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'Tis the good reader that makes the good book; a good head cannot read amiss; in every book he finds passages which seem confidences, or asides hidden from all else and unmistakably meant for his ear.

—*Emerson.*

The inquiring reader will find in this periodical some things that will set him to thinking.—*The New Era, Lancaster, Pa.*

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It is full of deep thought, cast in interesting and graceful form.—*The Standard, Troy, N. Y.*

INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 1.

THE ORIGIN OF SYMBOLISM.*

Symbolism originated in the efforts of intuitively intelligent human beings to convey ideas and information by the use of certain



Mystic Symbol of Life. Chinese "Yang and Yin."—White, feminine ; black, masculine.

signs. The earliest rational system is found embodied in the Egyptian hieroglyphics now credited with an authentic history of more than eight thousand years.

The key to the profoundest knowledge and faith of the ancients is even at this late day hidden in a mysterious system of symbolism difficult to interpret.

The traditions of all countries, however, present to us impressive expressions of reverence for a mythical ancestry as having been at a remote period in possession of superhuman powers with which to conquer perverse influences, and of divine wisdom to take advantage

* Illustrated by the author.

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of opportunities. The ancestor, having attained freedom of overcoming, was never less than a God.

Men of the periods of the distant past, endowed with lofty genius and the magical attributes, became tribal leaders and foremost objects of worship. The king stood in the place of God.

Wisdom and power revered as being at the root of things would naturally incite the thoughtful to investigate these subjects, and it is the results of this early investigation of the sages that have been handed down from century to century, by means of a system of symbols unique and persistent, always cherished and venerated as an enduring possession. The development of this early symbolism was both emotional and mental, for the reason that scientific, or practical, methods had not yet dawned upon the races, and the meaning was held a secret inviolable, transmitted orally from father to son as a sacred heritage.

It is supposable that wisely chosen emblems would be approved by the men of wisdom throughout the intellectual circuit of the globe, which should sufficiently account for the extensive migration of symbols, and also for the similarity of myth and allegory in different races and widely separated countries. Ancient symbolism though apparently complex is in reality based on a few simple forms surprisingly direct in purpose and frank in presentation.

We marvel to learn that our facile nomenclature of to-day, with its dictionaries of more than 300,000 words, owes its inception and development to the wise selection of a duodenary of symbolical figures associated with the zodiac, coupled with ten numeral signs, the latter being extended by duplication to represent the manifestation of the Infinite in substantial forms together with the hidden relationship of the influences that govern creation. From this source is the naming of things and the terms expressive of the varying ideas of relation, all founded upon the theory of creation by vibration or "voice," Nature's own symbolic language.

These first numeral signs, from the earliest hieratic ordinals, i.e., *first, second, third*, etc., counting on the fingers, were, in the land of their nativity, placed in a "magic square" of nine chambers, and designated the figure of Fate, being associated with the planet Saturn

(\hbar) because of its heaven-embracing cycle of least variability, which became the key to ancient chronology.

6	10	8
7	5	3
2	9	4

Magic Square of Saturn. Archetype of the Sacred Wheel.

The common summation of this square is fifteen in every direction; or, in another way, and leaving out the central figure—No. 5, the “mystic mediator”—each number added to its opposite makes ten, the symbol of Deity. For be it known that One (1), i.e., the Infinite, is hidden and impossible of vocalization, therefore zero (0) was adjoined, forming ten (10), the visible sign of the Infinite in manifestation, and the starting-point of all ancient cosmologies.

The earliest concise theory of the universe is given symbolically in the Bible, where the reader will find, in the first chapter of Ezekiel, the Prophet, the most probable source of Oriental symbolism. The prophetic vision of God by the River Chebar is, “A great cloud, and a fire infolding itself;” i.e., darkness and light, negation and power; the monad of the philosophers—the dual divine order of proceeding of the Logos (word) to manifestation, for every monad possesses dual potency in “becoming,” that is, “Spirit” and “Voice” or vibration.



The “Monad,” from ancient Chinese manuscript.

The Oriental figure of the monad given here is called "the pearl," "the most venerable." Its visible simulacra are believed to be pictured in the *whorls* on the back of the sacred tortoise that bears the Earth.



Chinese Sacred Tortoise, bearing the Earth. Symbol of: 1st, Power; 2d, Law.

Continuing with Ezekiel's picture of the cosmos, we find the "four living creatures," or "cherubims" standing for the potentialities of the four quarters of the ecliptic. These are described as the face of a Bull (East), a Lion (North), an Eagle (West), and a Man (South), evidently the vital forms of the numeral symbol of the great name (יהוה), reading from left to right, Yod-He-Vau-He—Yahveh, Jehovah.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth verses are these words: "Behold one wheel," and following, "As it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel."

The symbolism so graphically portrayed by the "Man of God" among the Hebrews, in the sixth century before the Christian era, migrated eastward during this first great period of commercial and intellectual interchange of the Mediterranean races and assimilated peculiar variants.

In Chinese symbolism, for instance, one easily identifies the sacred denary of numerals still reflecting the "magic square," and the divine

"Sephiroth" of Judaism, but arranged on a wheel of nine compartments with the central one often occupied by the "Yang and Yir," the figure given at the beginning of this article.



Eight Trigrams (Pa-Kwa). Early Chinese Magic Square, or Unit Figure.

This wheel contains the mystic eight trigrams, called the "Pa-Kwa," representing by entire and broken lines the relation of the masculine and feminine elements in nature, beginning at the point Aries of the Spring equinox. The sum of the lines in each transverse direction is nine, and by adding unity, the Infinite, we shall again realize the divine numeral symbol, ten, four times repeated. The



The Mythical Emperor, Fuh-Hi (2750 B.C.?), discoverer of the Mystic Figures.

"Pa-Kwa" is said to have been revealed to the fabulous "Fuh-hi" more than five thousand years ago. Fable places its first appearance

on the back of the sacred Tortoise, which has a peculiar numerical conformation of the carapace, consisting of a circle of ten whorls inclosing three whorls on the dome of the shell, prefiguring the mystic division of the creative energy. The revelation associated with this material symbol of the second law, Omnipotence (Summer), came



Tortoise of the Abyss.

to light through the intervention of the Dragon Horse, the "Ki-Lin," representing the third law, or mind, aptitude (Autumn).

A tabulation here will best present the cyclic modifying influence symbolized on the wonderful wheel with its Oriental investiture, and indicate the relativity of the fourfold principles in connection with the seasons of the year. The Tetrad, 4, from which forms originate, is called the governor of all things. It is the sign of the planet Jupiter (Υ). The Ogdoad (8) is the "Mother" number, the container of all things, as shown by the mystic Wheel.

Existence was first negative; the first law (Spring-motion) then became positive, with capacity of actuality, the second law (Summer-substance), and the unique positive equivalent, the creative "Elohim" of the Bible, through which alone can the first law be known. "One is She, the Spirit of the Elohim of Life." The "monad" is the glyph of the dual Infinite, macroprosopus, which is allotted the three first numbers ($1-2-3 = \text{unity}$) on the magic square of 10 ema-

nating attributes (nine chambers), but corresponds to Spring and Summer in the zodiacal modifying power of the ecliptic. The "Yang and Yin" is a glyph of manifestation, called microprosopus, man, having six symbolical numbers of the 10 emanations (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9), and the two influences of Autumn (Form) and Winter (Purpose), as shown in the tabulation above; and ten (1-0) becomes One (1), but in a different manner, evolving a new Infinite, the "Christos."



Tortoise of the Mystic Elements.

The fourfold principles of ancient cosmologies have been admirably paraphrased by the "Mystic," Swedenborg:

"Man Wills (1st) and Asks (2d); God Answers (3d) and Gives (4th)."

In the beginning symbolism had a metaphysical origin, the key to which was man himself, in just proceeding, as an epitome of the universe. "And the just man is the foundation of the world."

"Nature reveals Man, Man reveals God."

These theories were a natural revelation to all alike in all countries at the distant period of the first blossoming of the human mind into conscious perception that spiritual principles manifested are powers over which man alone has control by intelligent correlation, but the selection of the signs to suggest the garnered truths fell to the

THE FOURFOLD CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

" BEING " = EXISTENCE.

<i>Monad.</i>		<i>Manifestation.</i>
Macroprosopus.		Microprosopus.
Father, Mother.		Man and Bride.

MODIFYING CREATIVE FORCES.

Spring (Motion). | Summer (Substance). | Autumn (Form). | Winter (Purpose).

BIBLICAL SYMBOLS.

Ox (Taurus). | Lion (Leo). | Eagle (Scorpio). | Man (Aquarius).

POTENCIES.

<i>Wisdom.</i>		<i>Power.</i>		<i>Knowledge.</i>		<i>Fear.</i>
Ominscient.		Omnipotent.		Omnipresent.		Opportunity.
Idea.		Volition.		Relation.		Function.

ACTIVITIES.

To Will. | To Want. | To Work. | To Wait.

MATERIAL ELEMENTS.

Fire. | Earth. | Air. | Water.

ALCHEMICAL SUBSTANCES.

Sulphur. | Salt. | Mercury. | Gold.

EGYPTIAN PERSONIFICATIONS.

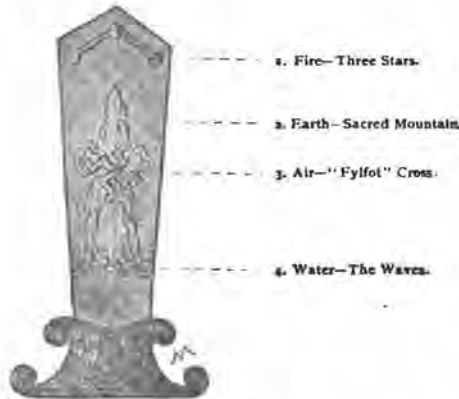
Osiris. | Isis. | Horus. | Hathor.

ORIENTAL SYMBOLS OF THE FOUR QUARTERS.

Dragon (East). | Tortoise (North). | Ki-Lin (West). | Phœnix (South).

<i>Negative.</i>		<i>Positive.</i>		<i>Negative.</i>		<i>Positive.</i>
Unit (Love).		Dvad (Faith).		Triad (Hope).		Tetrad (Charity).
True.		Good.		Beautiful.		Holy.
Yod (1st letter).		He (5th letter).		Vau (6th letter).		He (5th letter).
Jehovah.				Adonai.		

wise men alone. A valorous sage of the "Lu Shan" mountain, meeting with a solitary pilgrim, straightway makes salutatory advances



Chinese Symbolical Tablet of Carved Jade. Four Elements: Fire, Earth, Air, Water.

by drawing a line around about his form, meaning, in the mystic language, "This man reveals God," to which the stranger responds by crescenting or dividing the circle, presenting thereby a glyph of



The Primordial Egg. Chinese Emblem of the Ten Potencies, four ethereal (wings), six mundane (feet).

the second law—plurality, power: continuing defiantly, he also draws upon the sand the terrible "Swastica," or "Fylfot," the oblique cross

of the "fixed" points of the zodiac, the sign of the tangential operation of nature, the cosmic process, the third law. Then the pilgrim modestly projects a horizontal line within a circle, when magically the "Prince" appears—transformation, unity extended, "rebirth," a just gift which nature cannot withhold, and only man can mitigate, according to Oriental theories. This last is the fourth law.



Symbol of the First Law (Spring). The Visible a type of the Invisible.

The illustrations of the four glyphs of existence given herewith are not uncommon in eastern books, and within them is enwrapped for the Oriental student the deepest esoteric mysteries, as well as profound metaphysics.

Singularly, these symbols are never anywhere explained, the fact being that their secret is humanity in the living struggle, with the

higher self as a foundation, and the neophyte initiate into the mystic rites could never see more than was already developed within him-



Symbol of Second Law (Summer). The Realm of Desire.

self, for all erudition of the past, as of the present time, must of necessity bear strict relation to its Alma Mater and the degree of adeptship.

The seers of old intuitively knew that wisdom is the only panacea of the Soul and that the universe is its citadel; and furthermore, that until favors are wooed with the magic wand of the Shepherd (ex-



Symbol of Third Law (Autumn). Conscious Realization.

pression of want, or prayer) and macerated with the flagellum of the mind (wilful purpose, work, "Karma"), words will fail to convey the silent story of the heart.

Therefore the symbolical glyphs and festal formularies were chosen by the wise rulers of men to convince the common people and the untutored of the sacredness of "Being" and of living.

Obviously correct theories of the universe and the relationship of principles were formulated by minds of vast comprehension of inward realities long before symbols were invented; for how could the



Symbol of Fourth Law (Winter). Life extended by Rebirth.

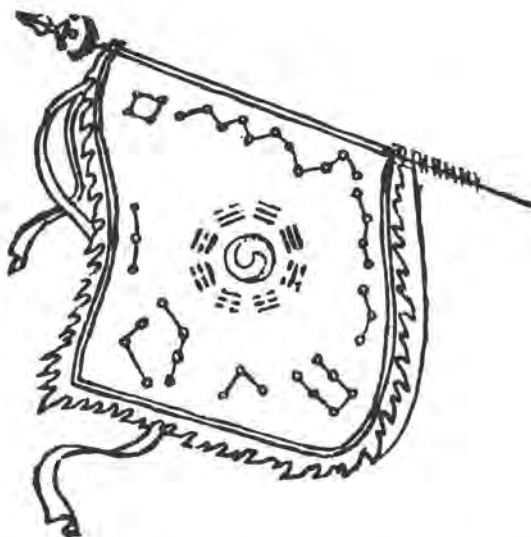
mysteries of creation be adequately portrayed if not at first well understood? The profound truth of symbolism could never have arisen from the gaping wonderment of bucolic Accadians viewing in fear the orderly course of nature, though this is seemingly a popular theory of the present time.

The "Yang and Yin" as a glyph representing the "Monad" in manifestation, a symbol of "Becoming," new life, rebirth, when found

in the central compartment of the sacred wheel, stands for the auxiliary fifth activity, corresponding with the Jewish feminine sephira, "Geburah," fortitude, signifying exoterically the militant church, hierarchal leadership. In China it is used as a banner name, borne by the leader of a legion. Its position as central signifies the presence of Deity in the human blossoming. It is interesting to note that the



Ju-i (shepherd's wand).
Symbol of power of
faith. Chinese Cloi-
sonné Enamel.



Chinese Banner. Eight Trigrams, Yang and Yin, with
Star Symbols of the Universe.

fifth symbol of our European "Tarot" cards is called "The Pope," the visible vicegerent of the "Elohim."

The origin of this "Yang and Yin" dual symbol traced back to the ancient hieroglyphic table of the Egyptians is astrological, making its first appearance as a glyph of the fourth zodiacal sign, Cancer, the Crab, which the Sun enters at the Summer solstice, the "Gate of Humanity." Cognate figures cut out of the precious jade stone and pierced are often worn as charms in India and China. The analogue of this ancient symbol in use at the present time is the comma (,)

employed in punctuation to indicate slightest separation, and again it is used as quotation marks (“ ”) indicative of bringing to light a new idea. Permit me here to mention an instance of crass fantastical-



Jade Luck Charm.

ism which may be seen in the substitution by some printers of repute of the meaningless elbow ($\ll \gg$) for quotation marks on the printed page in place of the most sacred symbol of antiquity.

Occultly, this figure of the “Yang and Yin” is ineffably phallic in significance, representing the male and female germs, the sperm and the ova, and symbolical of the origin of life on the earth by these two ciliated globules in friendly poise.

It is the most obvious sign of “Becoming” or of a revelation.

When the precious porcelain of China, composed of two substances, infusible kaolin and fusible petuntse, was first discovered the



Symbolical Vase presented to the emperor. Chinese Porcelain.



Ancient Lotus Vase from Corea.
Eight lobes, dec. blue under glaze. “Propagation Vase.”

name given it on account of its dual nature was “T’ao,” the same as for “Being,” meaning a divine revelation.

The first perfect example of porcelain presented to the emperor, “The Son of Heaven,” bore the mystic “Yang and Yin” associated with the “eight trigrams.”

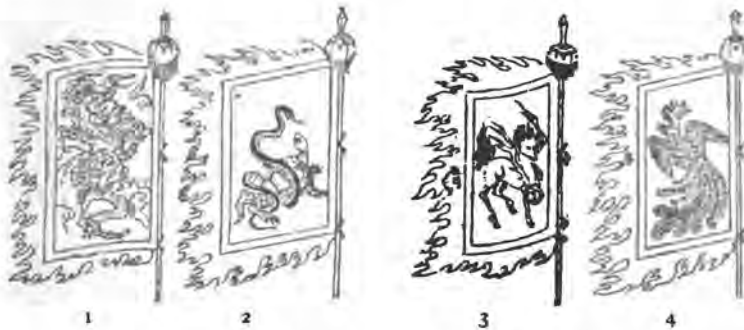
Decoration in the Oriental countries always possessed magic properties; and when the pure porcelain proved to be a source of immense revenue to the rulers of the Celestial Empire, all the most



“Daikoku.” A Japanese Symbol of Manifestation, or the Fourfold Constitution of the Universe. 1. Bishamon (Scepter). 2. Rice-bales (Pearl). 3. Daikoku (Trident). 4. Benten (Key). The central figure with mallet and bag is indicative of the prominence given to Works in the Oriental System of redemption. The Rice-bales symbolize Mother Earth, replacing the Goddess Kwannon.

sacred symbols were made use of by the royal potters to enhance its value in form and decoration. For a long time this precious product was revered as a gift of heaven, and thought worthy to bear the seal names of the emperors.

To the western world Oriental art has been indeed a revelation. It is now thought to be the most pronounced factor in the advancement of a refined and discriminating taste in nearly every branch of artistic industry. Museums and private collectors everywhere vie with one another in active pursuit of rare specimens of the various classes, paying comparatively large sums for the best. Its difficulty, courting mastery over materials, coupled with its methods of subtle artistic manipulation, captivates all observers, opening for the art-student apparently another world of fascinating novelty in *motif* for colors and forms in decoration and for tonal combinations. Its chief characteristic at all periods is its mystic symbolism.



