon the subject, that they who have been aspersed as visionaries and impostors, will be acknowledged to have been genuine scientists and inspired men.

Since the discovery of radium the problem of a primal matter has been the subject of renewed speculation. Several savants had well nigh agreed that hydrogen, the lightest of the known elements, might have been parent of all the rest, and certainly there is much to afford plausibility to the supposition. Other discoveries have seemed to go farther. The ether, is an element or principle which has been believed to exist because of various manifestations, though this has never been demonstrated by scientific experimentation. The discovery of radium, helium, argon, and other elements gave a new impulse, and already the investigations and accompanying speculations, have divided the leading scientists into two parties. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Leicester, the first week in August, Sir William Ramsay presented a paper reporting his discoveries and opinions. With the aid of radium he has separated copper into other elements, evolving lithium as the apparent basis. Professor Ostwald of Leipzig confirms this, declaring it "the greatest scientific achievement since the discovery of the practicability of applying the electric dynamo to mechanics."

After describing the processes by which Sir William converts radium into helium, and produces also, neon, krypton, lithium and sodium; the Professor adds that when he visited Sir William in London, Sir William demonstrated to him he could produce lithium from copper, by the action of the emanations of radium on a solution of copper sulphate.

The paper of Sir William gave rise to a warm discussion between the chemists and electricians. A synopsis of late discoveries will give a picture of the ways which modern scientific research has taken. Helium was first discovered in the sun by the spectroscope. From this hint thus obtained, the Hon. R. J. Strutt and others found it in almost every mineral experimented upon. The secret of this, it is suggested, may lie in the fact which has been recently discovered, that helium is an emanation given off by radium and two other substances.

This would seem to prove that a change of matter into another form is possible. One party of scientists accordingly propounds the hypothesis that there is really no such thing as matter, but that it is a form assumed by electricity. The atom, therefore, is not a permanent thing, but a sphere having within its domain innumerable electrons or single points of electricity. Sir Oliver Lodge describes the atom that it squirms with electricity, and that when this escapes as in radium, the atom will at a certain point change into something else.

Others, like Lord Kelvin, while conceding the infinite possibilities to which radium has opened the way of discovery, declared to the meeting that he declines absolutely to believe the assumptions, that matter is a form of motion, and that the atom is merely whirls of electrons that may escape and break down bits of matter that have existed unchanged since the earth was nebulous.

So far, the weight of evidence is for transmutation. Indeed, it is the only conclusion that seems really philosophic. Beyond it comes necessarily the concept that matter being the product of a reality beyond, may be incessantly coming into existence, and perhaps as constantly moving toward its source.

A. W.

COPPER DECOMPOSED.

Since the discovery of radium and the immensity of force existing with it, the matter of stability in the structure of metals is falling into very general distrust. Sir William Ramsay, of the British Scientific Association, experimenting with copper, has divested it of various elements till he arrived at lithium as the last. He proposes to give a full account at the next meeting, in the autumn. Sir William has been engaged in other manipulations in former years, and shown the existence of elements that had never been suspected.

It is significant that with every new thought in the moral sphere, or discovery in the scientific world, the phenomenon of polarity becomes manifest. There is always an opposite to be manifested. On the one hand, able scientists are inculcating that

the supposed elements are compounds of the one primal Matter modified by different conditions during the various stages of their growth into their present forms; and on the other one, those who discredit every thing of the sort. Perhaps one of these is necessary to the other, like the poles of the magnet. Sir William will find a vigorous opposition to the hypothesis which he will probably endeavor to establish on that occasion. A grand advance has been made, however, toward grasping the problem of creation; but we may safely presume that it is a problem of the asymptote, always approaching but never arriving.

A. W.

CERTAIN OBJURGATIONS NOT PROFANE

The phrase, "not worth a Curse" though not often used now without unequivocal expletives, is in its origin very innocent. The "curse" is the kerse, an old name for a small wild cherry intensely sour and valueless accordingly.

In India, the dam is like the mill with us, the representative of a very minute value. Hence came the expression: "not worth a dam."

ALARM QUICKLY TAKEN.

The Vaccination Bill was taken up on the 12th of June, by Committee of the British House of Commons. It was debated through several sessions. Attempts to amend it so as to be even more favorable to anti-vaccinators were defeated or overruled. One of these was very plausible in form to the "plain people," but once in force it would have revolutionised the whole practice, as may be seen. It required that "the Local Government Board shall, with all glycernated or other authorised lymph [virus] by them issued, and which may be offered for the vaccination of such child, send an accompanying certificate that such lymph has not been obtained by inoculation with variolous matter [from small-pox pustules], and is free from the smallest admixture of blood, and is free from extraneous micro-organisms, and contains no germs of any other disease than cow-pox."

To enact this would be to prohibit absolutely.

SCOTCH SOLDIERS AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The legend has been revived in several newspapers that the First Regiment of Royal Scots formed the guard that Pontius Pilate placed at the Sepulchre. It is even affirmed that the archives of the regiment at Glencore in Scotland go to prove that it formed Pilate's own body guard. There has also an anecdote been repeated, perhaps better authenticated, that this regiment was transferred some centuries ago to the service of the King of France to act in the same capacity. It was known as the *Garde d' Ecossaiss*. One day the Colonel of a Picard regiment assailed the Scotch commander about this boasted antiquity.

"Did the Royal Scots form the body guard for Pontius Pilate?" he asked.

The Scotchman answered in the affirmative. The French officer followed with another question:

"And is it true that they furnished the guard at the Sepulchre of Jesus?"

"Certainly not," answered the Scotchman. "If they had, his body would never have been stolen."

All this tells well for a story. But like other legends of the earlier centuries it involves anachronisms as well as an insurmountable accumulation of improbabilities.

Persons are sometimes captious about the identity of the place now known as the "Holy Sepulchre." The tomb of Joseph of Arimathea is described in the Gospel as a grotto hewn out of a rock, and evidently above ground. The place which is now exhibited appears to be a cave beneath the surface of the earth, with access as to the Mithraic caves and shrines of the old period, and much room remains for questions.

But what is even harder to explain away is the proposition about the Scotch guard. In the days of Tiberius Cæsar and thereabouts there was no Scotland. The Romans knew only of a wild country at the northern extremity of Britain inhabited by Picts or Viks from Norway, and called it Caledonia or Woodland. Nevertheless, there was a Scotia then, and there were Scots, but the country was in Ireland and the Scots were Irish-

men. Nor did they venture to establish their colonies in Galloway till a later century, when South Britain was becoming the prey of adventurers from beyond the German Ocean.

So iconoclastic is History in the way of overturning myths and legends, as well as spoiling fairy tales and good stories.

A. W.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PULSE AND RHYTHM.

BY MARY HALLOCK GREENEWALT.*

In the "Popular Science Monthly."

The scientific study of rhythm, so far as man is concerned, has been approached almost wholly from the side of its conjunction with literature. Looked at from that side, it is not strange that the testimony could never be mathematically exact and emphatic. The only data which are of sufficient accuracy to prove that the rhythmic phenomena of pulse first impressed on our consciousness that which can accurately be called rhythm, are to be found in the metronomic detonations of musical compositions. It is there and there only that the brain has been able systematically to externalize the rhythm most natural to it with a sense of method and order approximating instrumental exactitude and capable of an exact expression and measure in number. These furnish only a trace, but a trace sufficient when one keeps in mind the havoc that conscious intellect can always play with things strictly natural.

Out of forty-three metronomic markings, taken straight through from the beginning of the first volume of Beethoven's Sonatas—the four standard editions as a working basis—nineteen are set to a rhythm of seventy-two and seventy-six beats to a minute, a rate exactly that of the average normal, healthy, adult, human pulse; a pulse given by the best authorities as lying between seventy and seventy-five pulsations in the same time. According to fuller statistics, the physical pulse, varied by the time of day and the effect of meals, ranges from a little below sixty to a little over eighty. Within this limit all the rhythmic markings of these sonatas lie.

*A Lecture delivered under the auspices of the Society of the Extension of University Teaching.

Three standing at fifty-six and fifty-eight beats per minute, contrary to expectation, belonging to fast movements undoubtedly marked slower on account of the difficulty the fingers would experience in performing notes as fast as the imagination would direct. The average of the entire one hundred and forty-seven markings given by the four editors, Von Bülow, Steingraber, Köhler and Germer, was sixty-four and four-tenths rhythmic beats per minute. The one sonata marked by Beethoven himself bearing the figures 69, 80, 92, 76, 72 for the different movements, Allegro, Vivace, Adagio, Largo, Allegro risoluto.

If with the eye fixed on the second-hand of a watch or a clock the long meter doxology be sung, every one of the equally accented notes entering simultaneously with the tick of each consecutive second, it will become at once apparent that the melody is delivered at a rhythmic rate of sixty beats to the minute. Should one in the same breath hum "Yankee-doodle," sounding each of its accented notes, at the same rate, it will be found that these two melodies, standing at the extremes of the sublime and the ridiculous, the one in character slow, the other fast, the first combining the utmost dignity and breadth, the second ludicrously vapid and thoughtless, are both set to precisely the same length of rhythmic time by the clock. The impression of slowness or rapidity in the music is due rather to the character of the context and the number of notes to be played in the divisions within the minute than to the actual clock time it takes to perform the rhythmic unit.

Seventeen letters were addressed to as many bandmasters asking them for the "beat" usually used in their conducting. The answers invariably brought "from sixty-four to seventy-two rhythmic beats per minute," that being probably the time to which countless soldiers had found it most convenient and agreeable to march. Those wishing to investigate on their own account will find it interesting to clutch at their pulse, whenever a whistling street boy passes by, and even a jangling hotel piano might in the same connection have sometimes a "reason for being." More often than accident warrants, it will be found that these also "with nature's heart in tune" were "concerting harmonies."

Imagining a composer seated quietly at his desk in the act of composition is it not feasible to suppose that subconsciously to himself,

and for want of a more intimately sympathetic conductor, a physical metronome was within him deflecting his rhythm to its standard? Contrary to the other arts, music has its birth and being entirely from within the human brain, and from within has been impressed a beat of far more rapid rate than the ictus of the recurrent industries already cited on its musical product. The suggestions all this calls forth are of course unlimited. To one we may give our fancy free rein. Mr. James Huneker in his exhaustive summing up of Chopin's music states that master's favorite metronome sign to be 88 to the minute. As "people with considerable sensibility of mind and disposition have generally a quicker pulse than those with such mental qualification as resolution and steadiness of temper," could one consider that the ailing Chopin's pulse helped his rhythmic tendency to 88, while the resolute steady Beethoven's was normal?

The arm of knowledge is long; it needs no yardstick with which to measure the stars. Can it feel the pulse of those who have long since crossed the invisible boundaries that separate this world of ours from the next?

SIGN WRITINGS IN SOUTHWEST NOT YET TRANSLATED.

Among the most interesting evidences of pre-historic life in the great Southwest are the pictographs, or sign writings, which are plainly discernible on some of the cliff ruins and cave dwellings.

These pictures were carved in the face of the rock by the ancestors of the present Indian inhabitants of the Southwest. Some of the best preserved are in Pajarito Park, near Santa Fe. Here is the largest collection of cave dwellings in the world, and so deeply interested have scientists become in the ruins in this locality that they have succeeded in having a large tract set aside as a "Cliff Dwellers' National Park." On one cliff alone are hundreds of the tiny holes which the ancient cave dwellers used as rooms. On several cliffs are rock writings which are in a fine state of preservation. These writings have all been photographed and are being studied by authorities to find what meaning they had, but have not yet been translated.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life, from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good.

—*Emerson.*

UNEXPLAINED.

I have no explanation to offer of the following facts, which I shall set forth as simply and in as few words as possible.

They occurred just as I shall set them down and their results upon my life and its conditions are yet flowing on evenly and without pause.

I had acquired the habit of taking from time to time, first as a source of relief from severe pain, afterwards, the pain being an excuse for the relief,—not being more than I could and should have, endured—small doses of morphine.

My mother, who had been to me all that friend, sister, most loving companion could be, lay down to die.

Desolately I called and clung to her.

"I shall not go far," she said—her voice already far and faint, her beautiful face—for she was a rarely beautiful woman—, full of a strange light as though some supernal sun shone upon her—"and I shall return when most you need me," so saying this, the white lids covered the gentle eyes, a soft, illumined smile curved the tender lips and—I was alone.

Night found me well nigh desperate; and despite the fact that I had promised myself never again to fly to my false refuge for relief from any pain, with a reasoning as false and subtle I had through the long hours brought myself to the pass where I said: "Now, if ever, this once; now that I am in the throes of this despairing, lonely grief, I must take it, and sleep!" So saying, I put the powder beside my bed, on a small table, thinking: "When the house is quiet—as quiet as the hill-top where I have left *her*, alone, I will reach out easily and get that thing of solace and sleep—and forget—if it be but for a night."

Now, mark you—I put that powder on that table and within easy reach of my hand.

Then I lay waiting. After a while all sounds ceased—and I leaned upon my elbow and reached out. *No powder was there!* Well; I thought that at the last moment in my distraction of grief, I had been tricked by my *intention* of putting the powder there, and rising, I got another measured dose and again put it

upon the table—and when I turned after lying down—that powder had been removed.

So with another. By this time I felt my mother's presence plainly in the room.

Yet I persisted. I went again to the drawer in the medicine chest where such dangerous remedies were kept and made an effort to open it and get another powder. I should have had to break the cabinet to pieces in order to open that drawer.

I tried and tried, finally just as the thought was formulating itself to call my maid who slept nearby I seemed to feel my mother's arms about me close and clasping, and her words of entreaty that I never would again fly to so false a place of refuge, sounded on the stillness. Utterly awed I lay with wide eyes watching the night go by, reiterating my faithful promise to her whose love could thus bridge over from death to life, and I was as quiet as an infant who rests upon its mother's breast.

Nor have I ever from that day to this felt the least desire for such relief.

The next morning opening the drawer easily, I took from it a box of the prepared powders and destroyed them.

These are facts—though unexplained.

What power moved and utterly hid from human sight the three or four powders I, with my own hand, put beside me?

We are I believe upon the eve of wonderful psychic knowledge—much will be explained that now is but mystery. If love be immortal how can it be powerless in any condition?

At any rate—this is my story. Explain it who can, save by the power of immortal and perfect love.

F. N. J.

MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means. To seek elegance, rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.

To do all cheerfully, bear all bravely.

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart.

To study hard, think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never, in a word:—

To let the Spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common.

This is to be "my symphony."

—Channing.

TEXTS FROM THOUGHT POWER.

BY ANNIE BESANT.

As the mirror seems to have the objects within it, but these apparent objects are only images, illusions caused by the rays of light reflected from the objects, not the objects themselves; so does the mind, in its knowledge of the outer universe, know only the illusive images and not the things in themselves.

The matter of the mind is actually shaped into a likeness of the object presented to it, and this likeness, in its turn, is reproduced by the Knower.

There is one word,—vibration—which is becoming more and more the keynote of Western science, as it has long been that of the science of the East. Motion is the root of all. Life is motion; consciousness is motion. And that motion affecting Matter is vibration. The One, the All, we think of as Changeless, either as Absolute Motion or as Motionless, since in One there cannot be relative motion. Only when there is differentiation, or parts, can we think of what we call motion, which is change of place in succession of time. When the One becomes the Many, then motion arises; it is health, consciousness, life, when rhythmic, regular—as it is disease, unconsciousness, death, when without rhythm, irregular. For life and death are twin sisters, alike born of motion, which is manifestation.

Thoughts, Desires and Actions, the active manifestations in matter of Knowledge, Will, and Energy, are all of the same nature: that is, are all made up of vibrations, but differ in their phenomena because of the different character of the vibrations.

The Knower finds his activity in these vibrations; and all to which they can answer, that is: all that they can reproduce, is Knowledge. The thought is a reproduction within the mind of the Knower of that which is not the Knower, is not the Self; it is a picture, caused by a combination of wave-motions—an image, quite literally.

Many people are great readers. Now, reading does not build the mind; thought alone builds it. Reading is valuable only as it furnishes materials for thought.

CREATION.

The following lines were translated from the fly leaf of a copy of the Bible belonging to a Pit man who resided near Hutton Henry, England.

God made Bees and bees made Honey;
 God made Man and man made money.
 Pride made the Devil and the Devil made Sin;
 So God made a coal pit to put the Devil in.

OLDEST BANK IN THE WORLD.

There was a kind of Public Record Office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts and agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these there were discovered official statements as to the history and transactions of the eminent banking house of Egidu at Nineveh. Assyrian chronology proves that these refer to a date about 2,300 years before the Christian era, when Abraham dwelt at Ur of the Chaldees, as is stated in Genesis. We may, therefore, claim for this firm the reputation of being the oldest bank in the world, at least, of which we have any record, or are likely to have. The accounts are very voluminous, and cover the transactions of five generations of the house from father to son. The firm grew rapidly in importance during this period, during which they attained great wealth; for they had succeeded in securing from the King the appointment of collectors of taxes, a position which in the East always leads to fortune. They afterwards farmed the revenue for several of the Assyrian Provinces, with very great gain to the firm.

—*T. P.'s London Weekly.*

Religion for the average man is becoming too real and vital a feeling to admit of any further discussion regarding a hell of fire and brimstone, a heaven of golden streets and harps, predestination; or any of those things that formerly occasioned much waste of mental effort. They are all beside the issue, which is: Shall we live the spiritual life *here and now*, holding within ourselves our greatest reward, or shall we ignore the call of the best within us, and punish ourselves by a living unrest?

—*Ralph P. Spofford, in "The Outlook."*

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk.

—*Emerson.*

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ANIMISTIC MEDICINE.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

Mens agitat molem.—Virgil.

In the former years of the eighteenth century the doctrine sometimes known as Animistic Medicine was taught by a distinguished teacher in one of the principal universities of Germany. George Ernst Stahl had been Court physician at Weimer till the establishing of the University at Hallé in 1693, when he accepted the appointment of Professor of Medicine. He resigned this position in 1714 to accept the appointment of physician to the King of Prussia. His celebrated treatise, *Theoria Medica Vera*, the true Medical Philosophy, was published in 1707. His doctrines were for many years received with favor by many among the most intelligent physicians of the Fatherland.

Along with Stahl at Hallé was his friend and competitor in dogma, Friedrich Hoffmann, who also propounded a system demanding attention. He evidently desired to occupy a middle ground between the scientific materialism inculcated at the university of Leyden, and the spiritual theory of his colleague. He was a disciple of Leibnitz, and, his notions corresponded very closely with the dogmas of that philosopher. His distinguishing peculiarity was the concept that the nervous system controls all the motions and conditions of the body. He taught that there is an *ether* existing universally through space, which originates and sustains all life. It is breathed in from the atmosphere and permeates all parts of the body. It accumulates in the brain and there generates a *pneuma*—spirit, or nervous fluid, which vivifies every part of the corporeal

framework. He inculcated accordingly that our health depends upon the maintenance of a proper tone in the nervous system; diseased conditions being produced by *spasm*, or excess of tone, and by *atony* or want of tone.

Stahl, on the other hand, appears to have entertained the philosophic views of Des Cartes. He regarded health as consisting in the integrity of the fluids of the body, and considered the *anima*, or psychic essence, as causing such integrity. All motion implies a moving cause essentially distinct from the object which it moves. Voluntary motions, it is easy to perceive, are directed by the thought and will. The unconscious and invisible physiological movements are no less the result of the impulse of this life-principle. Hence, every pathologic affection is the result of the reaction of the soul, or life-principle, against the morbid agent; and the several symptoms in any given case of disease, taken as a whole, only indicate and represent the succession of vital movements.

Stahl accordingly laid down the following maxim: "If the movements of the animal economy depart in any respect from the normal mode, then the physician should understand that it is his duty to calm them, or to restrain them, or to excite them: in a word, to act upon them conformably to the natural indications. It is of the highest importance to him to have constantly in view the natural synergy of the soul, in order to show himself the minister rather than the governor. In other words: the physician should study to follow the movements and tendencies of nature, rather than believe himself authorised to attempt something without having regard to her tendencies."

Accordingly, in his system of anthropology he declared that the soul presides directly over the corporeal organism, from the first moment of individual existence, and that it continues to sustain and direct the physiological functions till the connection and correspondence is sundered by death.

As some of our modern schoolmen are not certain or settled in conviction as to the entity of the soul, they are prone to consider this theory as not well established. On the other hand, Mr. W. F. Evans, in his exposition of Mind-Cure, declares that the proposition that the soul acts directly and without any intermediate principle is undoubtedly an error. He suggests that there is a spiritual

body emanated or projected from the nervous system, which performs these functions. This difference, I am of opinion, is only in appearance, and is chiefly due to the different meanings which individuals give the term. The word "soul," though often used to designate the highest mental element, more properly signifies the selfhood or individuality. I do not possess a soul as something distinct from myself; I am one by virtue of my own egoism. Stahl evidently held this view. He attributed vital functions to the soul. He explained disease accordingly as its effort to rid the moral and corporeal nature of morbid influences, the soul acting in the matter with respect to the end of self-preservation.

No one teacher, however, originated or elaborated this doctrine. Van Helmont in Holland and Paracelsus in Switzerland both had already uttered analogous sentiments. "The will is the first of all powers," says Van Helmont. "In man the will is the fundamental cause of his movements." Though himself a chemist, and skilful with medicines, he often found that the virtue of the remedies had been imparted by his personal influence, and that the sick were frequently cured by his presence and will alone. It is proper for us to use the means which the experience of the ages has taught us, he used to say; but there is a higher principle, he insisted, which should attend our endeavours. "There exists a certain relationship between the inner and outer man," said he; "and the superiour power must be diffused through his entire being, but it is more energetic in the soul than in the body and a mere suggestion will rouse it into activity."

Paracelsus asserted a similar doctrine with his characteristic vehemence. A physician must be a philosopher, he declared, possessing the faculty of intuition, able to see his own way, and having the natural qualification for his calling. "He should identify himself heart and soul with the latter, and this cannot be done without charity and benevolence."

"There is a great difference between the power that removes the invisible causes of disease, and which is magic or the superior knowing, and that which causes merely external effects to disappear, and which is psychic, sorcery and quackery."

He says again: "As far as the patient is concerned, there are three things required of him to effect a cure. His disease should be

a natural one; he should have a certain amount of will, and a certain amount of vitality. If these conditions are not present, no cure can be effected. It is not the physician who heals the sick, but God who heals through nature, and the physician is only the instrument."

"A powerful will will cure where doubt will end in failure. The intrinsic character of the physician may act more forcefully upon the patient than all the drugs employed. If the patient is waited upon by persons who are in rapport with him, it will be far better for him than if his wife or attendants wish for his death. In a case of sickness the patient, the physician and the attendants should be, so to say, of one heart and one soul."

Indeed, when those who are about an individual are expecting and contemplating his illness and death, there is an occult influence operating to produce such result. It is not right to be unduly apprehensive.

"Determined imagining is the beginning of all the highest achievements," Paracelsus declared. "Fixed thought is the means to the end. I can not turn my eye about with my hand, but the imagination sternly fixed turns it wherever it will. If we rightly understood the mind of man, nothing on earth would be impossible to us. The imagination is strengthened and perfected through faith; for it really happens that every doubt interrupts its operation. Faith confirms the operation, for faith establishes the will firmly. The act might be perfectly certain; but because men do not perfectly imagine and believe, they are uncertain."

I am aware that in the modern scientific creed the miracle holds no place of honor, but that what is denominated "law" is held to be supreme. But this supreme law may not, consistently with good sense, be regarded as the force of a blind unreason, but as the energy of a dominant, intelligent Will. How that energy which pervades all things is directed by that will is a problem which we may not pretend to understand. We are cognizant, however, of three qualities commonly known as imagination, faith and volition. Each of these is a factor powerful in its way to disorder the body in its various functions, and of course it is more forceful to restore it and enable it to maintain normal conditions. It is the province of the imagination to create mental images, to form ideals, and to

impart them to the understanding and moral nature. Faith is the energy or resolve by which we believe. Volition is the interior love and will objectified into active purpose.

The individual cannot be genuinely a *physician*, a person skilled in the knowledge of nature and of man, except he not only renders to empiric science that which belongs to it, but also gives to psychal learning that which is really its share. The mind, that which thinks and wills, is really the ego, and the body with its accidents and disorders, is the product of mind. In order, therefore, to comprehend how to protect from disease and to recover from it, we should be skilful in perceiving the agency of the mind in the matter, and how to employ it in the restoring of health and order.

Psychological Medicine, properly so called, is by no means an art or practice which relates solely or chiefly to lunatic asylums. A man is hardly to be considered efficient in psychology because of being an expert alienist. It is a knowledge of the soul that is denoted, and souls are not to be studied and learned from the phenomena of the madhouse. They are to be known as human beings, both essentially and in their manifestations.

In the psychic principle of our being we recognise that element of our nature which is persistent, which preserves identity while the material particles which constitute the bodily organisation are wasted and replaced. With that persistent principle we perceive the essential qualities of volition and understanding to be included, which make up the moral nature. As it sustains the body in its organic conditions, we are certain that these moral qualities have their influence upon the bodily health. Psychology, therefore, is prior to physiology, and so of course to pathology. Hence the name which we give to a morbid state of body is *disease* or unrest, which is essentially a disturbed, unbalanced condition of mind. The normal condition is *health* or wholeness, a state of being entire—body and mind in unison and harmony.

Of the obliquity and perversion of these moral qualities and the resulting abnormal conditions, our literature is full to overflowing. It has been suggested that if we were intimately acquainted with the molecules of the brain, and their respective offices, we would be able by their peculiar excitation to divine the actual thinking and purpose. Accepting this assumption, it can be no extravagant

notion for us to endeavor by means of the morbid or disturbed condition of the bodily functions, to trace the corresponding mental condition which is its cause or its effect. "When the mental states are of a disordered and depressing character," says Dr. C. F. Taylor, "they occasion more or less disturbance of the functions and their physiological processes."

Every passion and quality of mind has its focus in the bodily organism. The memory receives knowledge as the stomach receives food for future digestion and assimilation. Wholesome knowledge is a powerful therapeutic. The door of the Great Library at Alexandria bore the inscription: "Medicine for the Mind." It is significant that many literary men suffer much from indigestion, while as a general fact men who are devoted to science and mental culture are among the longest-lived. This evidently results from the way that study is performed. Torpidity of the mind enfeebles the digestive system, and renders the individual prematurely old. Substances which come in contact with the inner surfaces of the stomach affect the conditions of the mind. As the thinker feeds, so he will work. Inflamed stomachs, whether from hunger or disease, are excitatives of violent and even of murderous activity. Impatience, irritability of temper, and a tendency to destroy, are thus occasioned; and these in their turn react, disordering the stomach and even disorganising the blood.