1. Celestial Dragon. Symbol of Spring—East.
2. Terrestrial Tortoise and Wise Serpent. Symbol of Summer—North.
3. Ethereal K'i-Lin. Symbol of Autumn—West.
4. Heavenly Phoenix (Fêng-Hwang). Symbol of Winter—South.

The secret of the firm hold which the spirit of the inexhaustible body of Eastern art has so recently secured on the higher intelligence of civilized people seems to lie in the profound abandon of the races to a deep religious veneration for their deified ancestry, exalted in myth and allegory as the defenders of traditions intimately associated with all the powers and graces of the Infinite, the "Great Extreme." Timid in the presence of sacerdotalism, which is always limiting to thought-creations and ideals, the mind of the Oriental has long been at rest in a faith that is simply overwhelming, always looking askance at the promise of science in the realm of spiritual truth.

The symbols by which they seek to express their devout adoration are everywhere numerical, chiefly the four and eight sequences: the

seasons extended symbolized by the four monsters of composite animal forms, Dragon, Tortoise, K'i-Lin, Phoenix;* the emanating graces personified by the "Eight Immortals," and their auxiliaries in the religious pantheons, with personal attributes most explicit as form determinations; and all are viewed as glyphs of the Infinite, "Being," external and plastic.

The meaning of the glyphs is hidden as the "Infinite" is hidden, but the archetype is man, from whose transpositions are formed the symbolical glyphs of the letters of the Law. Symbolism is still a living issue in the world, though slumbering for a time under the solidifying influence of orthodoxy and caste, by which I mean religious devotion to a code of moral conduct as distinguished from spiritual principle. A divine idea glimmers through ancient symbols, the true esoteric explanation of which reconciles all religions; orthodoxy arising has given proof of loss of the divine light. Vulgarly, to the Oriental mind, we of the West may grasp the universe and wring it as a wet rag, which is the province of science; but the secret is not there: it is in man alone, pursuing the higher possibilities of living. Our ideals of living may differ, but the devotion of the Oriental to his ideal is unmistakably expressed in his art. He ever has a firm confidence in the potency of active moral energies under all circumstances, sincerely believing that the Antecedent is servant of the world for the asking, and that the world of the beautiful is the world of his god; his artistic impulse centres always in the adequacy of the symbol to express his highest sentiments of veneration, while at the same time he modestly hides the animus of his cultus. The symbols are limited to the decad of numeral signs and their reflection in variety of forms and transformations (except in the use of crests and marks of cognizance), efficacy being sought in endless repetition, on the same principle as in the use of the prayer-wheel or incantations, the only clue to the meaning of which is a theory of the universe as a unity of the "Great Good," the Infinite. This unity, following the ancient ideals of Egypt, Babylonia, and Greece, consists, according to the Pythagorean theory, of a trinity of dimension and an ennead

* There are different forms of the composite monsters: the Dragon has four, the Tortoise six, the K'i-Lin four, the Phoenix two.

of relationship; $One = 3 \times 3 = 9 + 1 = 10 = \text{unity}$, the centrifugal radiating attributes, or "emanations," together with a tetragrammation of centripetal or modifying powers, the zodiacal channels of planetary influence represented by the numbers 10, 11, 12, 13, symbolized by personifications and monster forms. The numerical ennead of the magic square in Gemaric sequence expanded or sexualized by duplication, added to the zodiacal numbers, make the twenty-two archaic concepts forming the nucleus of the primitive alphabets.



"The Tempter." Chinese God of Intelligence holding unit measure of quantity. The three Stars symbolize Celestial Fire.

The true key to Oriental symbolism lies in the correct placing of the ennead and quadrant emblems, twenty-two in number, on the sacred wheel in order to see their real relationship in transposition (humanity's tangential path) which corresponds absolutely to the correct housing of the gods of the Mediterranean races in the celestial mansions of the ancient "magic square" of Saturn, "Lord of Fate." This most arcane secret, never heretofore revealed, gives a clue not only to the identification of myths and emblems of all countries, but to the history of all religions as well, forming a sound basis for cor-

rectly interpreting symbolical inscriptions and alphabetical characters, and also a solid foundation for eliminating the vast ephemera of fantasticalism in religious doctrine and formularies. It forms a solid defence for a re-reading of ancient inscriptions and paleography



The Supernal Mother (Isis), Goddess of Mercy. Chinese "Kwanyin of the White Robe" with Propagation Vase, Emblem of Matter (Summer).

in general. No history of an Oriental art can be intelligible without this clue to its beautiful symbolism. The Christian Bible, by a worthy transliteration, will become again a reliable book of science. The sacred "Wheel of Fortune" and its numeral symbolism, which arose in the verdure-clad environment of the Mediterranean in times beyond the contemplation of history, must be reserved for a future article.

RUFUS E. MOORE.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AND MEDICAL ART.

There is as much difference in the practice of medicine between science and art, as there is in the practice of music or painting. There are many people who are well experienced in all the technicalities of performing on a piano, but who nevertheless are not artists; they may produce tunes, but not music. There are painters whose pictures are made according to the rules of painting, yet lack soul. In the same way, there are physicians who will be able to treat their patients according to all the rules prescribed in their books, but who will nevertheless fail to cure them, because they lack one of the most essential elements in treating disease, one which cannot be found in the dispensary or in the apothecary-shop, but which is called by Theophrastus Paracelsus "the virtue of the physician."

This term it is not to be understood as meaning to say that a physician ought to be only an honest, truthful, well instructed, and benevolent person; all this, of course, is desirable; but it means something more. It means that a physician ought to have within himself the power for curing disease; be it by means of his own "magnetism," of whose possession he may perhaps be fully unconscious himself, or by the influence of his benevolent thought, or owing to some occult power or capacity, such as is, for instance, shown by a certain class of people who are called "bonesetters," and who even, without any medical-school education, are in possession of the power of instinctively or intuitively recognizing fractures and curing them.

Almost anybody of average understanding may become a scientific physician by attending a medical school and acquiring a certain amount of experience; but the medical art of which we speak cannot be learned in schools or from books; it is a natural gift with which certain persons are endowed from birth and which may be developed by practice, just as there are children born with a great talent for painting, and even musical prodigies, who astonish the world by their performances.

The possession of this "virtue" is most important for a physician; the scientific instruction is a very useful addition to it, but of minor importance; while a doctor possessing only medical erudition and no talent for the practice of his art is very poorly qualified as a physician, even if he be in possession of diplomas of the best medical colleges in the world. It has been repeatedly stated by Theophrastus Paracelsus, who was the great reformer of medicine during the Middle Ages, that it is rather the physician himself than the medicine which he prescribes that cures the patient. To ignore the natural qualifications of a physician, and to judge his standing in the profession only by the amount of theories which he has acquired, is to ignore that which is the most useful and of real importance in the practice of medicine. Such a proceeding is as absurd as if we were to refuse to listen to a beautiful performance of music, unless well assured that the performer was a graduate of a well-recognized establishment for manufacturing musical instruments, or of an academy where the mechanical part of making music is taught.

The existence of a power to cure disease by occult means, be it by the power of will or by spiritual power; by the action of faith or thought, by "magnetism," "mesmerism," "clairvoyance," by a transfer of the life-principle, by the aid of invisible being, or by any other occult power, no matter by what name it is called, begins to be an universally recognized fact, in spite of a certain class of professional medical men, who, being themselves ignorant of the existence of such powers, try to prevent such knowledge being acquired. There may be some of them, no less conceited than ignorant, who fancy that the welfare of humanity is intrusted to the superior wisdom which they have learned in their books. Believing that there can be no salvation outside of the system which they follow, they try to prohibit the sick from getting well by any other than their own method, even if that method kills many more people than it cures.

No doubt there may be impostors, pretending to be in possession of powers which they do not possess, and such persons ought to be guarded against; but, also, no doubt there are very many practitioners of medicine without the least natural qualification for the art of medicine, whose ignorance is sheltered behind

a diploma from some medical college, and whose professional homicides are safe from prosecution, they being legally authorized to cure or to kill. The former run a vastly greater risk than the latter by entering into medical practice; for, let a medical "artist" be ever so clever, as soon as a patient dies, while he is under his charge (even if that patient would have died under the treatment of any other physician) immediately the legally recognized profession will pounce upon him, cause him to be punished and tear his reputation to pieces; while if a regular member of their own school makes the greatest blunders, there will always be an excuse for him in "the will of providence" or in the "possibility of the fallibility of human judgment." The difficulties in the way of a non-licensed medical *artist* are so much greater than those in the way of a legally protected *theorist*, that it may be supposed that comparatively very few people will practise the medical *art*, unless they are duly qualified for it by nature and intuitively driven to it; while, on the other hand, it is certain that a great many people without any natural qualification visit medical colleges for the sole purpose of obtaining a diploma, on the strength of which they may make money and lead a comfortable life.

It is not our intention to discredit medical science, but we would like to call attention to the fact that there is a difference between medical science and medical art, and that both ought to be combined. Art is as much superior to science as practice is superior to theory, and it would be well if only those who are endowed by nature with the necessary qualifications for curing disease would enter medical colleges for perfecting their education. For such naturally endowed persons, however, the attendance at colleges, in which nothing about the occult healing powers in the constitution of man is taught or believed, would be a useless waste of time, money, and energy. It would therefore be necessary that our medical colleges also should make a step forward in the higher direction, and learn something about the real nature of the constitution of man and his occult powers; but this knowledge can be practically acquired only when man *himself* becomes more elevated and spiritual. As long as gross materialism and the devilish practice of vivisection, which kills out all the finer feelings in man, and by its cruelty paralyzes his con-

science, prevail in our medical colleges, such an elevation and refinement of the attending members is an impossibility, and serves only to make brutes out of men and to blind their eyes to the perception of truth.

The world abounds with facts that go to prove that man's higher spiritual nature has endowed his physical nature with the germs of occult powers, which may be developed and bring vastly more benefit to suffering humanity than all our scientific medical observations in the realm of phenomena. Let, therefore, everyone live in accordance with the laws of his higher nature—the law of God—and he will become conscious of the wonderful powers which are slumbering in the depths of his soul. When mankind as a whole rises higher in the scale of perfection, the medical colleges will also be forced to advance, for the college is made by man, and not man by the college. But until this advance is obtained the only true standard for judging about the qualifications of a physician is his success in curing disease.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

THE MYSTERIOUS KEY.

AN OCCULT TRAGEDY.

(I.)

The snow had been falling heavily. The fine flakes, driven by a northwest wind, beat in the faces of the pedestrians and piled themselves up in huge white drifts at every corner and curb-stone. It was bitter cold. The motorman said so, as he peered along the glittering rails and sounded the bell of warning at every crossing. The cabman emphasized the statement with an oath as he stirred his sluggish blood to better circulation by vehemently stamping his feet and slapping his hands together. The thermometer most decidedly asserted the fact to any belated wayfarer who might pause long enough to satisfy his curiosity.

Abul Kahm carefully laid a lock upon the shelf and, moving his stool nearer the fire, fell to warming his hands. Suddenly the street-door of the little shop opened and closed almost without a sound, and some one stood motionless within the threshold. Abul started

from his place behind the stove and came forward. Near the door stood a tall man clad in a great-coat and wrapped in heavy furs. So muffled was he that only a pair of piercing black eyes and the lower part of a well-shaped but pale and gaunt face were visible.

"You are a locksmith, I believe?" inquired the new-comer.

"That is my trade, sir," said Abul, casting a glance around the room as if to call attention to the remnants of keys, locks, and bolts that lay in profusion on the dusty shelves.

"Then," said the Stranger, "I have some work for you."

He took from his coat a long velvet case, touched a spring and the lid flew open. In the satin folds lay a long glittering object. One end was like the shank of an ordinary key, but the other extremity was egg-shaped, and upon its surface were a score of projections varying in length and thickness.

"You see, one of these," said the customer, pointing to a portion of the instrument, "is broken off. Without it the bolt cannot be raised. Now, I want you to reproduce this key, reproduce it most accurately, and have the new one ready by eight o'clock to-morrow evening."

Abul took the key in his hand. He gave a start and wild ideas played havoc with his brain, for he knew by the weight of the object he held, and its soft yellow hue, that it was made of solid gold.

"Yes," said the Stranger, watching the locksmith intently and seeming to read his thoughts, "it is solid gold; but I can trust you—trust you without fear." He spoke in a half-menacing tone.

Abul felt strangely uncomfortable but tried to appear as if he took everything as a matter of course.

"You need have no fears, sir. The key will be ready at the time you name. But surely you do not wish the duplicate made of gold?"

"No; brass will do as well. But remember this," advancing close to Abul, "it must be accurate even to the hundredth of an inch!"

"That it shall be, sir," said Abul, more at ease as he became more used to the mysterious transaction; "and when I take it to you to-morrow evening, and try it in the lock——"

"Man, man, you talk like a child!" interrupted the Stranger, a dark frown spreading over his pale face. "You will never see the

lock to which this key belongs." Then, seeming to recollect himself, he added, "But that is of no consequence. The key must be ready at eight o'clock. That is all. Only understand that it must be most accurate, for should it not raise the bolt," he laid his hand upon the locksmith's shoulder and whispered in his ear, "it would be a matter of life or death!"

Abul Kahm started as if electrified, and before he had fully recovered, the stranger had reached the door, and was half-way out. Turning, however, he whispered:

"Remember!—eight o'clock! *eight o'clock!*" The door closed with a sharp bang, and Abul Kahm, the Egyptian, was alone.

What did it mean? What mystery was there connected with the golden key? The man himself, who was he? What was he? His silent entrance, his half-concealed face, his mysterious air, his piercing eyes, his pale cheeks, all came back to the locksmith; and then he thought of the key itself.

Long and carefully did the locksmith examine it, until the conclusion was forced upon him that it was of Egyptian workmanship. He was about to lay it down when his quick eye noticed a number of faint scratches upon the upper part. Quickly taking a magnifying-glass he was not surprised to find that the seeming scratches resolved themselves into a series of Turkish characters; but his astonishment knew no bounds when he spelled them out, for they formed the name of one from whom Abul, before he had been banished from Egypt by a tyrannical pacha, had learned not only his present trade but also many dark and hidden secrets of Nature.

This man, then, his old master, was the maker of the key! "And the mystery surrounding it—I shall know!" muttered Abul Kahm.

It was not the custom of Abul, the locksmith, to work after ten in the evening. Yet it must have been twelve when the druggist, just opposite, saw a light still burning in his shop.

"The locksmith must have a thriving trade," he thought, as he closed his shop for the night.

"I wonder if the fellow's gone to sleep?" said a passing policeman as the light attracted his attention about three that morning.

Abul asleep? Not he!

"Some extra work," he told the guardian of the peace, as the latter put his head in at the door, "which had to be finished before morning."

So the policeman passed on, and Abul continued to ply his tools. Just as the dawn appeared, however, heaving a weary sigh, he locked the door, put out his lamp and went to bed in the little room to the right adjoining his shop. But the locksmith did not require very much sleep to restore him to the full vigor of his manhood's prime, and at nine o'clock he was again at work. All that day, excepting for an hour for dinner and a quiet smoke, he toiled incessantly; now over the hot furnace, moulding and welding, now over his bench, filing and hammering with unceasing vigor. At last he threw down his tools and glanced at the battered clock on the mantel. The hands pointed to half-past seven.

"Good!" he muttered. "I am ready for the gentleman that wears big coats and carries gold keys in his pockets;" and he laughed softly to himself.

Taking from the vise the key he had just finished, Abul went over to the counter and pulled open a drawer. In it lay the gold key; and shining yet more brightly beside it was a brass key—the exact counterpart of the one that he held in his hand. Abul had not worked all night for nothing. He had made *two* brass keys—one for the gentleman Stranger, and the other for Abul Kahm himself.

"One is as good as the other," thought he, as he laid the three queerly shaped instruments side by side and viewed them critically. "And they are 'accurate, most accurate,'" he continued, quoting from the Stranger.

It was growing late. The appointed hour would soon arrive, and with it the tall visitor. Abul quickly wrapped one of the brass keys in a piece of tissue paper and placed it with the gold key upon a shelf, leaving the third in the closed and locked drawer. Going to his living-room he returned with a lamp which he placed beside the other, already brightly burning. Casting a glance around the room he seemed satisfied. He drew a paper from his pocket, and taking his seat near the stove began apparently to read.

Five minutes passed. Ten. Abul grew impatient. He glanced at the clock just as it began to strike eight.

At the fifth stroke the shop-door opened, almost without a sound, and a tall man, muffled head and ears, entered and stood motionless. The locksmith came forward from behind the stove, and saluted the new-comer. It was none other than the customer of the previous evening. The brilliancy of the locksmith's two lights seemed to annoy him. He spoke sharply.

"You are becoming extravagant. Last evening you had only one light, and that a poor one; to-night you have two!"

"Two," laconically agreed the locksmith, looking boldly at the Stranger.

"And the key? Is it ready?" inquired the Stranger in a voice slightly tinged with anxiety.

"It is ready," returned Abul, moving toward the shelf.

Without a word he unrolled the key from the paper and laid it in the Stranger's hand. The latter looked at it for a moment, then, taking the golden key, placed them side by side.

"You have done well," he said almost cheerfully, after only a moment's hesitation. "I am sure this will fit. Please wrap them up separately;" and he handed the two keys to the locksmith.

"I am glad you are pleased," said Abul, quickly wrapping the keys in the two packages and handing them to the Stranger. The latter took them and threw down a piece of gold on the counter.

"There is your pay. In addition, let me thank you."

As he ceased speaking, he extended his hand. Abul took it. It was as cold as that of a corpse. The locksmith tried to form some reply, but at that moment he seemed to feel so great a sorrow for the man whose hand he held, that he could only murmur some confused words about always trying to do his work well. The next moment he was alone.

Abul waited a sufficient time for the Stranger to be fairly on his way. Then, quickly putting on his coat and hat, he opened the door and stepped out. Midway up the square he saw the dark form of the Stranger. Abul's heart beat high as he cautiously started forward. Soon he would know the tall Stranger's place of residence;

then, then!—and it seemed to him that his hand was already applying the queer key to the secret lock!

Suddenly the Stranger paused and thrice clapped his hands. Abul, the locksmith, crept within the shadow of a tree-box. Almost immediately he heard the sound of wheels rapidly approaching, and peering through the darkness a moment later he saw a carriage stop near the curb where stood the Stranger. One of the footmen sprang down and opened the door. The Stranger entered, the man sprang lightly back to his place.