Melancholy suggests by its name a black, morbid bile, and that the liver and other organs working in concert with it are remiss in their functions of elimination. Insanity is attended by constipation, and great mental activity by a reverse condition. The nervous force of the bowels is in the head near the region which the phrenologists call "Hope," and it is certain that a congested condition at this point attends intestinal disorder. A despairing habit of mind, a disposition to forebode evil, is liable to affect the bowels morbidly. Even to think much of the ill actions of others, to judge their motives unfavorably, or to anticipate evil of them, or from them, will reflect upon the nervous system, disturb glandular action, and produce an unwholesome condition of body. It is not well to dwell upon past enjoyments, rather than upon present advantages or experiences. The past, both for ourselves and others, has accomplished its uses, and is, so to say, effete and to be eliminated. The

“inward man,” as well as the physical structure, requires to be “renewed every day.”

The concentrating of thought upon any subject for an undue length of time, leaving other faculties relatively inactive, overturns the equilibrium of mental activity, and results in corresponding physical disturbance. Monomania is an effect of such causes. It is by no means improbable that many hobbies, insane notions and religious irregularities, are produced from such a habit of mind.

Joy stimulates the circulation of the blood and determines it toward the surface of the body. Anger also accelerates the circulation, but has the effect also of electricity to disorganise it, even sometimes paralysing the heart. Fear weakens the flow of the blood, making the complexion pale, and even ghastly. Sadness to a certain degree effects the same thing. The contemplating of a part of the body will cause the blood to flow thither in increased quantity, and increase its sensibility, sometimes to disagreeable results. Indeed it would not be difficult to frame a catalogue of mental disturbances and arrange them in a class with the bodily disorders to which they are allied.

The whole physical life is centred at the pit of the stomach, in the semilunar ganglion. This is the point, the germ, at which the whole framework has its beginning. A blow struck there with sufficient force, as in the *coup de grace* at former executions, produces death at once. Every depressing emotion excites a sense of weakness at that point, which if continued will become actual disease. The impairing of the force of the will is always accompanied by deficient nerve-force, and the outcome is debility of the whole body. In chronic diseases, those characterised by nervous prostration and general weakness, disturbance at this region will be found to exist at the root of the mischief. Every form of insanity is preceded by debility and enfeeblement of the ganglionic or central nervous system. Moral agencies, such as are set in operation by individuals of despotic temper when attempting to tyrannise over another, or by the endeavor to check or discourage in any manner a purpose upon which the heart is set, will debilitate the body. The innumerable glandular structures are all directly under the control of this particular nervous system, and so with its impairing or disturbance

their functions become deranged, so that secretion is abnormal: "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint."

The medulla oblongata, the first beginning of the brain and its efficient support ever afterward, is the part in the encephalon which is polar to the solar region of the body. The cerebellum is the structure upon which the muscular sense and power depend. It perfects the action of the cerebrum, converting thought into conviction and enabling the purpose to be carried into effect. Its influence is extended over the entire body, imparting warmth, energy and the sense of physical pleasure or pain. The spinal cord is the inter-medial nerve-structure from which the various organs of the body are supplied and by which they are kept in touch with the encephalic region. Disease in any part of the body is indicated by a soreness or tenderness at its corresponding point in the spine. The pneumogastric or vagus nerve is the direct physical medium of communication for the medulla and brain to the different structures of the body. The central or sympathetic nervous system influences the processes of organic life, and the pneumogastric nerve conveys the mental stimulus to the larynx, pharynx, œsophagus, lungs, spleen, liver, stomach and other intestines. It unites the two great nervous systems, and carries messages of the will to the several regions of the body.

Every organ of the body has its focus in the encephalon, from which it is directly affected and which it affects in its turn. The intestines are thus influenced from the point classed by the phrenologists as Hope and Veneration, and indicate disorder by abnormal heat or coolness. The duodenum has its encephalic centre between the ear and angle of the eye, and when it is inflamed there will be a tender spot at that point. The liver has its focus in a region of the head situate between Cautiousness and Combativeness, a fact which seems to be confirmed by the peculiar emotional condition, the sadness and melancholy incident in hepatic disorder. The muscles appear to have their point of concentration in the region midway between Firmness and Self-Esteem.

When the cerebrum is disproportionately active, it exhausts the energy that is needed by the cerebellum and other parts of the encephalon, and they are liable accordingly to fail in properly stimulating and invigorating their parts of the organism.

Nevertheless the power of the thought and emotional nature to enfeeble the body is far exceeded by their energy to heal the infirmities. Life is strength; death and disease are weakness. The influence of the mind to give life, delight and integrity to the physical organism is greater therefore than that of its converse to impair and destroy. As a factor to restore the body to soundness it is superior to all forms of medication, or even hygienic agencies.

Examples are numerous of cases of illness and recovery which were effected by mental causes alone. We know likewise that the confidence of the patient in the ability of the physician to treat him successfully is an agency for his recovering more potent than even the skill that may be employed. By bringing the will and imagination into action the more arcane forces of the nature are made effective to restore the involuntary powers of the body to normal conditions. It is not at all improbable that more persons are healed from this cause than by drugs, medicaments and other expedients that may be enumerated. Of course, it is not supposed or suggested that a maimed body, an extinguished eye or a defective tooth will thus be restored to primitive wholeness, but that ailments which the nerve-force, the circulation of the blood and glandular action can influence may be brought within the sphere of healing efficacy. Galen himself declared that hope and confidence were of more power than medicines. It need not be considered as an unwarrantable stretch of credulity that any of us venture to surmise that hope and confidence may be exercised in such a degree as to justify a dispensing with the drug. The struggle with diseased conditions is more or less a moral conflict requiring the moral faculties for the strife.

"The doctor operates by skill of character, rather than by skill of knowledge," Edward Spencer declares. "His insight is sympathetic rather than diagnostic. He enters into the life of the individual in his struggle with disease, sustains him and holds up for him his languishing right hand until the victory is decided." The influence of mind upon mind, whatever the name by which it may be called, is an agent to heal or to kill. Mighty works cannot be done when there is unbelief; mountains of difficulty can be removed when the faith is equal to it.

All this is embraced within the sphere of sound philosophy.

That it is wonderful or miraculous does not mean that it is super-human. A person once denominated mesmerism miraculous because it enabled one to see without using his eyes. Yet the ability to see with the eyes is a phenomenon not less wonderful. The mind operates through the agency of the nerves, and by analogous reasoning we are warranted in the belief that it may also effect results without them. The sympathy of one individual will mitigate the anguish of another; hopefulness will arouse hope, and cheerfulness lift the pall of gloom. Health is a thousandfold more contagious than disease.

The *vis reparatoria natura* is absolutely a mental or psychic quality. That which constituted us living personalities is potent to keep us such; that which enabled the body to come into existence as an organic structure is able to maintain its health. Freedom of mind and action are essential conditions, and God himself always preserves the freedom of the human will. Strength of body is actually an outgrowth of the mind; the greater the courage the stronger the muscle, the more active and healthful the functional activities. Remove the pathological condition of the mind, and the work of healing from disease is easy.

Henry Wood aptly remarks that the average man is inclined to vacate the control of his being, put his body into the keeping of his doctor, and his soul into the care of his priest or pastor. Under the conditions we have we must deal with individuals on the plane where we find them. Till men can subsist on angels' food they will depend upon the fruits of the earth. So when they may not communicate, whether by faith or health-imparting thought, with higher sources of health, they will seek healing medicines for their maladies, and in the fury of intolerable pain will hurry to the dentist for deliverance from an aching tooth. Many of us are too weak for higher things. Nevertheless to those who would persecute for healing by mental and moral agencies alone, the counsel of Gamaliel is directly pertinent: "If this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; refrain therefore from these men and let them alone, lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

ALEXANDER WILDER.

EVOLUTION FROM BEING.

BY JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

(II.)

We have seen that the two forms of the primal substance, spirit and matter, uniting on the primal plane, evolve an *ego* of force which gives to Being *per se*, an objective existence as Nature, and that on this natural plane it acts unconsciously and involuntarily in the evolution of forms, and continues this process until it evolves the human form as its ultimate in which it attains to self-consciousness, and evolves a higher plane of existence for itself, that is, the human, and that on this plane it acts consciously and voluntarily for the attainment of its ends.

Primal Being having begun its process of evolution and unfoldment as a unit of self-existence and progressed through its state of nature by unconscious and involuntary action to the completeness of differentiation, until it exists in the human form as so many finite, cosmical expressions of itself each of which is self-conscious of its own existence, and each of which acts independently and as so many individualized units, regardless of the rights of others, Infinite Being using its human form for the expression of its more interior qualities, develops the principles of Wisdom, Love and Reason to the plane of Justice, and gradually begins to unite its differentiated parts into one unitary whole on the social plane and to evolve therefrom the principle of universal brotherhood. This may very properly be designated as the divine plane and wherever this principle of brotherhood has attained to a full expression, therein Being attains to its expression of Godhood, thus passing from a condition of unity on the primal self-existent plane through differentiation on the natural and human planes to a state of unity in universal brotherhood on the Divine Plane.

Primal, self-existent substance, then, constitutes the all of Being, and it has three great planes of expression, the Natural, the Human and the Divine. Man is the ultimate effect of Being *per se*, operating as nature, and God is the ultimate effect of Being *per se*, operating as man in universal brotherhood.

We have seen that Being *per se*, in its finite condition as man acts consciously and voluntarily to perfect, improve and develop the forms in which it exists below the human, and it is, therefore, a fair assumption that Being *per se*, as God, acting from the divine plane, consciously and voluntarily controls and modifies its action on the human plane for the improvement, unfoldment and development of its finite human forms.

Having fairly demonstrated that self-existent substance in its primal condition is only *essential in being and potential in form*, and that by a process of evolution it attains to expression as *Force, Man, and God*, on the *Natural, Human and Divine* planes of Being, we are now prepared to answer our questions:

What am I? Whence did I come? And whither am I going?

I am a finite, cosmical expression of Being, *per se*, in which its substance is so organized and combined that all its potentialities may attain to a self-conscious existence therein.

I came from Being *per se*, existing as Nature, and I go to help constitute Being as it exists in its state of Godhood, in Universal Brotherhood.

I am to Being in its divine state as is the atom to Being in its natural state.

I am one of the evolved cosmical units or atoms of self-conscious being, that unite to develop the Divine Form, in and through which Being attains to its state of Godhood, self-conscious in all its parts, and to a voluntary exercise of all its powers.

I am and must ever continue to be a finite, self-conscious portion of the Infinite Whole, with my conscious perceptions ever unfolding and developing under the guidance of the Infinite Self-consciousness as it exists on the divine plane in its state of Godhood, where all are teachers and all are pupils and universal brotherhood is supreme.

Man is the last and highest note in the harmonic scale of Being as it exists as nature, and the first and lowest note in the harmonic scale of Being as it exists as God.

Spirit is the Father, the organic form the Mother of man, and from the union of these two and their continued action and reaction, the *Ego, Soul or I Am* of the individual is evolved and sustained, and this soul, by conscious effort, possesses itself of, and makes its own by appropriation, all the inherent qualities of both its father

and mother elements as fast as it comprehends and assimilates them, and makes them the law and controlling power of its actions, feelings, and desires.

Man's intuition is God's tuition. The development of the intuitional or sixth sense, is accomplished by perfecting the organs of conscious thought-perception to that degree, that Spirit can, through them, clearly express itself and be correctly comprehended by the consciousness of the *ego* regarding the matter being considered, without recourse to the reasoning process and logical deductions, for the ascertainment of truth.

As Spirit knows absolutely, or is in its essence Intelligence *per se*, it follows as a logical sequence that wherever and in whatever form it attains to a *fullness* of expression there is a manifestation and presentation of Absolute Truth; and as Matter feels absolutely or is Sensation *per se*, it also follows as a logical sequence, that the higher and more perfect and refined is its expression in an organic form, the more full, complete and perfect will be the manifestation of Love through such form, and through the highest, purest, and most refined form to which matter has or shall attain, is, and will be manifested Love in its greatest fullness and perfection.

Absolute Love and Absolute Truth, can only be manifested in their fullness and entirety through an *absolutely perfect form*.

The most perfect form is the Divine Form that is evolved from the universal human, and through this divine form Love and Truth have their highest and fullest expression, manifesting conjointly as Infinite Wisdom, which man personalizes as God.

Therefore, only as individual human beings purify, refine and perfect their organic form, can they give expression to the more interior qualities of their being, that ultimate themselves, in and build up, constitute and develop their *ego of individuality*; and just in the ratio that they attain toward the perfection of form, will be their soul growth and the true expression of Truth and Love through them.

This perfecting and purifying of the organic form of man is only attained by the desire and effort of the ego to comprehend the inherent principles of its being and to bring its life into harmonious accord with them, and the rapidity of the process is determined by the earnestness, and persistence of the desire and effort.

The human plane is a higher condition of Being than is the natural plane, therefore man as a finite, cosmical expression of Being, with the inherent ability to develop self-consciousness, can, if he so wills, fully comprehend evolved being as it exists on the natural plane, for the higher ever includes the lower, but man can never comprehend in its fullness Being as it exists on the Divine plane, for the lower is included in the higher; hence man must ever continue to unfold and develop, ever with something still to attain to.

As has been shown, the logical deduction is, that that portion of primal Being that we designate as spirit, is imponderable, non-dimensionable and indivisible, and must, therefore ever remain unchanged and unchangeable; hence it necessarily follows that the animating spirit of all forms is one and the same, from the monad and tiniest germ to the highest angel; aye, to God; the form it animates ever and always determining the character of its expression, and the degree of fullness to which it shall attain expression in and through the *ego of being* evolved by its action in and through such form, and the responsive reaction thereof.

It is not the spirit and matter combined in the human form, nor either of these, that constitutes the self-conscious *I Am* of personalized, individualized man, but the *ego* evolved from Consciousness by their action and reaction upon each other while combined in such form. Neither has the spirit part of man a separate and distinct existence from the infinite spirit substance, nor is it a segregated part of it, but it is spirit itself acting through the human form as it also acts through all other forms, and it is the *ego* evolved from consciousness that constitutes the self-conscious personality and individuality of man as a finite expression of the Infinite Whole.

Therefore, as we have before stated, if the human form is the ultimate that can be assumed by matter under the action of spirit, then it must, as to form, have attained to a state as unchangeable as that of spirit, and the *ego* of self-conscious being evolved by this form would be equally enduring; and as the specific matter that constitutes a living form is ever changing, there can be no limit assigned to the degree of perfection to which this form may be brought by the action of its animating spirit through the self-conscious, voluntary efforts of the *ego* to direct it, hence no limit

to the fullness of expression to which it may attain through its *ego* of self-conscious existence.

Therefore, when by the process of physical death, man passes from the external body, the human form, which is a *sine qua non* for the production and continuance of individualized man, is not necessarily thereby destroyed, but the physical organism that he then possesses is constituted of matter elevated to a higher condition, approaching more nearly to a condition of force, fitting him for a residence on the first supermundane plane of his natal world. And the physical organism that a man possesses after the change called death, is as real and tangible as the body he has cast off, and is just as palpable and visible, but which will only reflect vibrations that are so much more rapid than on the mundane plane that they produce no effect upon our visual organs while in our normal condition here, yet there are many persons here in the mundane who can see this body by the aid of this finer light, and they are said to be clairvoyant; and this finer organism is constantly being progressed to higher conditions by the action of its animating spirit, influenced by the conscious, voluntary action of its personalized, individualized *ego*, and to this progression no limit can be assigned, for all forms serve the purpose of evolving matter to higher conditions, and the human form on the mundane plane evolves the matter that constitutes the form that survives the process of physical death which is but casting off from the human form its grosser elements and qualifying it for action upon a more advanced plane of life.

Were the human form destroyed by death the man would be annihilated, for the real man, the *I Am*, the self-consciousness of existence, is an evolution of Soul produced by the action of spirit substance upon matter as combined in the human form, and should that form be destroyed, the Individualized expression of Soul produced through it would of necessity cease, and the individuality and personality produced by such expression would cease and could never again be revived, for every form evolves its own *ego* of expression; hence unless the human form survive the change of physical death, man ceases to exist; but if it does survive such change, then man continues to live as a personal identity.

Let us by a comparison try and illustrate our idea how it is that all forms are animated by one and the same spirit; that is, by the

indivisible, unchanged and unchangeable Infinite Spirit of primal being.

Suppose that we construct a thousand different varieties of electrical machines and appliances, ranging from the motor that will develop 10,000 horse-power, through all the varieties used to produce the various results of lighting, telegraphing, telephoning, engraving, plating and down to the tiniest electrical toy that has ever been produced and place them in a circle around us. We examine them. They are all constructions, for they have been produced by the conscious, voluntary action of an intelligence operating upon them from without, and seemingly they are each and all inert and dead. They are, each one of them, connected by wires of a suitable size and conductivity to the same large and powerful electric conductor, each serving to the extent of its capacity to close its circuit.

Now we turn the electric current on to the prime main conductor, and in an instant our thousand forms, that but a moment ago seemed inert and dead, are alive with motion, each manifesting the presence and action of the same electric current in the manner that is imposed upon it by the form of the construction through which it flows and that reacts in response to its action; and the effect produced by this action of the electric current and the reaction of the construction through which it flows, is the *ego* of that particular form, and it is only by the effects manifested through this *ego* that we know that the electric current is passing through it.

Here is one lamp that produces light equal to 100,000 candles, and here a little incandescent one that shines as softly as the glow-worm in the night. Here is the motor developing a power equal to that of 10,000 horses, and just beside it the little toy motor that the finger of the babe can stop, and yet they are all operated from the selfsame current of electricity that has but one main circuit, and each draws from this according to its capacity to utilize it. The effect produced is the end or object sought. The motor of and by itself is useless for any practical purpose, and so also is the electricity, but when combined they give as an effect, power, and this we can utilize for various purposes. Power is the efficient *ego* evolved by the union of the electric motor and the electric current; and it is the form of a motor that causes the electricity to manifest as power.

If we give to the construction through which the electricity is to flow the form of a lamp, it manifests as light, that being the effect desired, and light is the efficient *ego* of that specific union of the electric force and the special combination of matter through which it operates.

Thus it clearly appears that the effect that will be produced by a current of electricity, is always determined by the form of the matter that constitutes the body through which it acts. So do we conceive that Infinite Spirit, ever existing and acting as a unit, animates all forms, and that each form receives in exact proportion to its ability to utilize, and that the *ego* evolved is the measure of its ability. In our illustration the forms through which the electricity manifests itself were constructed by an intelligent force which operated upon them from without, other than the electricity, hence it cannot by acting upon such constructed form change, or augment the effect produced; but the Infinite Spirit acting upon matter, evolves the form through which it expresses itself and therefore under the conscious influence of the individualized Soul-expression evolved can and does change and improve the form by a process of development, and thus attains to fuller expression through it.

Seemingly, the effect or end aimed at by Being *per se*, acting through the human form, is to develop self-conscious consciousness as the efficient *ego*, through the voluntary exercise of which it can consciously perceive, understand and comprehend itself, thus changing its condition of Absolute Being from that of the essential and potential to the objective and manifest, and its action from the unconscious and involuntary to the conscious and voluntary. Soul, Spirit and Matter constitute the trinity of Self-existent Being, or we might say Consciousness, Knowing and Feeling, for only when Spirit and Matter unite in manifestation does Soul, attain to expression as a Conscious Ego, or the "I" of the specialized manifestation, and it attains to expression whenever and as often as proper conditions are presented. Of necessity, then, there is but one consciousness, which attains to expression at each and every point where the necessary conditions are present, and its manifestation must and will ever be in exact accord with the condition of the particular form that furnishes the conditions; and as it is through consciousness only that any form of being can experience the sensation of existence, it

follows that the consciousness evolved by any particular form constitutes the *ego* or soul of such form, and that the duration of such *ego* or soul will be coincident with the maintenance of the form, and that the individuality evolved by each expression of the principle of consciousness, cannot survive the extinction of the form through which it was, or is evolved.

It follows, then, that Soul, the principle of consciousness that inheres in Being *per se*, is attaining to expression in and through every form that supplies the requisite conditions, and that the individualities that are evolved by such expression are limited in duration to the time that the form evolving them endures and consequently, that while there is but one consciousness which attains to expression in each form that provides the requisite conditions, that there are as many distinct individualities as there are forms, and that each individuality is an effect produced by and through a form and can have no existence separate and apart from its producing form, and therefore, one individuality or soul cannot by any possibility attain to expression through two or more forms, for each form must of necessity evolve an individuality and soul of its own. It appears then that the principles of self-existent Being first attain to expression and manifestation in and through individualized forms.

Principles do not propagate themselves but express themselves through each and every individualized form that supplies the requisite conditions. All things that are produced by the direct action of these principles are evolved, while all things produced by the operative effects of these principles as manifested through finite forms are constructed. All evolved forms in which the principle of life attains to manifestation, propagate themselves. No constructed form can propagate itself.

The soul of man is the combined expression in and through the finite, human form of all the inhering principles of the substance of Being *per se*, that attain to expression on all planes below and including the human, and this soul of man makes itself manifest through conscious perception. As to substance it had no beginning and can have no end, but as to expression, it first attained to it through the evolution of the human form whereby it attained its individuality and personality, and it is these qualities that give the soul of man existence, and this expression and existence must con-

tinue as long as the human form that evolves it continues, and no longer.

Then we declare the soul of man, the real man, to be the product of the human form, you ask?

Yes, as to its individualized expression most certainly we do, for the manifestation of the soul of man is the effect that is produced by the combined action of the principles of Being *per se*, acting in and through the human form. The soul of man is not any one nor all of the inhering principles of primal Being, but is the resulting effect of their joint action under certain conditions, *to wit*: The conditions provided by the human form. So likewise evolution does not proceed from God, but from primal self-existent Being, which through evolution, as a final result evolves the Divine Form of Universal Brotherhood, through which the combined effect of all its inhering principles attain to expression as God, or the Self-conscious, Intelligent Soul of the Universe. All theology makes the serious mistake of placing God at the wrong end of the evolved universe; theology places God at the beginning, but the facts show that God is the condition to which self-existent Being attains.

Strictly speaking, God is not the All in All, but the highest expression to which the All of Being attains, and through this highest expression of Itself it acts consciously and voluntarily to so control, modify and direct the existing conditions at all parts of the evolved universe as to aid and assist Being *per se*, in its unconscious action, to attain to higher conditions more rapidly and easily. That form determines the character of the ultimate effect is not only illustrated but fully demonstrated by the horticulturists' art of grafting. Cutting off a limb from an apple tree and grafting thereon a cutting from a pear tree, in the course of a few years when the young graft has sufficiently grown, it will produce pears, while all other branches of the tree continue to produce apples. Now the tree has but one life, and this principle of life manifesting through the tree produces as an ultimate effect, fruit, which contains seeds, which under proper conditions will develop into trees possessing the characteristics of the parent tree. But if a tree be grown from the seed of a pear growing upon a branch grafted upon an apple tree, it will not produce an apple tree with one pear branch upon it, but a pear tree, thus fully demonstrating that form, and form alone, determines the

ultimate effect; for upon no other hypothesis can the fact that the life-principle operating through the apple tree, produces pears upon the graft be accounted for. It must be placed in the same category with that of the principle of force as represented by electricity, wherein, as we have seen, its ultimate effect is always determined by the form it operates through.

Inasmuch as the human form provides conditions for the manifestation of principles of Being that do not attain to expression in and through any of the forms below the human, it is a fair inference to suppose that the Divine Form will provide conditions for the manifestation and expression of principles that cannot find full expression through the human; and that through the Divine Form, all the principles of Being that are active in the evolution of the present universe will attain to expression as God, or the Soul of the Universe, but as to the character and quality of these higher and more interior principles, man is and must remain in part ignorant, just as the lower animals cannot gain a full comprehension of man because of the more interior principles that find expression through man.

And just as man uses his superior wisdom to so control and modify conditions as to improve and elevate that which is below him, so may we justly assume that Being in its state of Godhood uses its superior wisdom and power to so modify and control conditions as to improve and elevate all below the divine plane and to attain to the perfection of the whole in its highest state of Godhood, and this is the Divine Providence that cares for all.

It is a source of regret that in treating subjects of this character, we have not a terminology that would convey to the mind of each reader the same thought, and better still if we could convey the same shade of thought. So long as the same words or combination of words convey to different minds different conceptions, we shall fail to make ourselves fully understood. The words, spirit, spiritual, and Spirit-world, convey such dissimilar ideas to different minds, that I always feel when using them, that there will be some at least among the readers that will not receive them in the sense in which I use them.

It is often affirmed that man is a spiritual being, and in one sense this is a truth, but if from such a statement the idea is obtained

that the real man is wholly constituted of spirit *per se*, a false impression is received, for man is no more constituted of spirit *per se*, than he is of matter *per se*, the fact being that the real man is an effect consequent upon the action of spirit *per se*, and the reaction of matter *per se*, when combined in a certain form and acting in a certain manner.

Neither is the so-called spirit-world (but more properly designated as the Supermundane plane of a world) constituted of spirit *per se*, but all that is objective and tangible in the supermundane is constituted of matter *per se*, elevated and refined to the condition that pertains to matter on those planes, the objective forms there being animated by spirit, which is ever internal and invisible on all planes of being.

By an illustration we will try to make our meaning clear when we say man is an effect consequent upon certain conditions of spirit and matter. Is it not plain to you that a house cannot have an objective and real existence until the materials of which it is to be constituted are combined in the form of a house? But when the materials are so combined in such forms, then, and not till then does the house begin to exist. The house having thus attained to an existence of its own, a part of the material used in its construction may be removed and other material substituted in its stead, but it remains the same house still, and this process of removing a little of the original material at one time and replacing it by other material may be continued until all the original material has been removed and replaced by other, and still the same house remains; it has not lost its identity by the gradual changing of its constituent elements, because it is not any particular elements of matter that constitute the house, but the form produced by their combination; and so long as the form of a house is preserved, its identity remains, though its material and shape be changed; and thus by a process of change a cottage may be developed to a mansion without losing its identity as a house or dwelling place. But if all the material should be removed at any one time, or enough of it to destroy the form of a house, then it would cease to exist, and though it were all again gathered together at the same place it would not be the former house, but a new one that would thus be produced.

It was and is exactly the same with you and me and every other

human being. None of us had or could have an existence until the substance that first constituted us was gathered together in the embryonic human form. Then we began to exist as individuals, and our existence will continue as long as the human form that constitutes us continues, and the phenomena known as Spiritualism have demonstrated that the human form continues to exist after the change called death, and in this continued existence we shall, by the conscious exercise of the powers of our Soul, change our Form, that at this present time may be compared to the modest cottage, until it shall correspond to the grandest palace of which the mind can conceive, and then shall the divine human find an expression through each of us that shall be truly Godlike.

What we shall attain to and when we shall attain it rests with each one of us. None other can attain for us. We must each attain for ourself. Let us then with all our powers strive to develop and unfold the God inherent in ourselves and bring it forth into an active, manifest existence in our life here and now.

As something cannot come from nothing, which is a negation, meaning the absence of all things, it is a logical sequence that Being always was, and may therefore properly be termed Self-existent Being.

As there can only be brought out from a thing those qualities or expressions that are inherent therein, therefore it is a logical sequence that all past and present manifestations, and all manifestations that may occur in the future of Being, were all inherent in Self-existent Being.

As observation demonstrates that Self-existent Being is continuously attaining to a fuller objective manifestation of Itself, therefore it is a logical sequence that all manifestations of Infinite Being exist therein in a Potential Form and await conditions through which they may attain to active expression and embodiment, and it therefore further follows that the Infinite Self-existent Being is in its primal estate, Essential in Being and Potential in Form, and that through the exercise of Its Potential Powers it attains to an objective and manifest Expression of Itself.

Observation shows that Infinite Being in passing from the Essential and Potential to the manifest and objective state of existence finds Its first expression in its most exterior Form as a vast, lumin-

ous, gaseous mass, which through a process of evolution It evolves into a Sun, and still continuing this evolutionary process this expression as a Sun segregates itself into several smaller suns that revolve in orbits around the great mass that as the central parent sun remains fixed at the center, holding its offspring in orderly movements. These smaller suns again segregate themselves into a system of suns of which they are the center and controlling force, and thus it eventuates into an expression as a universe of suns, of which the last to be segregated, thrown off, or born, being the least in mass, are the first to evolve through the sun-stage into the planetary, and on these planetary worlds, the Infinite Being as therein expressed, begins to evolve to a manifest existence its still more interior potentialities, first attaining to expression in the vegetable, then in the animal and then in the human, man being the last of the animal forms to appear upon an earth.

Thus we see that the more interior, higher and fuller expressions of the Infinite Being follow in sequential order those of a lower and lesser expression; and that a higher, fuller and more interior expression of Its potential qualities never antedates the lesser and more exterior potentialities.

Therefore, it follows as a logical sequence that as God is superior to Man, and the Divine superior to the Human, that inasmuch as the Infinite Being did not and could not express Itself as man until it had evolved all its expressions below man, and thus prepared the conditions needful for the evolution of the Human Form, so it could not manifest as God and its godlike qualities, until it had first manifested as man in the human form and thus prepared the conditions for the evolution of the Divine Form, through which it manifests as God, therein attaining to the highest, fullest and most perfect expression of Itself.

The Infinite Being in Its manifestation as man through the human form, begins to exercise its Love-Principle under the guidance of Its Intelligence in a conscious and voluntary manner as a Human Soul, to improve upon and ameliorate the conditions of the expressions of Itself to which it has attained, acting under the guidance of Its Evolutionary Forces.

Here for the first time, Its principle of Beneficence attains to expression and manifestation when the Infinite Being manifests as

man; and for the first time also in man the Principle of Wisdom attains to expression, as the child born of the union of Love and Intelligence.

As it required all preceding expressions of the Infinite Being to prepare the conditions for the evolution of the Human Form, so it required the human form to be added to these to provide the conditions for the evolution of the Divine Form, through which the God-Principle should attain to expression, manifestation and power.

Starting as a Unit of Being on its evolutionary course, where it is Essential in Being and Potential in Form, it reaches Its greatest degree of segregated, individualized soul-expression in the human form as man, and then evolving the Divine Form, in this it again becomes unified, and through it attains to expression as God, wherein Soul, Spirit and Matter, attain to the highest and fullest expression through Love and Wisdom, and from this plane the Infinite Being, manifesting as God through the Divine Form in the highest, fullest expression of Its Love and Wisdom, acts constantly for the improvement of all the expressions of the Infinite Self-existence, as manifested on planes below Its own high estate.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY AND MENTAL POWER.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

In considering the subject of Spirit, Spirituality and Spiritual Activity, with the idea that spiritual phases of life and being actually exist and are important to understand, some very practical questions are sure to rise early in the discussion. These questions require clear answer before much progress can be made toward understanding the true relation that must exist between spiritual philosophy and a successful conduct of life, amid the complicated affairs of personal existence. They refer to the nature of spirit and spiritual activity, the character of mental action and power, and the relation of each to the other; and they comprise a field of exceeding interest, for investigation.

With the average intellectual person, the beauty of spiritual philosophy is one thing for consideration, and its possible practicality in daily life, quite another. Many are prone to believe that it has no practical features; and that to accept it as a fact in life, one must cease to be practical, and perhaps become "visionary" in all views.

Spiritual philosophy relates so plainly to features of intellectuality, and to action that is so different from the nature of matter, material things and physical life as it appears before us, that it cannot be satisfactorily considered with direct bearing upon matter or physical affairs, but must first be related to the mind with its powers, operative forces and activities; and it is only through a suitable comprehension of the relation existing between spirit and mind that any connection between spirit and matter can be rightly conceived. Neither of these functions of being can adequately be considered independently of the other, as regards this feature of life.

Relative action is quite readily found between the body and the mind. A relative activity exists, also, between mind and spirit. On this latter ground, however, some appear to consider the body to be an independent entity, and the mind as the ultimate of all active power that can be proved to exist. These consider the spirit, if at all, as quite apart from a mind or a body, and perhaps of less consequence to understand than either mind or body.

Granted that there is spiritual activity in the universe, that it may be real, and if so, that it is of importance to the spiritual man—of what consequence is it to him who occupies the earth, in this phase of consciousness, where matter is “real” and mind king in its own domain? Is not mind in its own intellectual powers sufficient unto itself? Does it not rule, dominate the forces of the universe and harness their powers for man’s own use? Cannot he use them all for his own purposes—even for his self-purposes if he so elects? And what but “mind” can say him nay?

Through intellectual advancement man has already achieved wonders and seems to have gathered into the dynamo of his mind the forces of many hertofore unknown elements, and unsuspected forces. But, how often is he apparently thwarted in his highest ambitions, just when he presumes entire success to be his? He harnesses the lightning; but—a touch of a tip of his finger to an exposed point and he disappears from the field of physical life. His boasted kingship, and dominion over forces, evidently lacks something vital to perfect success. Struggle as he may to overcome all obstacles, (and his efforts are most worthy, as showing energy, will and determination) there is still some hidden reason why the goal is never reached, and why eventual disappointment is so certain.

The reason for this, it is believed, can be discovered, understood and overcome. It rests in the failure, thus far, to recognize the *nature* of the mind and its *relation* to the spirit, which is the actual activity of every mind. In fact, with all his laudable accomplishments, man fails to recognize THE SPIRITUALITY OF HIS OWN MIND, and so the higher and more subtle activities of his mentality and the real powers of his intellect escape his notice. The very forces which would make success certain, are lost in the oblivion of non-recognition. The light of intellectual accomplishment so dazzles the vision as to render him blind to his own spiritual intelligence, and the higher qualities and powers escape his notice.

This is a grave error—grave for two reasons; first, because it is so far-reaching in its obstructive action in all forward movements; and second, because the truth of it really is so easy to understand and, when understood, to use in ways that would enable people to accomplish their higher missions upon earth, and bring advancement to those yet held in the density of misunderstanding.

Does any direct relation exist between spiritual activity and mental power? If so, can it be clearly understood and explained to the minds of reasoning people? Does it contain value for the worldly practical ones who need it? If so, these results should be obtained in the field of demonstration; then half the battle with the rebellious intellect of material belief will be won at a stroke. If it can be shown that the activities of the spiritual nature contain and may transmit to the mind real forces, to the extent of evolving, developing, or rendering operative greater power than can be otherwise exercised, then the ground of the reality and importance of spiritual knowledge will be clearly proved.

The natural operations of the real activities of the mind, generate a power that is commonly known as mental power. But what is the power itself and why is it associated with activities? What is the nature of its activities? Are they physical? If so, what keeps them active and how do they generate power? Are they mental? If so, do they originate in the mind itself? These and many similar questions surge through the thought-realm when we turn inquiringly to the subject. And this proves the necessity for a study of it; because, when seriously aroused in the mind, an unanswered question gives no rest until its goal is reached and the subject understood.

The power of the mind is recognised through its thought-activities; therefore its simplest statement is "the power of thought." It is freely admitted by all that in its exercise of power for any purpose, the mind is active; that in all thought there is some genuine activity; and that the higher states of activity generate the greater degrees of power. But do we understand the activities involved, and comprehend their powers sufficiently to be able to select, at will, that kind of power which is best adapted to the purpose before us, and to so direct its real activities as to produce a sufficiently accurate result? If not, there is a real need of a study that shall disclose these things, else the purpose of life may pass unrealized and we, ourselves, fail in our mission.

Man accomplishes purposes in life, first by thought, in the formulation of a plan of action; next by physical action, in execution of the plan. His mind becomes active on that subject—he thinks; he evolves ideas in his understanding and formulates thought-

activities. As he proceeds with his mental work, and thoughts take definite form in his mind, power is recognized as associated with his thought. A thought which he gives out is described as "a powerful thought." He is spoken of as "a powerful thinker;" and in various ways this idea of mental power is recognized and admitted as present and real. To what realm of the universe does it belong? The materialist asserts that it is physical, and undertakes to account for it by cerebral automatism, as a supposedly physical action of brain cells operating under functional activity. But this either eliminates intelligence in the matter, or relegates both the function and the cell to the plane of intelligence where they must cease to be physical, because, matter is inert and of itself does nothing.

As an activity, Thought is so very subtle in its operations, so exceedingly quick in its activities, so far-reaching in its researches, that it cannot be considered physical, while properly recognizing the nature of its accomplishments. If results be viewed from the purely mental standpoint, endeavoring to account for them by what is seen and known of the mind itself, and of the operations of mentality pure and simple, barriers to the pure understanding of the subject will soon be met with. Features and phases of activity with which the best of the mental faculties do not compare, will present themselves—and the riddle will still remain unsolved.

To quiet the conscience with a settled belief, so adjusted as to fit our own views and wishes, is not sufficient if we are either to advance, ourselves, or help others. The difficulties in the problem must be fairly met, while the nature of each action presented must be looked squarely in the face and handled without prejudice, if we would know the truth.

Studied in this way, the mind will disclose different features of action, with varying phases of activity and of power, covering several planes of life and of being. This fact may, in time, satisfactorily explain the different views and opinions advanced. Possibly all schools may be right, in a measure, each having a standing upon the particular plane from which it reasons.

The mind covers the entire realm of conscious existence in external life, and operates on any plane of consciousness where the individual directs it. It is, therefore, capable of exhibiting all of the different kinds and grades of thought that are possible to conscious-

ness. This fact, alone, should deter theorists from rendering a final verdict on the physical or the external mental plane alone. Such a course would necessarily exclude much of the mind's higher power.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory that the activities of the mind are spiritual, lies in the fact that one who accepts only the materialistic hypothesis reaches the limit of the forces of his mental ability earlier in the race than those holding to other theories; and the one who recognizes mind as possessing powers all its own, not dependent upon matter or physical tissue to think for it, reaches further ahead in his mental efforts, accomplishes more and does not so quickly reach a limit to his understanding on any subject; while he who comprehends the *spirituality* of his subject, and, recognizing that the activities of mind are *spiritual* in their nature, thereby becomes acquainted with the real forces of mind and thought, sees that their activities are endless, and grasps the whole situation with a force that overrides obstructions and recognizes no limit.

This limitless, non-obstructible power is never present with the material reasoner and is never fully realized in mentality alone. Nothing physical can produce it, yet it is constantly in evidence in various ways. Even one demonstration of it proves it possible. That is all that need or should be proved for us, for each one has within him all the powers and forces necessary to the proof of any real subject, and only where he has so demonstrated it for himself, in his own comprehension, does he *know* the facts.

The man of average intelligence constantly looks for something more than he possesses in external consciousness, and has faith of some sort in something or some one outside of himself; and he never trusts, as the real object of that faith, one who entertains the same beliefs as his own. This suggests that he innately recognizes something beyond and different from his present achievements. The power to recognize this possibility contains the promise of attainment as well as the guaranty of its existence. This recognition comes only through intelligence, never through sense, nor, to any appreciable extent, by means of intellectual mentality alone; though this, properly exercised, may lead to the ground of higher thinking, where the spiritual perceptive powers may be called into action. This again suggests the higher origin and nature of the action.

The practical question, now, is how to apply this understanding of spiritual activity in such ways as to increase mental power. If *mind* is man's highest intelligence, then he can reach nothing except through thought. It is a fact, though, that however he may *think*, convictions of truth on certain subjects with which he may be dealing come to him spontaneously, even against the conclusions of his thought processes; and, frequently, they cannot be set aside. On close examination these convictions invariably prove to be right, showing that they come through a high order of intelligence and generate in a pure grade of understanding. They are manifestly higher than the mental plane, because there they never develop.

This higher phase of action is designated as a plane of spiritual activity. Here all activity is native and real. It does not require to be made or created—it simply is. It is infinite because real, and therefore eternal in duration. This applies to all and every spiritual activity. Infinity attaches to its number and variety as well as to its quality and character; therefore, an infinite number of activities subsist upon the spiritual plane of Being or Reality. That which is infinite is all-inclusive, therefore all real activity is native to its plane. We are compelled to admit this statement or withdraw "infinity" as a quality of the activity. The argument is absolute in whatever way it may be logically approached.

All activity that is actually real is spiritual in nature, essence, and substance. It is the operative demonstration of Spiritual Energy. This being true, the mind must derive its activity, its forces and its powers from spirit, and through its own spiritual nature. In this view of the case the mind may readily be considered a SPIRITUAL FUNCTION OF ACTIVE BEING.

The activities of spirit are the operative forces of Being itself. They all come into manifestation of life, through the operations of the "understanding," which with man is the chief qualification of "being." That which any one *understands* he demonstrates in his life; and according to his understanding of the subject will be his power to deal with it, both mentally and physically. These seem to be self-evident truths and probably no one who understands the statement will attempt to refute them.

In order to demonstrate mental power, with permanent effect, the spiritual activity represented by a full and thorough under-

standing of the subject, must be exercised. This, in turn, calls for the operation of intelligence of a high order, which is another feature of pure spiritual activity—the power to understand and to know. No other form of Intelligence can be found in the universe, and wherever it is exercised or demonstrated, there spirit is present and operative for good results.

To increase the mind's power to deal with any subject, a more complete understanding of the ideas included in the subject must be evolved. Then mental power, sufficient for any right use of it, will unfold as we proceed, every intelligent view of an idea yielding a proportionate degree of mental power with which to operate in any of the necessary channels of thought.

It does not require a physically *forcible* application of thought to deal *powerfully* with a subject; a clear and intelligent view of its ideas, and a comprehensive understanding of the principles involved, are of far greater importance than "force" as the world interprets the word. Neither is it difficult to exercise thought "powerfully."

The mind does no good work under strain or effort, except as the closer application that is apt to be effected under effort may generate a clearer understanding. But we can make the same close application without any of the conscious effort of "thinking hard" or of "labored thinking," and with results in exact ratio to the *quietude* of the operative functions of the mind.

The mind that *sees clearly* will have no occasion to struggle over the subject; the seeing solves every problem and shows, usually at a glance, just how to proceed to apply the understanding thus gained. The mind then works rapidly, with ease, and accomplishes in a trice, without effort, doubt or faltering, what otherwise it might struggle over for hours without accomplishing anything. In dealing with ideas the mind operates only through understanding; while in any degree of a struggle only sense can be indulged.

The effort to "think *hard*" is a mistake, as regards real thinking. It shows that the operator does not understand his subject. Effort only obstructs intelligent action. Light shines without effort. It knows no struggle. It does not try—it simply shines and in that quality of action it has "being," as light. In the *substance* of its being it is the light; and in the *life* of its being it simply shines.

Then he who will may see. Spirit, functioning as Intelligence, operates in the same manner.

Intelligence is, has being, and lives in its own activity. On the mental plane every mind is the embodiment of spirit. It operates, perpetually, and, as we see it to be with the light, without effort of any kind or degree. In order to share its activity, mind has but to recognize its natural relationship. Then it will operate on the subject in question, according to the natural laws of intelligence, and will understand and conquer every seeming difficulty before it appears on the scene of action.

Every real act of mind is performed noiselessly, without effort, doubt, anxiety, care or feeling of personal responsibility. In all of this it is the exercise of spiritual activity by the intelligent individual, and it operates by spiritual law. It is only because man believes himself to be material in substance, and, trying to be consistent with his theory, endeavors to think with physical brain-tissue, and in terms of sense-action, that he finds it "hard work to think," becomes weary with his thinking, and sees nearby limitations to all of his plans for action in life.

To recognize the innate spiritual activity of the subject, is to gain that degree of understanding which is necessary to a knowledge of how to deal with its problems; and this gives power to deal with it through the mind, and to apply its forces in daily life. That part of the mind which is real, is also spiritual, in substance, in activity and in power.

All of that which relates to sense and sense-action is unreal, illusory, deceptive and eventually abortive in action. In any of these limited channels the mind "labors and is heavy laden" with effort beyond its faith, and responsibilities exceeding its confidence. Its trust is in shadows and its thought contains no substance. Its speech is but the empty babblings of the sense-deluded intellect. Its "tremendous efforts" are self-destructive.

When these physical limitations are set aside and only innate intelligence is recognized, no limitation to thought-power is imagined, and the work in hand may be proceeded with, without effort other than the application necessary to adapt thought to the subject; then thinking is a delight, and is positively invigorating, regardless of previous effort and supposed weariness.

Depletion of the mental forces by the exercise of thought, and because of the *amount* of thinking done, is a delusion, not a fact in life. It is not the *amount* but the *kind and quality* of the thinking that bear witness here. Thought that finds its base in sense-evidence and rests upon belief in a reality of material things, is necessarily limited in both range and power by the error of the judgment rendered. The mind thus exercising its faculties becomes weary of effort THROUGH MEETING THESE LIMITATIONS, not in the least through any of its thought-processes that accomplish actual results.

Every result accomplished is an encouragement to the individual. We all know how invigorating a real encouragement is. Many times in life one positive encouragement received, has caused fatigue to vanish instantly, when complete exhaustion seemed to have taken possession of the entire physical and mental mechanism. It has also started anew the currents of health, brightened the dull eye, and rejuvenated the whole external being when collapse seemed inevitable. All people know of some, at least, of these effects of encouragement taking the place of discouragement.

If the lassitude, weariness and collapse are the results of physical fatigue with consequent destruction of cells and breaking down of tissue—the usual scientific interpretation of the phenomenon, why does this occur and how can it be possible?

On the physical theory, these well known and quite common results have to be ignored, as they are always inexplicable; but with the knowledge that the mind is spiritual in substance, in element, in force and in all of its action, and that the body, being itself inert, is the responsive instrument of the mind, on which it may play any tune, and through which it may sound any harmony of which it is spiritually capable, the entire problem at once clears for comprehension, and every discrepancy vanishes, all such experiences and results being fully and satisfactorily accounted for by self-evident truths. Furthermore, each and every point in this theory is capable of demonstration and proof, leaving nothing unaccounted for, to bewilder the investigator. These facts may be either denied or ignored, but they cannot be refuted.

The mind that becomes discouraged, turns its face from the spiritual activity of its own *infinite intelligence* and gives its confidence to its sense-powers. As an inevitable result of the limitation

of the innate error involved, the sense-powers fail and the discouragement is a perfectly consistent result. The spirit being left out of consideration the body of the proposition becomes an empty shell, void of power for any accomplishment.

Having found itself powerless to accomplish its hoped-for results, the mind easily gives way to discouragement and is ready to yield up its last ghost of hope. But, perchance, just then a turn is taken. Some inner faculty springs into activity just as the sense-thought yields up its effort, and subconsciously a thought-impulse comes forward to the conscious plane and a definite thought takes form that prompts the individual to some untried action; and lo! success, at last, steps forth from the darkness and encouragement comes his way.

This may be entirely an act of his own individuality, as described, or the inner impulse may have blended with that of another individual mind and prompted that person to perform some act or say the right word for encouragement when needed, and so to save the soul which had become well nigh lost; but in either event it was the turn from the external to the inner light of a higher understanding that wrought the change. The spiritual activity involved reproduced itself instantaneously, through an influx of mental power which banished every foreign opinion, leaving the field clear for the full expression upon the body of the natural energy of a spiritualized comprehension. All the mental powers are revitalized by the spiritual activity of the truth with regard to the subject or plan under observation. The physical body is also rejuvenated, by the expression through its nerve centers of the redeveloped mental powers.

These powers are our own, all of the time, and in the consciousness of the spirituality of our being, we remain in conscious possession of them for working purposes. They belong to the spiritual realm of being. And in this lies our hope; because, being spiritual they are eternal, and constant in action. We have only to recognize them and they operate within our mentality, of their own volition. Recognition of them as realities, and association of the purpose of action with them as operative powers, causes them to operate within the mind as energy, which instantly accomplishes the work required. This is spiritual activity reproduced as mental power and operative

in the mentality of mankind. It is always open, accessible and free to all. It requires only recognition and comprehension with willingness as an impelling cause to action.

The working powers of the mind are multiplied with every fresh recognition of the fact that the impelling force of every thought is spiritual activity. If we turn to this spiritual truth in a receptive willingness to work with the truth, whatever it may be, the mental power will demonstrate an increase of thought-energy, from the first moment of the understanding. The "principle" of activity is called into action and only true results can be produced.

No thought of activity itself is necessary, or of power or force in order to accomplish the desired results. Recognition of the principle of truth involved in the purpose, and of the ideas upon which the action to be performed rests, will call the mental powers into operation for the accomplishment of that purpose; and the forces of the spiritual activities that inhere with the principle so recognized, immediately reproduce themselves in the mentality; then a truth is demonstrated in that individual mind. All the mental power necessary to the full demonstration of that principle will be found in action, with the first recognition of the principle or comprehension of the ideas involved. The reproduction of the activity in mental power is subconscious rather than conscious, and need not receive any conscious attention. The external expression of this reproduction, which occurs in the physical tissue, whether brain, nerve, or muscle, is automatic and will show forth energy in proportion to the mental response to the spiritual impulse.

The regular sequence of action, from spiritual reality and truth, outward, to the physical plane is:

First, the spirit—real, eternal and ever constant.

Second, the mind—actual, and spiritual in its mentality, changing in purpose from time to time, but which always should yield to spiritual impulse.

Third, the physical mechanism which automatically and blindly reproduces whatever the mind does in thought.

The mentality is the pivotal point on which the thinker's fate turns according to his comprehension. An earnest purpose is of the most vital importance, as this determines the course to be pursued by the mind on that question.

Spiritual forces or principles are not always consciously recognized or followed when mental power is exhibited. There is a common demonstration of mental power through the intellect, in which little spirituality is apparent. This, however, is not so much power, in its real sense, as it is strength exhibited through the animal will to do. Boastful though it may be and frequently is, when the crucial test comes it fails, unless the more subtile and therefore more powerful forces of mentality are fairly well developed in subconscious action.

When in possession of a cultivated and efficient intellect the subconscious forces are better developed (perhaps through experience in a previous incarnation) than with less pronounced intellectual development; and with these people the spiritual forces are called into action more readily than is usually recognized. If these minds could be intelligently guided from the paths of materialism to the higher ground, where they would recognize the innate spirituality of every faculty, even the intellectual powers might be increased many fold.

The spirituality of all life and reality is the actual fact of being, and its recognition is the first requisite for advancement in the demonstration of mental power. Force is the substance of spiritual activity, and strength is the embodiment of mental power. Intelligent understanding of truth is the pathway to all wisdom, and wisdom is the source of all true power.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

THE PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL.

BY MRS. N. H. SWAYNE.

AN OPEN RACE.

Wealth is a good thing, paving smooth ways to opportunity, and health may sturdily overpass mountainous obstacles; but not only for the successful, equally for those pitiable others, the beaten, the bruised, the broken, is the pursuit of the ideal at once a means, and an end, labor and hire, hurt and healing; so may man, in any wise conditioned possess present happiness: the inherent democracy of the award is then the first virtue of the contest.

RETROSPECT.

In youth hopes are high, almost beyond the belief of memory; and, from the borders of Death to look back upon his life displayed, is often the stoutest trial of a man's faith for the future.

FULFILLMENT.

Not always is it so, for there are,—each man may furnish neighborly proof from his own circle of acquaintance,—cases remarkable for the overflowing fulfillment of early aspiration. Taking these same cases that shine, jewel-like as crocus blooms on a March lawn, we may examine with a surety of foregone conclusion, into their nature, one and all, whether plain to view or obscure, and we will find their flower of perfection nourished by a hidden store of ideality.

IDEALITY AND UN-IDEALITY.

Devotion to a love or hope "yet a great way off," straightens the path, turns denying eyes on bye-way and arbor, preferring one divine consummation above all crowding allurement.

He to whom the future beckons is yet young, nor is his heart dead within him; but he to whom the present sufficeth dreams swiftly before the moment of awakening, when the fog of Desires shall balk his baffled eyes, rendering known ways unsafe, and the place of landmarks blank.

CONTRASTED.

He who has fed on the depths of self-satisfaction, wallowing in content, or ruminating on complaisance and bland draughts of approval, bending his eyes ever on the spread pastures of mediocrity, has never known the glorious, aspiring, mad palpitation at heart of the fledgling poised for flight. And it is this same cold fear of failure that thrills our upward rush—were there not depths below and all heaven above we should not fear to fall!

THE IRKSOME HOUR-GLASS.

It is well-nigh impossible for young eyes to wait upon the irksome hour-glass; that day must follow day in unvaried, invariable succession, chafes an irritable expectancy. The means of attainment are slow moving, and the balm of forgetfulness is craved—a narcotic for frayed nerves.

INSEPARABILITY.

One note cleaves another in any melody, even as in the suffering of pain one pang impinges upon the exquisite, quivering, presence of his predecessor. Nothing is separable; and one day must result with an almost chemical certainty from the changes of his fellow; therefore the dregs of disillusion will rise to cloud clear faith, and it is the impalpable presence of past failure that gives urgency to the longing for relief. Oh! the witchery of that alluring phantom, Respite!

ECHOES.

This very deathless reverberation of the past deafens our ears to the call of the future.

SILENCE.

There is, to every startled child who listens, a rhythmic pulse in silence; in those early days it is known for the echo of angels' voices, but in later life does it not seem to sound of old sayings, of breathless words that may never be hushed, that once spoken whisper through all time to come?

EUMENIDES.

We have each our Eumenides. Not only Orestes was hunted to the very Temple—the spite of the past has maddened many an aspirant.

BODY-BOUND.

We battle not merely against the voices of the charged air; but strive also with the innumerable atoms of our body, and it, at times, seems to voice the unanswerable question: "Can this treasonable flesh keep faith?" Our struggling soul lies body-bound—"De Profundis" is a universal cry.

SATISFACTIONS.

To live without Ideal, is to forego hope. For those who find brute satisfactions in life there is an engulfing sea of despair, and under-currents to drag them down.

Now brute-satisfactions are of many kinds; perhaps comfortable self-approbation, a species of bovine de-spiritualized goodness is the most hopeless; and there is a manner of *preening* in those who indulge violent race-prejudice; deadly languor follows gambling lust; and gold blinds one to delicate, fainter beauty, whereby a whole world of dove-colored softness is overlooked. To the narrowed snob human nature might be uncreated; while the brutal, glorying in ignorance is a sight too frequent to remark upon; perhaps the evil satisfaction in mere *doing* is the most contagious in our modern world; to have done well is too often the reason why we have had no time to learn better. The power of contemplation is a god-like quality hardly attained, and difficult of practice amid distraction.

RECOGNITION.