Dismay came upon Abul Kahm, the locksmith. Could he now hope to follow the possessor of the Golden Key? And even as he wondered, the horses wheeled swiftly about and started down the by-street. Abul sprang frantically forward, and as quickly paused. Already the carriage was a square away; pursuit was useless and his quest was at an end. With a heavy heart he retraced his steps to the shop.

In the daytime whenever his shop-door opened Abul would look eagerly toward it, half hoping that the Stranger had returned; and when in the street his small, sharp eyes scanned every face that passed him, and peered eagerly through the windows of every carriage.

In his sleep all manner of wild dreams came to him. Now he saw the Stranger bending over vast stores of treasure—diamonds and pearls and rubies. Again he would see him standing in some damp vault among the bones and skulls of those whom he had sacrificed. In one hand he held the golden key; in the other a long, keen-edged knife, dripping with blood.

So seven days passed. Abul was giving up all hope. He was returning from the brass-foundry whither he had been to purchase materials of trade, when a carriage standing in front of a book-store attracted his attention. Two magnificent horses were attached to it, and a coachman dressed in black livery was seated on the box. There seemed to be something familiar about the carriage. It might have been a mere fancy; in fact, Abul fancied it was; but at the same time he was determined to see who would enter the coach. He crossed the street and idly sauntered into a convenient doorway. Five minutes passed. The door of the book-store opened and a tall

man came out. The heart of the locksmith gave one great bound, and then stood still. One swift glance had been sufficient. It was the owner of the golden key! Straight to the carriage he went, and, opening the door, entered. The horses tossed their heads and began to move away. It took Abul but a moment to consider. He sprang eagerly forward and hailed a passing cab.

"Follow that carriage! Keep a square in the rear but do not lose sight of it, on your life!" he authoritatively directed as he sprang in. The half-frozen driver uttered several inspiring "clicks" as he whirled the long whip around his head. The startled horse gave a lunge forward. There was a crunching sound of heavy wheels upon the dry snow and the chase had begun.

Abul flattened his face against the window and never for one instant did his eager eyes lose sight of the flying carriage. It kept straight ahead until the business portion of the city had been left in the distance, and Abul knew they were nearing the suburbs. Then, without diminishing its speed, it turned suddenly down a side street and passed from his view. Until his own rattling and rumbling conveyance had rounded the corner he was in mortal terror lest it should have vanished entirely. But his heart beat high when once more he caught the tinkling of its silver trappings, and higher still when he came in view of the carriage itself, moving at a more moderate rate. He cautioned the driver to keep at a safe distance, and feeling that the Stranger was now nearing his home began to scrutinize the houses and consider the general appearance of the neighborhood.

It was evident that the vicinage was the older portion of the city. On either side of the streets were spacious houses, most of them dingy, dilapidated, and uninhabited, but still bearing about them traces of past splendor, significant of refinement, wealth, and fashion. The neighborhood had, in palmier days, been the Mecca of Society, but the great fickle wave of fashion had swept the élite westward, leaving only its erosive markings behind.

Abul's interest was heightened by these surroundings. Still keeping his eyes on the vehicle, he saw it slacken its speed. He cautioned his driver to stop. Glancing ahead of the carriage, his heart throbbed

as he saw the great square mansion of brick, with white stone trimmings—a house seeming to justify his visions.

The carriage stopped, the door opened, and the tall man alighted. He paused a moment to say something to the driver; then, turning, he walked up the broad steps of the house and entered. The coachman shook the reins. The carriage dashed around the corner and disappeared from view. Abul, having dismissed the cab, strolled slowly up the opposite side of the street. The house that the Stranger had entered, though an old one, seemed to have been kept in good repair. The shades of all the windows were closely drawn and a spirit of gloom seemed hovering over the premises. The adjoining house was in the last days of dilapidation. It was a queer old structure, partly of stone, partly frame, and looked as if it might be haunted by a host of hobgoblins. There was scarcely a whole pane of glass in the windows; the sills themselves were broken and falling away, and the whole edifice seemed tottering. Yet Abul was far more interested in this old leaning tower than in the Stranger's well-kept mansion.

"That old shell is uninhabited," thought he. "One might easily reach the third story, gain the roof and cross to the adjoining house. Then, a rope swung over the eaves in front of the window below, a stealthy descent—oh, the mystery of the golden key begins to be solved!"

JOSEPH S. ROGERS.

(To be continued.)

As a man thinketh, so is he, and as a man chooseth, so is he and so is his nature. A man is a method, a progressive arrangement; a selecting principle, gathering his like to him wherever he goes. He takes only his own out of the multiplicity that sweeps and circles round him. He is like one of those booms which are set out from the shore on rivers to catch drift-wood, or like the loadstone among splinters of steel.—*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.*

MENTAL SCIENCE AND HOMŒOPATHY.

A friend of mine, a homœopathic physician, recently placed in my hands a copy of the "Transactions of the American Institute of Homœopathy," at the session of 1896, held in Detroit. Two of the papers read there bore these striking titles: "The Metaphysical, the Permanent Element in Science," and "Has Suggestion a Legitimate Place in Therapeutics?" The former was by Dr. T. J. Gray, of Minneapolis, Minn., the latter by Dr. Nancy B. Sherman, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dr. Gray's entire article might be reprinted in any mental science journal, so perfectly does it present a mental basis of healing, though, of course, in the phraseology of a disciple of Hahnemann. Dr. Gray quotes with approval from some unnamed writer as follows: "All philosophy must strike its roots in the reason, and its first principles must be found or assumed . . . entirely within the transcendental. The physical can find no law of exposition save in the metaphysical."

His definition of disease is thoroughly in harmony with metaphysical teaching.

"In the light of a true metaphysics," he says, "disease must mean an affection of the unity we denominate man. It is a modality of his being, of his essential self. It is not something objective to him. It is not something in itself, apart from him. It exists as a form or manifestation of him, and cannot be treated. It is not an it, except as a figure of speech."

A stronger and truer statement of the true nature of disease could not be found outside the pale of metaphysical writing. The "essential self" of man is his mind, not his body. Disease is "a modality"—that is, a form, a state, or a point of view, according to Webster—of this "essential self."

Think of a doctor—not a metaphysician, but a "real doctor"—defining disease as "a form, state, or point of view of man's mind"!

Dr. Gray defends his definition in masterly style. He refers to the time when "medical writers spoke of disease of the liver as due to a little black devil that troubled its function!" Then came the humoral theory, which made disease a humor to be expelled from the system; and now, at the close of the present century, we witness in medicine a phase of the old sophistry of "connecting two secondary causes in a sequence as antecedent and consequent—assuming one to be the efficient cause, the other the passive effect. . . . I refer of course to the germ theory of disease. For granting the assumption that the germ always precedes the disease, the real causal nexus would still be unrevealed. Why does the tubercle bacillus cause disease? Who is diseased? What is the disease? These questions are all unanswered." Then he gives a statement that is accepted, I venture to say, by about one homœopathic doctor in a thousand:

"Homœopathy, in its true doctrine, escapes this pitfall by the conception of disease as a modality" (that is, a form, state, or point of view) "of the essential self, the *ego*, called by Hahnemann the vital force, the spirit-like dynamis." . . . "If disease is to be cured it must be by a change in the ground or substratum of the changeable modalities"—that is, the changeable forms, states, or points of view—"of the soul in its unity." . . . "Phenomena can be altered only by changing the noumenal ground in which they inhere."

Dr. Gray discerns "the common ground of healing methods," and acknowledges that "curative results" may ensue "from so-called psychological treatment, and will fully justify the true claims set forth for all those undoubted cases of relief following the influence of the mind over the body. Indeed, this is so true that Hahnemann saw with the clear vision of a prophet that if a drug effect a cure, it must be by virtue of a power capable of affecting the noumenal ground lying back of the phenomenal appearances. Hence he spoke of the *spirit-like dynamis* in the drug—meaning . . . simply that quality or potency which would modify the essential self of the patient, changing disease into health."

According to this beautiful and interesting statement the only difference between Hahnemann and the modern mental scientist is that Hahnemann, while recognizing disease as a state of mind or

soul, a mental point of view, relied for cure on the "spirit-like dynamis" of drugs and plants, while the mental scientist finds his curative dynamis in thought. The theory that every plant possesses a "spirit-like dynamis" adapted to influence and change the "spirit-like dynamis" of the patient is very spiritual and poetical, and Dr. Gray's paper stamps the author as an idealist of the highest type, and a fit representative of Hahnemann and his system.

The same assertion may be repeated of Dr. Sherman's paper dealing with Suggestion and Hypnotism. She quotes the dean of an Illinois medical college, who bluntly says: "It is preposterous to deny the profound influence of mental suggestion over the bodily functions; and that doctor is a fool who does not avail himself of this means of treating his patients." And further: "To avoid sending from our college a lot of poor fellows to be driven into poor-houses by these Christian Scientists, faith-curists, and the like, we have created a lectureship on psycho-therapy, and propose to make them more proficient in all these *isms* than their professional exponents themselves" !

Dr. Sherman has only a good-natured smile for the "muddle underlying Christian Science," that is, the denial of matter; but she is fair-minded enough to admit that she has observed many cures resulting from this system of treatment. She is also logical enough to see that if a cure occurs under any given treatment it is because of an unchanging law, known or unknown, and her conclusion is a broad-minded and rational one:

"If we, as a school, are correct as to our claim of working in line with the natural effort to restore normal conditions, . . . we may most conscientiously recognize in suggestion a polychrest not to be outranked and in line with the inevitable trend of the higher work of physicians, that of prevention of disease."

Dr. Sherman acknowledges that "subjective symptoms are always more significant than objective, because they indicate the more profound impress." She sees nothing absurd in the idea that thought has a more profound influence over the body than medicines.

"No doubt at all," she says, "that any or every energy is an entity, whether it be the one-millionth potency of a once tangible

drug, or the thought which wings its flight into nothing comparable. It would illy become a Hahnemannian to deny the infinite divisibility of matter, and the late revelations concerning light and electricity speak warningly to anyone who would deny entity to thought and emotion."

That such papers as the two from which I have quoted could be read before a body of orthodox physicians shows plainly that mental healing has nearly passed the stage of ridicule from people of education and culture. Homœopathy abolished the massive doses of poisonous drugs that allopathy was administering when Hahnemann appeared, and is constantly demonstrating that disease may be cured by the most attenuated solutions. If in addition to this the followers of Hahnemann will constantly insist on the recognition of disease as a "modality" of "man's essential self," i.e., his mind, and will set forth the fact that their medicines are the "spirit-like dynamis of drugs and plants" applied to the "spirit-like dynamis" of man, they will put themselves in line with the most advanced thought of the day and increase their power and success a hundredfold.

The medical system that denies the entity of disease, that boldly declares that disease cannot be treated, and that looks upon man as a mind or "immaterial being" or "spirit-like, self-acting vital force" must eventually triumph over any system, no matter how long established, that makes disease an objective affair and regards man as a body to be drugged and dosed without reference to his "immaterial being."

Ignorance and stupidity may find occasion for laughter in Hahnemann's theory that there is "a spiritual dynamis" in every drug and plant and that this "spiritual dynamis" can be directed to the healing of the essential ego in man. The theory is both beautiful and rational. Reasoning from analogy and according to the facts of evolution, it is impossible that there should *not* be "a spirit-like dynamis" in every living thing, and even in the things we are accustomed to call inanimate. You may, for instance, expose a dose of allopathic medicine to the air until it "loses its strength," as the saying is, and becomes worthless for medical purposes. Yet if it be weighed, it will show no diminution of quantity. An imponderable essence has

passed from it, and this is the "spiritual dynamis" of Hahnemann. A poetical rendering of this idea is found in Tennyson's "Maud," where the lover says:

"And the *soul of the rose* went into my blood."

I quote again the saying of the Illinois dean: "It is preposterous to deny the influence of mental suggestion upon the bodily functions, and that doctor is a fool who does not avail himself of this means of treating his patients." And I may add that the homœopath who slights mental therapeutics is thrice a fool, for in so doing he strikes a blow at the theories of Hahnemann himself. The beauty and ingenuity of Hahnemann's ideas will commend themselves to every mental scientist, as a matter of course. But advocates of mental healing will doubtless continue to prefer the "spiritual dynamis" that is taken into the mind by the direct path of thought to one that can reach the essential ego only after a circuitous trip through the digestive and circulatory system.

Another notable paper published in the "Transactions" is "Some Practical Deductions from Hahnemann's Law," by Dr. Robert Walter, of Walter's Park, Pa. Dr. Walter quotes Hahnemann as saying that disease is "not a material thing hidden within," but is "the product of the vital force." And thus he explains how disease is an affection of the vital force: "The universally present law of vital expression is self-preservation, making the organism ever alert to the preservation of its integrity, the protection of its interests, so that whenever injury is even threatened there must be organic fear—cell-fear—and vital disturbance induced by that fear. *Sometimes there is no other cause for disease than fear; 'imaginary diseases' are real diseases resulting from imaginary causes.*" . . . "Pathology shows that the first step toward disease is irritation, due, as we have seen, to the recognition by the vital cell of *danger, insult, or injury*, and this irritation is perfectly *analogous to mental irritation from corresponding causes.*"

This has a very familiar sound, and it would seem that if one wishes to study the bottom facts of mental healing he might as well take a course in Hahnemann's Organon!

If, as Henry Wood says, modern belief has conferred such potency on drugs that it would be inexpedient to give them up altogether, the drug that is a "spirit-like dynamis" should be preferred to one that is a crude, material substance, powerless to affect the "essential ego." And the homœopathic physician who is idealist enough to stand firmly by Hahnemann's principles and use mental therapeutics along with his high or low potencies would not only be perfectly logical and consistent, but would shortly find himself phenomenally successful in helping nature to effect her cures. As a matter of fact, however, very few homœopathists accept "homœopathy in its true doctrine," as Dr. Gray puts it. They insist on attenuated dilutions and the law of "*similia similibus curantur*"; but there are few, I believe, who are brave enough or idealistic enough to define disease as Hahnemann defined it, and to explain the curative process as he explained it. The reason for this, I fancy, is that to do so would bring them "too near to the cranks who believe in mental healing"!

The epithets that the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table formerly applied to homœopathy are now applied to mental healing. In spite of the ridicule of such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, the progress of homœopathy has been a triumphal march; and this episode in history is repeating itself in the case of mental healing. It will not be many years before no one but the grossly ignorant and uneducated will sneer at the theory of there being a mental cause and a mental cure for disease.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

THOUGHTS.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
 In bringing you hate or love;
 For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
 Are swifter than carrier doves.
 They follow the law of the universe—
 Each thing must create its kind,
 And they speed on the track, to bring you back
 Whatever went out from your mind.—*Exchange.*

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY.*

One afternoon, twenty years ago, I was present with others at the Tribune Building, in New York, to inspect the phonograph, which Mr. Edison had newly invented and placed on exhibition. While the magic instrument was tested and was winning admiration, a man in the party accosted me with the remark that he did not believe that there could be anything useful effected with it. The impression which his utterance made upon me was most disagreeable. In fact, the remark recalled former experiences of my own. Many times, when I have endeavored to set forth some matter that I regarded as being of interest, my ardor has been damped and chilled by the disheartening question: "Of what use is this?" Even Doctor Franklin, when experimenting with electricity, had the same odious inquiry to answer, and could only appeal to the future for his vindication.

We encounter like experiences with philosophy; and Schiller's lines are very appropriate:

"To some she is the Goddess great;
To some the milch-cow of the field;
Their care is but to calculate
What butter she will yield."

The solution of the problem is given by Hardenberg ("Novalis"): "Philosophy can bake no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, and Immortality." We may not, and we do not, object to the requirement of utility, for utility is the moving principle of the universe. We ask, however, that the term shall have a broader scope than the minting of coin and the hoarding of gold. That transcendent good which is "without money and without price" is too precious to be measured by the "guinea's stamp." We have to purchase it with the devotion of our lives. Having purchased it, we find it at once invaluable and unsalable. Nevertheless, if one were to offer it in the market he would be found unable to transfer it.

* Delivered at the Philosophical Symposium of Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., June 3, 1897.

According to the Stoic definitions given by Plutarch, wisdom is that knowledge which includes all truth, human and divine; philosophy is the exercise and application of the art which is promotive of such knowledge; and virtue is the sole and sovereign art which is thus promotive. It follows, therefore, that the true philosopher is the complete man who contemplates, admires, and reveres That which really Is—the Infinite and Supreme; and who is conversant likewise with those questions which concern vitally the welfare of human beings, counting nothing common, profane, or unclean.

The relations of Philosophy to Science are naturally and necessarily a theme of speculation. Like the wife and the husband in a well-ordered household, each has a department of its own, but is ever auxiliary to the other. Science includes that knowledge which comes within the purview of the understanding, in which the results of investigation have been worked out and systematized. Philosophy goes beyond all this, and deals with principles and causes themselves. Science is the knowing which relates to natural objects and phenomena; philosophy includes the supernatural or higher natural, the noumenal, the epistemonical, the spiritual—the principles on which all knowledge and being ultimately rest. It aspires to the knowing of God, and ramifies through all that concerns the welfare of mankind. Thus it is paramount over Science, uniting the various departments into a complete whole, permeating them with its own essence.

It seems to me that in these days we are having too much educating that does not educate. There is a "little learning" which is justly declared "dangerous," a knowledge that puffs up and inflates, but assures no spiritual growth, nor development of high moral principle. The committing of text-books to memory, and becoming conversant with what is inculcated in discourses and lectures, must be approved as necessary and most valuable; but to denominate all this "education," is almost a misuse of terms. In the course of our modern legislation the candidates for the various professions are made subject to official examinations which are confined to such learning. These are, therefore, not only oppressive and liable to open a path to speculation, but for all practical purposes they are veritable shams. It is true that instructors may put the student in the way of obtain-

ing fresh perceptions, but it is not possible to impart any knowledge where the main elements of it are not in the mind already.

The true education is an educing, a calling forth of that which is already present, a developing of the powers and faculties, exercising each along its particular line, and properly co-ordinating and subordinating them; and he is the educator who is able to accomplish this to the best practical result, so that the knowledge which the student acquires becomes a constituent of his spiritual being. Thus it is in strict analogy with the principle of justice or righteousness which the Apostle describes as being revealed from faith to faith—out of the faith and mind of the one into the faith and understanding of the other.

Such being the province of Philosophy in education, we may regard it as properly having a corresponding place and function in society. The term "civilization," in its etymology, signifies the art or technique of living in social relations. It embraces, accordingly, all the various institutions—the home, the neighborhood, and the commonwealth. These in their proper development make up for us all that is valuable of life on the earth. That development is both educational and practical. It brings into consciousness and activity those divine qualities and principles that are in every one, though more or less dormant, and makes them the basis of our social life as well as of our just legislation.

The motto of the State of New York is the simple word: "Excelsior!"—an appeal to every one to press on upward; that of Rhode Island, "*Non Sibi sed Toti*"—a reminder that none should live, act, or even die, for self alone, but do all for the good of all. Truly, in these two legends we find plainly indicated the whole purpose and utility of human life. So far as their lesson is realized, it solves the problem whether life is worth living. Everything of wisdom, duty, worship, bears direct relation toward them as ends. A person living alone, or for self alone, is virtually not a man at all. The Athenians would have called him an "idiot" (*ἰδιώτης*).* Every one must sustain and maintain fraternal, neighborly, and co-oper-

* In English letters: IDIOTES. *ἰδιώτης* in Greek means a private person—and hence an individual who is not distinguished, and thus a plebeian or an ignorant fellow—the last being a derived meaning, from which we get "idiot."

ative relations with others as an elemental and necessary condition of his being. Loving and serving make up the true life.

Some, perhaps, may question this assertion, and desire to know why it is so. However true it may be considered, one is naturally unwilling that even so vital a truth should be dogmatically propounded, without its reason being shown. There should be a demonstration that comes within the province of our knowledge and experience.

Let us therefore attentively consider a case in which we have sought some object, and have failed to obtain all we had hoped to secure. For instance, it is an instinct of our nature to make happiness the goal of our pursuit; and we accordingly regard whatever promotes enjoyment as being substantially good. Often, and very generally, we fail to accomplish our expectation; or the delights which we seek pall upon our taste or bring disappointment, suffering, and even anguish in their train. If we are thoughtful and reflective, we may discern as the cause of such failure that in consulting our own pleasure we had not considered what was due and just to others. Yet even that estimate of duty will fall short of the ideal Right, unless it proceeds from the conviction that to be strictly and unqualifiedly just there must be inherent in our motive a sincere good-will, even to making the welfare and advantage of our fellows our aim, above and instead of our own. In this conviction lies our redemption, and we realize the full purport of the oracular saying of Jesus: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

This conviction, this epinoia, affords its own illumination. It needs no interpreter. In this yielding up of the life or soul as happiness, this "forsaking of father and mother," and all things esteemed as precious, there is gained a hundredfold in what is even more precious, the eudaimonia, or blessedness. Emanuel Swedenborg has set this forth as heaven itself, heavenly joy and felicity, declaring that it "consists in willing from the heart the good of others more than of ourselves, and the serving others for the sake of *their* happiness, without regard to any end of remuneration therefrom, but from the principle of love."

In this question the interests of human society itself are vitally concerned. The sentiment, however, while perhaps accepted in profession is sadly ignored in action. Little children are taught to pray at night to the Father in the heavens, and afterward there is diligently impressed upon their minds the maxim of worldly prudence: "Every one for himself." Oftentimes the good seed and then the more prolific tares are sown by the same hand, and the divine crop is utterly choked and brought to naught.

The notion of individuality has led men to regard themselves as strangers to one another, as competitors, and even as adversaries. Upon this concept our politics and business appear to be principally transacted. I remember pleading once with a man to consider the strait, the necessity, and helplessness of another whom he was very certain to injure irreparably by a business proceeding; and the answer which was made to me—that "the man must take his chances."

Heartless and cruel as was this reply it seems to be in full accord with the current maxims of business management. Everywhere we are told that "there must be no friendship in trade." This means, in plain speech, that no principle that may ennoble human nature and exalt man above a savage animal should have any place in his business dealing with his fellow-man.

If we dig down to the foundations of this rule and usage, we shall find them to be the legitimate deductions of a prevailing disbelief in immortality. No matter whether this be avowed or disavowed, upon this hypothesis, and upon this only, can they be maintained. If our relations with our fellow-beings are to end with the period of leaving the present life they can hardly be very intimate or obligatory.

If human society is to have no broader foundation than worldly conditions and circumstances, the Social Compact has only brute force to authorize and sanctify it. Safety for the weaker is without any proper security. Why spare man, why respect woman, if the wheel of time is going to whirl us all into the abyss of utter extinction? The creed and inspiration of such a constitution of society is fairly and fully set forth in the maxim: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Truly, as men think, so they are. Wherever the rule prevails that

those may take who have the power, and only those may keep who can, the war-cry is "Væ Victis!"—woe to those that are overcome in the struggle of life! What wonder is it that a sordid self-interest often impels the wealthy and powerful to employ their arts and resources to oppress, and extort ill-recompensed service from the commonalty; the craftsmen in the various callings to form in their turn combinations which in scope and operation may be as unfair, exacting, and even cruel as the wrongs of which they complain; and that all groups are jealous of one another, and bitterly hostile?

In such ways the whole commonwealth is placed in mortal peril. The true function of government is that of a pilot to guide the ship of public affairs through every sea; but in the all-absorbing scramble for place, power, and emolument as reward for partisan service there is fearful peril of shipwreck. When the public policy upon which all are dependent becomes a football between political factions, the general welfare will be only a matter for minor consideration. In such a condition the commonwealth becomes little else than an anarchy restrained only by the police, and so its functions are limited to the security of life and property alone.

In the perfect commonwealth, all the parts, like the organs of the human body, act in harmony. Society then is what Emanuel Swedenborg graphically represents as the *Maximus Homo*, the Grand Man, and every citizen has his place in the organism. Plato describes it as a State ruled by philosophers—or perhaps it is better to say—where the rulers are imbued with the philosophic spirit.

It is not, however, in the nature of anything human to remain stable and without change. The history of the world, of peoples, of enterprises, and of individual human beings, has always shown progress in cycles. There is nowhere the example of a nation, or even a religion or civilization, where there was progress in straight lines. It has always been an apparent advancing followed by a conspicuous retrograding. Plato has accordingly presented in detail the process of dissolution in the Ideal Commonwealth, by which retrograding from just and wholesome administration, the government was to become corrupt, oppressive, and a pernicious despotism.

We find the account in the Eighth Book of "The Republic." Be-

ing subject to mutations like other human structures the government degenerates into a mixed administration in which a spirit of ambition and greed of gain will take the lead, the art of war will preponderate, and the rulers, the guardians of the State, will think lightly of philosophy and more highly of political power. Nor does it stop long at this point, but descends into oligarchy, or more correctly, plutocracy. Then gold becomes all-powerful, and both public and private virtue are put to the wall. The country becomes divided into two classes, one of them enormously rich and the other miserably poor. The yeomanry—who, in most communities, carry on the useful arts, pay most of the taxes and uphold the commonwealth—are hopelessly degraded into a populace. Almost all are poor, except the governing class; paupers, tramps, and criminals multiply, and education deteriorates.

The intemperate passion for riches, and the license and extravagance that always accompany the possession of inordinate wealth, produce their characteristic fruits. On all sides there are grasping usurers and ruined spendthrifts. Drones and paupers throng every place. Finally, the lower classes become turbulent and conscious of their power; the old checks and safeguards are removed, and the oppressed become the ruling class. Then is established a corresponding constitution of government, giving equal rights to unequal persons, together with a marvelous freedom of speech and action. Respect for age and rank dies out. Father and son, teacher and scholar, master and servant, are on the same dead level. Every one does what he likes, with a contemptuous disregard of the law. He obeys or disobeys at his own pleasure. If a criminal is sentenced to death, imprisonment, or exile, he will probably be encountered the next day alive and at liberty, parading the streets like a hero. So much for the picture as it is drawn by the great philosopher. The career of a civil polity under such conditions may be traced by the light of history in its vortical downward progress from the guardianship of its best citizens to the dominion of the wealthy and powerful few, and thence to the domination of the uneducated, irresponsible many—culminating in the autocracy of the political demagogue, or the imperial sway of the Man on Horseback.

The remedy for such a state of affairs, and the only proper safeguard against its occurrence or its recurrence, will be the same as in the case of an individual person. Our ethics, to be stable and enduring, and adequate to the purpose, must have their foundation and their inspiration in justice and truth. Nor may we be content with the petty definitions for these terms that are found in dictionaries. Justice means more than a simple paying of debts and thereby becoming free from all further responsibility to the individual. It is infinitely more than any interest of the stronger. Nor may it be measured by statutes, rules, and maxims; for it comprises all these, and more. It includes harmonious development of the nature, so that each faculty of the soul shall perform its own functions without interfering with the others. Then the whole man is settled in the best temper, possessing self-control and justice with wisdom.

In analogy with this, the office of the commonwealth is to assure to every individual full opportunity for his talent, letting him have, unhindered, a place and employment which shall be most in accordance with his disposition and qualifications, and shall enable him to be most useful and profitable to the other members of the social body. For, really, in a genuine commonwealth, there is not any clashing of interests or prospering of one at the expense of another. Everything is reciprocal; all suffer and rejoice together as one personality. Indeed, the true *ecclesia* or commonwealth is, in principle and in action, a co-operative structure in which every part ministers to the rest. This is what justice means in the full philosophic sense of the term; and to this complexion we shall, in the regeneration, come at last. It may be now, and it may long continue to be, an Utopia or a New Jerusalem that exists only in our sublimer thought; but none the less shall we do well to contemplate it in our graver moments, and live to the ideal as best we may.

Hence we require broader and more perfect conceptions of our own nature, and of our relations to one another and to the whole universe of being. There is never any development in a man's soul that does not more or less owe its existence to spiritual relationship with others. The universal soul, the soul of the Grand Man, gives itself a peculiar personal representation in every one of us; and from

that representation we must find the essential truth which pertains to the higher life that is ours from the eternal region. We may have the philosophic insight with which to perceive it; but we must transcend the arbitrary limitations of sensuous vision and depend upon the active sense which the soul possesses of its own quality as an outcome and portion of the Supreme Essence. For we are more or less aware, all of us, that there is something more of ourselves than simply the thought which refers itself to the summit of the head and the emotions that centre themselves within the breast. "We often feel," says Emerson, "that there is another youth and age than that which is measured from the year of our natural birth." There is at times what another writer calls a strange sad seeming of soul-sense that says: "Such as you are you have been *somewhere* for ages."

Older than the body, the soul brings hither somewhat of its recollections. When Socrates in the Dialogue questions Meno as to whether Virtue or moral excellence can be imparted and implanted in a person by instruction, he succeeds in eliciting from the young man the acknowledgment that there are in every mind apperceptions of what is just and what is true, which no human teacher or teaching had ever communicated. Such apperception is a recalling into conscious memory of knowledge already possessed.

These ideas which have thus come with the inmost soul from the great Foreworld may, therefore, justly be regarded as the most certain of all truths; and truly they embrace the most important conceptions, such as God, Eternity, Immortality, Love, Duty—everything that confers dignity upon human life and human endeavor, and opens the way into the knowing and consciousness of all truth.

"Every human soul has the Absolute Soul," says the eloquent Transcendentalist, David A. Wasson, "has the whole truth, significance, and virtue of the universe as its lawful and native resource." Therefore says Jesus: "The kingdom of the heavens is within you;" and therefore, Antoninus: "Look inward, for within is the fountain of truth;" and therefore Eckhard: "Ye have all truth potentially within you."

Plato's concept of the reconstruction of the commonwealth corresponded in all its particulars to what the individual ought to be.

The classes of citizens, arranged as the guardian or deliberative body, the executive or military and police, and the producing yeomanry, are in strict analogy with the faculties of the soul: the *vóos* or higher reason, the *θυμός* (thumos) or active will, and the *ἐπιθυμία* (epithumia) or acquisitive disposition. In India this arrangement was crystallized into the Brahman, the military, and the yeoman castes. The trend of all well-ordered society is toward the adopting of this human form of the Grand Man.

The endeavor to pervert this natural order constitutes a fundamental error in governments. Hence they are largely mere make-shifts, the shuttlecocks of political parties. The issue of ascendancy is chiefly between the oligarchy and military class on one side and the unstable commonalty on the other. There are constitutions, but the safeguards to personal rights and liberty, like the levees on the Mississippi River, are swept away by the inundations of police-power. As a result they are paralyzed and impotent to resist invasion and encroachment by the privileged classes, the moneyed corporation, or the vender of alcoholic beverages.

We are counting too much, therefore, upon our institutions and external conditions. It was predicted by Elliott Cresson that the party that should set the colored man free would destroy the liberty of the others. Evil custom extends everywhere, taints everything; and so, like Plato's charioteer, the effort is fruitlessly made to drive the chariot with one horse belonging to the sky and the other to the earth. The reliance is upon the Dollar; no value is attached to Faith.

Confucius, once visiting a town in China, was told by a woman whom he met that her father, husband, and near of kin had all been killed by a tiger that infested the region. "Why do you not remove to some other place?" he asked. "Because," said she, "we have a good government." The sage then turned to his disciples and said: "Behold, a bad government is more to be dreaded than a ferocious tiger."

Man must conquer his necessities by the work of his own hands and the operation of his own thought. Without these there will be no enrichment by a tariff, no advantage by any form of money, nor benefit by any adjustment of industry or property. It is an ideal life

where we neither command nor obey, but a holier one where each, from intelligent charity, gives his best effort for the good of his fellows. "The superior man is catholic and not partisan," says Confucius; "the inferior man is partisan and not catholic."

We are thus again and again relegated to the subjective truth that all social amelioration and regeneration must be accomplished in each individual. Public virtue is the good thought, good word, and good deed of each citizen, and will not exist where these are wanting. All ideas of truth and the inexorable Right dwell in every soul; but in every soul they are at first wrapped in deep sleep produced by the draught which no vessel contains. It is a sleep infinitely profound; and the base incense of brutish lives, like the fumes of an anæsthetic, steep them more and more in oblivion. To awaken the soul from this Lethean condition and to bring into consciousness the truth and moral sensibility dormant there, is the highest aim that we can achieve, and the most eminent service that one can render to another.

Intellectual power and material success are far from being all that is to be accomplished by culture and development. The other and higher faculty must succeed and transcend. Take that away, and there is nothing of real value left. The man and the commonwealth, liberty and virtue, alike are dependent vitally upon it. We all are sojourners here, children of one Father, and from the Eternal region. Hence we participate in the same nature and necessities, and may not prudently or innocently neglect what is due to one another. If one of us suffers, all are certain to be affected; not one of us may fall without all being involved in the calamity. By realizing this and living in harmony with this conviction we shall also realize the practical use of Philosophy in the perception of that which really is.

Thus we know the Truth, and so by possessing and doing it, the Truth shall make us free.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

A man's genius, the quality that differences him from any other, the susceptibility to one class of influences, the selection of what is fit for him, the rejection of what is unfit, determines for him the character of the universe.—*Emerson*.

PSYCHIC VISION OF AN ACCIDENT.

It was a beautiful afternoon in June. Winter had lingered late that year, as he often does in Michigan.

All along the dooryard fence the lilies-of-the-valley shook out their fairy bells in the sunshine, forming a snowy fringe at the edge of the smooth green velvet of the lawn. Beside the walk to the door, the poet's narcissus proudly bore its perfect flowers on long, upright stems. Inside the house, my pretty double-parlors had a festive appearance; the dining-room beyond the arch showed an elaborately laid tea-table with flowers and favors, while the large bedroom opening from the back parlor afforded a view of new spring wraps and lace bonnets carefully disposed upon the immaculate counterpane.

Yes, I had company—an afternoon party of ladies, invited to a five-o'clock tea. A small company, scarcely a dozen, but all congenial and members of the same circle; most of them were young married women, like myself.

Three little children who had accompanied their mothers were playing out of doors, with my own five-year-old son. Their musical voices, floating in, added a joyous note to our low-toned conversation.

Having made careful preparations for the occasion, I was devoting myself to my guests, with a mind very much at ease. My husband had promised to come early from the store, so that our little feast should not be kept waiting. My neat Swedish maid was prompt and capable, and knew just what was expected of her. I had every reason to be happy, and certainly was light-hearted and free from care.

It was at the time when the "point-lace" furor was raging in our little city, and indeed throughout the land. Nearly all the women present were interested in learning a new stitch in that fascinating form of decorative art. I was making a cobwebby cap, as a gift for the approaching birthday of a revered friend whose beautiful hair was as white as the snows of her eighty winters. Several of my guests were gathered close about my chair, absorbed in learning a new de-

sign in "old rose point." I was explaining as I worked, and had just begun to say, "You see it is easy, anyone can do it who can make a button-hole stitch."

How much of the sentence I left unsaid I do not know.

Suddenly a cold horror seized me, my hair began to creep upon my scalp, and I felt my cheeks contract, as if the skin were drawn outward by invisible fingers. Darkness fell before my face—the opaque blackness of deep, still water, but now agitated by violent movement; and in the water I saw a face arise, a countenance of distorted childish loveliness, which I could almost, but not quite, recognize. Across the white, dimpled cheeks, wet hair of a golden color was streaming. The voices of my companions sounded faint and far away. Suddenly the cathedral bell of my little onyx clock chimed, as if it struck against my ear, "One, two, three, four."

With convulsive movements of my arms, I struggled up against the darkness, and rushed from the room.

Through the dining-room I sped, where in the sideboard mirror I caught a flying glimpse of the white, set face of a woman I did not know, and through the kitchen I hurried, where my Katrina was placidly measuring out material for biscuits, but paused to stare as I passed.

Down the cellar-stairs I flew, straight to our cistern, which I found covered as usual, with a heavy weight, much beyond my power to lift, upon the cover. Once more the blood receded from my heart to my cold face and prickling hands and feet.