To recognise the ideal is in itself, and apart from any consequent motive or gain, an achievement; sadly, sometimes, the amiable eye that cannot see evil can no more see good, and a backward revelation of our deficient perceptions is hard punishment. Stony places may lie beneath wonderful skies, and the upward glance travels farthest:

If only to perceive the ideal be good, how much more vivifying

to go out to follow it! The enlarged vision, the keener attention, the aroused effort, all these marvelously coadjusted, round to the sum of endeavor, and there stir and unfold new shoots of consciousness, thrusting up growth where before was sterility.

The onward-eyed soul stays not to weep at trifles, but presses in among colossal enemies, longing to overcome, aspiring to attainment.

INNER WAYS.

Ideality glorifies all ways of life, as a street urchin pranked in mock regalia may feel his little heart flooded with the patriotism of some unknowing General, his hero; there is not always outward evidence to prove the vigor of the inward quickening. Who marked the coming of the wind-blown, zephyr-drifted seed, from which yon swaying maple rises? *There* is a consummation in the loveliness of a deed wrought by invisible agency—but no more truly than the great deed springing from some Heaven-blown ideal. The Argive princes derived their birth from the visit of a god, hence we may draw a parable,—the god-like in us inherits from some unseen source, and tends to the highest levels.

DULL OPALS.

Satisfied mediocrity is like a fireless opal, there is no price so small but it would be too great to pay for it; but the stone with lit fires is an adornment. Continued aspiration threads the whole of life upon a line—there are nowhere any strayed gems.

Again, when old age comes, it is well to look back upon the stored memories of achievement; and if, as for some there happen inevitable failure, old age with eyes wept clear, surveying the by-gone battle, will, happily, know the beaten soldier to be of more worth than he who never entered upon strife.

The ideal, to an aimless life, is as the wind to fill a drooping sail.

CHRISTINE SIEBENECK SWAYNE.

ONE WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

One of the last lessons of Life to the personal self is the perception of the cause of our pain and its ministry; that there is nothing arbitrary in fate, but a ceaseless working of the law of cause and effect, to the end that as universal beings we shall coöperate with the Great Life to lift the burden of the world; the sorrow, the anguish, the unutterable woes bred of selfishness and ignorance.

At last when life has refined and tested us beyond the power to be discouraged by the ingratitude and inappreciation of the world, of our own loved ones, or any soul that has appealed to us,—when we love so much that we understand, and can work and must work from the promptings and guidings of Principle, in its broad application to life in all its aspects, then, indeed, we understand the part which pain's discipline has in a life.

We do not feel bitterness over failure or ingratitude, because we do not work for recognition but for growth, and in the flowering of effort into benefit to others not yet free. There is a plane beyond selfishness.

"Be to them a gift and benediction," is full of happy suggestion. Could we but actualize it in our personal lives.

* * * *

It sometimes happens that we wake late to the beauty and merit of characters about us that we have been associated with for a lifetime without appreciation; just as a book intended for mature minds given to a child will remain in its possession unregarded until education, development and circumstance bring it under observation and consequent appreciation.

So many things we have to "grow into," even our own which are not our own until original perception and appreciation give them to us anew. Until then they are to us as though they were not.

* * * *

The real aim of life is not to be an artist, a sculptor, a writer, but to develop capacity for truth, and to express truth through individual talent.

When we realize growth we feel joy. When we know life as

development, then success and defeat in endeavor alike serve to increase knowledge and capacity; and we are superior to circumstance and happy in the independent sense of soul and the inner consciousness of power.

The flower of this inner development is happiness; the happiness we are continually seeking in the endeavor to do this, or do that and as certainly feeling defeat in the result from which we hoped so much. In a pessimistic mood we confess the futility of all endeavor.

Change however the point of view, and instead of making pleasure the aim and object, substitute the idea of development through endeavor, regarding it as a means to an end, and that end the richer development of faculty, and the greater receptivity to truth.

Then we begin to understand life and to coöperate with the great life-principle that sustains the universe as well as our own latent principle that survives the death of personality. Truths of all kinds begin to relate themselves one to another, and we thus absorbing truth become truth, and continually we taste the ever-satisfying yet never satisfying elixir of existence in every original idea that penetrates to the mind.

* * * *

Duty should never be looked upon as unpleasant, but as one of the chief avenues to the usefulness and peace we desire. It will afford us many pleasures. Beauty without responds and corresponds to beauty within; and Heaven is the enlarged condition of the heaven we already occupy within ourselves.

* * * *

There are a few books that one can scarcely read for the thought-activity they incite; so occasionally it is with people, so virile in being that they inspire to the highest activities of mind and emotion, in a blending of mental atmospheres that doubles the powers of both.

* * * *

Sometimes we question the justice of certain conditions; yet so many of our "troubles" are but reflections of our own shortcomings mirrored in event. Why make others responsible?

Consider the fact that all our happenings are of a kind and quality peculiar to ourselves in this sense—that it is the mixture of

"Me"—my nature—with that of another. Were "I" different, the result would be different.

If I am wise, the result will be so—or so; if I am foolish, hasty or irrational, the result will be a futility and an irritation, and I shall feel victimized. If, however, I am impersonal, firm, gentle and just, the outcome will be mutually favorable; and our personal relations will not suffer violence.

Why do we not realize this self-responsibility for the common issues of life about us that hurt us; be self-controlled, and impersonal, accepting or rejecting according to our best judgment without resentment? We truly are largely responsible for the "conditions" that hold us and discipline us.

Does it seem untrue? Unreal? Then imagine another person in your position—would there not be a complete readjustment according to that individuality—and would not all the issues be changed?

* * * *

A certain friend longs to "help" people, and so often fails where effort and will are most strongly directed. But it is not as people choose; it is by the grace of God rather that they are helpful one to another; more often by what they are, than by what they know, so that noble provocation to thought is the result of association.

There is no "helping," no obligation; just joy and growth of being.

* * * *

One of the hard things of a life that loves and serves, is not to be able to impart to those it most cares for, the inner knowledge it possesses.

Certain things given to the unready act to their disadvantage, even where they may be willing to listen, because it simply makes them more subtle instead of more spiritual.

Today, my whole being is saturated with light and the spontaneous energy of gladness; and all my soul invites the Divine Guidance that loves, knows, understands. Yet tomorrow I know my mood will change, and I shall humanly deny the vision of today.

How nobly beautiful life could be to the soul that lives according to its highest promptings? Why is it so hard to be that which we inly desire to be? There is no renunciation demanded save that of

selfishness. Only that. It is all that obscures the light of the spirit, and brings discord to the soul.

Every pleasure of mind and sense is intensified by spirit. Why choose the lesser good?

It is the quality of the daily life and habitual thought that gives character to the human soul, and determines its sphere of influence. Nothing is forbidden to the risen soul but selfishness; and the perfect days of any life are those joyously lived in innocent motives and loving service in practical duties.

Yet deeply as I love the truth with an ever widening comprehension of its principles in their application to character and duty, I am not strong enough to subdue and conquer my own nature and *be* what I know.

Yet is not this the reason of every incarnation of the soul—that it *shall* be controlled in ascending degrees until it does rise to the demands of the spirit?

* * * *

It is not so difficult to read people in outline. Form itself reveals so much. Then there is always confession of the kind of thought habitual to the mind betrayed by manner, glance, complexion and influence.

The mouth in repose! What does it *not* tell, by shape, by expression, revealing whether the habit of life is controlled or lax. Whether sensual or chaste; cruel or generous; subtile or open, as well as the natural impulses of the heart.

* * * *

The lesson of life is to convert evil into good, to be happy in doing good from principle; in loving and serving without hope of reward. Then we rise above personality into the true sphere of harmony and joy.

* * * *

It is a malicious and perverted trait of character that permits one to recall to others an evil event out-lived, in the life of another who is retrieving character in its best sense.

It is guilt as deep as murder, and in a degree it is murder, since it springs from a destructive impulse. We do them harm in the obstructive sense, and ourselves in the reactive sense of any wrong deed against another; and there is also the hurt we inly feel

through the inner conviction of the hearer who judges us, even while seeming to acquiesce.

Evil is ever a boomerang in its recoil upon the wrong doer. Why speak of the past evil of another?

Why take a morbid pleasure in the pain or trouble of any human soul?

Why not help by silence, and the desiring thought for that other's good, and so experience the greater, inner pleasure that such an attitude brings to the soul that lives and loves and strives to overcome.

* * * *

Sometimes I envy others a "life purpose" a little because to my own life I do not attribute so direct a motive. Some lack within me makes me incapable of so relating things in my own mind in a way that will round out a thought into completion, or in a manner to prove a motive.

In other words though I have aspiration I am without talent. Nevertheless, I have some receptivity, and all the fragments of thought now lying unrelated in my mind may some day relate themselves in one harmonious picture that will give to life and knowledge new and deeper meaning.

I am not in haste. My duty is now not to myself but to those about me. All my happiness as a woman is there centered in this duty made delightful by affection so freely given me, and the slightest reproach would be pain unbearable. However my mind may question the yet vague and unseen, my heart is yet happy and finds its best inspiration in commonplace service.

Some day when individual duty is less exacting, and though my hair be far whiter, I trust that I may still be young in the spirit of truth, and that the mystic voice now inarticulate will then have grown articulate with the fuller meanings of the life universal that tempts me now so often to listen, question and ponder.

* * * *

Was this simply a dream?

I stood alone on a plain surrounded by mountainous hills without a single touch of Earth's green.

The sky, the scenery, the atmosphere, were all a grey of differ-

ing values of light and shade; something less than bleak, yet chill and remote from earth's warmth and brightness.

All was real, but as clouds are real; being neither solid nor opaque. There was no visible source of light, but a mystic radiance as if the landscape itself was of light-emitting substance.

The stillness, the isolation, the loneliness cannot be described. Then there glowed an intense light, and suddenly before me stood the radiant and majestic form of the Christ whose wonderful, glorious eyes looked into my own and searched my soul, while the white light, increasingly brilliant, radiated from His being in a super-human brightness I could scarcely bear.

Then His lips moved and He raised His hand and instantly a blinding flash and splendor of light accompanied by an appalling crash as if all the elements had combined in one awful, mighty sound shocked me into insensibility and I fell to the ground at His feet.

In that moment of shock I awakened, trembling, and filled with awe; while the lingering vision of the plain and hills slowly resolved itself into a misty perspective of grey.

It may have been but a dream, but its spell remains, and however humanly I may falter in my course it has changed the face of life for me. Some new life-element seemed to have entered my soul and awakened a consciousness beyond any experience known. It seemed like some rite of initiation. Was it only a dream?

S. T.

HOPE'S MESSAGE.

The cool summer breeze of early morning came softly through my window laden with the perfume of flowers, and methought Mother Earth was wafting me the breath of my father, God, to sustain me during the day.

As I inhaled deep draughts of this love-filled air while lying upon my couch, it was as an invigorating tonic to both soul and spirit, thus preparing my body with strength for its best work.

The pink hue of sunrise shone over the distant hills, while many feathered children of their Creator sang and chanted His praises.

The world, expectant, joyful, awaited the birth of a new born day.

My spirit sang in harmony with the universe, and I was filled with an absolute peace.

As I lay in this ecstatic state a luminous white cloud grew upon my vision, gradually assuming the form of a most beautiful angel of light.

Fearing to break the spell, I spoke not, but gazed with adoration and love into her wonderful eyes.

Wise, deep, beautiful beyond compare were those "windows of her soul." As I continued to gaze, her thoughts came to me without words in great waves of harmony, while most beautiful colors floated about her wondrous form.

"Sweet sister mine, why do I see yonder cross on the house of God, and why does it lie by your much read bible?" Why do mortals wear it, and groan with anguish at the thought of the death of the Master, Jesus, upon it?"

"Know ye not that the time is ripe when the cross shall be replaced by the crown?"

"The risen Lord is pained by the unhappiness of *His own*, and would 'wipe all tears away,' when He is shown the faith that *feels* and *knows* the crown is for them, while the cross fades into the past."

"The smile only known through inward peace, should replace tears of anguish, for He whose word cannot be broken, said He would draw *all* men unto the Father."

"The living Jesus walks among you today, though viewless to mortal vision, as He did when the three Marys gazed upon Him, and the dead Nazarene should be left with the cross, while we raise the crown, symbol of the power, peace and joy He has promised us in the name of His Father."

"Was not the cross overshadowed by the crown He wore upon His beautiful brow, even at Calvary?"

"It has changed to one too wonderful to describe in words. Picture it in your imagination, and wear such a one upon your head, while the cross disappears."

"Adorn your places of worship with this emblem. Be joyful! Man is coming into his own, and the time is nigh when the 'earth shall blossom as the rose.'"

Softly, sweetly, she looked at me with a lingering, loving glance.

"This is a woman's message to the world from the Master. I place it in your hands to write, for God and the angels need human means to reach humankind. It is a sacred command. Execute it."

One more thrilling glance, that pierced my being through and through, and she was gone. I was alone, yet never alone again, for her presence lingers yet and I know she will return.

From henceforth I shall not live in the shadow of the cross, but in the light of the crown, and it will shed wisdom and joy upon my brow when deepest sorrows engulf me until I can truly say I have found abiding peace.

"Peace I leave with you, *my peace I give* unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be *afraid*."

BERTHA DE WOLF JAMES.

The training of the thinking, of the dispositions and of the morals, is the only education that deserves the name.

—Herder.

They only who build on ideas build for eternity.

—Emerson.

They can conquer who believe they can.

—Virgil.

FAITH.

In spite of all our human doubts and fears,
Our dark misgivings and our heavy sighs,
There is a faith in every living soul,
That back of storm-clouds gleams Hope's azure skies.

There is a faith that comforts those who watch
The slipping outward of a precious barque
From the safe haven of our sheltering arms
To Death's chill waters, fathomless and dark.

There is a faith that rests upon the Law
Of seed-time and of harvest, sun and shower;
Of growth harmonious with all that lives,
Maturing and perfecting man and flower.

There is a faith that renders us secure
When shadows fall and dusky night holds sway;
When souls, set free, go wandering afar
Down mystic Dreamland's fair and shining way.

There is a faith in every scoffer's heart
That God's tomorrows with the sun will dawn,
That steadfast in the blazing firmament
God's starry world will sparkle on and on.

I claim there is no real lack of faith,
Since man depends upon the coming days—
Upon the miracles of passing years—
Upon God's marvelous, unchanging ways.

THAIS.

NOVEMBER.

At winter's gate she seemeth to delay,
 A dream of summer past. Or do her eyes
 Grow tender that she hears beyond gray skies
 Sweet April singing on her earthward way?

E. W. B.

Truth only smells sweet forever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker worm.

—*Froude.*

To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.

—*Locke.*

Some say "tomorrow" never comes,
 A saying oft thought right;
 But if "tomorrow" never came,
 No end were of to-night.
 The fact is this, time flies so fast,
 That ere we've time to say
 "Tomorrow's come," presto! behold!
 "Tomorrow" proves "Today."

—ANON.—From "*Notes and Queries.*"

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
 In what country does this morrow lie
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
 'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
 To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.

—*Martial.*

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.

—*George Washington.*

When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams; we have only lost our sleep.

—*Richter.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

ADVANCEMENT IN THINKING.

The rapid increase of schools, teachers and practitioners of psychic healing indicates more than a mere craze. There is conviction in it. We are not dealing with simply besotted visionaries. They are as rational as any of us, and they are able to bring out argument that is not easy to refute, which is supported by Holy Writ, logical reasoning, and actual good results. They believe in their methods; whereas, very many who denounce them are physicians that have little confidence in their own modes of medication. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he made the wholesale declaration that the entire assortment of drugs was injurious to mankind, voiced the sentiment of a great body of intelligent medical men. He would never have denied what the greatest among them have repeatedly asserted, that the methods current among them had annihilated no disease, but on the contrary, had increased the number and rendered them more deadly.

The modern animistic schools certainly offer us better results than this. They do not profess to go counter to law, but to apply it, rationally and normally, consistent with facts and principles which we know and accept. They neither thrust nature out of doors or profess to cure one disease by creating another. We likewise are aware that disorders of body are often produced by mental emotion; that fear alone will occasion insanity, paralysis, uncontrollable perspiration, cholera, jaundice, sudden decay of teeth, anæmia, skin-diseases, erysipelas, and eczema. Every passion has its peculiar bodily expression. Even false religion makes an unwholesome body. Mind translates itself into corporeal tissue. Why need we demur, then, if we are told that the converse of this is equally true? It certainly

does not seem illogical. If this universe is ruled and held in existence by law, then that force and law must be intelligent, and of course itself the absolute life. In such case, it may be in the power of individuals to come into harmony and closer communication with that energy which creates and sustains the universe. If we can bring lightning from the sky it is not unreasonable to believe that we can attract, absorb and assimilate vital energy from the great source of life. It may be by faith which is the wilful reaching forth of the mind and consciousness toward that which is higher, or it may be a sober, intelligent self-discipline which brings the individual at one with the forces of nature.

COURAGE TO BELIEVE.

I have often wondered how much it would be safe to believe. If we limit it to what we understand, it will leave us worse off than the animals; we understand so little. Doubtless, then, it is better to be somewhat credulous. I say somewhat, for certainly it cannot be well to go to the extreme. There are bounds which it is not safe to pass. But what they are cannot easily be determined. Surely no one individual is competent to prescribe them for another. He who can set them justly for himself is fortunate. Yet we must take the risk. We may not succeed in our quest for the goal; but if we do not make it, we fail at the outset. We may be cheated by mirages, we may not calculate aright, we may blunder almost irretrievably; but all the same, we do right to venture. Our faith will redeem us somehow. Who doubts hesitates, and is lost. Hence courage to believe is the quality of a man; while discretion to avoid diverging from the right line is the endowment of a sage—perhaps of a divine being.

BODILY ATTITUDES.

If we would induce a mental condition we will generally succeed by placing the body in a corresponding attitude. Goldsmith could not dictate to an amanuensis; he must have the pen in his own hand to enable thought to flow readily for taking down. Burke relates that Campanella, the philosopher, employed this art to obtain knowl-

edge of other persons' thoughts and purposes. He would when alone seat himself in similar attitudes, take postures like some other individual, and note carefully the operations of his own mind. He thus made himself master of secrets that had not been divulged. His mind became a passive receptacle for the other man's thought. Bismarck is said to have kept the pictures of Humberto, the King of Italy, and Gortchakoff, the Russian Minister of State, in his private apartment—perhaps for a similar purpose. On the same principle, the scholar and the writer are best enabled to do their work when in the usual posture of body and at the accustomed place. Even the Hindoo yogi seeking union with Divinity has his prescribed attitudes down to the minutest particulars.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE HEALING ART.

When we explore the field of psychology and investigate its relations to the art of healing we are cutting loose, in a great degree at least, from what is considered the beaten track, the way which empiricism has opened and levelled for mankind to walk in. We are taking our very life in our hands, and risking honor, reputation, and all that men esteem. We are daring an unknown ocean, like Cabot and Columbus, hardly certain whether the land beyond is the old India that is known, or a new world that no one believes to exist.

A. W.

PNEUMATISTIC MEDICINE.

In the first century of the present era, Athenæus, a physician of Pamphylia, made spiritual agency the basis of doctrine and practice. He taught the presence of a fifth essence, the *pneuma* or spirit, governing and directing everything, and occasioning disease when the body was in disorder. His medicaments were very simple but not numerous; indeed, Mr. W. F. Evans declares that "Jesus, the Christ, seems to have adopted, or rather to have conformed his practice to that theory and without deviating from it." A school of physicians, the Pneumatists, was founded of those who accepted those principles, and it continued in existence many years.

MENTAL INFLUENCE.

The problem of mental influence in health and disease has always held a high place among thoughtful and intelligent enquirers. Different teachers have exploited it according to the philosophic theories which they themselves entertained, and religions as well as mental schools have made it prominent among their leading doctrines. Even at the present day we have large groups of believers that inculcate healing by faith, and that profess the dogma of a process of cure through mind, to be effected by the unseen forces which subsist and keep in order the physical economy. These are by no means to be regarded as novelties or innovations peculiar to our time, but as heralds of the revival of a sentiment and conviction which in one form or another has been manifested in every age of history. Something of the kind was the doctrine of the Fathers of Medicine, whoever they were, and even of Hippocrates himself.

A. W.

AMBITIOUS PROGRESS.

Truly this country beats the world. The Archive Bureau of the Prussian Railway Administration has prepared a table of statistics of the killed and wounded by railroads in the various countries. The railways of the United States are the most deadly. We have more mileage than all Europe. Out of every thousand persons employed 43 are injured every year in this country; 25 in Switzerland, 12 in England, 11 in Belgium and 2 4-10 in Germany. Out of every ten thousand 26 were killed each year in the United States, 12 in England, 8 in Switzerland, 8 in Russia, 7 in British India, 4 in Belgium.

Herr Guillery, the statistician, found that in a single year, 1902-3, 76,500 were injured in the United States, of whom 60,000 were employees; and 9,800 were killed of whom 3,600 were employees.

In the matter of travellers in general, France has the lowest record. The United States shows proportionately forty times as many as France; Russia twenty-two times as many, Italy twenty times, and England eight times as many.

LATER LIES EXPOSED.

It has transpired that the stories of hospital treatment in the Russo-Japanese war were almost universally gross exaggerations. It is insisted that those told in regard to superb sanitary conditions of the Japanese army were little else than pure fiction. Disease ravaged there as badly as in the Russian lines, and there was as great recklessness of life in the hospitals as on the field of battle. Japanese surgery has not advanced to such magical success as has been represented. Many pointed jests have been made about the statements on gravestones where the living lied over the dead lying below; and many are disposed to credit the declaration of the Hebrew psalmist who declared everybody liars, but confessed that he said it in haste. But it now appears that certain newspaper correspondents from the far-off East have won the palm for gulling the Western world with unreal stories surpassing all others in their extreme baldness. Even Dominie Sampson might say: "Prodigious!"

THE SOIL REGENERATING ITSELF.

Professor Whitney of the Bureau of Agriculture makes a statement that will tend greatly to reassure those who believe that the earth will be able to feed its millions for all coming time. He insists that the nitrogen of the soil which vegetation is constantly exhausting, is replaced by certain operations that are constantly going on. There is however another element that is vitally necessary, potash. Sir William Ramsey declares that he has produced potassium from copper; and if so, there is very likely some process for its development in the current operations of the world. There is very good reason to believe that as every living body has the function of healing its own wounds and lesions, the earth itself also is constantly making itself whole of the violences which our cultivating inflicts.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.

—*Quarles.*

MAKING HISTORY MENDACIOUS.

Rameses II has been exhibited before students of Ancient Egypt as one of the most glorious of Kings. His great battle with the Khitans or Hittites was celebrated by the poet Pentaur in terms as glowing as any described by Homer or other later epic writer. Nevertheless the peculiar treaty which followed soon afterward indicates that it was little else than a drawn battle in which the Egyptian invader had a narrow escape. In those days the same standard existed which we have now. Those who were in peace or alliance with the dominant powers were reckoned as worthy, brave and good; all others were accounted as in the wrong, cowardly, leprous and iniquitous.

Under Rameses the metropolis of Thebes in upper Egypt rose to its greatest importance. The Nineteenth Dynasty appears to have been an offshoot of one of the alien lineages that, some centuries before, had ruled the northern provinces, and now sought to ingratiate itself with the hierarchy by extraordinary favors. Amenhetep or Amunoph III, had diverted attention in another direction, and his extraordinary ability as exhibited in the monuments which he left, had placed the country at the head of the nations. Rameses was evidently ambitious to excel the reputation of Amenhetep. Not pausing at monumental works to perpetuate his name, he employed workmen to go through his dominions, and erase the names of other monarchs, putting his own in their place. According to Professor Naville, an authority upon this subject, the Great Temple, known as the Rameseum, was actually the work of earlier kings; yet he managed to secure the credit, by placing his own statue there, a work of extraordinary brazenness. He was not great, we are told, but his vanity was colossal.

He has been compared to Napoleon, and Nott and Gliddon have published a picture of him very much resembling those of the French emperor. Another papyrus describing a "conspiracy" that had been suppressed, in the Court of Rameses III, names among those concerned in it, Pentaur. Whether this was the poet or some one of his name or lineage we are not apprised. The culprit was condemned to take his own life in presence of the court.

The Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* sets forth the exploits of the royal scamp in very plain terms.

“According to the archeological explorer, Rameses went around, chisel in hand, obliterating the names of sculptor and architect and builder, and coolly substituting his own. Nor had he any regard for historical accuracy. A temple might be one thousand years old, but if Rameses liked it he never hesitated over etching his name over the corner-stone or any other handy space. The Egyptologist ascribes this Ramesan craze for personal advertising to mere vulgar vanity—a trait unworthy of any sovereign who desired the respect of his subjects and the admiration of posterity.”

Rameses, as was the fashion for Kings in former times, was “much married.” One of the poems that were written of him described his wedding of the daughter of Khitasar (the Hittite King) in terms that would make it seem like a love-match. But as it was part of the treaty of peace, and she became simply a star in a constellation of queens, the opportunity for much romance must have been purely imaginary. Rameses lived and died before the patriarchs of the Book of *Genesis* figured on the stage. He left behind him a group of widows, fifty-nine daughters and a hundred and eleven sons.

From his time Egypt was a decaying power, often the prey of foreign conquerors and domestic conspirators.

A. W.

UNMAKING COPPER.

Sir William Ramsay, at the late meeting of the British Scientific Association, explained the results of his manipulating of copper. In operating with the metal, employing the rays from radium, he separated three component metals, lithium, potassium and sodium. There are said to be seven “lines” enumerated by Mendeleeff, the first of which is the alkaline. To this line copper belongs, as well as the elements which have been taken from it. In this process of disintegration, the constituent elements on being separated from the metal are supposed to be in a nascent condition, and to combine in these other substances. The atomic weight of these is far below. That of copper is 63; that of lithium 7; of potassium 23; of sodium 39.

If copper is capable of making such revelations of itself, it seems likely that all the other metals are compounds of a corresponding character. This phenomenon of disintegration is an effect of light, and leads to the supposition that the metals themselves may be but results of the breaking up of a heavier element beneath the crust of the earth. Indeed all that is called Science, relates to separation and disintegrating: synthesis, creation and growth belong to the province of metaphysics.

A. W.

“GOOD CHILDREN” UNWHOLESOME.

There have been many very interesting children, who have shown a wonderful indifference to the things of earth, and an extraordinary development of the spiritual nature. There is a perfect literature of their biographies, all alike in their essentials; the same “disinclination to the usual amusements of childhood;” the same remarkable sensibility; the same docility; the same conscientiousness; in short, an almost uniform character, marked by beautiful traits which we look at with a painful admiration. It will be found that most of these children are the same subjects of some constitutional unfitness for living. They are like the beautiful, blushing, half-green fruit that falls before its time because its core is gnawed out. They have their meaning; they do not live in vain; but they are windfalls. I am convinced that many healthy children are injured morally by being forced to read too much about these little meek sufferers and their spiritual experiences.

—O. W. Holmes.

The making a fact the subject of thought raises it.

—Emerson.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal-tree perfumes the axe which strikes it.

—Saadi.

TEXTS FROM "THOUGHT POWER."

BY ANNIE BESANT.

We should read less and think more if we would have our minds grow, and our intelligence develop.

There are two methods of thought-transference, one of which may be distinguished as physical, the other as psychical, the one belonging to the brain as well as to the mind, the other to the mind only.

There is a small organ in the brain, the pineal gland. * * * It is the organ for thought-transference; as much as the eye is the organ of vision or the ear of hearing.

The vibration of the ether of the pineal gland sets up waves in the surrounding ether, like waves of light, only much smaller and more rapid. These undulations pass out in all directions, setting the ether in motion; and these etheric waves, in turn, produce undulations in the ether of the pineal gland in another brain, and from that are transmitted to the astral and mental bodies in regular succession, thus reaching the consciousness.

In the second method of thought-transference, the thinker, having created a thought-form on his own plane, does not send it down to the brain, but directs it immediately to another brain—on the mental plane.

We are all continually affecting each other by these waves of thought sent out without definite intent, and what is called public opinion is largely created in this way.

What are called "innate ideas" are conceptions which we bring with us into the world, the condensed or summarized results of our experiences in lives previous to this.

Concentration is not a state of passivity, but on the contrary one of intense and regulated activity. It resembles, in the mental world, the gathering up of the muscles for a spring in the physical world, or their stiffening for a prolonged strain. In fact, this tension always shows itself in a corresponding physical tension with beginners, and physical fatigue follows the exercise of concentration—fatigue not of the nervous system only, but of the muscles.

When an evil thought enters the mind, it is better not to fight

it directly, but to utilise the fact that the mind can only think of one thing at a time; let the mind be at once turned to a good thought, and the evil one will be necessarily expelled. In fighting against any thing, the very force we send out causes a corresponding reaction, and thus increases our trouble.

The method of replacing one thought by another is one that may be utilised to great advantage in many ways. If an unkind thought about another person enter the mind, it should be at once replaced by a thought of some virtue he possesses, or some good action he has done. If the mind is harassed by anxiety, turn it to the thought of the purpose that runs through life, the Good Law which "mightily and sweetly ordereth all things."

Lord Rosebery, speaking of Cromwell, described him as "a practical mystic," and declared that a practical mystic is the greatest force in the world. It is true. The concentrated intelligence, the power of withdrawing outside the turmoil, mean immensely increased energy in work, mean steadiness, self-control, serenity; the man of meditation is the man who wastes no time, scatters no energy, misses no opportunity. Such a man governs events, because within him is the power whereof events are only the outer expression; he shares the divine life, and therefore shares the Divine power.

We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes—all metaphysics, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discerns between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions. And to his involuntary perceptions, he knows a perfect respect is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed.

—*Emerson.*

No action will be considered as blameless, unless the will was so; for by this will the act was indicated.

—*Seneca.*

God is truth, and light his shadow.

—*Plato.*

Whatever anyone says or does, I must be good.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

A SUFI LEGEND.

VERSIFIED BY A THEOSOPHIST.

And God called the last archangel—he
Whose dark and ever shadowy eyes
Are wonderful as twilight skies,
And full of silent mystery.

And Azrael to the Seventh Heaven came.

Now where he treads, dark flowers of flame
Sparkle and bloom; and in his hair
All olden darkness hath its lair,
And on his face such beauties dwell
That none are like to Azrael;
And whosoever hath but seen
Him pass, hath risen up, I ween,
And followed him, unwearying, far,
Past many and many a glittering star
E'en to the Presence and the Throne
Of God.

God said: "And blessed shalt thou be
Among the angels; and to thee
I give the kingdom of man's rest,
And thou shalt take men to thy breast
To dream awhile between the strife
Of weary life and weary life,
Till they have grown so strong and wise
That they can look in thy deep eyes
And know thee."

Now the Prophet saith
Azrael is the Lord of Death.

DEFINITION OF CALVINISM.

You can and you can't,
 You will and you wont;
 You'll be damn'd if you do,
 You'll be damn'd if you don't.

—*Lorenzo Dow.*

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.

—*Milton.*

Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.

—*St. Bernard.*

The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cypher of the world.

—*Emerson.*

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

—*Addison.*

Truth is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life, that he may live as long as possible a person of truth, for such a man is trustworthy.

—*Plato.*

Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! virtue is at hand.

—*Confucius.*

There is nothing good or evil save in the will.

—*Epictetus.*

Lawyer—"I say, Doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down?"

Doctor (dryly)—"Well, your profession does not make angels of men, does it?"

Lawyer—"Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, Doctor."

WHY SHE SANG THAT HYMN.

A Western Bishop is credited with this story:

He was visiting at a small country town in the South. Good servants being scarce, many ladies did their own work. He was awakened early by hearing the hymn in a soprano voice: "Nearer, My God, to Thee." His meditations on the piety of his hostess were cordial, and he took occasion when at the breakfast table to tell her how much she had pleased him.

"O, la," she answered, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by. Three verses for soft, and five for hard."

THE LATEST THING.

"Have you seen the latest thing?" asked the friend who came along when he had stood forty-five minutes on the subway platform.

"Yes," he replied, "I am waiting for it now, I am married to it."

—*Judge.*

THE BEST MAGAZINE.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE is the leading periodical of its kind in the world. At all times it stands for and represents the *best* of the thought along the various lines of activity that relate to the finer forces of nature and of the universe of intelligence. It is doing the greatest work of the day, in literature. Its circulation should now be increasing by many times what it has been in the past. Many thousands are yet waiting to hear of its existence and searching for such a periodical. Nothing else fills this want.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

THIS MYSTICAL LIFE OF OURS. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, 190 pp., \$1.00 net. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

Mr. Trine has devoted this volume to a collection from his most popular writings, and has arranged them by topics for every week in the year. He thus gives to his readers suggestive thoughts as a guidance to right living. The book should receive a warm welcome from his many admirers.

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE. By Henry Frank. Cloth, 245 pp., \$1.00. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

Under the above title Mr. Frank gives to the world an altruistic volume, much of it written in the form of aphorisms defining the higher life. The writer who can persuade people to think, has a mission of no small magnitude. Mr. Frank's book is a welcome addition to the higher thought literature and will find its own place there.

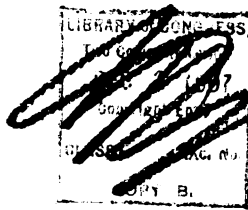
DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND THE LIFE OF THE HOUSEHOLDER. By Annie Besant. Paper, 32 pp., price, As. 2. The Theosophical Publishing Society, Benares and London.

The above pamphlets consist of two Lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant in which, from a high standpoint she makes many practical suggestions for the unfolding of the spiritual nature.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE NEW IMPROVED PERPETUAL PLANETARY HOUR BOOK. Paper, 58 pp., price, 50 cents. Issued by the Portland School of Astrology, 266 Clay St., Portland, Oregon.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. By Wilmer Atkinson. Paper, 55 pp. Published by Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.



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THE MYSTERIES.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F.A.S.

“ Here what thought could never reach to
Is by semblance made known;
What man's words may never utter
Done in act—in symbol shown.”

—Goethe.

Numerous, and often eloquent have been the pens that wrote of the ancient Mysteries. Interpreters and expositors from Plato and Aristotle to Creuzer and Lobeck, writers of every shade of opinion, have given explanations of their purpose and influence. Nevertheless, despite the multitudes of devoted persons that were initiated wherever they were observed, their secret has been so well kept that they are yet, to a great degree, a sealed book. Like the shield in the story, each writer has described them from his own point of view, seeing only what he had eyes to see, and giving little heed to the explanations of others. While, therefore, we may collate much from them that is worth our careful considering, we are hardly safe in accepting their declarations without qualifying. The secrets of life cannot be well known, even with the aid of matured experience, till death and a profounder wisdom shall reveal them. If they were all comprised in the brief story of being born, of adding new accessions to the human race, and passing to utter extinguishment, then our existence would be but tragedy and sad comedy, “life put to inquisition long and profitless.”

Faust himself, as he is introduced to us by Goethê, is chafing at such consciousness of limitation. Impatient of being imprisoned

inside the boundaries of earthly existence, he finds the possession of superior learning, the reputation of extraordinary professional skill, and the enjoyment of the most desirable possessions, insufficient to satisfy his longing. It was necessary to add a new phase to the drama to indicate the solution of the great problem. Entertaining this conviction, and with conceptions matured by the experiences of a lifetime, the gifted author accordingly produced a Second Part in which the hero achieves a completer development, a holier purpose and diviner conditions of being.

It has been supposed that the Mystic Rites had their origin in the worships that existed before. Incidental acts by repetition grew into prescribed ceremonies and stated observances, and the concept of a direct communion with Divinity, which led to a systematic exclusion of the profane, uninitiated multitude. Then, indeed, all that had before been only occasional took new form as symbolic representation and what had been incomplete grew to full dimension. For they who shaped the Mysteries builded wiser than they knew. "The Imponderables and Invisibles govern the world." The things which are palpable to the corporeal sense do not have their origin in things that are apparent. Upon this basis the whole structure of the Mysteries was founded. It was the endeavor to make it plain that the labors, the conflicts and varied experiences of the present life have a vital relation to a source and purpose infinitely beyond what we see occurring around us. Hence various rites and observances were maintained, some of them apparently trivial and destitute of meaning, while others were replete with conceptions that were profound and sublime. It must be acknowledged that there were practices in many places at the occurring of these celebrations, that were reprehensible and repugnant to common modesty. But that was permitted after the analogy of everyday life to those individuals who were without perception of what was better.

There were often contests of strength and dexterity, literary productions, and dramatic performances. The whole routine was varied in form in order that it might suit the peculiar genius of different peoples, but the ulterior aim was substantially the same. Whether the instruction which the hierophant imparted to the neophytes was recondite, or simply awe-inspiring, the intention was to lead them to some cognisance of their relations to Absolute Being,

and of divine order in human history, and a divine law in the human intellect. Like the ladder in the dream of the young patriarch, while standing with the feet upon the earth, the top reached to the heavens.

Whenever any mention is made of the Mysteries the attention is at once directed to the Perfective Rites at Eleusis. They were, perhaps, the most complete and best known of any that existed in the earlier historic period. They are reputed to have been celebrated for near twenty centuries, a fact which indicates their serious character and superlative importance. In the Homeric hymn they are described as having been instituted by the goddess Demeter herself to commemorate her bounties to the human race and her grief at the abduction of her daughter by Hades, the overlord of the world of the dead. Traditions have also ascribed their origin to the Amazon, from Northern Africa and the Thracians of Pieria. These conjectures would ally them to the Kabeirian and other worships of the Asian countries which evidently had their focus at Babylon.* Plato, however affords a simpler and in many respects a more plausible explanation. He represents Protagoras as ascribing their origin to the ancient technique of Wisdom. "The men in ancient times who exercised it, fearing its burdensomeness, endeavored to conceal it and to veil it over, some by poetry like Homer, Hesiod and Simonides; others by Perfective Rites and oracles, like Orpheus and Musæos.

The "Great Mysteries," as they were called, were celebrated at Eleusis in autumn every fifth year. They were, like other parables, capable of a two-fold interpretation. The maid, Persephonê, like a kernel of grain fell into the earth, to be restored after winter, as the growing plant to yield its harvest. But in the deeper purport the whole theme related to the mystery of death and the life beyond. The Orphic Rites which were engrafted upon the Dionysia represented the same conception. There was also a minor initiatory observance celebrated annually near Athens, which was preliminary to the sterner discipline of Eleusis. It was preparatory to the other, and its purifying sacrifice consisted significantly of the presenting of a pig that was first washed and then offered before it might go back to its wallow. Those who participated in the Minor Rites were designated *mystæ* or initiates; the more select members who

* *Jeremiah*, li. 7.

completed the entire probation were denominated *ephoroi* and *epoptæ*, seers or Beholders. They are described by Pindar, who flourished at the time of the Persian invasions of Greece, as having learned, in the knowledge of the universe, the secret of life and its divine source. Of course all this was expressed in symbol, and every thing connected with the Eleusinia was enigmatic and symbolic. It is still a question whether the purport was explained to the candidate, or whether he derived his conceptions of it by his own moral and mental conditions.

The first day at Eleusis was devoted to the assembling of those who were to participate in the rites. The second was the day of purifying when all were required to bathe in the sea. On the third the offerings were presented of grain,—barley and a mullet, the latter a gift for the goddess herself, absolutely. In the ancient world as well as in the Hebrew Scriptures, great use was made of puns and resemblances of peculiar words in expression. Occult symbolism was employed in this way in order to facilitate its intelligent comprehending. Thus in this case the *muld* or barley and the *mule* or mullos exhibit Demeter, the Deva Matri or Goddess-Mother significantly as identical with Mylitta, the Mother, in the theogony of Babylon.

On the fourth day was the procession of the Basket in honor of the Goddess. In it were the several articles peculiar to all ancient religious symbolism, the serpent always being principal. The next day and night were given to the Torchlight Procession. In this we may perceive the Orphic and Oriental infiltration which seems to have been adopted after the prehistoric period. The search of the distracted Mother for the lost Daughter was commemorated by the groups of participants running to and fro in apparent disorder, to figure the course of stars in the sky, while the *daduchos* or leader represents Bacchus or Dionysus himself in his character of Sun-God.

The sixth day, the most sacred of all, discloses the additions more distinctly. As Iacchos, sometimes described as the Son of Demeter, and again as the son of Persephonê, he makes his grand entry into the temple at Eleusis. His effigy, torch in hand and crowned with myrtle, was carried in procession from the Potters' Domain at Athens along the way known as the Way of Holiness, accompanied by a company of Iacchoyogi, all of them crowned with myrtle and

beating drums. For a brief moment this group paused at the sacred fig-tree, and then went forward to the place of destination. On their arrival, the herald representing Hermes warned all to leave the spot, except those who were participants in the rites. These then went in, going through a long dark passage. They were required to wash in the consecrated water before coming into the presence of the Divinity. The candidates for initiation were also obligated not to divulge any thing which they should see or learn at the sacred shrine. This oath was taken upon the petroma, two tablets of stone, and after it had been administered the hierophant put on the cap and mask of the goddess Demeter and read from them the maxims and instructions peculiar to the occasion.

The candidates were subjected to a rigid interrogation in regard to their daily life, fasting, chastity and other affairs. If this confession proved satisfactory a cup properly compounded was given them to drink in commemoration of the *pukeon*, the draught administered to the goddess in order to mitigate the sharpness of her grief. They were then ushered into the Mystic Cave, a large hall of the temple, for the final apocalypse. This part of the Rite was denominated the Autopsia or self-view, perhaps because it was a revealing of the individual to himself as he appeared to others, and the *Epopteia*, or beholding, because he was now admitted to a full view of Divinity and the sacred symbols. The Cave was now brilliantly illuminated; bright clouds floated over the heads of those present, and apparitions of divine beings and other spiritual essences added to the impressiveness of the scene. Some are of opinion that all these spectacles were produced by machinery, and the juggling of the priests, but though we grant that such was largely the case there must have been, nevertheless, something of the quality and character of actual materialising. Such superhuman manifestations cannot be produced at will, and it may be conceived that the demand of applicants can lead to these artificial devices to meet the requirement.

The seventh day was chiefly characterised by a general dispersion of the crowds, and by games of strength, for which the prize was a measure of barley. It does not appear that there was such elaborateness of ritual and ceremony in the earlier prehistoric period. Very generally there was in each city and commonwealth of the several

countries, a tutelary divinity recognised by the inhabitants as peculiar to the place; and they paid the customary homage and worship as prescribed by the superior authorities. Individuals who did not belong to the population were excluded from participation. But the opening of communication through commerce and other intercourse led to changes and additions to the rites and legends connected with the worships, and wars of conquest were a powerful factor in effecting radical changes. Nevertheless the family and local customs and festivals long remained beside the more imposing newer order.

The historians Herodotus, Diodorus and others declare that the Mysteries in Greece were adopted from the Egyptians. It does not appear, however, that there had been direct communication between the two peoples till the dawn of the historic period. The Phœnicians were the earlier navigators of the seas and mercantile travellers between different countries. There had, however, been wars and invasions of Syria and other regions of Western Asia by Egyptian conquerors, and in turn Egypt, and especially Northern Egypt had been repeatedly subjugated by foreign chieftains. In the seventh century before the present era, Tarhaka the Ethiopian overlord had been dispossessed by Esar Haddon, the King of Assyria, who placed the country under twenty viceroys. After his death these had to the number of twelve become independent rulers. One of their number was Psametik or Psammetichus, of the family of Saitic kings. He was able by the aid of Ionian and Karian adventurers, to make himself sole monarch, and in acknowledgment of his new supporters he gave permission to foreigners to sojourn in Egypt.

This period was characterised by invasions from remoter parts of the continent, revolutions in government and religious worship, and by a new dawn in the mental horizon, philosophic and literary. In this period the early sages flourished—Lao-tsi in China, Gautama in India, Zoroaster in Eran, and the sages of the West. Egypt also participated, and her influence permeated Greece. It is not without warrant to presume that the expansion of the Mystic Observances originated from what had been learned from that country. Hence Herodotus affirms that the principal divinities that were worshipped in Greece, the most of them, had names in Egypt by which to designate them, before they were thus distinguished in the former country. Others have endeavored to demonstrate that they were

the same, only under different appellations, but the resemblances are far from striking. The Zeus of Greece, the Amen of Egypt and the Jupiter of Rome may be in analogy as supreme but hardly in characteristic. Herodotus declares that Osiris was identical with Bacchus and Demeter with Isis; but the Bacchus must be the Zagreus of the Orphic rites and Isis in many respects was rather the counterpart of Persephonê the daughter of Demeter, and queen of the world of the dead. The actual resemblances were in the rites, rather than in characteristics.

We read that the Egyptian priests were religious to excess, and that they were first before the Greeks to establish solemn assemblies, processions, and litanies to the gods. Every city and province had its own tutelary divinities at the same hearth, who were not revered elsewhere. The festivals and secret rites were evidently introduced at later periods. They seem to have been celebrated chiefly in Northern Egypt where there was a strong Semitic influence. Of the various great assemblings, the one at Bubastis is described as having the largest attendance, the number of participants being computed as near seven hundred thousand. The goddess Pasht, who was honored on this occasion was a personification of Isis, and much jollity distinguished the rites. Wine was consumed in prodigious quantities. The assembling was characterised by incessant clamor on the boats. Women shook castanets, and others sang and clapped their hands. As though that was not enough some of the women called for those who were at home, belaboring them with contemptuous language, while others danced and made unseemly exhibitions of themselves.

It is hardly to be supposed that very improper exhibitions were indigenous in Egyptian worship. They were evidently akin to the Tantric rites of India which extended to Babylon and other western countries, even into the Holy Land.* They were not permitted in Greece or Egypt.

The more solemn of these observances was the festival of Isis and Osiris. The Asiatic origin of this rite is very plain. Not only was there the processions to commemorate the search for the remains of the murdered divinity, but on the night before, every householder

* *Herodotus*, I. 199; *Baruch*, vi. 43; *Wisdom of Solomon*, xiv. 23; *Kings*, II. xvii. 9; *Hosea*, iv.

slaughtered a hog, as representing Typhon the murderer of Osiris and reminding us of the Syrian Adonis, the victim of the wild boar. We are safe in identifying these rites as the same, despite the differences, which came later into use. The legend, as it is described by Plutarch, undoubtedly is shaded by some historic occurrences indicative of a former foreign occupation of Egypt. Coming in under the mask of comity and friendship the "Shepherd-Kings" seized control of Northern Egypt. In similar manner, Seth or Typhon the brother of Osiris was able to delude and murder his brother, shutting the remains in a chest and casting it into the sea. Then the spouse Isis, distracted with grief, hurries here and there in quest of the body, like Demeter for her abducted daughter. She is finally successful, but not till after innumerable efforts and disappointments. The first gathering of the multitude is described by Apuleius. It is made up of individuals of all social grades, from those who esteem the occasion a most solemn occurrence to those ready to make it a theme of grossest sport. Among the prominent features of the ceremony a priest led with a golden lamp in form like a boat, and the chief priest dedicated to the goddess a ship covered with a hieroglyphic inscription. Another priest carried the sacred ark or coffer in which were the secret utensils of the divinity. There were the emblems of life and stability and samples of the products of industry. The search being over, those participating next commemorate the wail of the goddess. "The whole multitude, men and women, many thousands in number," says Herodotus, "beat themselves at the close of the sacrifice, in honor of a god, the name of whom, a sacred obligation forbids me to mention." He adds, the Karians, the colonists whom Psammetichus had introduced from Asia minor, in their zeal to show that they were a distinct people from the Egyptians, gashed their foreheads with knives. This was a practice of many of the tribes in Asia at funeral celebrations, and analogous religious observances, but was forbidden by later Jewish law.*

The obligation to secrecy was effectual to prevent any general explanation of an ulterior recondite meaning to the observances. The multitudes that thronged the temples on these occasions, and carried the symbolic furniture were not admitted into the Mystic

* (*Deuteronomy* xiv. 1, 3, 8; see also *Amos*, viii, 10; *Jeremiah* vi, 28; *Zechariah*, xii. 10.)

Chamber. "The many carry the narthex," says the philosopher, "but the initiated ones are few in number." Yet every thoughtful person was conscious that more was signified than was apparent to view. But more even than the obligation of an oath and its penalties protected the secret meanings. It was believed that any imparting of the sacred knowledge to undisciplined individuals would entail calamity.

The teaching of Philosophy was at the first guarded in similar ways. Only individuals who had been carefully trained and approved were accepted. It was a maxim of Pythagoras: "He who pours water into a filthy vessel stirs up filth." He accordingly introduced a discipline into his school which accorded with the usage at the Mysteries. Herodotus declares emphatically that "the rites that were called Orphic and Bacchic were in reality Egyptian and Pythagorean." There was not an ordeal of preparatory discipline and purification only. Those admitted to completer instruction were taught the varied scientific knowledge which was then possessed. One of them venturing to tell the theory of the planetary system, was held by Kleantes, the Stoic, to be guilty of sacrilege for divulging a religious secret.

The establishment of the Macedonian dynasty at Alexandria brought new conditons of affairs. The fame of the School and Library attracted the leaders and innovators in religious and philosophic thought from all parts of the world. The influence of association led many times to substantial harmony of views. Old dogmas were found to be pregnant with truths in newer forms. The philosophic teachings of Plato and Aristotle were accepted by the men who frequented the Musæum, and were adopted into other beliefs.

The Mysteries themselves appear to have undergone corresponding changes. In Egypt, Osiris the lord of the world of the dead was known by the name of Serapis, and his characteristics modified accordingly. The Roman conquests in the East had the effect to introduce the Mysteries of Mithras and the doctrines of Zoroaster. These had commingled with the other secret rites, modifying and superseding them. Judaism had a metropolis and temple of its own in Egypt, and now expanded to broader dimensions than were attainable in the older swaddling clothes. The "Gnôsis," as it was called, comprised the superior knowledge to which all aspired. The

“true religion,” as Augustin insisted had never been absent from the world, but in later periods was called by a new name. Alexandria was the literary metropolis of the world. These movements accordingly centred there.

Ammonius Sakkas had been a close student and observer of the various divisions of thought, and conceived the possibility of selecting their points of agreement and blending them into a single system. With this view he formed a group of disciples, whom he instructed in the doctrine of his new school, obligating them to reveal them only to proper individuals. The secret organization appears to have been shorter lived, but the later Platonists became the most distinguished of all the philosophers that were associated with the recollections of Alexandria. Porphyry was the first to write extensively and was regarded as the leader and representative man of the Neo-Platonic school. He propounded in unequivocal terms that the gods of the ancient worships represented and personified moral qualities, and that the Mysteries themselves were the mode of illustration by symbolic exhibitions of the same things as were taught by the philosophers.

Iamblichus appears to have extended his methods to a broader field. He having been familiar with the Secret Rites extant among the native Egyptians and those of the Assyrians, fabricated a theurgy which admitted them all. He made the Egyptian Rites his principal basis of illustration, though several chapters are deduced from other sources. He recognises the actuality of spiritual essences, and classifies them in four distinct orders, though sometimes also including several likewise from the Eastern categories. To these he assigned their powers and duties with remarkable definiteness. The oracles also, so long the admiration of the world, and the various faculties and phenomena which are now recognised as spiritualistic, are duly explained, as by a Master perfectly familiar with the subject. Meanwhile he adheres strictly to the doctrine of Plato and his expositions of Absolute Divinity, and Creation, as these are given in the *Timæus*.

The treatise of Iamblichus on the Ancient Mysteries is the completest explanation of their object and signification that is now extant. It is in as plain terms as the subject permits. The Emperor Julian, himself a philosopher, held this work in the highest esteem.

As an exposition of the oracles, dæmonian and other spiritual matters, as well as of the philosophy current at the time, it has no superior. It presents its topics to the understanding rather than to the imagination, and the ulterior aim of the author is presented finally in terms both simple and attractive. In a brief chapter of only a paragraph we find it, the *eudæmonia*, a condition of mind happy beyond ecstasy, and external life wholly pervaded and transcended by the energy and power of the interior will, itself an avatar and apocalypse of Divinity itself.

This, then was the scope and purpose of the Mystic Observances, to illustrate the labors of life, its cares, struggles and sufferings; the assuring that it would continue beyond the veil of dissolution, perhaps with its conflicts and its anxious toils, and the bright hope of fruition afterward, when the spirit redeemed from all its ills and besoilments shall arrive in genuine blessedness at its Eternal Home. As Eros intermingled all at the beginning so it develops all and perfects all in the end.

ALEXANDER WILDER.

EVOLUTION FROM BEING.

(Concluded)

BY JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

If it be a fact as we have tried to show that the human form is the ultimate of differentiated forms, and that on the human plane Being attains to its fullness of individualized finite expression, and that the individualized human constitutes and is a finite cosmic unit of Selfexistent Being as it expresses itself on the human plane, and that these human cosmic units unite to constitute, build up and maintain a Divine or Deific Form, through and within which form primal Being attains to its state of Godhood on the divine plane of existence, and there manifests as God, having passed by the process of evolution from the condition of Essential and Potential Being on the primal plane, through differentiated partial or finite expressions of itself up to a unified expression in the Deific Form as God, it follows that there must be a world wherein and whereupon this deific form has its abode, and also upon the planes of which humanity, existing as the molecules that constitute this deific form, shall also have its normal abiding place and pursue, each one, its individual activities.

Pursuing the same method that we have heretofore followed, it shall now be our task to locate that world, the unfolded and developed dwelling place of Being in its fullest and highest oneness of expression as God, and its next lower differentiated expressions as Man.

As we found it necessary in order to find the whence and whither of man to begin our search with ourselves, so, if we would find the world we seek, we must begin with the world we now inhabit.

It is now a well established fact that this earth and all the planets of the solar system each had its birth as an individualized world by having the substance that constitutes it detached from the individualized substance of the sun by some process not yet fully understood.