Almost sobbing with the reaction of my relief, I ran out from the cellar, through the open double doors, and into the back yard. There, quietly seated upon the grassy terrace, were my boy and his three little playmates. Swooping down upon the little group, I gathered them all into the house, where I found my guests whispering together, in startled groups.

The comments of two of them caught my ear, "Did you see her face?—just awful, I thought!" and "Why, she actually pushed Mrs. Smith over, chair and all, when she flew out!"

The entrance of the children made a welcome diversion. They very naturally supposed they had been hurried in to supper, and were

disappointed accordingly. I escaped to my room to prepare the soap-suds and glycerine for the bubble-blowing that I had hastily promised them, and, being alone, I composed my trembling limbs as best I could, and wiped the clammy drops from my forehead.

Returning, I established the children on the long, shaded piazza, at their new play, then gathered up the delicate lace-work and materials that I had trailed through the two rooms in my flight.

I apologized to my guests by explaining that having imagined our cistern might be uncovered, and fearing that one of the children might fall in, the thought had frightened me so that even when I found it safe, I had brought the little ones in. One of the ladies tactfully sat down to the piano, and while we were listening to her really fine playing, the click of the gate and my husband's familiar step on the walk were heard.

His step seemed to lag—to lack its usual spring, I thought—but my nerves were all a-tingle. He stopped to frolic with the little bubble-blowers in his usual merry fashion, but I noted that he took our own boy (big as he was) quite into his arms, for a long hug and a shower of kisses.

The little changes in his dress which the occasion demanded were soon made, and my husband came in and greeted the company, all of whom were his friends. But I felt that something was wrong.

His was a peculiar temperament—sensitive, sympathetic, and transparent as a child's; and I knew that he was, or had lately been, deeply agitated.

My five-o'clock tea was a success, the serving was perfect, and my guests seemed to have forgotten my strange rudeness of the afternoon. My husband was attentive to all, and quite the model host. But I kept wondering what bad news he could be keeping, to tell me when we were alone.

Finally the last guest went down the step, carrying her flowers, and leading her little daughter by the hand. Then I turned to my husband in the hall and whispered, "Now tell me—is it any bad news from mother?"

"No, no," he responded; "do not be too greatly alarmed, but Mrs. Pulver's little Teddy was drowned this afternoon, in their cistern."

"At what time?" I gasped, sinking into the hall-chair.

"At four o'clock. They heard him fall, but he was quite dead before they could get him out."

"The poor mother—the poor mother!" I repeated mechanically, while all the time the cold horror of my inexplicable vision swept through my mind. And the spell had been broken by the clock striking the hour of four!

I now recognized the cold, wet, dimpled face, with the golden hair washed straight along the white cheeks. It was little Teddy, the laughing, chubby darling of my neighbor's household.

Almost in silence my husband and I walked the mile, through the sweet June twilight, to that stricken home.

Yes, it was the very face of my vision, but oh, so still and meek—the golden hair just drying into its old-time fluffy rings.

I even leaned and looked into the opaque blackness of the water. It was just as I saw it, before the face appeared. At the right, a large iron spike had projected from a beam of wood, in my vision; and the old horror seized me, as I recognized this in the identical place, just as it looked when the blackness fell before my eyes, shutting out the bright room, my work, and the intent faces of my friends.

By what unknown power had that scene (which no human eye gazed upon) been brought before my unwilling vision, as I sat, a mile away, unconcerned and happy, absorbed in other matters?

Mr. and Mrs. Pulver were acquaintances of ours, but no especial liking or friendship existed between us.

My husband, with a heart big enough to gather the griefs of all, and make them his own, naturally went at once to any scene of sorrow.

At the funeral of little Teddy Pulver, one of the guests of my tea-party whispered to me, "How queer that you were thinking about your cistern that very same day!"

But not to her, not to the Pulvers, not even to my husband, did I ever before relate the true history of that day.

Now who can explain my experience?

MRS. McVEAN ADAMS.

NOTE.—This is evidently an instance of thought-transference occurring through unusual sensitiveness of the emotional nature. The thought-image or mental picture so clearly seen—viz.: black water, still at first, then agitated as the little body was

brought to the surface, the wet face, the ugly-looking spike that was in the way of quick removal of the body, the horror and the fear which seized and controlled a mind "sensitive" for the time being—all these are exact features of the picture flashing through the mind or minds of whoever discovered the catastrophe.

The rapidity and force of thought-action under such circumstances are seldom realized when superficially considering similar experiences. The thought-picture is thrown upon the psychic aura with tremendous force, and may be consciously recognized by anyone sufficiently sensitive, and at the same time in the right vein of emotional mentality to be impressed by the thought. In this case all these features were present and especially favorable for such a result. These were: a young mother, little ones belonging to other mothers at play with her own child, those mothers having come together for *enjoyment*—the emotional nature being foremost—and herself, the hostess, principally responsible for the happiness of each and presumably feeling a measure of responsibility for the personal *safety* of each child present. All these facts combine to produce unusual sensitiveness and to make her receptive to that tremendously agitated thought of death sent into the aura of a neighborhood where each resident was personally known to all the others.

Four o'clock was the hour at which the accident became known; the boy was heard to fall, but was drowned before help could reach him; and at four o'clock she saw the vision. There is a perfect psychic correspondence between the *mental action* of the distressed relatives and the *mental vision* of the sensitively responsive friend and member of the neighborhood of mutual acquaintances.

The writer is wrong in assuming—as stated—that "no human eye gazed upon the scene." The child was heard to fall and the danger was instantly apprehended, presumably; then, every detail of what she saw *was seen* by the first eye that rested upon the water.

Another possible explanation of such an occurrence, and one based upon the same law of action—but not probable in this instance—is the same going-out of the thought of the child himself. This, however, would not have been likely to carry the stillness of the water, the wet face, the position of the hair, or the spike in the beam, as the child's mind would have acted in quite another manner, giving a different picture.—Ed.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE VERSUS OCCULT SCIENCE.

In an age of intellectual unrest and revolution an advance step always implies a clash of the new thought against the old. In this way only is progress possible, for thoughts which do not stimulate counter-thoughts are of no practical value as a factor of newer growths.

He who is satisfied of the certitude of the ground on which he stands will not make a step out of this stage of his mental progress until there is aroused within him by newer thoughts a doubt of the stability of his present mental growth.

Physical science holds to the verities of its foundation and claims to have reached the boundary lines encompassing the whole field on which it is possible to be sure of the advance made. It denies that

any progress can be gained outside of the mechanical instrumentalities made to give extension to the so-called physical senses, and these physical senses themselves.

It is here where the clash of counter-thoughts is seen, as well as the contradictory attitude of physical science with itself. To place a limit on the capacities of the human mind is to contradict the doctrine of *evolution*, so haughtily paraded as evidence of the certainty of this same physical science.

Listen to this: Physical science has no *certitude*, save that which is based on the hidden, the occult; and to deny this is to *destroy* physical science itself.

Let us clearly see the truth of this. All phenomena are effects, and on these phenomena are built both physical and occult science. The causes that develop the phenomena are occult, and constitute the foundation for the construction of a science of the occult.

Physical science claims to have discovered these occult causes by means of the so-called physical senses, aided by mechanical instruments, and has constructed a science of matter and force.

In this science, it is taught that blind force conflicted with blind force, or blind, stupid law, and in this way constructed a universe, and that now the same agencies give all phenomena of matter.

Occult science discovers these hidden forces, and attributes to them conscious intelligence. By this conscious intelligence of power the universe is constructed and is controlled at this moment in all the phenomena exhibited.

It is clearly seen that all visible or sensuous matter has no existence of itself, for it is being constantly transformed from the invisible to the visible, thence dematerialized, to again materialize through the circuit of power, like an endless chain, and the only persistent existence seen is force or motion, and matter is known to disappear.

From the point of view of the physical sciences, the causes that materialize and dematerialize substance are found in blind natural law. They are found by occult science in intelligent, conscious power, that permeates the whole structure of the universe. In this difference of the teachings of the two sciences, if there be two, is seen their conflict. The battle is now on!

The existence, transitory, of matter or substance is a phenomenon of itself, and since all phenomena are effects and have no real existence apart from the occult powers that develop them, to believe matter or substance that can only be cognized by the physical senses to be real, is to believe a delusion, is to build on sand. Also to believe that blind force or laws of nature constructed a universe, is to believe a delusion; and physical science *per se* is one whole delusion, because basing certitude on fleeting and transforming substance and correlated phenomena.

The sensuous universe being itself a phenomenon is only a vast system of symbology, expressive to the consciousness of the existence and reality of a conscious Intelligent Power immanent in all sensuous matter. It is the interpretation of the meaning and purpose of this vast system of symbology that has given all the systems of philosophy, all the systems of science, and all the systems of religion the world ever possessed. It is the *expression* of these *symbols* as seen by the physical senses that has developed all *mechanical* art and invention that the world now contains.

It is the interpretation of the meaning of this great symbol that has divided the philosophical mind into two classes, idealist and realist; finally, it is the interpretation of the *whence* and *whither* of the whole of the sensuous system of worlds and the objects on them and their uses, which is the *storehouse* of all man's knowledge of the past and of to-day, and that will ever keep him employed in learning and advancing step by step till he sees and knows *himself* and God.

To-day most methods of teaching and plans for enlightening the minds of the people are based upon the physical plane of being; the time is now ripe for a growth of mind based on the astral plane; consequently occult science is being more and more cultivated.

L. EMERICK.

Motion or change, and identity or rest, are the first and second secrets of nature: Motion and Rest. The whole code of her laws may be written on the thumb-nail, or the signet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surface of a brook admits us to the secret of the mechanics of the sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it.—*Emerson*.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(V.)

Upon the doctrine of the calculus of life depends the whole catenary of Causation. It eliminates all necessity for the unnatural intervention of a hypothetical, mystical, anthropomorphic, and extraneous first cause, and makes the processes of creation as natural as their principles are universal. This, and this alone, accounts for the hideousness of the monster as well as the beauty of the rose, for the cancer as well as the lily, for both the disappearance of a type and the survival of the fittest. Circumstances and conditions—the environment of individuals—determine their place in the procession of progress, and it is this principle which has retarded some and advanced others, as the Chinese manners have remained stationary while the agile West has hastened onward along the path toward perfection.

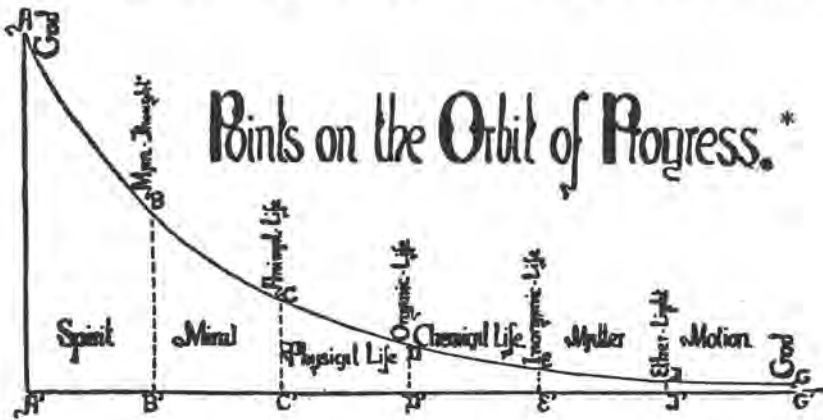
A remarkable coincidence—to some perhaps, as all antiquities are venerable, corroborative of the modern theory of evolution—is found in the account given in the Eastern Scriptures of the appearances of the second person of the Brahminical Trimurti—Vishnu, the Preserver.

These are represented as his avatars or incarnations: I. A fish. II. A tortoise. III. A mammal. IV. A beast-man. V. A dwarf. VI. A hero. VII. Rama, the hero's brother. VIII. The higher man. IX. The Buddh. The tenth avatar is still to be. Buddhism, which is reformed Brahminism, and is to the ancient religion of India what Christianity is to Judaism, is a religion of knowledge, not of faith, although many of its greatest minds do not hesitate (as the Catholic hierarchy inculcate the use of objective symbols) to permit the faithful a sort of adoration of venerable and venerated shrines and relics. How in the light of modern lore the true meaning of these avatars gleams forth like the sun rising through a thick bank of fog!

We behold in the symbol of the fish, deity's first appearance upon

this planet in a form of life at all like any with which we, proudest of the vertebrates, are in the least disposed to claim kinship. We see there the gigantic snail—the ammonite, the great progeny of the trilobite and the swarming of myriad scaly monsters sporting in the ancient Devonian seas. Then in another fulness of time the hideous beasts, winged and wingless, the simian-shaped arboreal monster, the ape that has grown a thumb and lost the prehensile vertebræ, the chatterer turned talker, the talker thinker, and—lo! Man.

To every seed his own body; this was nature's order, quietly, earnestly, grandly fitting the body that shall be, out of the bare grain;



till finally, on honor's crowning height, through all the vicissitudes of time and change into the nostrils of the animal was breathed the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

There are few who understand rightly the true meaning of evolutionary progress. I think a glance at the accompanying diagram will show the truth perhaps more clearly than words: of the continuously ascendant faith, whereon the elements to be mixed in man threw off from epoch to epoch the impediments of lowlier nature. Man had in him from the first (as in the foetus from conception to birth) the substance of his divinity.

But the end was not yet; the first man was made a living soul, the last a quickening spirit.

The supreme Volition, while continuous in manifestation, has had

* See also diagram in the November number of this magazine.

its avatars in the natural order, to be discerned when, through long travail, the early age has given birth to the later. From that sublime moment when the initial trump was sounded, "Let there be light," step by step Spirit has marched steadfastly onward. The age of motion culminating in that medium to which the name ether has been given; the age of matter, mounting the spires of form till the inorganic came; the age when the chemic tribes wandered in the lonely wilderness till at last they came into the Canaan of the organic; the age of organisms, triumphing in moving life; the age of the cattle and creeping thing culminating in the rude man of the morning, the first man Adam become the thinker, and the thinker in the fulness of time the quickening spirit.

We abolished mechanicalism in all its forms and phases in recognizing as we have the indubitable presence through all creation of some function of that Power which differed not only in degree but in kind from the Power which is the perfect form of Action. We are content to call this all-pervading power of Volition—not that we identify it with will, but that it includes will, and is in fact the perfect form of will—Intelligence in activity.

The substance of our facts has long been known to thinkers, but the utmost that the most sagacious has done in establishing the ultimate principles thereof has been either (with Kant) to bewail the elusion of that truth which he so deeply felt, or (with Spinoza) to predicate the presence of God in all things and nominate that presence Pantheism. The ancient Greeks forestalled the great German, and the ancient Hindus the wonderful Jew. But the idea called pantheistic is absolutely alien to the true conception. God is not in growth, He is progress; He is not in vitality, He is Life; He is not in the phases of mutation, He is changeless. God is not in the path, He is A and Ω , the beginning and the end, the first and the last—Spirit, and spirit only.

God does not grow; God is eternal; his manifestations advance. He does not think in the reactions of matter, his atoms act, and because they act mechanically, and have no choice which thought gives, they act invariably, obeying the primal impulse; they always act, not in antagonism to their nature, but conformably to nature. It

was only when the mammal man, in the process of the ages of development, had become thoughtful that he became free, and becoming free became a chooser, and deliberately because he volitionally chose. "Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." This was the fall of man, because, having the power to choose the good, he chose the evil.

When a point is projected into space the result is a line; when the line is rotated in the same plane the result is area or surface; when the area is rotated on an axis the result is volume. Space of one dimension (linear) becomes, by Action, space of two dimensions (area), and space of two dimensions, by further action, becomes volume.

If you take a steel bar, like a knitting-needle, and cause it to revolve in the same plane around one of its ends, if the rotation be sufficiently rapid the result will be a flat disk whose diameter will be twice the length of the needle. This disk will be practically a surface, on which, for a practical demonstration, you may place any number of articles; their weight, and the ability of the single needle to sustain them bearing a strict mathematical relation to the swiftness of rotation of the needle.

Now this disk, or an ordinary plate of material (so called), may be rotated in like manner, and a resultant solid be formed. Its impenetrability—the very first attribute of matter—will be dependent upon the velocity of rotation, and upon nothing else. In this way a thin plate of metal will turn a bullet, or the bullet will flatten against the sequence of positions of the planes that constitute the revolutions. An illustration in practice of this principle may be seen at any hydraulic mine, where an axe wielded with the utmost power will rebound from the jet at the nozzle of the hose, battered and broken at the edge, as from impact with a solid bar of iron. This is caused by the resistance, not of water, but of speed; not of matter, but of motion.

This, then, is the essence of the creative functions in nature; this the reality underlying the phenomena of matter. Not points endowed with force, nor centres of force make matter; but matter is a phenomenon of pure motion, not something moving; the motion itself is the something.

This motion in its variant relations makes the elements and their combinations and permutations:

- I. Position multiplied by Motion is Light.
- II. Light multiplied by Motion is Matter.
- III. Matter multiplied by Motion is Life.*

The same sort of potency which whirls the spirals of nebulæ, and sends stars and planets and systems on their orbits, forms the tiny globules of ether and the aggregates of atoms. This potency, this principle, does not stop with the line, after passing through the surface and solid; it goes even to the point—that which has no attribute but position; and this is spirit; this is substance.

The chemist has already found these facts; he knows practically that matter is not quiescence, but inconceivably rapid motion.

And those same principles of evolution, which are now coming to be accepted by the whole world, apply to the remotest past—the things perceived were born of the things conceived, things from thoughts, all things from the All, all from the One.

When, over the stretched membrane or the sonorous copper cymbal, the swath of scattered sand hears the notes of the violin, at once among the throng of tiny fragments a huge commotion ensues, and thousands start up, eager, expectant; and then, at the tone of the command, as the bow vibrates the tense string, they rush, pell-mell, hither and thither, jostling, hurrying, each, like a sentient self, to his appointed place, till in long lines and delicate curves the seemingly conscious sand takes station, and the geometer starts amazed at the wonderful dexterity and grace of movement and at the mathematical accuracy of the result.