That such separation of the substance of the sun did occur we know. How it was brought about, and the nature of the force that

caused it, and its special method of action we do not yet fully comprehend. So we must content ourselves with the one fact that our earth and the other planets of the solar system were born out of the individualized substance of the sun, and that at the time of the birth of each world the substance constituting it was in the same stage of development as was the whole substance of the sun at such time.

It is also an established fact that each world when born had two primal motions, first a revolving motion around its polar axis, and second, an orbital motion around the sun. We say two primal motions because we shall eventually show that our earth has many orbital motions, and that notwithstanding this, it never describes a circle nor an ellipse in its course through space.

It is also an established fact that the moons that are now revolving around all the known planets save Venus and Mercury, were born out of the substance of the worlds around which they revolve, and consequently that the substance constituting them at the time of their birth must have been in the same state of development as was that of their parent world.

It is also an established fact that a world is made to move in an orbit around its parent world by the operation of a force called gravitation.

As to what this force really is we do not know. We only know that it inheres in every individualized aggregation of substance and that the law of its action is directly as to the mass of substance, and inversely as to the square of its distance from other individualized masses of substance, and consequently that the *pull* exerted through the operation of this force by one body of substance upon another while diminishing in power as the distance between them increases, yet still continues to exert itself, so that no two masses of substance can ever be so far removed from each other but that each will exert a gravitative *pull* upon the other.

It is also an established fact that the substance of the sun at the time of giving birth to its dependent worlds was in a gaseous or possibly a nebulous condition throughout its whole mass.

We can, then, commence our search for the world we seek with these established and admitted facts:

1. All worlds are born from and are a part of the original substance of their parent world.

2. That their substance at the time of their birth was in the same stage of development as was that of the parent world at that time.

3. That a world rotates upon its polar axis around its center of motion.

4. That it moves in an orbit around its parent world.

5. That it is held in this orbit by the gravitative force of its parent world acting upon it, and its own gravitative force acting upon its parent world.

6. That the field through and within which the force called gravitation acts, is coextensive with the region of space occupied by the evolved universe of worlds.

7. That the world-bearing period of a world is while it is in its sun-stage of existence, and all the substance of which it is constituted is in the nebulous or gaseous state of development.

From these facts it is now permissible to make some logical deductions:

1. As the world-producing period of a world's life is confined to its sun-stage and while its substance has not progressed beyond the gaseous condition, it follows that all worlds begin their individualized existence as suns.

2. That therefore our earth began its separate existence as a sun, and that during that stage of its life it gave birth to the moon.

3. That as our earth is now in its planetary stage, it shows that a world develops from a sun into a planet, and that by this development conditions are established wherein the Principle of Life can attain to manifestation, and vegetable and animal forms are evolved, and last of all the human form. Thus we learn that the planetary stage of a world is its productive stage during which its forces are expended in perfecting its substance to the highest condition attainable by it.

4. That the moon must have begun its existence as a sun, that it ripened into a planet with our earth as its sun, that it exhausted its vital forces as a planet while our earth was still in its sun-stage and became a dead world, thus entering upon its third or moon-stage of existence.

Thus we have given three stages of a world's existence. First as a sun, then ripening into a planet during which stage it exhausts

its productive forces, then dies as a world and its congealed body becomes a moon, later on when its parent world dies, to change its orbit from around it, to around the sun, thus entering upon its cometary stage, soon to be broken up into ærolites, which in the case of our moon a small portion will fall to Venus and Mercury, but the great mass of which will fall into the sun, the moon's grandparent world.

Our reason for asserting that the moon will, when our earth shall have exhausted its vital forces and become a dead world, leave its present orbit and revolve around the sun, giving it the long elliptical cometary orbit, and break up into fragments and final absorption into the sun will be given later. We make the assertion here that we may give the five stages of a world's existence, thus; first a sun, then a planet, then a moon, then a comet and last breaking up into fragments become a stream of ærolites and final absorption into the sun, its grandparent world.

There would be truth in the legend of Saturn devouring his children, if any of its moons while in their sun-stage gave birth to worlds.

All worlds must pass through the same stages unless they are destroyed by some catastrophe as seems to have been the case with a world of our system that had its orbit between Mars and Jupiter, the fragments of which now circle there as diminutive worlds in large numbers.

If one world as an individualized aggregation of substance had its beginning in time, then all worlds had their beginning and consequently the number of worlds in existence to-day is limited regardless of however vast that number may be, and if each world had a beginning as a world, then the time was when Self-existent Being had not as yet manifested on its world-plane of existence, hence:

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A TIME WHEN THE FIRST WORLD OF AGGREGATED SUBSTANCE TOOK ITS POSITION IN SPACE.

There cannot be an unlimited number of individualized aggregations of substance, be those aggregations grains of sand or rolling worlds, and with a limited number of worlds and the gravitative force active in each, there is but one formation in space which it is possible for such world to assume and maintain, and that is to obey the law that we see operative in our own solar system which is, that

each world shall revolve in an orbit around its parent world and well within the magnetic sphere of such parent world.

The same condition must hold true of the position of our sun's orbit as related to its parent world, and of that world to its parent world and so on, until we reach that sun that must stand at that point in the depths of space that marks the center of the position in space occupied by all the worlds now in existence, and it is clearly perceived that this Central Sun can have but one primal motion, and that a revolving one upon its polar axis around its center of motion, and close to or upon the ecliptic of this central sun all worlds must have their position in space, and could we get outside this great universe and look upon the space occupied by it as a whole, it would present to us the appearance of a double concave disk with the central sun at its center, and the worlds to which it has given birth lying far off in space near the plane of its ecliptic, each enveloped in its own magnetic sphere and revolving in an orbit around the great central sun, and each carrying with it its world-descendants to their remotest generation.

Now for the sake of getting a starting point from which to trace back the descent of our world from the central sun assume, and let us remember that it is *an assumption pure and simple*, that our world, this earth, is of the seventh generation of worlds from the central sun genealogically considered, and that would make the central sun the great, great, great, great, great grandparent world of our earth.

It is a fact that every individualized aggregation of living substance, whether it be a world or the minutest microbe evolved thereon, is surrounded and enveloped in a magnetic sphere which belongs to and is a part of it, and within the limits of such magnetic sphere everything belonging to it has position, and all within such magnetic sphere constitutes the "I" of such individualized aggregation of substance, and all without it, is to it the "Not I."

This magnetic sphere is permeated with the life-forces of the enveloped form; but when the enveloped form dies and ceases to be active the enveloping magnetic sphere becomes dissipated, and is absorbed into the magnetic sphere of the form of which the dead form had constituted a part, and within which it had position.

Let us remember that a magnetic sphere is a part and portion of

the particular form it envelops, and that all other individualized forms having position within such sphere constitute a part and portion of such form and are subject to and their movements are controlled by the larger enveloping form.

We must not confound the gravitative force of a body with its magnetic sphere. They are wholly different manifestations of inherent qualities of Being. The gravitative force acts throughout the evolved universe of worlds. The magnetic sphere of each form occupies position in space and is only active within the space so occupied.

The magnetic sphere of a world occupies in space a greater field in extent than would be inclosed by the orbit of the first world to which it gave birth and that is furthest removed in space from its parent world.

Thus the magnetic sphere of the central sun extends further outward into space than is the position of the outermost of the worlds to which it has given birth and the Law is, that every world shall have position in space within the limits of the magnetic sphere of its parent world, hence all worlds of the first order as we may designate all those born directly from the central sun have position within its magnetic sphere, and revolve in orbits around it, each being controlled by the central sun's action upon its own enveloping magnetic sphere.

Now with our mental vision let us take a look at the great universe at the time of the beginning of its present manifestation; for we infer that there have been several universal expressions of Infinite Being, each succeeding expression being more full and greater in extent than was its predecessor, and this is what we see.

In the depths of space we behold a sun of vast magnitude in a nebulous condition, rotating about its polar axis, and fixed at one point in space.

Surrounding it at distances so great from its center that it takes millions of years for light to travel the intervening space we behold a circle of worlds, the children of this central sun, all moving in orbits around it from west to east, all revolving on their polar axes in the same direction, each enveloped in its own magnetic sphere, clearly defined to our sight in its extent, and each so far distant from its brother sun that a million years doth not suffice for their inter-

change of light, and as we gaze new suns lately born come forth and find position yet nearer the parent world.

The worlds born directly from the mass of the central sun may be numbered by thousands or by millions. We do not know their number, and with our present limited knowledge cannot so much as make an intelligent guess.

But logical deduction assures us that all worlds of the first order, as we will designate those worlds that have the central sun for their parent, have but one orbital motion and that is around their parent world, and that they have position in space within the magnetic sphere of their parent world, and that they each are enveloped in a magnetic sphere of their own that occupies a field in space within which all worlds born to them will have position, and that their parent world governs and controls them by direct action upon their magnetic spheres, treating that sphere and all that it contains as a unit of world-manifestation.

We will now center our view upon that world of the first order from which our sun descended, and assume that it was the first-born of the central sun.

It occupies a point in space further from the central sun than any other world, and so far distant from other suns of the first order that it seems to be isolated in space, and with its descendant worlds, all having position in its magnetic sphere, it constitutes a universe of the first order, and gives birth to worlds each of which becomes the central sun of a universe of the second order, and these suns three removes genealogically from the central sun become centers of universes of the third order; those suns four removes centers of universes of the fourth order; those suns five removes, centers of universes of the fifth order; and those suns six removes, of which we have assumed our sun to be one, become centers of universes of the sixth order of which our solar system is a representative.

It follows then, that a universe of the first order is constituted of universes of the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th orders, the substance of which has all been segregated from the individualized aggregation of substance that constitutes a sun of the first order, and that this sun of the first order governs and controls these universes of several orders, by acting upon the magnetic sphere of those suns of the 2d order to which it gave birth, and carries all with it

around the central sun, thus causing suns of the 2d order to travel in two orbits, in a primal orbit around their parent world, and in an induced orbit around their grandparent world, the central sun.

It follows then that a world of the 3d order has three orbital motions. First its primary orbital motion around its parent world of the 2d order, and an induced orbital motion around its grandparent world of the 1st order, and a second induced orbit around its great grandparent world, the central sun.

Thus it appears that a world must have as many different orbital motions through space as it has genealogical removes from the central sun, and as under our assumption our earth is of the seventh generation in descent from the central sun it has six induced orbital motions.

It is the first induced orbital motion of a world that produces the phenomenon known as the precession of the equinoxes by carrying a world forward in space and causing it to describe a waving line through space instead of a circle, an ellipse, or a spiral as would be the case if its parent world remained fixed in space at one point, as is the condition with worlds of the 1st order.

In the case of our world the amount of its annual precession is determined by the arc of the orbit of the sun traversed by it while the earth is making an annual revolution around it, which observation shows to be about ($50''$) fifty seconds of arc which would carry the sun through its whole orbit in about 26,000 years. The exact time has been stated to be 25,868 years.

That is the length of the sun's year as determined by the precession of the earth's equinoxes.

There is another observed motion of the earth known as Nutation, which is caused by the *unequal forward motion* of the earth in its induced orbit.

We will use the moon to illustrate this.

Twice during each revolution of the moon around the earth the sun, earth and moon are in line with each other. This occurs at the time of new and full moon, and at those times the moon is in its mean position in its induced orbit around the sun. At all other times it is either ahead or behind its mean position in its induced orbit.

At its first quarter it is the radius of its orbit, 240,000 miles

behind its mean position, and at its third or last quarter it is 240,000 miles ahead of its mean position.

The *real* forward motion of the moon in its induced orbit is from to last quarter the motion of the earth in its orbit around the sun *plus* the diameter of the moon's orbit, and from last to first quarter it is the motion of the earth in its orbit *minus* the diameter of the moon's orbit.

Therefore the moon travels 960,000 miles further in its induced orbit around the sun when passing from its first to last quarter than it does when passing from its last to first quarter.

It is this unequal forward motion of a world in its induced orbit around its grandparent world that causes the phenomenon known as nutation, and the amount of this motion always bears an exact ratio between the radius of a world's orbit and the radius of its induced orbit.

The average distance of the earth from the sun being taken at 93 millions of miles, it follows that the difference of its forward motion in its induced orbit is 372 millions of miles each alternating six months.

This is the amount of its nutation, and it amounts to $1^{\circ}1644+$ of arc of its induced orbit.

The ratio of its orbit to its induced orbit may be thus expressed.

As 360° of a world's orbit is to 1° of its induced orbit, so is 360 radii of its orbit to the radius of its induced orbit.

Then if we multiply the amount of the nutation $1^{\circ}1644$ by 3.1416 the ratio of the circumference to the diameter, we have $3^{\circ}6580$ as the ratio of the earth orbit to its induced orbit which is one with the orbit of the sun, and the problem to determine the radius of the sun's orbit can be stated thus.

$3^{\circ}658 : 3600^{\circ} (1^{\circ}) :: 360 : 354,292$ —and we find that our sun is three hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-two times as far from its parent sun as is our earth from the sun.

As it takes light eight minutes to travel from the sun to the earth, it would take light 2,834,336 minutes, or 5 years 142 days to reach our earth from the sun around which our sun revolves, which as per our assumption, would be the central sun of a universe of the 5th order, with probably more than a hundred universes like our own solar universe circling around it.

If a universe of the 5th order is so vast, it is evident that all the starry suns that we can see belong to a universe of the 2d or 1st order, and that with the best telescopes yet produced all the stars and nebulae seen extend over but a few degrees of the orbits of universes of the 1st order.

Our solar system has position of necessity, as does every other system, in that region of space occupied by the orbits of worlds of the first order, which combined give us the milky way, so vast is the distance that their light has to travel to reach us.

We are fully aware of the cause assigned by astronomers for the precession of the equinoxes and nutation, *but we know* that it is a mathematical necessity that a world that revolves around a world that also revolves around a more distant world must retrograde at its equinoctial points, and we also know that the unequal forward movement of a world in its induced orbit must produce an apparent motion called nutation, so we cannot accept the astronomers' explanation.

If astronomers will take the trouble of making the calculation, they will establish the fact that the difference between the nutation from mean position on June 21st and December 22d is exactly proportional to the difference of the distance of the earth from the sun on those dates.

A line drawn through the earth and sun at the time of the equinoxes would point directly towards the sun around which our sun revolves, and if we could measure the nutation of the sun we could easily calculate the distance of its grandparent sun.

It is now generally conceded that there is certainly one and probably two planets of our solar system whose orbits are beyond Neptune, and astronomers are also arriving at the conclusion that all comets that have the sun at the perihelion of their orbits are also members of the solar system and do not pass at their aphelion from under the sun's control.

This conclusion is certainly the correct one, for comets are disintegrating worlds that have passed their sun, planet and moon stages, and whose parent world has passed its planetary stage, and whose magnetic sphere has been absorbed into the magnetic sphere of their sun, thus leaving their moons also in the magnetic sphere of the sun, with no enveloping magnetic sphere of the planet,

and as the orbital law of world-movement is, that a world must revolve around the world in whose magnetic sphere it has position, it follows that when a planet dies and its magnetic sphere is absorbed into and becomes a portion of the magnetic sphere of its sun, that its moons must cease to revolve around it, and must move off in an orbit around the sun, and this introduces them into their cometary stage, during which they are disintegrated and finally absorbed into the sun.

Those comets from beyond Neptune whose orbits have been calculated are the moons of a planet next beyond Neptune which has passed its planetary stage and is now a moon to the sun, and those with larger orbits must be the moons of another planet, the second beyond Neptune that has also entered upon its moon-stage.

This outer planet of our solar system must have position approximately 2,000 million miles from the sun, or in round numbers, say ninety times as far off as is our earth from the sun, and let us bear in mind that the magnetic sphere of the sun extends far beyond the orbit of that planet. This will help us to form some faint idea of the magnitude of our sun.

It takes *twelve hours* for light to travel from the sun to that planet.

If we should assume that the ratio that the orbit of this outermost planet of our system bears to its induced orbit around the parent sun of our sun holds good as to the orbit of that sun to its parent sun, then the grandparent sun of our sun would be 485 light years distant, and that sun would be the central sun of a universe of the *fourth order* that probably contains hundreds and possibly thousands of universes of the fifth order.

Do you begin to realize the magnitude of the universe of the first order, to which our earth belongs?

Should we carry out the same ratio of the increase of distances, the central sun of a universe of the third order would be 43,650 light years distant, of the second order 3,928,560 light years distant, and of the first order 353,565,000 light years distant.

This is based on the supposition that our sun is of the sixth generation of descent from the central sun. Of course it may be either less or more. Our knowledge does not yet enable us to know.

We may, however, know that when Selfexistent Being began

to evolve the present universe of worlds, that those worlds furthest removed genealogically from the central sun were the first to attain to the planetary stage, because they were the smallest and therefore condensed their substance to the solid condition of a world's surface more quickly.

When the substance constituting a world is first separated from its parent world, its orbit must of necessity be that of a rapidly unfolding spiral, and this continues to carry it away from the center of its parent world until by the gravitative force of both acting upon each other its outward flight is overcome, and it slowly, very slowly begins to contract its orbit.

This contraction of orbit is continued through its sun, planetary and moon stage until it finally enters upon its cometary stage of disintegration and absorption into its grandparent world.

This is true of all worlds except those of the first order. Worlds of the first order cannot have a cometary stage, for when they shall have passed their planetary stage and their magnetic spheres have been absorbed into the magnetic sphere of the central sun, their orbit will remain unchanged because it is then, as it was before, in the magnetic sphere of their parent world, hence they will remain as moons to the central sun with constantly contracting orbits.

The absorption of worlds back into their grandparent worlds will be as orderly and free from universal catastrophe as was their outbirth as suns, but in the case of worlds of the first order that cannot get beyond their moon stage, the continued contraction of their orbits will eventually bring them into collision, and finally plunge them bodily into the central sun.

This crush of worlds and wreck of the great universe will again vaporize the central sun and all its dependent worlds.

The cycle of the present universe of worlds will have been run, its work completed, and Being will start upon another cycle in which to express Itself in a universe that shall in every way be superior to this present one.

When Being attains to expression in the form of a world developed to its planetary stage, through the process of evolution it elevates the substance of which such world is constituted to a higher and more fully developed condition, until at last it is enabled to attain to expression in the Human Form as Man; and as this

world unfolds and develops, emanations from its material plane are constantly rising and forming zones of matter in a higher state of vibration, that have position in the magnetic sphere of such world.

There are twelve of these zones corresponding to the harmonic scale in music, and each higher is constituted of the emanations of more highly developed substance from the next lower zone, and this process of refinement of substance and increase of its vibratory motion goes on until it reaches and fills the magnetic sphere of the central sun.

Beginning with our solar system, let us trace these emanations of refined substance from a world furthest removed genealogically from the central sun back to the magnetic sphere of that sun.

We assumed that our earth was of the seventh generation of worlds and this would make our moon of the eighth.

The emanations of substance refined by the moon during its planetary stage was into its magnetic sphere, and from the highest zone of the moon's magnetic sphere into the first zone of the earth's magnetic sphere, the earth then being in its sun stage, and when the moon exhausted its productive forces as a planet and became a dead world its magnetic sphere and zones were absorbed into the magnetic sphere and zones of its parent world, the earth.

The moon being a world of the eighth generation or order, and one of the furthest removed genealogically from the central sun, we will trace the emanations that form the zones of the magnetic spheres up to their highest condition, and this is the course they follow, always flowing from the highest zone of a world into the lowest zone of its parent world, thus:

From the highest zone of the moon into the lowest zone of the earth, and from the highest of the earth into the lowest of the sun, or:

From worlds of 8th order, into those of the 7th, thence to the 6th, the 5th, the 4th, the 3d, the 2d, the 1st and from the highest zone of those of the 1st order into the lowest zone in the magnetic sphere of the central sun.

The vibrations in the first zone of a magnetic sphere are just one octave higher than on the mundane plane of a world, and these vibrations increase by an octave for each zone. In our normal condition our eyes respond to only one octave of vibrations. Vibrations above or below that octave produce no effect upon the eye.

Objects are made visible by the light-vibrations that they reflect. Hence the different colors of different objects.

It matters not how substantial or solid an object may be; if it transmits all the rays of light, reflecting none, it is invisible to us. Not infrequently the plate glass in a window is so perfectly transparent and free from imperfections that it cannot be seen, and yet it is very substantial.

All objects that reflect the light-vibrations within the octave by which we see are visible to us, and all objects that do not reflect such vibrations are invisible to us.

There are some persons who can see more or less perfectly in the next higher octave of light-vibrations than is normal to this plane, and they are called clairvoyants.

This faculty enables them to see objects whose normal condition reflects this next higher octave, and they tell us that they often see those who have died as to their mortal bodies, and the objects that exist on the zones of the magnetic sphere of this world.

We have heretofore demonstrated that all human beings begin their individualized existence on the material plane of a world in its planetary stage of existence.

We will now trace the planes that successively become the normal place of abode of individualized man from birth, until he reaches that state of development that qualifies him to enter into and become a living molecule in the unfolding Divine Form.

Assuming that the birth took place upon the mundane plane of a world of the seventh order, then when such individuals are born out of the material body by the process called death, they find themselves possessed of a magnetic body whose normal place of abode is in the first zone in the magnetic sphere of their natal world.

As all vibrations are one octave higher in this zone than they are on the mundane plane, it follows that they can neither see, hear nor feel the objects normal to the plane they have been born out of, nor can they be seen, heard or felt by those remaining on the plane below.

As they now possess bodies not subject to disintegration and decay, this first zone of the magnetic sphere continues to be their normal abiding place so long as the conditions there existing can minister to their further growth in knowledge and development.

When they have attained to such state of unfoldment that this first zone can no longer minister to their growth, they change their abode to the next higher zone where the vibrations are an octave higher, and such higher vibration has now become normal to them, and here they continue to abide until this zone can no longer minister to their growth, and then they again change their abode to the next higher zone.

And so from zone to zone in the magnetic sphere of their world they go onward as they grow in the manifestation of Love and Wisdom until they have attained to such stage of development that the zones of the magnetic spheres of their parent world can no longer furnish the conditions requisite for their further unfoldment, and then following the emanations from the higher and outermost zone of their world into the first zone in the magnetic sphere of a world of the sixth order, which would be their grandparent world, therein they find their normal abiding place in a higher octave of vibration.

And in the same manner as they unfold and develop to higher degrees of attainment, they pass successively through all the magnetic zones of this world of the sixth order, and then onward and inward successively into and through the zones of the worlds of the 5th, 4th, 3d, 2d and 1st order, and lastly into the magnetic zones of the Central Sun, the first parent of all worlds, and Selfexistent Being having thus attained to the expression and manifestation of its human principle on the first zone in the magnetic sphere of the central sun, it has attained to that degree of unfoldment that enables it to give expression to its Deific Principle as God, manifesting through a Divine Form constituted of all its individualized human expressions that find their normal abiding place in the magnetic zones of the central sun.

This, then, the zones of the magnetic sphere of the central sun, that have been evolved from the zones of the magnetic spheres of all other worlds of the great universe, is the world, wherein Being attains to its highest degree of unfoldment and expression, evolving therein its divine form and attains to manifestation and expression as God; and from this plane of abode it acts consciously and voluntarily to perfect the varied expressions to which it has attained through the evolutionary process, using Its human expressions on

all planes of their existence for the attainment of Its purpose.

The divine form being an individualized expression of the Infinite Selfexistent Being, must of necessity be a finite form, and the expression of the deific principle through it, a finite manifestation, and thus Primal Being in its manifestation as God is but a partial manifestation that is ever attaining to a fuller and more perfect expression, and whose normal abiding place is in the zones of the magnetic sphere of the central sun, which magnetic zones occupy in space a field that holds within its bounds the worlds of the great universe.

We have now located the world wherein Primal Being manifesting as God, as its highest and fullest individualized expression has its normal abiding place, and to an abode in this innermost and most perfected of all worlds, each individualized human expression of Being eventually attains by an orderly progress through the magnetic zones of the world, on which they were born, and onward, upward and inward, until they attain to the magnetic zones of the central sun.

We have also shown how, without any universal catastrophe, all worlds up to those of the first order will be gradually absorbed back into their grandparent worlds, beginning with those farthest removed genealogically from the central sun, and their magnetic spheres and zones being absorbed into the magnetic spheres and zones of their parent worlds, thus enriching their parent worlds by returning to them all the development to which they have attained.

But the worlds of the first order have no grandparent world around which they may circle in a cometary orbit and thus be broken into fragment and gradually absorbed, but long after they shall have passed their planetary stage, and all human forms that they have evolved shall have passed through their magnetic zones and onward into the magnetic zones of the central sun, these worlds of the first order will plunge bodily into the central sun, and by the heat thus generated restore it to the condition it was in at the beginning of the cycle then completed, only that its molecular condition will have been advanced an octave higher.

Having traced the pathway of Man to his final abiding place, and witnessed the passing away of this universe of worlds in a conflagration that resolved them into their primal elements, and gathered

all evolved substance back into the central sun, you turn to us with the query:

And then? and we reply—

And then as Gods in wisdom grown,
As units of a mighty band;
United step to Being's Throne,
And grasp its Scepter in our hands,
Evolve from out the pyre till when
A universe is born—And then?

And then direct the upward way
Of Being, with our guiding hands,
Till blossoms forth the perfect day
Of Life, upon the new formed lands,
Till primal substance lives as Man
Selfconscious in his powers—And then?

And then to teach these evolved men
To know themselves as parts of all,
To know that Being upward tends,
That nothing ever sinks or falls,
But rises to the plane of Man,
To thus evolve is Being's Plan.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE *VERSUS* PAGANISM.

BY A. E. SCOTT.

It has been with some degree of amusement, and not a little curiosity that I have watched the announcements of new articles on this current event of Christian Science.

With somewhat incredulous wonder I have read this warfare of words going on, awaiting with a good deal of impatience for the individual who would take upon his shoulders the weight of another view and with pen in hand, from the safety of the fence rail, accuse neither but try no matter how poorly to express the truth of this so-called discovery of Mrs. Eddy.

I certainly have no intention to lose time, nor devote space either to the combating or supporting of this theory which suspiciously resembles the teachings of the ancient philosophers. The very name of Christian Science is to my mind a misnomer, for certainly to deny the existence of matter is neither Christian nor scientific; naturally it cannot be the latter, for it is only matter that science recognizes—and not the former, for the teaching of the non-existence of material things is purely pagan, being the doctrine of one of the oldest Oriental religions.

In these days it is rather difficult to find the connecting link between a medical process and a religion—one might as well make a religion of homœopathy or hydropathy.

The starting point here is to recognize the fact of the early schools of philosophy which always taught healing, either through spirit, or the will, as a natural product of nature.

Such schools we know were the Neo-Platonist, the Pythagorean, and the teachings, later, of Paracelsus. But then the world is always ungrateful to its great men. Florence built a statue to Galileo, but hardly mentions Pythagoras; neither Galileo nor modern astronomy discovered the Ptolemaic system, but Galileo reaps the reward of fame. It was the sad perception of this truth that made Tyndall confess how powerless is science even over the world of matter.

In this age of cold reason and prejudice, even the Church looks to science for help. We need facts not theories, especially if they be erected on sand piles and high-towering but rootless dogmas.

After expending their energy in such a puerile theory as the "illusions of mortal mind" to what conclusions do the Christian Scientists arrive? If everything, especially pain, is an illusion of mortal mind, why then do they spend their entire time trying to cure what does not exist?

But to retrace my wandering footsteps.

We know that before the days of Democritus, the ancients were familiar with the idea of the indestructibility of matter, which is proved by their allegories and numerous other facts. The ancient philosophers affirmed that it is in consequence of the manifestation of that will, or spirit-force, so termed by Plato, in the Divine Idea, that everything visible sprang into existence. And that will-force directed toward the localized center would produce the objective condition.

Later, Democritus claimed that the will or spirit, working through the brain is like an automatic workman, moved inwardly by the influx of that Universal Will, and directed upon the diseased particles and manifesting itself in force, would create a wholesome condition. Apollonius and Iamblichus held the same views which we can easily find, if we take the trouble, in their writings.

Paracelsus said that healing, to deserve the name, requires either faith in the patient or robust health united with a strong will in the operator. We know that every exertion of will results in force and that according to Paracelsus the manifestation of atomic forces of the individual action of the will, results in unconscious rushing of atoms into concrete images, already subjectively created by the operator's will.

Those who merely study and treat the effects of diseases, are like persons who imagine they can drive away the winter by brushing the snow from the door. It is not the snow that causes the winter, but the winter that causes the snow. But it is not within the scope of this article to enter into a detailed account of the treatment of diseases by Paracelsus. I only desire to show that Paracelsus who lived in the sixteenth century healed diseases by the use of the will-force.

Call the phenomenon what you will, force, energy, electricity, spirit-power or animal magnetism, it will ever be the partial manifestation of the soul—that intelligent, omnipotent and individual

will, pervading all nature and known, through the insufficiency of human language to express the psychological image, as God.

The Pythagorean doctrine that God is the universal mind diffused through all things, and the dogma of the soul's immortality are the leading features in this apparently incongruous teaching.

The Christian Scientists are not the first to bring to light the idea of "illusions," as the Buddhistical philosophy means annihilation, the dispersion of matter in whatever form or semblance of form it may appear; therefore as something temporary, the seeming to be permanent is but an illusion, *Maya*; for as eternity has neither beginning nor end the more or less prolonged duration of some particular form passes, as it were, like an instantaneous flash.

The bold theories and opinions expressed in Schopenhauer's works differ widely from those of the majority of our scientists. "In reality," remarks this daring speculator, "there is neither *matter* nor *spirit*. The tendency to gravitation in a stone is as unexplainable as thought in a human brain,—if matter can—no one knows why—fall to the ground, then matter can—no one knows why—think."

These views corroborate what we have expressed about the various names given to the same thing. The disputants are battling about mere words. He who understands letters can read words, and he who reads words can understand books. If we know that a certain cause may produce a certain effect and if such an effect takes place, we shall easily recognize the cause that produced it. It may suffice to say that the difference between the system of healing of the modern Scientists and Paracelsus, is a difference growing out of an entirely different apprehension of fundamental truths.

I do not wish to argue in favor of or against Mrs. Eddy or her church. I only wish to show if possible that she did not discover her particular method of healing, nor has she a mortgage on the art.

Diseases are and can and will be cured by faith, and if men understood the power of thought they would have more faith and less superstition.

It has often been said that darkness is absence of light, a truly wise saying when applied to the Christian Scientists; as, if a little more light were thrown upon their theories we might come

to some definite conclusions as to their ability to heal certain forms of disease. Certainly the new school can find its root in the old.

So goes the world: new discoveries evolving from old sciences; new men and the same old nature.

A. E. SCOTT.

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages.

—*Shakespeare.*

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

—*Henry Delaune.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

—*Pope.*

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

—*Praed.*

"Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper,
—"orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."
—*Joseph Priestley "Memoirs."*

Every man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. * * * Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself.

—*Theodore Parker.*

Rightness expresses of action, what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight line.

—*Herbert Spencer.*

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation.

—*Demosthenes.*

WHEN ANGELS MEET.

(*A Christmas Story*)

BY EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

Two angels meet above the great, dark city. They hold within their radiant hands two shining, filmy threads of life, which from the moment of this heavenly meeting, become entangled, never to be separated more.

"Since Fate will have it so," they breathe, "since both the lives we guard are lonely and unloved—since happiness will follow where before reigned grief, let us accept gladly and gratefully our mutual guardianship of two precious souls, and, hand in hand, follow them, bringing, by our influence for good, brighter moments, happier hours, holier lives."

So speak the angels.

* * *

A delapidated tenement looms high above its shabby neighbors. No light in the top story, no warmth in the dingy garret, and from this vantage of dark and cold a child, to whom it has long been home, is being driven.

The harsh, strident voice of one in authority bids him be gone—that a woman's utterance could be pitched in so low a key!

The steps are steep and high and dark, but the cold little feet know every rickety board; know just where to tread lightly or skip a dangerous landing.

Down go the small feet, carrying their frightened owner swiftly, safely to the last narrow landing that leads out upon the darkening street.

A street-lamp already burning warmly upon the next corner lures the boy away from the black shadows brooding about the opposite direction; but as he draws nearer the one bright spot—bright in a comparative sense only—in that dismal thoroughfare, a new terror meets him.

From a street running at right angles to the one upon which stand row upon row of tenement houses looms the burly form of "Cop Unthank," as he is shudderingly called in that district—the

terror of Poverty Row. A big and mighty policeman is he—an officer whose bright buttons and helmeted head—to say nothing of badge and belt and billy—have never yet failed to strike wholesome terror to the more or less lawless inmates, young and old, of Poverty Row.

And yet, though he wears with awful dignity these dread insignia of law and order, Cop Unthank's face is in itself his fortune; for by the power of its uncompromising ugliness alone is he an awe-inspiring object. So fierce are his shaggy, beetling brows, so glaring his protruding eye-balls, so menacing his long, thin nose, so frightful the large white teeth gleaming ferociously through what may be more correctly described as a gash rather than a mouth. In fact, Cop Unthank is a fearsome object—so fearsome that the evicted young tenant catching a sudden sight of him looming big and terrible in the wan light, turns about face, and, taking to his heels, stops not one second in his mad flight until block upon block of the pitiless old city lies between him and the dread of the lawless district now far behind him.

In all the great city with its hundreds of thousands, in all this vast country with its millions—in all this fair earth with its billions of human beings no slightest claim has this young wanderer upon even the meanest, the weakest, the most worthless of them all. He is utterly alone. From a deserted baby known as "Lyd's kid"—a baby fostered by now this and now that busy mother—for what to the real mother mattered one baby more?—the waif grew into an independent little fellow, his independency an outgrowth of both choice and necessity. For the mothers had, gradually, their own broods dispersing, vanished from his world. It was then a bigger boy made friends with him and shared with him the comforts and discomforts of his garret.

But the kind, big boy suddenly sickened, died, and was buried three days ago, and the austere landlady of Poverty Row, bereft of all motherly instinct, has turned the child into these most pitiful of all the pitiful things of earth—an outcast.

He, himself, is "Scaly" that is all he knows—"Scaly" by right of his baptism in the gutter, where children older and more knowing than he have seen fit to saddle his small identity with this disreputable cognomen which has clung to him as persistently as has the grime of the great city slums that have cradled him.

It is cold to-night. Little frosty feathers shaken from the bed of the winter king settle softly down upon the grime of the dark pavements. It is cold, and it is Christmas Eve. Scaly knows this, for one of the big boys has told him about it, declaring to him in the "lingo" familiar to his ears that "Der wur a peach of 'n ole scout answerin' to de name o' Santy Claus 'at drives a dandy team o' horned annymuls hatched to a sleigh 'at's filled wid toys fur de tonies. De ole moke don't trus' hisself nur 'is nifty deers down dis away, you kin betcher sweet life—hully gee, wouldn't us kids give ourselves a picnic ef wes could oncet get on to der ole man's kit?"

"Hain't der no guy fur to fetch der poor people somepun?" Scaly's most intimate friend, his late comrade, had asked this Solon among the "Arabs."

"Der 'poor people'? Git on yer base, cully, yer offen it—'way offen it! How'd de loikes o' us looks, d'yers t'ink, a-handlin' de swell swag he kerries 'round t' der tonies?"

But there *was* a Santa Claus—this Solon has not denied him an existence; and as he accepts this undenied fact as truth, into Scaly's youthful brain a great thought creeps. It may be, suggests the glorious idea, that by seeking the quarters of the well-to-do wherein this wonderful disburser of marvelous merchandise drives his antlered steeds, he, Scaly, may, perhaps, by some unforeseen chance, some natural error, come to be classed among the lucky recipients of Christmas cheer. The great thought lends him wings.

The streets he passes grow light and ever lighter; the shops are ablaze with glittering lamps that add to the splendor of the gorgeous wares spread to the public view. Window after window—Scaly looks into these as a soul might peer from Hades into Heaven; and were the crystal panes great walls of adamant they could not separate him more utterly from the alluring treasures lying within their cold, clear confines.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock—still shop after shop, beauty after beauty stretch away down the long perspectives of the avenues. Tired little Scaly, forgetting in the rapture of this Christmas sight-seeing his late ejection from the only home he has known of late, turns, at last, with the homing instinct of an animal to seek his lair. Then into his brain stalks Memory with warning finger raised in stern forbiddance. He has no home.

With an unpleasant sensation in his throat, the boy turns back upon his aimless quest—no, not aimless; the great idea of which he has lost sight for what while he feasted on the beautiful things behind the cold panes, returns in full force to inspire him to further efforts.

It is right here, along these brilliant avenues crowded with gay shoppers that Santa Claus must naturally make his way—he, Scaly, must stay in the light and glamour and joy, where the Christmas wizardry is working its spell.

Directly he approaches a toy-store, the brightest, busiest store of all upon this festal eve. Opposite the door, backed up close to the curb is a loaded dray filled with belated merchandise. As Scaly's interested eyes watch the hurried motions of a youngish man as he crosses and re-crosses with difficulty the thronged pavement, he is accosted by the youth.

"Hi, you little loafer, want a job? I thought so. Step lively, Johnny, and make yourself useful. Here, carry these boxes into the store and I'll pay you a couple o' nickels. Handle 'em gingerly—there you are—trot!"

Two nickels! That means a supper fit for "a tony"—and he is, he suddenly discovers—famished.

With a smile upon his dirty little face, and a glad light in his big, luminous eyes, Scaly carries the boxes from dray to store. Out from a huge packing case, from their snug nests amidst the straw the man draws box after box; short boxes, long boxes, thick boxes and thin, and every time Scaly enters the warm, brilliantly lighted store he catches a glimpse of a new and beautiful world. He is obliged to pass and re-pass a pyramid of toy wagons and sleds—pass near enough to touch the gold and scarlet wheels, the blue and silver runners, while a counter just beyond is piled high with automatic engines, steam-boats, Noah's arks and menageries—was *any* boy ever as lucky as he!

"All right, sonny, and here's the money—in a moment, Mr. Mason," and into the store dashes this good-natured packer—or, in this case, *unpacker*.

By the necromancy known to the small boy, Scaly's nickels are swiftly turned into buns and cookies—*such* cookies! *such* buns! Like the little town-mouse that he is, Scaly desires to make his

enjoyment of them thorough—to take them into some burrow where he can devour them in peace.

A glance toward the curb-stone shows him the dray is still there, the driver having gone within doors to settle with the manager; and upon the dray is the big straw-filled box. The patient horse is his only eye-witness—a safe and kindly one, thinks Scaly, as with a keen, quick glance around him, the boy springs into the inviting nest of straw and disappears.

* * *

If the burly policeman, Ichabod Unthank had had his “after wish”—which savors strongly of an Irish bull—and had died in any one of the many illnesses that wait upon the hours of childhood, he, the matured man, considers it would have been a big saving to himself if not the world at large. But neither colic nor croup, mumps nor measles had touched him more than lightly, and he had lived and thrived, orphaned as he was, until this Christmas Eve finds him standing carefully out of the range of the looking-glass above his pine bureau, adjusting a clean white collar as particularly as any man ever donned collar—yet without foppishness.

He has always been ugly—ugly baby; ugly boy; ugly youth; ugly man; so ugly that sentiment and he have ever had to hide their secret bond of sympathy from what, had it ever dreamed such a sympathy existed, would, he was confident, have proved a monstrously unbearable, deriding world.

In earliest manhood he had recognized the, to him, bitterly sad fact that was somehow to him so inexpressibly precious—the lover of a woman and children—the sweet domestic joys that seemed so easily to fall to the lot of other men were not to be for him. The trim upper-housemaids of his beat pointed scornful fingers at him, the ugly giant; nurse-maids hid laughing faces behind white aprons; cooks abroad upon Thursday afternoons giggled and turned up their noses in fine disdain if he glanced their way. Accustomed to such treatment by this time, he has ceased to look for aught that is sweet or fine or lovable or dear to enter his lonely life.

The touch of a loving hand is never to be for him; no little childish arms will be clasped about his neck, no baby’s kiss be pressed upon his ugly lips; yet in his manly, yearning heart he longs and

sighs for love—the love of a woman, the love of little children—with that great, strange need of love only the strongest men feel.

* * *

Out into the cold, keen Christmas air, out into the crowds of the great Putoff family and their near and distant relations who hurry hither and thither paying belated tribute to the patron saint of the day, Cop Unthank makes his way.

It is early yet; the lazy winter sun will not think of rising for an hour, and the street lamps still gleam in the darkness that comes before dawn.

Past shops not yet opened; past shops beginning to show signs of life; past shops all ablaze—shops that mean to catch the early worm and which pander thus shamelessly to the host of procrastinators, the policeman carries his forbidding countenance.

Although this is a holiday for him, he naturally—habit doth so enslave a man—turns toward headquarters. On his way he is obliged to pass an open court. Instead of skirting it as has been his wont, something foreign to his usual mode of procedure leads him to cross the court.

He wonders at the impulse that impels him to thread his way through a labyrinth of wagons, carts and drays. There is no light here of any description, the very mists of the morning in this shadowy court take upon themselves the livery of night.

Impelled by a feeling incomprehensible to himself, a sense of being gently urged onward taking possession of him, this officer off duty makes his way, with no volition of his own, among the crates, packing cases and empty barrels piled upon the vehicles usual to the place.

Stumbling against the heavy wheel of a dray, he puts forth a gloved hand which makes him aware that upon the tilted floor of this dray stands a big straw-filled box. This the sense of touch has told him; the sense of sight is useless in this unlighted place; but the sense of hearing offers him more wonderful information—for there issues from the box the sound of soft, regular breathing of some one fast asleep in the nest of straw.

* * *

And this is when the Angels meet.

After the buns and cookies were devoured, after the ravening little stomach had seized upon its royal feast, perfectly satisfied Scaly, snuggling down into the thick pile of clean, sweet-smelling straw—the dried grasses of a land far over-seas, where the toys were made and packed for the children of America—lost consciousness of all things mundane. A dreamless sleep became at once his portion, and no knowledge of the driving from curb to court, not even the sudden jar of liberated shafts falling heavily upon the frozen ground disturbed the weary child's deep slumber. So passes the night away.

It is just before the dawn rolls up the grey curtains of mist that Scaly awakes. Turning his small body over in the comfortable angles the tilt of the dray has afforded the big box, he luxuriously stretches his tough little limbs with sighs of perfect content.

For a little while the unaccustomed softness of his couch bewilders him, and it takes Dame Memory some seconds to throw open the shutters of his brain and let the full light of recollection shine in upon the drowsy cells. Overhead he sees, like a faint shadow, a few boards the packer has left untouched; boards that half roof his dwelling. Like a blue-black velvet canopy wrought with sparkling diamonds, there spreads, where the boards cease, a stretch of clear, dark sky filled with dazzling stars. The most resplendent of these is Jupiter, and with him the child communes.

It is pleasant here—nicer than anywhere. Straw and boards make a warmer bed than just rags. He wished Steve—but Steve was *up there*, right there *in* the big star, maybe. He deserved to be in the biggest, Steve did; but for himself, he was satisfied to stay just where he was, all alone in the nice warm straw, with nobody to yell at him or drive him off.

Another delicious, lazy yawn, another turn of the thin, wiry little body, and there comes to Scaly a sudden sensation of something smooth and cold against the boy's cheek.

His fingers pounce upon it, follow along its smooth surface, and stop at a small something which in the dark his eyes are unable to see, yet which to his exploring finger-tips, seems to be the hand of baby, a very, very small baby.

So small it is, so still, so like the day-old mite of a baby in the tenement that died a month ago! Gently he moves his hand about the rounded arm until it touches the marvel of a satin sleeve.

Above the sleeve the finger-tips of the wondering boy discover soft wisps of abundant, loosely flowing hair—so silky, so human, so clinging! Then a brow, a little nose, the soft smooth swell of a cheek, the roundness of a diminutive chin. Crisp ribbons, soft laces, tiny boots with little buttons—it is a doll which the hurried packer missed, a doll whose frail pasteboard box Scaly's stretching and turning has broken. Ignorant of the contents of the boxes he carried from dray to store, Scaly has no factor at his command by which he may work out this peculiar problem. To his mind there is but one satisfactory solution. The stupendous fact that there really is a Santa Claus, and that he had for once remembered him is a truth easy of acceptance. The great idea has not failed him—it has borne fruit!

In heartfelt, soulfelt gratitude to whatever may have brought about for him, the little, lonely uncared-for vagabond of Poverty Row, this amazing proof that Christmas and all it means may really be intended for the poor as well as for the rich if only the two estates will mingle and share it all together, Scaly, with a laugh that is half a sob, articulates words that fall upon ears leaning cautiously to hear them; for close beside the dray stands the form of the terror of Poverty Row.

As he listens the man realizes that the child is making an effort to voice a prayer of thankfulness—an emotion hitherto so foreign to his experience that the unwonted effort was in a pitiful confusion of the mythical and real, yet fuller of genuine gratitude than many a more eloquent prayer, and ends with these words:

“Santa Claus brung it—Santa Claus brung it, Father in Heaven, amen!”

And now the dawn creeps stealthily over the great city, creeps, at last, down between high walls where tall warehouses shut in a court paved with cobblestones; steals into a straw-filled nest and warns the happiest boy in the big metropolis that he had best be up and moving.

With tender touch Scaly lifts the big waxen wonder of a doll, and as he stands it upon his ragged knees the doll's brown eyes unclose and stare straight into his own very roundly opened blue ones. He gives a cry of delight—*it is alive!*

A moment later the boy has scrambled out of the box. Quick as

are his motions those of the big policeman are swifter, for no sign of anything fearsome assails the lad as he crosses the court and makes his way to the nearest avenue.

Against his torn, begrimed habiliments he presses close the rich apparel of the costly toy, with never a doubt as to his right to it, or that it has been brought to him by "de feller 'at brings de swell swag to de tonies."

Reaching the center of the now busy city, he marches on and on, unconscious of the curious gaze of passers-by which fixes itself upon this unusual exhibition of satin and rags, of purity and filth. Unconscious, also, of a pair of honest, ugly, longing eyes set in the head of a gigantic officer of the law, who follows ever in the wake of this bearer of a most beautiful burden.

Upon a certain crossing it is Scaly's misfortune to meet a crowd of jeering, laughing, cursing little *gamins* all older than himself. They gaze at him with wide eyes, and as he gains the crossing crowd about him staying his progress.

"Where'd you get onter it, kid?"

"Gee, hain't her a beauty! Looks like a angel spilt plumb outer de sky!"

"Is dat yer sellin' sample, pard? How much do yer ax fer 'em by de job lot, cully?"

"Say, where'd you get her, anyhow?"

"*He* brung it—Santa Claus," breathes Scaly, scenting danger to his treasure in that rough crowd, and essaying to back away from it quietly.

"'Santa Claus'—jiminyjinks! Santa Claus—haw! Wese none o' yer softies, kid!"

"Don't be too smart, Billy. I done yeard of a Santa Claus—knowd a feller as saw 'im oncet wid his own eyes down to der Band o' Hope mission."

"But bring a nuppercrusty like dat to sich a measly pertater as *yuse*—yo' can't choke dat pill down dis chicken's t'roat—*not any*. Cribbed it, dat's wot youse done—hi, cop 'eres a wictim, run 'im in!"

Scaly glances behind him, and catching, in one swift, terrified look a glimpse of an awful, familiar form, he makes a great "burst away," and gathering that which has come to seem a living, breathing entity close to his beating heart he starts out on a dead run.

Up this street, up that; down an alley, through an arcade, with "Stop thief! Stop thief!" ringing out like a death-knell behind him, until stumbling upon a loosened ribbon of his beautiful burden, he falls, sobbing in an agony of fear upon the frozen ground.

In an instant he is lifted high in air, strong arms closing round him. He feels the heaving of the broad chest upon which he hides his terror-stricken face. Judging from the hard run he has given his captor, he decides that nothing short of death can be his doom.

The usual crowd has collected itself, and he hears:

"Who's the boy you've got there?"

"A thief—how sad!"

"You catcha heem widda goods, ha?"

"Stole a doll! Heavens, what a depraved soul!"

"Ach himmel, du bist ein kleiner dieb!"

"Thank my lucky stars *my* children are all honest!"

"May de Lawd be merciful to ye, ye pore, li'll done-out white trash!"

"Sure, an' if it's Phelim O'Dowd at ud iver be doin' the loikes o' that same it's a foine t'rashin he'd be recayvin', be the powers!"

"Pove teet garçon!"

The tongue clatter ceases suddenly at the sound of galloping horses and the ominous knelling of a gong. Someone has summoned the patrol wagon. Scaly feels the big form against which he leans in his despair climb into the smart equipage and seat itself therein.

As they are driven away he waits to be liberated from the grasp of the strong imprisoning arms; to be placed on the seat beside his captor; to have his precious treasure torn from his embrace.

No such things come to pass.

Cop Unthank is enjoying the sensation of a little head nestling itself, half willingly, half perforce, upon his breast; for Scaly dreading to face the terror of Poverty Row actually presses his grimy visage against the blue cloth opposite the blazing star upon the awful magnate's breast.

"Drive to my lodgings, corner Scanlon and Pierce, Ripper. There's no case of anything criminal here. I know the whole story, and it's clear as daylight. Turn east here."

In the long drive home a great resolve has time to enter Cop Unthank's heart and brain and settle there. For the first time in his

lonely life a Christmas gift has been offered him—and—he accepts it.

Bump! Bang! Scaly, with hazy ideas of awful dungeons awaiting him, feels himself carried from the wagon to the curb, across a pavement, up several steps, through a door that closes noisily behind him; then up, up, up a long flight of stairs. Another door is opened and shut; then the terror of Poverty Row, panting from his climbing and the boy's weight places his animate and inanimate burdens upon a huge leather-covered chair.

"There you are, my son!" cries a cheery voice, so unexpectedly cheery and so kind that the fringes of Scaly's eyes are suddenly uplifted.

The boy discovers himself in a square room, sun-lighted, clean and warm, with never a hint of bolt or bar or clanking chain within its four bright, flower-besprinkled walls. Astonished, bewildered, he feels that he has by some strange means escaped an awful doom.

"What's your name, boy?"

At first his lips and tongue refuse their office; then "Scaly," he breathes softly.

"'Scaly'? Taking you by and large, my boy, I'll not say but the name's a bit appropriate. Who gave it to you?"

"I dunno; de kids."

"Well, it will not be Scaly after to-day, my son; it will be Christopher Unthank, and how do you like that? It's my father's name, my child, and I've been saving it all these years to give to my son—and that's *you*, Christopher. From to-day you are my son. From to-day I am your father—can you grasp that also? You thought Santa Claus was a pretty generous old soul to fetch you that pinky dolly there, didn't you? But he was more generous than that to me—for what's a doll to a regular flesh and blood boy that can put his arms around your neck and lean up against you?"

In the tone of the big man's voice is a something that makes itself felt in the heart of the little child. The words and their meaning pass over the boy's head ungrasped; but with the tone comes an assurance, magnificent, unreasoning, tender as love itself and making Scaly wise. He understands.

"How old are you, Christopher, do you think?"

"I dunno."

Too bad, my son, for neither do I; but let's call it ten, Ten's a

good age to start out on, don't you think? So you're ten years old, Christopher, on this very day, and you can always remember it's your birthday, because it will always come on Christmas, see? And it's the day of your baptism, to, for you are going to be baptized (until we see if it takes) in the bathtub at the end of the hall."

The terror of Poverty Row is standing on the hearth-rug in front of a mellowing coal fire, beaming down at the soiled human atom before him. Upon the small, spare face raised toward his own the man sees something that fills him with delight. No fear upon the pallid countenance—no dismay spoiling its lines, but an expression Ichabod Unthank has never before seen on any face turned toward his own. The look in the eyes are a heavenly revelation to the man, for the child looks bravely at him, while over the features plays the light of a dawning smile!

As for the boy, he has just witnessed a fresh miracle upon this, to him, day of miracles. He perceives that the fierceness hitherto so dreaded has altogether vanished from the face of the man towering above him. The eyes have lost their glare, for Pleasure and her hand-maiden Mirth have drawn their wrinkled curtains so close that they twinkle like little rays of laughing light, and the big mouth is spread in so large and kindly a smile that the happy giant seems to Scaly to have become another being altogether.

So faintly does he now resemble the terror of Poverty Row, the little human animal before him feeling instinctively, as animals ever do, the loving-kindness that flows, fountain-like, from the great soul to the small one cries impulsively:

"How nice yer is!"

"Nice!" The little word so honestly spoken runs through Ichabod Unthank's spiritual veins like sweet, intoxicating wine made from fruit too fine and rare ever to have grown outside the walls of Paradise.

At last! At last!

* * *

There follows a solemn rite performed in the battered, zinc-lined bath-tub at the end of the hall. As the grateful warmth of the waters perfumed by the spicy fragrance of a bar of pretty pink soap enters the pores of the grimy little body, infusing therein a strange sweet

sense of fresh, new life, so the living waters of love lave the hitherto bruised, uncherished soul of little Christopher Unthank.

There is a donning soon after this baptism of hastily purchased garments, followed by a feast of plenty at a neighboring restaurant. Then comes a shopping expedition when mittens are bought, some fancy-bordered handkerchiefs, a little pocket-book, a big pocket-knife, some gorgeous picture books, some marvelous toys, and a dangerous stock of "goodies."

Frown he never so hard the whole of this blessed Christmas day, the terror of Poverty Row cannot keep the happy tears from welling up and veiling his eyes with tender mists whenever he feels a childish hand creeping into his own so lovingly, so trustfully!

At length the early twilight comes. For the hundredth time the small flotsam washed by the waves of destiny to a fair and kindly shore turns his delighted gaze from one to another splendor of his adopter's home.

From the nickel alarm clock ticking cheerfully away upon the high, old-fashioned mantel, to the plaster of Paris ornaments set stiffly at each end of the same painted shelf; from the old-fashioned canopied four-poster bed to the picture of a florid Southern beauty, who, holding a large magnolia blossom in an impossibly long and slender hand, enters into the spirit of the day and smiles and smiles and smiles.