But this is not yet all; the sand, or better yet, a pure, free, not too viscous liquid, shows even vaster evidences of a profound intelligence—the obedience of the mote to the note, the dominance of action over being, the ward of nature finding the way from the word. Here we may see the freer motions fit themselves yet more wonderfully to the harmony. The figures which one chord made geometric,

* But "the gift of God is eternal life." Immortality is the choice of man, and not the consequence of mortal life, of which more will be said in the following papers.

another makes artistic; and a song makes a rose, a thistle, or a lily, lifeless but beautiful—a demonstration of the power of music to bring order out of confusion, law out of chaos, the formed crystal out of the amorphous mass, life out of dust, divinity out of humanity.

The rhythm and music of the spheres is not imaginary; it is of the same order of reality as that tact of tone in the voice which means always, truth—that union of good-will and self-possession that has power over the savage and brute, and is able to exact tribute from all the world. It is in the mechanic's problem, the statesman's diplomacy, the sage's logic, the artist's dream, the fine frenzy of the poet, and the voice of the leaders of men.

So æons in the past, for this one of countless universes, out of the silence and darkness the spirit moved, and the choir invisible of the morning stars sang together. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God."

It would be futile to declare absolutely the validity of all the received dicta of science. The magnificent nebular hypothesis of La Place must take its rightful rank in our thoughts as an hypothesis. But if a theory may be ignored by philosophy, a fact demands recognition. It comes with credentials from its sovereign; it comes with a letter of introduction from The Truth. Laplace may not be absolute, but Kepler was; Darwin and Lamarck and, older yet, Anaximander, may have proposed theories somewhat astray from the right line of verity, but Euclid's metaphysics, and Edison's and Tesla's achievements cannot err. The practical result of a true theory smiles at fine-drawn sophistry, and defies the point of the most abstruse argument.

In that remarkable debate between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer on "The Nature and Reality of Religion," Spencer's "Unknowable" is mercilessly attacked as a positive negation; his Unknown Deity is satirized as x^n and man caricatured as nx ; the former expression denoting some final power of an assumed variable, unknown in man and therefore continuing unknown though raised to an infinite power, and the latter being an expression for the natural man as some number of functions of his final self. Harrison says: "The Unknowable is practically nothing"; a proposition which

every day's experience practically disproves; matter, for instance, in the present state of science, is unknowable, and yet is a very obtrusive fact. On such a basis we should be compelled to deny our own existence, because thought and the surgeon's knife and the highest powers of the microscope fail to disclose the secret of existence. Such reasoning would imply that there is a point somewhere in philosophy, as we know theologians assert that there is in religion, beyond which it is not safe to venture in quest of the Holy Grail of Truth.

The jest's prosperity, Shakspeare says, lies in the ear of the hearer; and it is quite equally evident that in practical experience alone is to be found proof or disproof of theory, in the demands of a posteriori, the claims of a priori. It is the attribute of intelligence to investigate and to learn. We shall find at the very outset unforeseen conditions besetting us; the roads of progress ramify till they appear a very labyrinth; the forest of facts grows dark and dismal—we feel lost in the jungle of inquiry. But behind us thought has blazed upon the boles a straight line. It is ours to face forward and follow that, prolonging it—our mete-wand—to the stars. Facts and conditions, ideas and circumstances, increase and multiply, more and more complexity as we grow to more and more knowledge. But by and by, even through the interlacing boughs, glistens above and beyond a light. We press on and up, and lo! the temperate oak replaces the torrid palm, and the arctic pine thrusts back the oak. And the pines are stunted and hug the ground, and then rocks are bare, or garbed only in lichens. The light we have seen is that of an unknown and far-off luminary shining on the snow. We rise upon the highest peak of intellect and are in a frozen world. Shall we then say, having traversed with all our experience all the zones, "What is all this worth? It arose out of nothing and into nothing it must lapse; dust we are and unto dust we shall return?"

Not so; these are thoughts of folly and delusion, for the same power that brought us to this sterile height is able to conduct us yet further. The sensuous suffers, but thought need not suffer: beyond the range of perception lie the "Delectable Mountains," balmy with the breath of verity. There is a certainty higher than physical science; a truth greater than fact; a faith nobler than fortune. A

fact alone is not truth, and does not become true till we have fixed its place in eternal principle, till we have, by ordinates and abscissa, fixed its trueness immovably by the great planes.

If we take for our guide the nebular hypothesis and limit its puissance to the universe of which our sense takes cognizance, how quickly—as many a thinker has before—we flounder in the morasses of speculation. The vagaries of life, as we look backward, vanish in the inconstancies of chemic changes and geologic upheavals, and chaos and darkness, and a globe of fire, and a fiery ring and a vortex of furious flame more and more tenuous, the vastly extended matter merging into ether, and the light fading as the frontiers expand, then a faint nucleus, and then—nothing!

Physical Science, mailed and booted and armed, no matter how just its quarrel with the elements of being, comes to the confines of the worlds and finds its profoundest thinking, its highest climbing, has brought it at the last to naught—the worlds have left not a rack behind.

But philosophy—that of the foundations of rock, that of the divine man, that of God himself—finds here no obstacle to progress. The unharnessed Berserker goes on his way unharmed—

" The soul goes forth not like a vessel wrecked
That drifts dismantled to an unknown shore,
But like a barque for fresh discoveries decked
That spreads its sails new countries to explore."

If that congeries of shining points of light piercing the blue-black dome of night were all, then perhaps we might be content with the last word of science, even content to submit, as the children of Saturn, to be devoured by their unnatural creator. But this dynamo, the sun, with his dark retinue of planets, is not all. Beyond the solar system, beyond the mighty company of stars of the Via Lactea, beyond, far beyond the outermost bounds of our immense system other points and patches of radiance stud the midnight sky. Some of these are distant kin of ours, galaxies like our own made up of countless stars, each perhaps brooding like our own Helios, over her offspring planets. But some are of a different order, of a nature as different as the foetus

from the breathing mammal, as remote from conditions like those we know as the sterile Moon and the fiery Sun differ from this balance of forces—Earth. These are the irresolvable nebulae, known now to be unsolvable because of tidings brought directly from them to us by a messenger so swift and withal so trustworthy that we must believe him. There was an era in the history of physical astronomy when it was believed that all the myriad nebula would eventually be found to be clusters of stars. After the resolution of some of these by the famous telescope of Lord Rosse, the Nebular Hypothesis lost the favor, for a while, of science. But the time came for its restoration. The great discovery of spectroscopy proved beyond question that the light emanating from some clusters was the light due to incandescent solids, or analogous to that; but that from others it was light from vaporous masses. This satisfied the demands of the great theory, and the thinkers, stifling in an atmosphere of doubt, breathed freely once more.

This is written not to congratulate ourselves that theory has not failed, but to point out the truth that it cannot fail; not that it conforms to known facts, but that it conforms to eternal principles. The existence of the resolvable nebulae proves that this universe of ours is not all; but the existence of the irresolvable nebulae proves that creation is not limited to cosmic conditions which we call material.

From nebula to man, from man to nebula: this by some orderly progression akin to the swelling and swaying and oscillating of wave motions—of sea, or air, or ether—has heaved thought up out of the vasty deep. Evolution and involution, with their maxima and minima, flow as the current of eternity; this is the divine trajectory.

Kant, propounding his great question, stood amazed at the afreet of doubt that his wonderfully profound thought had conjured. He saw the categorical imperative of the moral law, but could not bring his vast intellect to become as a little child's to recognize in what likeness it was made.

Schopenhauer has called the power back of phenomena, Will; and because he found nature insatiable in its exactions, he ascribed devilish attributes to its creator—found man a feather in the wind of destiny, a chip upon a torrent, a mote in a sunbeam—law everywhere,

freedom nowhere, man a puppet, God a demon, and all creation a failure, making and crushing souls out of men.

The irresolvable nebulæ are links in the divine catenary spanning the abyss of reason between the maker and the made, between Volition and the worlds. Creation is not design; it is not accident; it is evolution; and that factor in all the epochs of progress which is called design by the religious and accident by the unbelievers is the development due to the continuous presence of a function of that Volition which is as surely there as the several relations, howsoever complex, or the several changes of relation, howsoever multitudinous.

Doubt if you must, but inquire. Doubts are not signs of the infirmities of age, nor of the pangs of a debauched prime; they are the growing pains of progress, for Progress is always young.

Think, and you must believe; but belief alone is not the birth couch, it is the tomb of Thought.

HUDOR GENONE.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(I.)

THE GHOST.

"I am surprised! This is not what I expected!" exclaimed a ghost as he walked slowly back and forth in the spacious parlors of a stone mansion on Drexel Boulevard, and paused meditatively in the bay-window to look out upon the gay life on the street.

"Here I am, all alone! Not a friend has come near me. For aught I know to the contrary, I am the only ghost in existence. If this is all there is of a future life, I must say that it is extremely unsatisfactory! I always supposed the invisible world was thickly populated, but as yet I see no signs of any other inhabitants. Before I stepped out of the body, I thought that by this time I should be holding interesting conversations with friends who have crossed the River of Death before me, roaming around on the surface of the moon, or visiting some of the other planets! I always had considerable curiosity about the rings of Saturn and the moons of Jupiter.

I should like to study the effect of four moons in a sky on a cloudless summer's night. But somehow I don't feel much like roaming. I have a strange disinclination to go any farther than my own front doorstep. Something pulls me back into the presence of the body I at first tried so hard to escape from. Strange! I fail to understand it!"

The ghost left the window and again began his monotonous walk back and forth through the parlors. Unconsciously he attempted to put his hands in his pockets—for he seemed to himself to have hands; but he found that he did not seem to have pockets. There was a large easy-chair near the bay-window. The ghost took hold of it and tried to move it where he could have a better view of the passers-by on the boulevard. But his attempt was vain. He could not stir the chair.

"I hoped I might be stronger to-day, but I am as helpless as ever!" he said. "The limitations of a ghost are as vexatious as the limitations of a body. I can't see that I have gained much by stepping out. More loss than gain so far. Lost, a body that could walk, and swim, and lift, and manage a horse, yes—and skate, too, as well as one could expect of a body that had been in use for a half-century. It was a very good body, as bodies go. And there it lies now, stiff and cold and helpless. A deserted tenement. Its owner a wanderer upon the face of the earth, without home or habitation. . . . And that crape floats upon the breeze to tell to the happy life of the Boulevard as it glides by in well-appointed carriages, that death has entered here. . . . But is the Boulevard life as happy as it appears to the looker-on? Not often—not often!"

Tired of his monotonous walk, the ghost leaned against the window to watch the scenes on the street, although the sight of the crape and ribbon which fluttered from the door-knob was an annoyance.

"There goes young Rathberger, who is busy spending his father's money, inherited last year—he is happy. And he will be as long as the money lasts! And then—the bottomless abyss of poverty will swallow both him and his happiness. But is happiness merely a question of money?

"No! Here goes Smith, the millionaire. How the harness glitters! That is one of the handsomest turnouts in the city. But—

his wife is suing for a divorce, and his only son was recently killed in a drunken brawl. He hasn't a friend in the world, poor man—not a friend. But his money buys him a few acquaintances who are ready to help him spend it. After all, personal character is a more important element in the production of happiness than money. It is a beautiful world, and I loved life. But I was tired of the continual struggle for existence—tired of hard times. Tired of 'business' carried on according to modern 'business principles.' Money sits on a throne, and men worship as if they were slaves. At least I have gained one thing in stepping out of the body. I have gained freedom. I am no longer a slave to gold. Here it is worthless trash; a mountain of pure gold could neither help nor hinder me in this new life. Strange, when it played so important a part in the old one!

"But am I alive? How do I know that I am anything more than an astral shell doomed to slow disintegration?"

"I am more thoroughly alive than ever before. I am all here, including memory, though the philosophers are so fond of asserting that we must lose that faculty when we leave the body. I believe I could think up every incident of every day since I was born, if I chose to spend my time that way. I can think of a thousand things that a week ago I had entirely forgotten. . . . But I want new experiences. I am not content merely to live the old life over. I am alive, but with a different set of limitations, a set to which I am not yet thoroughly accustomed. Matter has no power over me—which is gain; but I have no power over matter—which is loss. The law of gravitation has ceased to affect me—personally. I can sit on a lamp-chimney, but I can't lift a penny; I can twist through a keyhole, but I can't turn a door-knob! Even if there is no key-hole, the door itself is not an insurmountable obstacle. The exercise of a little will-power brings me on the other side of it. I seem to be merely thought clothed in—what? Mist? Brick walls cannot stop thought, nor can they stop me.

"I wonder how I look?—and I am likely to wonder. There isn't enough of me to make an impression on a mirror, and yet—I seem to have some sort of a vapory body. I wonder if that new thought-reading machine could read *my* thoughts? That is worth looking

into. It may furnish a means of communication with the visible world. And this is likely to prove a lonely life, unless I can learn to communicate with the visibles. What is life worth if one can't talk to his friends? I never thought I should like to be a hermit. I can walk and stand and sit, but nobody sees me or pays the slightest attention to me.

"It seems strange! I was sitting in the chair by my bedroom window when Bridget came in to make the bed. The first I knew she put both pillows and the bed-clothes into the chair where I was sitting! It was extremely annoying! I don't think she would have done it if she had seen me. She would probably have screamed. But it was worse yet, when the undertaker came and sat down on me. He is a large, heavy man and completely filled the chair. I wonder what he would have thought, if he had known I was watching him! Since that experience I have ceased to occupy chairs for fear of accidents. I tried the centre-table, but Bridget put the big Bible on me. Now I sit on the clock-shelf or on the picture-frames where people can't get at me, unless they take a broom.

"I never supposed that people attended their own funerals; but I shall certainly attend mine. There doesn't seem to be much else of interest going on. The funeral is to be to-morrow at two o'clock, they say. That gives the relatives time to get here. They sent telegrams as soon as they found me—the thing has been very well managed so far. They have all done just as I thought they would—and nobody suspects. That is the best of it all. Nobody suspects! But when my brothers and sisters find that I died poor, instead of rich—how will it be then? Will they suspect? I hope not. They will be happier if they never know the truth.

"And the doctor?

"He is a good friend of mine. He will write out a burial-certificate reading 'heart failure' and help me keep my secret, unless he blunders and concludes I was murdered by some one else. That would complicate matters. Then he would move heaven and earth to find and punish the criminal. I would not like to see an innocent person arrested, imprisoned, and tried for a murder I had committed. Yes; murder! That is what it seems like now. Three days ago I

called it 'suicide,' and felt that I had a right to take myself out of a world that I had no voice in entering. But now—it looks different. A useful body had been put under my control, and because I feared that my supply of happiness was likely to run short—I murdered it. I hoped to solve the problem of existence, but it is as inexplicable as ever. I wonder why, when we are alive, we all think that the moment that we are dead we shall know everything. It is a bitter disappointment. Here I am, a piece of animated vapor, but still an inhabitant of the same old world, with no other interest in life except to go to my own funeral!

“After that—what?”

“I cannot imagine. That dead body under the black canopy there, attracts me so that I cannot get very far away from it. Will it be the same after it is buried? Shall I have to spend the remainder of my existence wandering around among the tombstones in the cemetery? Not a cheerful prospect certainly! But perhaps that is where all the ghosts live. From time immemorial the human race has believed in haunted houses and in burial-places populous with ghosts. Perhaps there is something in the old legends. Who knows?”

“Really I am getting lonely. I should like somebody to associate with on terms of equality. This sneaking around through closed doors, and listening to conversations not intended for me to hear, is hardly a respectable occupation. I don't like it. Life in the cemetery, leaning against tombstones, watching other people's funerals and getting acquainted with the new ghosts, would be as interesting, and certainly less sneaky.

“I wonder, I just wonder, what there is to prevent me from travelling, after the funeral. I always wanted to see the world. Now I have all the time there is, for I am no longer obliged to use it to make money. What a wild, conscienceless struggle it is to get money! And in these days of fierce competition it requires a constant struggle to keep it. The human race is going mad over money. Never before since the world began were there so many opportunities for happiness. Never before was there more misery, or more men and women in anxiety as to how to obtain a subsistence. The whole world is a battle-field which is constantly strewn with the wreckage

of war, the wounded and dying killed by our present industrial system. But then—my friends called me a monomaniac on that subject. Perhaps I am. But it is hard to see the slow gains of an honest business life of thirty years swallowed at one gulp by a trick corporation which makes a business of crushing out competitors. It is as wicked as highway robbery or piracy, and yet it is done over and over again right here in America, and by men who pose before the Republic as honest and respectable. It is maddening! It has driven better men than I into insane-asylums and suicides' graves. But I am free from all that now—a ghost cannot starve, needs no clothes, and can find shelter anywhere. Bolts or bars or iron doors cannot keep out a ghost!

"And yet—in spite of all these advantages, I feel as if I would like to be back in the fight again. Life is worth living. I never was surer of that than I am now that people call me dead. We seldom fully appreciate a thing while we have it. Earth-life was interesting in spite of financial worries; and it seems that annihilation is a fiction. Change occurs, but annihilation is an impossibility. I have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. . . . And now, I don't know of any other place to jump. How can a ghost kill itself? And what would it be next? I do not think I will experiment any farther in that direction at present; I might turn into a mere memory, without the capability of motion. I'll wait until I know what the next state of existence is like, before I try to force myself into it.

"I wonder if anybody will shed real tears at my funeral? I wonder how much they will care—those brothers and sisters of mine? I gave the best years of my life for their support and education—but what do they know or care for that? It seemed sometimes as if all they wanted of me was money! But then—perhaps I am wronging them. Perhaps if they had known my need they would have given to me as gladly as I gave to them. . . I doubt it! . . I doubt it!

"I am tired of this solitude, this silence! The night was so long—so unutterably long! They may not come for hours. . . . I believe I will go out to the cemetery and see where they are going to put me. It will be pleasanter than staying here alone—with the dead. That body of mine is certainly dead, and not very good company for a live ghost.

"I couldn't get a nickel out of that pocket-book that used to be mine to save my life; but as the conductor can't see me, he won't try to collect any fare. Yesterday I wanted to turn a dime over so I could see the date, but I might as well have attempted to lift up the Auditorium tower and throw it into Lake Michigan! I can't even lift a sheet of note-paper, and as for a lead-pencil—it weighs tons; I might as well try to write with Cleopatra's needle! I'm not of as much account in the material world as a lively breeze. The wind is shaking that lace-curtain and pulling it out of the window—which I could not do! But I can pass through that pane of glass! I'm ahead of the wind there. I'll go out and take a car and see how it seems to be among the living. I'm tired of silence and myself."

H. E. ORCUTT.

(To be continued.)

THE INNER ISLE OF MAN.

The finer part of man was not made a lie. Intuitions are founded in truth and fact, not falsehood and fiction. In all lands and climes, certain truths concerning the human mind have always been in force, and, too, without the aid of systematized metaphysics.

Everywhere the sentiment of humanity answers, in all ages, as to the independent principle of mind in the race of Adam. In the sublime poetical beauties, the strange historic pages, and the interesting mythological evidences of antiquity, it is enwrapped. In the general laws or principles of every philosophic system on which natural effects are explained, it comes up. The most earnest desires and deepest yearnings of the human heart add silent proof to it. By no clime bounded, by no race unknown, and by no historic period limited, it is one of the most profound and universal sentiments of the immortal substance in man. To resist it is to oppose the voice of consciousness. The groundwork of nearly all knowledge would be subverted by taking away or invalidating the authority of that internal sense or act of the mind which is an essential attribute of spirit.

Knowledge by consciousness is the only conception one can form

of that power which calls back the past and plans the future—that power which enables man to investigate the laws of nature; to rove at will from continent to continent, from world to world, from system to system, viewing the works of an all-powerful being. The proof of knowledge founded in individual consciousness may still be disowned by science, but, nevertheless, it will in all time to come remain an undeniable basis of truth that a ruling, fixed power, within, wholly distinct from any corporeal function, is known and felt by every individual.

That the mind is an independent something, requiring the brain, not for its existence but for the mode of its manifestation, has been in all ages gone by, is at this time, and forever will be in time to come, the most prevalent belief both among the learned and the ignorant. A quiet feeling having its seat in the soul tells us that mind is not merely a phenomenon resulting from the play of organic elements, but is an original organization of first principles which existed previous to the formation of the body and must live after the dissolution of it.

The essential objects and ends of our existence are provided for in the very constitution of our being. This is positive evidence of the actuality of the end thus made certain. Every sentiment of the soul or power of the mind has a field of exercise and means of gratification. Upon something more than the accidents of education do the higher purposes of existence rest. There is a feeling—whether in the shape of an animal propensity or an all-pervading sentiment—which impels man to long for existence beyond the present life. It is original in human nature, and, like the axioms of mathematics, thus furnishes conclusive proof of that which first principles make known to us.

There is a strong belief on the ground of satisfactory evidence, not derived from poetry or philosophy, but which comes from the highest part of our being, telling us that this is not the be-all and end-all with us. This first principle or original sentiment, found in the infant as well as the adult, and promising the immortal existence which its gratification demands, we must accept as true. Otherwise we must admit and believe that mind, so perfect in every other re-

spect, is but a bundle of errors here, or has been endowed with a power lacking a possible sphere of activity—a conclusion which intelligent people must deny. Individual consciousness is the highest proof known to man. It does not conflict with science, but is above and beyond science.

Facts concerning finer mental faculties and nobler powers of the rational soul are not to be declared impossible merely because some conditions associated therewith are beyond our comprehension. Our knowledge of ourselves and of the science of being will broaden with the willingness of men to accept new facts and to give credence to the theories of trustworthy specialists. The metaphysician of to-day is proclaiming scientific advances to which the world should attentively listen. Man is on Old Earth for a purpose. The betterment of humanity is the chief object of life. The individual cannot dissociate himself from the human family as a whole. Men are interdependent. Their interests are common and will be to eternity.

What is life? Theories of nature were evolved by the dead past and are continuously being considered by the living present to explain this mystical question. Metaphysics is unfolding many of the mysteries of that which when in the body makes it "alive." It is time for organized knowledge to blush at its vainglorious boasting and to cease its ostentatious self-applause, for Science has failed by any chemical union of elementary substances to cause life to be. How much more certain, then, the failure of every experiment to produce the higher manifestations of being—to create mind or spirit!

If life was only a function of matter, then somewhere in the records of science—somewhere in the history of human observation, the spontaneous and original production of the immaterial part of being and its mysteries would be recorded. Nowhere has the living principle been found without evidence of its antecedent living germ. Nowhere has the Promethean fire with its life-giving principle infused life and breathed animation into the inanimate clod of clay by the aid of science. Atoms culled by mortals for human clay will be nothing more, even after all attempts to snatch life from the altar of the supernatural and to steal from heaven the coveted fire of Prometheus.

Chemical science has completely analyzed and ascertained the composition of the physical nature of man. It has made known the elements and the exact proportions in which each is held by chemical union to form the body and its various parts. It may compound the same elements in the same proportions again and again, but a living man it has not formed and cannot form. Nay, not by the most accurate and delicate methods known to biology can the smallest existence be created and animal life imparted to it. Nor can any science in any way ever cause the most minute particle in existence to cease to be. Every atom in the universe may pass through ten thousand times ten thousand transformations, but its *being* will forever remain untouched—its identity will never be lost. Annihilation is no part of the plan of creation.

Every faculty of the mind was created for a purpose. The cultivation and right exercise of each and every one confers happiness. Mental supremacy on metaphysical lines, in the upper realm of truth and higher nature of man, is developed in a special manner. Intuition and consciousness were designed by nature to catch the aroma of the most delicate fancy, to scale the highest thoughts and sound the deepest pathos; yet not in one mind in thousands do these highest faculties rise even to mediocrity. By intuition is man endowed with an immaterial principle which sees and knows, irrespective of reason or material organs of sight. By a mental or spiritual sense, there is, in certain states of the human system, vision independently of the material eyes. This fact has not only been philosophically demonstrated but is as firmly established as the truths of astronomy or the self-evident propositions of mathematics. By more than one method of proof, clairvoyance has established the same phenomenon.

That there is some higher faculty which gives us the power to form conceptions of things not material is a reality of which we are all conscious. The recorded evidence of thousands of intelligent and veracious persons exists to confirm the fact that the forewarning of coming events is an occurrence not uncommon. In being there is what may be called "a forewarning principle," which—separate and apart from reason—reveals to man what shall be hereafter when the earth grows older and the sun shines longer. Without knowledge

and contrary to all appearances, the vision of intuition reads the Book of Fate before time breaks the seal, and teaches man things which, because they depend on contingencies yet untranspired, reason can never know. This spiritual vision, which light cannot enlighten, darkness fails to darken, and distance intercepts not, discloses conclusions, often in the very teeth of reason, but in strict accordance with what subsequently occurs. We must admit this higher faculty or intuitive guide, or else be forced to deny the existence of the soul.

Through his physical nature man is allied to all material existence, and through his mental being to all intelligence. The powers of the higher faculties are embraced only by the few who inquire at the shrine of the inner man. It is by opening the finer mental windows of being and allowing the light of the soul to shine in, that mind becomes capable of soaring high above that which intellect can reach. The laws of the realm of metaphysics do not conflict with intellect or reason, for intelligence harmonizes with all.

Sublime truths of advanced scientific thought in mental philosophy are not appreciated by the many. From the beginning of the universe, progression has been the motto of nature. Why should the mental faculties not enlarge? Metaphysical reasoning is not fantastical rhapsody. It is but exact scientific deduction from the normal functions of mind. It is based upon sober philosophy on the one hand and upon experimental reality on the other. By this inner force we are related to and placed in communion with the infinite. A boundless number of relations are opened to us, and hints of powers which surpass all the bounds of our present comprehension are suggested for mental consideration. Without this force, there would be no such thing as capacity of the mind to know or understand spiritual existence. Without either scepticism or credulity we should open our minds to receive new and apparently superhuman propositions, and to test them in the crucible of intellect.

Mind is not a peculiar combination of cerebral elements. It has a mysterious energy distinct from and a strange power superior to the material tabernacle it inhabits. Thought, feeling, and consciousness exhibit powers above and beyond those of organic matter. The

body is only the training-place of mind—merely a handmaid for its growth and development. Mind is capable of indefinite progress and advancement whereby it becomes capable of fulfilling the nobler ends of existence. The fortunes of men, together with the welfare and happiness of the race, are determined by mental efficiency, now more than ever before. All classes have use for their minds. They have occasion to think. Indeed, they are required to think instead of allowing others to think for them.

Brain and intellect are not identical. Mind is not the organic function of matter—not the slave of the body. How could the brain make use of itself?—a condition which must be conceded if the organ constitutes the mind. The physical theory of mind involves absurdity after absurdity. It is one of the clearest dictates of reason, reconcilable with all phenomena of mental action and in harmony with well-anchored facts in the psychological history of man, that mind has an independent and superior existence, exerting a controlling influence over the bodily functions. In the last physical analysis of the brain and nervous system, not a substance is found in their composition that would allow us to suspect the production of mind. The heavenly gift of poesy, touching the tender chords of human sympathy, taste, and sentiment, was not built up from phosphates in the brains of Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and Dryden. Michael Angelo's art creations did not find origin in albuminous matter. The philosophic thought of Sir Isaac Newton which sought with all-comprehending grasp to encircle the universe was not the product of osmazome. The glowing eloquence of Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster was not the fire of oxygen blazing out nor of hydrogen soaring about. All the glorious manifestations of intellect among men sprang from some other source than peculiar combinations of elementary substances.

The history of all men and of all ages confirms the statement that no relationship exists between the force and vigor of the intellect and the qualities of the body. How many persons celebrated for intellectual power have lived in debilitated and emaciated frames! Would you have looked for vigorous functions of memory, clear faculty of perceiving, with reason supreme upon its throne, in the moving

frame of Dean Swift, the feeble house of clay inhabited by the radiant intellect of Richard Watson, the deformed physical system of Lord Byron, or the rickety constitution of Alexander Pope, through whose exquisite lines the genius of poetry touched the chords of human sympathy, sentiment, and taste?

The annals of medicine furnish conclusive proof that the brain may be injured or destroyed to a large extent without destroying the functions of mind. A wide induction from well-authenticated facts shows that one portion of the brain has been found to be destroyed or disorganized in one instance, another in another, and so on till the aggregate would comprehend every organic portion, while yet intellectual life and mental power remained unaffected. It is a fact which no one disputes that mind communicates with the material world through the brain and nervous system generally. It is equally true that mind is endowed with an existence, an energy, and a power of action independent of and superior to its material habitation. This is made positive and shown in the clearest light of demonstration by numerous examples in the mournful catalogue of human accidents and infirmities.

Over all that was possible to nerve and sense, mind has frequently triumphed. Prostrate has the body many times been laid by mental causes. Individuals have died without injury as a result of hazing. Soldiers have been found dead without wounds upon the battle-field. Why so? Mental action resulted in physical effects—a thing clearly impossible on the theory that mind is merely the result of the organization of matter or force so produced.

The active manifestation of mental excellence which no ill-fortune can reach is the true basis of happiness. Not only are great intellects capable of great achievements, but minds less happily endowed are capable of sharing those privileges which constitute the higher phases of human happiness. Of course genius comes by nature, but leaving out of view the few splendid exceptional cases, the careful observer can hardly avoid the conclusion that the original endowment has less to do with the result than have patient application, indefatigable perseverance, and continual endurance. Nature always aims at the best, and provides that it may be attained through a certain course

of teaching and training, by all who are not physically or mentally disqualified. Moral excellence is the result of habit, but intellectual excellence is chiefly improved by precept.

Strictly upon the metaphysical line of facts does human advancement depend. As the science of Metaphysics advances or recedes, so must human excellence stand or fall. Amid sneer and jeer has each science successively risen, just as if in each case all truth had been discovered and nothing remained to be learned. Throughout times past, all discovered truth which the world has brought to light has met with denial, ridicule, and scorn. Opposition and scepticism once contested the new established truths concerning the mysteries of physical law and the marvels of organic creation. Every great fact and principle by virtue of which we exist and act was time and again "put down" by the science of days gone by. The heresy of the past is the belief of the present, and what we now deny may be accepted as the creed of the future.

SHELBY MUMAUGH, M.D.

WHAT THE POETS SAY.

O poet, whose expansive soul
 Swells outward to infinitude,
 Thou'rt versed in Nature's mystic scroll,
 And art with prophecy imbued.
 What dost thou know of heaven and earth?
 What of the secrets back of life?
 What strange catastrophe of birth
 Hath thrust me in this mental strife?

What though I know, how shall I say?
 Words are but words—and what are they?

O poet, thou art ever keen
 To pierce an adamant heart.
 Thou searchest man's: What hast thou seen
 In one unscathed by Cupid's dart?

When counteractive currents play—
 But these are words—and what are they?
 In labyrinths of evil schemes
 Devised by wicked, cruel men,

What motives hast thou found? What dreams
In yonder sordid citizen?

To-morrow oft redeems to-day.
These are but words—and what are they?

Men tell me God is good and kind,
That He knows all, and nought's amiss.
O what a riddle! Canst thou find
No words to prove the truth of this?

What knows the ant of man, I pray?
I give thee words—but what are they?

Then hear my plea, and heed the tone:
Life seems a play without a plot.
How shall I mankind's wrongs condone?
How cease to murmur at my lot?

O empty words!—the husks of thought.
And must God's truth in them be brought?
And must I act thy Spirit's part,
And try to speak for thine own heart?
Ah, mortal! mine's a sorry task,
Thou callst for Truth. Behold her mask:
Canst thou, e'en with a Euclid's brain,
Compute the desert's grains of sand?
Canst thou, with Intuition slain,
Appraise all factors?—understand
The complex interplay of law
That rules the Cosmos and the gnat?
The sparrow in the falcon's claw
Is an effect a cause begat.
Should I but tell thee, wouldst thou know
That God is just and all is right?
Though God Himself should tell thee so,
Thou hast but heard; thou still must grow
Above the darkness into light.
Let poets tell whate'er they may,
How few know what the poets say?

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PSYCHIC ACTION IN DREAMS.

The many and varied phases of psychic action that are now absorbing attention, offer ground for much speculation about the laws of action involved, and the uncertainty of this speculation leads readily to wide divergence of opinion with regard to the nature and character of the action which is recognized.

From time to time we have given instances of psychic action in dreams, believing, as we do, that an important as well as exceedingly interesting line of natural action lies just beneath the surface of consciousness, and that much important information may be secured by a careful search in this realm of activity. These instances, however, if judged entirely by their surface indications, which rest in close juxtaposition to the external sense-plane, may mislead, and result in a greater depth of ignorance than ever. They are all the more dangerous because the victim feels that he has had an actual experience, out of the range of the ordinary, and that as he really did see something he therefore knows exactly what it was that he saw. This granted, in his own mind, the rest becomes easy, and he falls at once into a train of beliefs already formulated by others who have had similar experience in practically the same ways. It is quite as easy to become bigoted in this as in any of the forms of belief usually denounced as narrow by even these deluded people themselves.

The whole difficulty rests on the same ground as that occupied by the material reasoner. It is a matter of "mistaken identity," so to speak, with regard to the phenomena witnessed, and all the errors occur because of

the limitation and imperfection of the sense or senses employed in investigation, or subconsciously involved in the experience.

In our editorial columns this month we give a dream experience recounted by Mr. John Widlon.

This case so clearly illustrates a phase of psychic action which is alike misinterpreted by both novice and scientist, that we venture to give an explanation of it from the basis of thorough demonstration of the psychic powers of the human mind.

The phenomena in these cases is doubtless real, and the experience to each person is so vivid that the sceptic will find it entirely useless to attempt to argue him out of his conviction that it was true. What actually occurred, however, and the true explanation, according to the operative laws of the universe, can only be understood through correct interpretation of the vision; and this is almost universally misinterpreted and misjudged, with the inevitable result that theories entirely erroneous are evolved and given out as true because of the imperfect evidence rendered by the psychic senses.

In the light of present knowledge, no sane thinker denies that the physical senses are subject to illusion. There is a psychic sense-plane also and it is in the realm of this finer action that the phenomena above referred to occur. But even here the action is still in the realm of sense, and subject to all the laws of sense action.

Psychic sense is just as subject to illusion and consequent erroneous evidence as physical sense; they are probably the same instrument, through which the personality functions, now on the one plane, now on the other. Psychic sense also involves a mode of automatic reversal, as far as the vision of objects is concerned, which is a most prolific field of misinterpretation and wrong judgment of phenomena.

In the case cited above, the writer quite naturally concludes that his father saw the freed spirit of his own mother, and that she spoke to him with her own voice, and laid her own cold hand upon his face. That is clearly the direct evidence of the psychic sense involved in the phenomenon. To a mind untrained in psychic action and having only the sense evidence to judge by, this conclusion becomes inevitable. It is, however, a judgment based wholly upon the bare evidence of psychic sense, and, like any sense-evidence, it is false in its plain presentation of

objects; and unless the evidence be reversed and analyzed by the judgment, through knowledge of the processes of psychic action, the truth is not recognized.

The facts of the phenomena in the case in hand are as above recorded—he saw a face and figure, heard a voice, felt a touch, and received information which afterward proved to be true.

Further facts are (and this line of facts is too often left entirely out of consideration) that at or near the time when the phenomena occurred there was intense mental action in operation at the home of the mother, where the minds of all were doubtless in a state of unusual excitement, and where it is distinctly stated a letter was prepared and forwarded to the son, expressly stating in words: "Your mother is dead!" This "thought" was repeated in mind, as well as in audible words, by all present (which is the habit of the average mind), giving it force for action in the psychic aura; and in preparing this letter the particular thought was, subconsciously at least, directed especially to the son, and its thought-picture projected to his locality. In the state of sleep, when the mind is active on the subconscious plane, this thought-picture came across his vision and he saw—what? His mother? Not at all; he saw the thought-picture in her friends' minds, and heard—not his mother's words but the words of *the thought of those at home*—"Your mother is dead!" and he felt *their* thought of the "coldness of death" as expressed in the lifeless clay, not his mother's own hand, as it seemed to him.