Each admiring survey has been keenly noted by the owner of the place, every article growing in value as the young eyes rest with ever increasing appreciation upon them. Full of a gladness too great to find expression in words, the big fellow lifts the little fellow to his knee, folds his arms about him, and looks partly over, partly through the pretty tangle of now clean, soft hair, until the blaze of the fire is dimmed by tears of joy.

* * *

At last he speaks, softly, gently, to the child within his arms.

"It pleases you, Christopher? And you'll never want to go away—never want to leave your father? This room is full of beautiful things to you, no doubt; but lovely as they are, my boy, you must tell me which you think loveliest and it shall be yours—your very, very own. Don't be backward, Christopher, speak up boldly,

my son. Of all the pretty things in this new home of yours which to you, dear boy, seems the most beautiful?"

The eyes of the child are raised to the ugly face now so near his own as he answers simply,
"You."

—EVA WILLIAMS BEST.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

—Lowell.

A virtuous deed should never be delay'd,
The impulse comes from Heav'n, and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeys
The god within his mind.

—Alexander Dow.

Can wealth give happiness? look round an see
What gay distress! What splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

—Young.

Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals;—
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

—Emerson.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

—Tennyson.

Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou can'st not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.

—Omar Khayyam.

MEDITATIONS.

BY H. HUNTER SHERMAN.

OF GOOD WISHES.

Good wishes are prayers. I sometimes think that even the humblest of these are destined to be in a way prophetic, constituting a sort of magnetic force endowed with tendencies to produce good for its object and counteract evil, in a manner beyond the power of any of us to realize or understand.

OF THOUGHT.

Whatever be your philosophy or belief, keep your mind and soul open to the light, not allowing yourself to sink into conservative stagnation, for there are those that would rather starve on a lie than be fed with the truth. To the Christian thinker is such alertness no less essential. Let him be no intellectual coward, but meet and consider every thought, question, and doubt fairly and honestly, striving always to absorb the truth and reject what is false or useless. For if a man be afraid to trust his armor in the conflict, why not cast it aside rather than be uselessly burdened with the weight of it. For indeed no warrior can hope to be invincible who struts about with a tin shield and a wooden sword. Be strong in your faith, for if it be any but a sham one, and your fight be any but vain boasting or curious impertinence, you cannot but be victor.

God has given each of us the faculty of spiritual discrimination which it is our duty to develop. For if we leave our spiritual conceptions loosely scattered, then while here with one we conquer, there another is vanquished by superior force; if we amass them, then we are able to meet wholly or in part all adverse doctrines or perilous creeds.

But inflexible dogma is bigotry, bigotry is ignorance, and ignorance is chaos. Preserve honesty of heart and mind, and the light of God will find its way in.

OF VIRTUE AND INNOCENCE.

I cannot tell which is the more beautiful; innocence such as we see in a pure and spotless child, or the virtue we behold in a strong man or a noble woman. And yet I rather think it is not a question of beauty but of worth.

Innocence is a tablet of gold, unpolished, uninscribed. It is worth so much, no more, and though valuable it cannot in itself be more so. Virtue is that same tablet, yet not the same. To its simple value is added the cost of labor and the excellence of adornment. It is no longer blank, but beautifully inscribed. Dark pictures of battles, of awful suffering, of passionate and tempestuous surroundings; scenes of glorious victories, of mighty conquests—a standard raised, a city taken, all cut and chiseled into the pure metal with exquisite effects of light and shade. Truly it is a beautiful and priceless work.

OF TEMPTATION.

Beyond a certain point in the struggle, the more we oppose temptation, the less we see of its glamour and the more we realize its heinousness. It begins to attract less while it repels more. This is the approach of victory. But beware of reaction; a premature relinquishing of tension too often means a total overthrow.

So temptation is a force which the longer we resist, the more its strength is assimilated into our resistance and turned against itself.

OF OLD AGE.

To littleness and ignorance, old age brings only pity or ridicule; but to greatness and knowledge it lends a new air, venerable and commanding.

OF DEPARTURE.

What a pathos in departure! In this it resembles death; like death it creates voids, not only in the sensibilities of those that leave, but as well in the hearts and environments that are left behind. And the greater the love and fellowship that bind hearts together, the sadder and more terrible the aspect of separation. Tears belong to adieux, whatever other emotions are involved. When friends and

those we love are leaving us, we do not know that we shall ever see them again, that death or the vicissitudes of life shall not separate us forever. Even in the departure of those we dislike, it is possible and proper to have some regrets, if not for the severance of relations as they have been, at least for the fact that they were not otherwise. Then more than at any other time can we recognize qualities in them that tend to expiate their faults and partially redeem them in our eyes.

And with this regard, it is interesting to observe that we sometimes regret leaving places and environments where we have been discontented or unhappy. Any pleasures that we may have experienced, any panaceas that we may have known, any friendly relations that we may have enjoyed, come readily to our minds, and for an instant only perhaps, but still for an instant we are tempted to tears. A plant that is transplanted from however uncongenial soil and climate must still first endure having its roots torn from the earth, its tendrils wrenched from that to which it has learned to cling.

But the heart of man is made to adapt itself to change, and such emotions are necessarily and perhaps providentially more or less brief and subject to the touch of time. So it is that we are able to turn, however tearfully from the receding ship—the vanishing land, to seek new friends and pleasures, or contentment in some other clime.

OF LAUGHTER.

Laughter is the epitome of character. I want no better introduction to a man than to hear him laugh. The paramount qualities of people, more frequently than by any other way, find expression in the infinite tone and inflection of the laugh. We school our voices and manners, and we frequently affect laughter, but there is a spontaneity in it that is difficult if not impossible to control, so that the affectation itself is a revelation of insincerity.

No less is laughter indicative of mood and thought; and in this connection there may be some who suggest that a man's mood is not necessarily his character, and that indications of the first are not to be confused with revelations of the last. But as we think and feel, we are, and it is of course our habitual thoughts and moods that go to make up our permanent and individual selves. Montaigne

says that we frequently laugh and weep for the same reason, and another writer declares that we laugh in order that we may not weep—so importunate is our surrounding sorrow; but however much akin the causes of weeping and laughter, the fact remains that men for the most part weep alike and reveal little, but that they laugh differently and reveal much. The laugh is indeed well worthy of study as furnishing so direct a means of insight into character.

OF COURAGE AND COWARDICE.

Courage is not mere boldness, nor cowardice plethoric fear. In the greatest fear lies the possibility of the greatest bravery; the one is a concomitant of the other. Your true hero is one, who, realizing all the perils and hardships of an undertaking; does his duty in the face of difficulties and in spite of his fear.

The so-called coward is one—a man like yourself, but cursed with a keen realization of conditions, a horrible calculation of results, which you are not sensitive enough to feel, or feel so readily. Without fear the battle is already half won. For you, the valorous, the strong-hearted, will spring unhesitatingly to arms and dash with undaunted ardor into the thickest of the fray. But he, this other, must first grapple with the unseen hand which clutches at his heart and throat, must first cool the fire-floods surging in his brain. What wonder then, that if he follow you, he falters and perchance fails. You view him with scorn, whereas you should look upon him with pity. His failing effort has occasioned him more suffering than all your conquering action; yet he is covered with opprobrium, while you are crowned with laurels.

There are so-called heroes that know not bravery; there are so-called cowards that are brave.

OF COURAGE AND STRENGTH.

The main requisite for well and successful living is the spirit of courage and fortitude. A weak temperament, however otherwise admirable, is little better than worthless. It is not exemplary because it is not positive. Better have done evil and be a man, than have lived spotless of all but cowardice; for in the one case there is power to reform, and in the other not even the strength to sin.

What is honor without courage? What is goodness without

strength? A single firefly in a heavy darkness, a tiny beam in a deep well: they are light, but they do not illuminate. Virtue is a capacity for resistance, an ability to overcome.

There is no one more miserable, or more worthy of pity than he who has no normal and reasonable control over this world of people and circumstances, and who is afraid to meet and cope with the conditions and vicissitudes of life. We are loved and respected not alone for what we *are*, but for what we are in connection with what we *do* and are able to do. We must be exponents of goodness before we can know the full reward of good living. The world excuses failures only when coupled with successes.

For this weak and negative one, therefore, there is no love but pity, no friendship but charity. His soul is full of vain hopes, of torturous yearning, of ambitions which are beyond his abilities and therefore snares to his undoing. The best things of life are beyond his reach; they tempt but forever elude him. On his horizon are fair lands whereat he may never arrive, the mirage of cool waters whereof he may never drink. His greatest efforts as regards success are pathetically inefficient and ineffectual. And if he have the habit of introspection, if by bitter contemplation, he have attained to knowledge of himself and of his weakness, how must the realization of his own incompetency be ever present in his consciousness, and he be ever mindful of "The spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

If this be the only mortal existence, if there be for him no other mundane life wherein he may with greater gifts retrieve the faults of this, then is his living here but vain misery, and it were indeed better for him had he never been born.

OF INJURIOUS RESTRICTIONS.

When a man is denied all proper and efficient outlet and expression for the great forces of his nature, his health, mental, moral and physical, are gravely menaced. Constant, abnormal restraint; the indifference, belittlement, subjugation and inadequacy of environment; misapplication, and the stifling of affections and ambitions—all produce an inward pressure of energy, which eventually either bursts its bounds and dissipates in the maddest excesses, or consumes itself to the ruin of the nature that possesses it. And this

explosion of energy is of itself exhausting, like a heavy blow delivered against the air, which for lack of resistance strains the muscles and carries the whole body with it.

OF DOUBTS.

A brave man, when he sees what appears to be a phantom before him in the night, will not flee incontinently, for then he will be convinced that he has seen a ghost; but will pursue and clutch at it, when immediately he will perceive that it is a paper blown about by the wind, or more likely some mischievous boy clothed in white to terrify the passers-by. After which, he that has pursued will more than ever be persuaded that there are no ghosts.

So is it with those doubts that with their defiant and blasphemous attitudes shock and terrify our whole natures. They have but the semblance of the real, and their formidableness is but superficial. If we attack them honestly and fearlessly, sooner or later they will yield, and in a manner truly surprising to us, so that our victories from being uncertain are very decisive and complete.

What indeed is atheism but a grotesque phantom set to frighten us with much moaning and waving, and wagging of its hideous head?

H. HUNTER SHERMAN.

POWER.

Love is All Mighty in its power to move
 The spring of every action of mankind;
 So searching far within the heart of every man,
 Seek thou thy effort ever there to place.
 Thus shall all hindrances to thy best consummation
 Vanish like dew before this shining sun.

BARNETTA BROWN.

DOING AND NOT WAITING.

We are born to act, and not to wait for help like able-bodied idlers whining for doles. Individuals appear to me as finite detachments from an infinite ocean of being temporarily endowed with executive powers.

—*Sir Francis Galton.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT

MEDICAL PRIESTCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

In this country there is a school of medicine that is steadily aiming, and seeking powers from the Legislatures, to make all else whether medicine, business or household economy subservient to it. In Great Britain the system has been wrought to greater perfection. A small coterie of individuals arrogate to themselves powers equal to those of the Crown, actually defying the Courts, and refusing to produce the minutes of their meetings, or their correspondence, to be explained. Its proceedings resemble those of the Star Chamber which tried and punished men at its own caprice, and which England when it dared revolt against an aggressive and usurping king, compelled to be abolished.

Is the world making its progress toward more freedom, or toward Caste-bondage?

THE COOL SUMMER.

There has been an unusual accumulation of ice in the Arctic Ocean a year or more past. To this is attributed the correspondingly cool summer in Europe and America.

DOUBLE PERSONALITY OF GEORGE III.

It will be remembered that George III., the king of England during our Revolutionary struggle and later European conflicts, was for much of the time subject to mental aberration. In one of the moods he considered himself as an individual still living, while the king was another person, and dead. His regard and veneration for that monarch were touching. One day he pleaded with his attendants.

"I must have a new suit of clothes," he said, "and I will have them black in memory of George III."

He was often conscious of receiving visits from old friends that had been long dead. He was permitted to preside sometimes at the Council of the State. On one of these occasions he addressed some of the statesmen of a former generation with whom he had been associated, but who had died long before. Sir Henry Halford addressed him.

“Your Majesty has forgotten,” said he, “that and both died many years ago.”

“True,” replied the king. “They died to you and to the world in general, but not to me.”

NOT MUCH INDIVIDUALITY.

The majority of us are commonplace, but no one likes to admit it. A man likes to believe that he is unique. He wants to think that he is the only one of his kind made. The really commonplace people themselves nearly always think that they have a great amount of individuality. We all have a small margin of individuality. It is very small in some of us, but all progress is due to individuality. The stability of society is due to deep personal convictions—not to our national Constitution, which some people hold so sacred, or to our laws or our great police forces. Great minds contribute new and advanced ideas to society, and all of us appropriate those ideas, and progress is made. * * *

GLASS PREHISTORIC.

The antiquity of glass-making has never been ascertained. There is a specimen in the British Museum, the oldest that is known. It is a small lion's head, on which is the name of an Egyptian King of the Eleventh Dynasty. The most moderate calculation places this period two thousand years before the present era, and, very likely it is older than that indicates.

VACCINATION A CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

Mr. James R. Brewer, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, Maryland, says: “As tuberculosis is a cattle disease it is plain that the human faculty has become infected by inoculation.” Dr. C. S. Carr, of Columbus, Ohio, doubts this, but declares what is equally true: “It is quite likely,” says he, “that vaccination is indirectly

the cause of consumption. Anything that lowers the tone of the human system renders it more liable to consumption. Vaccination is a horrible physical pollution. It undoubtedly weakens the vital resistance of the human system against disease. In this way vaccination is without a doubt responsible for many cases of consumption as well as of other constitutional diseases."

RAILWAY CASUALTIES.

The record of casualties for the six months ending with March 31, 1907, on the railways of the United States, is 41,507. The slaughters by commerce are more than those by war. Nothing in the commercial world is so cheap, so badly protected, so lightly passed over when lost than human life. The tenth commandment seems to be a prohibition of the greatest peril.

MENTALITY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Mr. Henry Labouchere divides the House of Lords in the British Parliament into three classes: the mentals, the ornamentals, and the detrimental.

A great deal of chronic illness is in reality nothing but exaggerated egotism.

BURBANK ON DISEASE.

Luther Burbank, the fruit culturist declares: "If mankind would devote itself to its own physical regeneration, the human race would be not only freed from all diseases, but most forms of crime would be eliminated."

We find no persons so intolerant and illiberal as men professing liberal principles.

BESTING A BISHOP.

Doctor Ingram, the Bishop of London, is very fond of children, but he acknowledges that their questions are sometimes too much for him. Once when addressing an assembly of poor children, he invited them to ask him questions. He had disposed of several, when one little girl brought him to a close corner.

"Please, sir," said she, "why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

Dr. Ingram made his escape by asking:

"What little boy or girl would like to answer that question?"

OSLER ON THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

He is the best physician who knows the worthlessness of the most medicines.

COTTON IN ALASKA.

Cotton grows in Alaska. It is of course a different variety, and it has not the long fibre of the article elsewhere; yet it is valuable for many purposes, and will become an important element in future commerce and industry.

EDISON'S GLIMPSE OF THE MILLENNIUM.

Mr. Edison does not profess a general knowledge of the Millennium, but he does see some things in the line of his own experience and work. He sees them to be near, too. Of his views *The Electrical Trade* says:

"A great electrical discovery which I expect to see before I die," remarked Thomas A. Edison, the man whose own inventions have done so much to revolutionize modern life, 'is the direct generation of electricity from coal. Imagine what will be the consequences! Then locomotives will be thrown into the scrap heap. All trains will be run by electricity. No longer will coal be laboriously transported to the cities, but there will be great power plants established at the mouths of the mines, from which the electricity will be sent out over the country by wire. There will be no horses in the streets, no stables, no flies. Wagons will be propelled by electricity, for it will be so cheap it can be used by the humblest tenement dwellers. Ships will no longer be driven by steam. Electricity will be their motive power. And then it will be possible to cross the Atlantic in three days. At the present time nine-tenths of the power obtained from coal is lost by the use of boilers, wheels and dynamos. With the direct generation of the electrical current, therefore, the world will have ten times more energy than now. We are still ignorant of the true character of electricity. Indeed, to me, after all the years I have spent in studying electricity, it is more a mystery now than ever.'"

—*Zion's Watch Tower.*

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE.

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare
 And merrily trotted along to the fair?
 Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
 In height of her speed she would stop at a word,
 And again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey."
 She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
 While the sun of September still brilliantly glowed,
 The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
 A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild briar;
 On boughs long and lofty, in many a green spot,
 Hung, large, black and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot;
 He shrunk from the thorn, though he longed for the fruit,
 With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
 And he stood up erect on the back of his steed,
 On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still
 And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

"Sure, never," he thought, "was creature so rare,"
 "So docile, so true as my excellent mare.
 "So here I stand,"—and he gazed all around—
 "As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
 Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
 Had, thinking no mischief, but chanced to say 'Hey!'"

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,
 And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
 At the sound of the word the mare made a push,
 And down went the priest in the wild briar bush.
 He remembered, too late, in his green, thorny bed,
Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said.

—Anon.

SELECTIONS.

From "Grains of Gold."

To know that a thing is right to do and not to do it, is weakness.

A good example is the best sermon.

The love of the perfect man is universal love; a love whose object is all mankind.

The rewards of honesty are not narrowed to material gain.

The reputation of a man too often resembles his own shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, a pigmy in proportion when it follows.

A great capitalist is like a vast lake upon whose bosom ships can navigate, but which is useless to the country because no stream issues thence to fertilize the land.

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; why not be thankful she puts roses on thorns?

It is not enough to know virtue—it is necessary to love it; but it is not sufficient to love it—it is necessary to possess it.

Theologians are usually too like their canine brothers who gnaw big bones for the sake of very little meat.

The chain of causation, traced backward from what we see in Nature leads inevitably to a Creative Spirit.

If a man does what is good let him do it again; let him delight in it; happiness is the outcome of good.

The love of glory creates only a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

INFLUENCE IS RESPONSIBILITY.

Is your life being built so broad, so deep, so high, so much after the divine pattern, that your influence shall bless all with whom you come in contact and last through time and eternity? You can live so that your influence will be strong enough to reach down with its great love and sympathy to the needs of the most helpless, sinful human soul. So lofty and high in its aspirations that it could command divine resources to meet that need, and could bring the need and the resource together.

No matter how obscure you may be, you can be a blessed helpful influence to others; you can resurrect dead consciences, arouse dormant ambitions, or awaken a soul.

The Christ in us is a power, and we are living temples to show forth Him who dwells in us. Are we not commanded to "let our light shine?" Showing His light in our faces, speaking His words with our lips, lifting the fallen with His strength and walking with unwearied, trustful feet in His way, even though it be over hot plow-shares that scar our feet, such a life would have in it immense possibilities for good, for true practical usefulness.

We may not all be brilliant, great or eloquent, but we may all be sincere and true.

True growth in life and influence is not measured by accumulation of wealth, by advance in rank or by increase of power. We are growing only when passing days leave us richer-hearted, nobler-spirited, more Christ-like in character.

"The glory of our life comes not from what we do or what we know, but dwells forevermore in what we are." The person who can be uniformly cheerful, day after day, is richer than he knows. Emerson says: "Everyone can do his best thing easiest," and we know it is true. One cannot always be sure what the best thing is until it is found, but life's happiness depends in great measure upon the success of the search. Therefore, do not rush headlong into any calling—God's own choice is waiting for you somewhere, and He knows us better than we know ourselves.

When we come to know ourselves as He knows us and our real needs, as well, then we shall understand why He treats us differently from the way we would treat ourselves.

Hearts and souls have their longings and their hungers and in this tangled world of ours there are so many desires, pure and legitimate ones, that are barred from their fulfillment. Time rules us all and life, indeed, is not always the thing we planned. We cannot always choose our earthly lot—much must be borne which is hard to bear, much given away which it were sweet to keep. Every heart has some sorrow, but God helps all who need His care and trust Him.

There are few lives which do not know the lack of something that would round them into completeness, some treasure withdrawn, some gift denied, that make the years not what they dreamed and hoped.

Sometimes it is lack of physical strength, or a deformity or incurable ill, and there are many who continually burden themselves and others with their misfortunes, making the weight heavier. There are others who so learn the royal art of doing without, that they are marvels and an inspiration to all about them. They are blessedly familiar, those who have bravely and patiently accepted their lot with its limitations, and who have set themselves to making the best of what is theirs. Sometimes the doing without is the soul's own realm. We miss sympathy and appreciation in our work, may be, and long for the fellowship that understands; hiding our hurts under a brave, cheerful face and trustfully going on our hard way. There are fasts that the heart and soul can only keep worthily—in secret. There is cheer in all self-denial, in the getting away from self-centeredness. It is only a little while; until tired hearts cease sighing and our souls break forth in glad, glorious song, knowing that "all things work together for good." Thus we must ever influence others upward toward the light.

AMORETTA FITCH.

The mind that conceives must guard itself against fatal discouragements; it must not only oppose its own inertia, but it must be able to meet and vanquish all unfriendly and opposing forces. Then it is that all selfish interests, either imaginary or acquired, undertake to obstruct; so that the price one pays for the full fruition of a materialised conception is eternal work and vigilance.

—*J. H. Tilden.*

DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE.

"Pa, what is the difference between a chef and a cook?"

"A chef, Tommy, superintends the cuisine and a cook bosses the kitchen."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

COOKERY A SUBLIME ART AND SCIENCE.

For what does cookery mean? It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means knowledge of all herbs and fruits, and balms and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meal. It means carefulness and inventiveness and willingness and readiness of appliances. It means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists. It means much tasting and no wasting. It means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality. And it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies—loaf-givers; and as you are to see imperatively that everybody has something pretty to put on, so that you are to see yet more imperatively that everybody has something nice to eat.

—*Ruskin.*

MISUNDERSTOOD?

Parson (on a bicycling trip).—"Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper?"

Park Gatekeeper.—"He is dead, sir."

Parson (with feeling).—"Dead! poor fellow! Joined the 'great majority,' eh?"

Park Gatekeeper.—"I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man so far as I know."

—*Pick Me Up.*

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A Richmond lawyer was consulted not long since by a colored man who complained that another negro owed him three dollars, a debt which he absolutely refused to discharge. The creditor had dunned and dunned him but all to no purpose. He had finally come to the lawyer in the hope that he could give him some good advice.

"What reason does he give for refusing to pay you?" asked the legal man.

"Why, boss," said the other, "he said he done owed me dat money so long dat de interest had et it all up, an' so he didn't owe me a cent."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A CAUSE OF ILLNESS.

It is your fears, your sad thoughts, your repinings, your irritable complaints that are making you ill.

—*Dr. Worcester.*

MANY-FACED.

Without wearing any mask that we are conscious of, we have a special face for each friend. For, in the first place, each puts a special reflection of himself upon us on the principle of assimilation. And secondly, each of our friends is capable of seeing just so far, and no farther, into our face; and each sees in it the particular thing that he looks for.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man; this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest.

—*Pythagoras.*

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.

—*Seneca.*

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BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PSYCHIC RIDDLE. By Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief of the Standard Dictionary, author of "The Widow's Mite," "Next Step in Evolution."

What Doctor Funk writes is always readable, and whatever readers may think of his judgment in the questions which he is handling, it is superior in matters of business to a degree almost intuitive. In this book he exhibits candor and impartiality, with an earnest desire to know his subject and tell it faithfully. He is not checked because of being an orthodox divine, but takes up the psychic problems manfully, weighs the evidence without prejudice and gives his conclusions with fairness. "We are in the presence of a new science in the making," he candidly acknowledges, and nails the matter fast with this statement: "In the last twenty years scientists have learned to respect greatly forces and entities that are beyond the five senses." It is evident, however, that he fears, now that they have gone so far from the old wilful hostility, they will rush forward too rapidly to make sure of fact as they go. With a hand on the check-rein he takes up the subject, treats it step by step, calls witnesses to sustain his propositions and appeals to his readers to give them the most candid attention. He will not permit that stolid Sadduceeism which discards angels and spirits, and refuses to investigate.

In short, Dr. Funk admits conviction and gives valid proof of these forms of psychic phenomena: 1. Thought-transference by other than one or more of the five senses; 2. Clairvoyant Power; 3. Mechanical Power in Thought; 4. Power of the Human Ego to manifest itself at a distance; 5. Existence of Intelligences outside of human bodies. So far, the leading members of the Psychical Research Society have regarded the matters as demonstrated, and the phenomena known as spiritualistic abound with examples. But here comes the serious difficulty. "What I do not know for a certainty," says Dr. Funk, "is whether there is any way for physical communication between the spirit-world and this—a way whereby spirits can surely identify themselves through our physical sensories—and whether they are doing it after a method that can be scientifically demonstrated."

The spiritualistic public are united in an affirmative solution to this doubt; and to them Dr. Funk must appear either as obtuse through his much learning, or else obstinately unwilling. Yet he is neither. Mediums have, in instances innumerable assumed to speak in trance from one and another, even disputing one another and their testimony not agreeing. Perhaps no better exposition can be given than is made by Emanuel Swedenborg. He treated of these matters, a century and a half ago with a clearness and distinctness, never equalled; and in a manner calculated to assure one that he knew. He plainly enough held such communication. He explained that when a spirit communicated with an individual, if that person supposed it to be the spirit of some particular person, then the spirit believed itself to be what it was supposed. This would be mesmeric; the active thought of the one permeating the mind of the other and so producing the imagination. This would be as the prophet Jeremiah represented: "They speak a vision of their own heart."

Nevertheless voices are heard, visions are seen and thoughts infused which are not of the individual and there are those who know it.

Doctor Funk has done a good work; he has told most valuable and interesting truth and buttressed it with argument that cannot be controverted, and we speak for his books a diligent reading. The wise will understand.

A. W.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

WHY I CHANGED MY OPINIONS. By Benjamin Fay Mills.

Paper, 16 pp., 10 cents per copy; 25 cents for three; 50 cents for eight; \$1.00 for twenty. The Fellowship Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

THE MISSION OF A CHILDLESS WOMAN. By Elizabeth

Fry Page. Paper, 8 pp., 10 cents. The Author, Box 42, Nashville, Tenn.

THE NAUTILUS NEW THOUGHT CALENDAR FOR 1908.

25 cents. William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

SPRIGS OF POETRY. By Norris C. Sprigg, LL.D. Illustrated,

128 pp., cloth, \$1.00; leatherette, 50 cents. The Balance Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.; L. N. Fowler & Co., London, England.

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THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

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SCIENCE, PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY,
METAPHYSICS AND OCCULT SUBJECTS

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR

Vol. XXI

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 8

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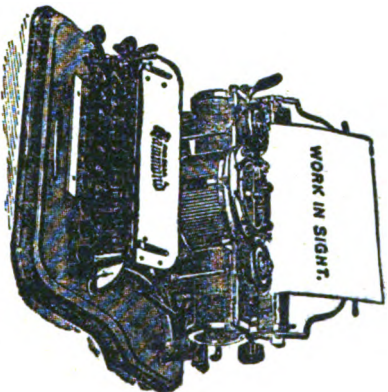
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