That the thought held by the others was pictured to his psychic vision as his mother, herself, is entirely in accordance with natural psychic action; also, that the words took such exact form as his own personal interpretation would require, is perfectly natural, because when a Psychic Image enters the Aura of a personality, that personal mind at once puts it into such expression as may conform to its own state of consciousness at the time; e.g., the simple statement "Your mother" will immediately take form in your own mental imagery in a picture of that personage as you have seen her, and your own mind gives the picture its details of dress, appearance, and surroundings; it even may give the face a changing expression and put words into the mouth of your own mental image of your mother. The most astonishing action takes place in mind in this way, and the almost infinite possibilities of the variety and power of

mental action are here more clearly illustrated than in almost any other realm of activity. The possibilities of mind are unlimited within human comprehension.

But, we are perhaps asked: "How do you know he did not actually see his mother in spirit form? That is the evidence to him, and on the hypothesis of spirit life it is entirely feasible. May not the vision, after all, have been true as he saw and interpreted it?"

To reply effectively to these questions, several points must be carefully considered.

1st. There is no direct evidence that the action involved extends beyond the limits of this plane of life; and we hold that for investigation to have any scientific value, supposition without evidence should always be avoided. 2d. Every variation of the phenomena concerned in this experience is common on the psychic mental plane. 3d. It can easily be duplicated in experiment, with fictitious details. 4th. It may occur between the minds of living persons, subconsciously, with the phenomena uncolored by intention and entirely without knowledge of what is taking place, on the part of any one concerned.

We take the ground that in the light of science, and for the good of all concerned, there is no justification in going, at a bound, entirely off the plane where the phenomena occur, for explanations in pure speculative opinion, while the occurrence can be explained in action common to its own plane. When something occurs that is clearly of a different order and outside the possibility of any known law of action here, then, we think, will be a sufficient time to establish an hypothesis entirely on the other plane.

In the case in question we note the following actual facts: Everything that he became conscious of in the dream was active in the minds of those at his mother's home at the time of his experience; no information was conveyed to him save what they were *planning to convey*.

Now consider for a moment the spiritual probabilities:

If either metaphysical or spiritualistic principles are true, so-called death is an awakening into bright and joyous life. This being true, the very last communication a freed spirit would be likely to make would be the direct statement of death. It does not stand to reason, because the thought of such a being would necessarily be quite the opposite.

The next evidence offered was the psychic touch of an icy hand. This would be the most natural result of the purely psychic action of the minds of those at home, who were occupied chiefly with the thought of the "coldness of death," but the most utterly absurd thought to put into the soul of a spiritual being realizing the infinite activity of spiritual life. His mother would have been a thousand times more likely to have stated, "I am alive, well, and happy," even though she should state the fact of the change of plane of her life.

As before suggested there is not in this experience any evidence of action outside the known field of the psychic powers, and nothing but what *actually occurred* in the mental realm at the mother's home. The writer has witnessed thousands of similar incidents, having examined, traced, and tested them in all phases, without meeting with one that could withstand the actual test of the psychic powers of the human mind; it seems safe, therefore, to judge that phenomena of this order are psychic, and have their origin in the subconscious realm of mentality of living persons.

An incident which occurred twelve years since illustrates this action in another phase—that of the power of the mind to symbolize its thought, subconsciously. A lady patient came to the writer one morning in considerable agitation of mind to ask explanation of a "singular experience." The previous night she had dreamed vividly that a favorite sister stood before her and held out toward her a rosebud. The stem just under the bud was broken and the bud itself drooped over, hanging downward. The sister remarked in a voice filled with emotion: "See, Carrie, the dear little thing is broken off." The vividness of the dream caused her to awake with a start, upon which she found herself trembling with fear as though anticipating danger. She noted the time, 1.10 a.m., and returned to sleep. At the breakfast-table the dream recurred to her mind, and she was telling it to her husband when the doorbell rang and a telegram was brought to her. It was from this same sister, in a city distant one hundred and fifty miles. It read: "Baby died at one o'clock."

She had no knowledge of either sickness or danger, and had absolutely no indication in any ordinary way of anything that happened, yet who will say that she did not receive accurate information? With a knowledge of the symbolizing tendency of the mind in psychic action,

a vast field of intelligent activity of a very high order is opened up to the receptive investigator. The off-hand spiritualistic interpretation that is so often given to phenomena of this or of a similar order, closes and bars the door to real learning as effectually as the sceptical denials of both theology and materialism.

That man lives after death (so-called) we are as confident as the most pronounced thinker in any line can be. All honest investigation leads straight to that goal. That spiritual minds—souls—can, may, and probably do communicate with one another is as necessary to the conception as that they communicate here; but that these simple physical characteristics of personal life in the physical realm occupy the attention of Spiritual Intelligences, in such trivial matters as are usually reported as "communicated," does not correspond for a moment with the action of that quality of reason with which we are familiar. It has already been proved that mind, alone and unaided—and of living persons at that—can and constantly does perform all the so-called materializing and communication acts of modern spiritualism, with perfect ease and facility.

One must needs learn all the instruments of the orchestra if he would intelligibly interpret the score of the music. Let us investigate more, and avoid jumping at *conclusions* which in the darkness may turn out to be *ditches*.

FRONTISPIECE.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers this month a handsome portrait of Dr. Alexander Wilder, a writer well known to those interested in matters pertaining to the occult and philosophical in modern literature.

The natural trend of Dr. Wilder's thought has always been in a literary direction, with, since about seventeen years of age, a decided mystical and philosophical tendency, and constantly advancing along these lines. Circumstances, however, have placed him in various positions of public life. In 1854-56 he was clerk in the Department of Public Institutions at Albany. After that, editor of the "New York Teacher." In 1858-71 he was on the staff of the New York "Evening Post," and in 1872 he was a member of the Board of Aldermen of New York City.

Dr. Wilder has lectured on Philosophy and Chemistry in the Syracuse Medical College, and on Philosophy, Psychological Science, and Mag-

netic Therapeutics in various other medical colleges. He comes from the best of New England parentage. President John Quincy Adams and Margaret Fuller were near relations.

The portrait presented here is an excellent likeness, showing the genial and jovial gentleman, as well as the thoughtful philosopher and earnest scientist.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE INVISIBLE.

*THE X-RAYS AND THEIR RELATION TO CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS.**

At page 147 of "Intelligence" for July, 1897, I have just read a note entitled "The X-Rays in Sunlight," which deals with some points wherein I am much more than usually interested, because of certain very unlooked-for results which I have recently obtained in photographing blank space in daylight.

The results obtained at the commencement of my investigations convinced me that of necessity they were produced by the same influence or agency which has hitherto been attributed as the peculiar endowment of the so-called X-Rays; but then the photographs I refer to have been produced in broad sunlight, without the use of a vacuum tube, without anode or cathode, without electrical apparatus, without, in fact, anything save an ordinary photographer's camera and dry plates.

The startling results which I have obtained prove most unequivocally that there is a light or photo-chemical agency infinitely brighter, infinitely more intensified than sunlight, shining, penetrating right through sunlight itself, and in comparison to the brightness of which sunlight is indeed relatively darkness. This new light, or photo-chemical agency, not only penetrates through unknown thicknesses of sunlight, and is indeed reflected back from it as from a black and dense environment, but it passes too through thick masses of organic matter and affects a sensitized dry plate just as ordinary vacuum-tube light will do.

I have demonstrated, from a continuous succession of experiments, that the vacuum tube with its reflectors, its anode and cathode and their electrical attachments, have really no part whatever in the production of the X-rays; and while not yet venturing upon any statement in respect thereof which I should wish at present taken as a final conclusion referring to their cause or origin, I desire here to express the deep impression

* This article being the author's first communication of his experiments to the public, a copy has been deposited with the Royal Society, London.

I have received and which I have provisionally accepted as probably the true explanation of the singular phenomena of this apparently invisible and intangible light. Roentgen's discovery and the numerous experiments which have since been made in the same direction, which are duly chronicled in the scientific press since June, 1896, until quite recently, until even the surmise expressed by Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, contained in the note in your issue, above referred to, have nearly, if not quite all, been conducted with a Crookes' tube in which a high vacuum is maintained—a vacuum say of about one-millionth the volume of air which the tube would contain at atmospheric pressure.

A tube in this highly vacuous condition, it is reasonable to assume, contains vastly more of the ether than it would contain if filled with atmospheric air, for because of the vacuum the volume of occupation of the tube by the air molecules is withdrawn from it. Evidently, then, the X-ray photographs developed in, by, and from the vacuum tube are, to say the least, closely allied with the etheric condition of the tube, or directly caused by the concentration of ether within it, which the formation of such vacuum allows to take place; this concentration is indeed the direct result of the creation of that vacuum, while the passage of current or of residual electrified atoms may, not improbably, produce an intensification of the frequency of vibration of the ether therein, and so accentuate the invisible photo-chemical effect of the rays, whose true origin and character appear even yet to be an unknown quantity; therefore we persist in calling them X-rays, while the results of my investigations above referred to seem to suggest that they should rather be named Etheric Rays.

From the facts and the reasoning upon them which has preceded, it would seem that each invisible photo-chemical influence of these rays is an effect of the concentration and intensification of frequency of vibration of the ether. Perhaps further weight is added by the non-refrangibility of the X-rays, and the hitherto impossibility to focus them, which I attribute to their being etheric, that is to say, penetrating all substances alike and in all directions. The ether itself, being invisible, and having all necessary qualities, passes through the glass of the focussing lens of a camera just as it would pass through a flat plate of glass. Indeed without any glass at all it would produce precisely identical photo-chemical effects upon the sensitized plate and on a dimension precisely following the law of inverse squares.

If, then, within Nature there be an agency which is capable of concentrating the ether anywhere in nuclei of any definite shape or form to an extent whereby the rays of energy emitted or reflected from such

nuclei may invisibly penetrate through sunlight, or, for that matter, darkness, would it not be surprising, indeed, if we failed by photography to obtain these very pictures of etheric form so concentrated?

In the present state of speculation as to the nature of the ether, and of our knowledge of the invisible parts of the solar spectrum beyond the red and violet, no reasonable doubt can exist, I think, that the explanation of these "Etheric Photographs," is the true one. If so, then it is one proof at least of the actual existence of the Ether and of one particular part which it plays in the multisidedness of truth.

It may well be asked how can such concentration of the ether be produced in space? The answer to this is not difficult to find, for is it not the fact that space teems with energetic nuclei? Are not we ourselves each a centre around and within which unseen etheric energies concentrate? And cannot each nucleus of such energy concentrate its activities according to its own law derived from the Supreme Source of all Energy? If so, then the answer is given, the apparent difficulty is vanished, the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness at last comprehendeth it! In view then of what precedes I conclude that Dr. Emmens, however nobly intentioned, cannot possibly be right in his conclusion that "the Roentgen ray exists in every source of light."

I consider the X-ray to be an existence quite independent of any known source of light, and because these rays are not refrangible I conclude they must be made up of the ether, which, alone of all penetrating influences, so far as we are at present acquainted with them, is the only one which is non-refrangible.

Another fact lending much aid to the view that the X-rays are concentrated etheric influences is, that when a Crookes' tube has been in operation for a short time, the degree of vacuum actually increases. Elihu Thomson has recently attributed this to the very high temperature within the vacuum tube, causing the formation out of the residual gas or out of the ether, of new and denser materials, thereby making room for more ether.

While I consider Elihu Thomson's suggestion to be an extremely likely one in the case of what takes place in the Crookes' tube, yet it must not be overlooked that by other modes or processes of producing intensified vibrations of the ether, besides that of temperature, the ether may be concentrated or placed in an abnormal condition, so that we thus arrive at the apparently very near discovery of what Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge University, England, has recently suggested as a "breaking down" of what up till now we have looked upon as the elements.

To myself there is no doubt remaining that we are actually within sight and touch of such a discovery, and in respect of it I for one wait sanguinely to hear the result of Professor Michelson's very latest announcements from the investigations being carried on by him at the Ryerson Laboratory of the University of Chicago. A doubt indeed can hardly remain that the doctrine of molecular vortices long ago proposed and since upheld by Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, and by Helmholtz in particular, is about to be proved absolutely untenable, therefore untrue, while Lord Kelvin's further doctrine in respect of the dissipation of the sun's energy in the form of heat, propounded in his memorable paper read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1852, entitled "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to Dissipation of Mechanical Energy," will be shown, as indeed it is already shown and accepted by many physicists to be an absolute impossibility in view of the proofs of the "Conservation of Energy" and "Indestructibility of Matter" through the transmutations of both, whereby the stability and endlessness of the Kosmos are forever maintained. The sagacious suggestion of Newton, made 230 years ago in his famous "Letters to Bentley," "that perhaps all things may be derived from the ether," the urgent pressing of the same idea at a later date by Daniel Bernouilli upon the attention of Euler in his letter dated February 4, A.D. 1784, and the very latest insistence of the same concept by Hertz upon the German Association for the Advancement of Science at the Heidelberg meeting just before his death, point directly to the immediate creation of a new chemistry, new dynamics, corrected notions in respect of Newton's first law of motion, and an entire change in the accepted views as to what Lord Kelvin and Professor P. G. Tait have taught the world in respect of potential energy, without proper recognition of the transmutation of molar into molecular motion.

At a future date I shall hope to return to the significant matters dealt with in this article.

ST. JOHN V. DAY, F.R.S.E.

THE NUMBER OF A NAME.

"He that hath understanding, let him compute the number of the name of the beast, which is the number of a man."

Number proceeds from Unity, of which form is an abstraction. Form and number, therefore, are largely analogous. Number is essential to order, consequently it would be impossible for harmony to exist except

through mathematical dependencies which are resolvable into Unity; for correlation is the unifying principle in which reposes the equilibrium of the universe. Hence, it would seem irrational to concede exactitude to mathematical law without first recognizing a virtue and efficacy in number. The Pythagoreans taught that time, motion, action, form, and sound subsist by and receive their virtue from numbers. The exhalation of a breath is of a mathematical value, for breath symbolizes life, and life is thought-activity, or the Divine Mind in action.

The principles of metaphysics demonstrate that thought has a potential value in the sphere of activities. From thought is generated an idea, thence a form or mental image is induced, which in turn is individualized by a name. This name, if correct, is a sound vibrating in numerical harmony with a law of sequence which becomes a reiterative expression of Unity.

Christian, the French mystic, asserts that "at the hour of birth something has already taken place in the life of the child; its Name completes the generation." A true name, though ostensibly but a symbol on the objective plane, is expressive of a definite potency in the subjective world of thought. Yet in no sense is a name arbitrary in significance, for unconsciously to our reasoning faculties, we externalize an idea with a physical expression whose vibrations accord with those activities in the subjective realm from which it emanated.

According to John Timbs, F.S.A.,* "Physical science shows that numbers have a significance in every department of nature. Two appears as the typical number in the lowest class of plants. Three is the characteristic number of that class of plants which has paralleled leaves, and is the number of joints in the typical digit. Four is the significant number of many beautiful crystals which show that minerals (as well as stars) have their geometry. Six is the proportional number of carbon. Eight is the definite number, in chemical composition, for oxygen—the most universal element in nature."

The Kabala presents a system of vaticination based upon the numerical value of names, taken in connection with the birth data of the individual, thus affording a key number, through the aid of which many interesting phases of condition and destiny may be disclosed.

The Rosicrucians were adepts in this system of Astrology. It was also the method utilized by the mysterious Red Man of the Tuileries, in his remarkable forecast of the notable epochs in the life of Napoleon. To fully elucidate the canons of this system of numbers would require

* "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity," London, 1877.

the scope of a large-sized volume; the striking appropriateness of some of its results, however, may be easily illustrated. The value of the letters of the English alphabet, numerically, are given as follows:

A = 1	F = 8	K = 2	P = 8	U = 6
B = 2	G = 3	L = 3	Q = 1	V = 6
C = 2	H = 8	M = 4	R = 2	W = 6
D = 4	I = 1	N = 5	S = 3	X = 6
E = 5	J = 1	O = 7	T = 4	Y = 1
				Z = 7

To illustrate the working of this table we will take the name of this magazine, *Intelligence*. Its title-value is obtained by multiplying the equivalent of the first letter by the total number of letters which form the name, and the succeeding letters successively in a decreasing ratio, thus:

I	$1 \times 12 = 12$
N	$5 \times 11 = 55$
T	$4 \times 10 = 40$
E	$5 \times 9 = 45$
L	$3 \times 8 = 24$
L	$3 \times 7 = 21$
I	$1 \times 6 = 6$
G	$3 \times 5 = 15$
E	$5 \times 4 = 20$
N	$5 \times 3 = 15$
C	$2 \times 2 = 4$
E	$5 \times 1 = 5$

262, which added $2 + 6 + 2 = 10$.

This number becomes the key number of *Intelligence*, which finds its explanation in the Tarot as Point X.—The Sphinx.

In the Divine World, the Sphinx represents the Principle which causes life.

In the Intellectual World, authority, supremacy, genius.

In the Physical World, good or bad fortune, rise or fall, according to the signs and planets which accompany this point.

In the Horoscope, the Egyptian Sphinx is compounded of four natures—it has a human head, the body of a bull, the claws of a lion, and the wings of an eagle.

The human head, mark of intelligence, signifies that before entering into the struggle of life one should have acquired that knowledge which will illuminate the goal and the road. The bull's body signifies that, in face of the trials, the obstacles, and the dangers of life, one must be armed with a strong, patient, persevering will in order to carve out the tenor

of one's life. The lion's claws signify that to will with effect one must dare and make one's self room to the right or left, in front or behind, so as to be able to make freely that irresistible flight toward the heights of fortune which are indicated by the eagle's wings.

"If, therefore, one knows how to wish for that which is true; if he wish that which is right; if he dare that which he can attempt; if he keep silence with regard to his plans; if, through his perseverance, the morrow be only a continuation of the day before: then he will find one day under his hand the Key to Power."

Could anything be enunciated more apropos to the recognized aim and purpose of this magazine, than is here unfolded in the mathematical value of its name according to ancient calculations? The Sphinx, symbol of Unity, which illustrates the merging of the lowest into the highest, the dependence of the animal upon the human, the inseparableness of the Microcosm from the Macrocosm, typifies the existence of interchangeable values in the scale of Being, as represented by ten, the universal, all-inclusive number; the end and perfection of all numbers, which, proceeding from Unity, thence returneth unto Unity.

The Psalms were sung with ten musical instruments, and, according to Hilarius, were brought into order through the efficacy of numbers. Then is the sum of the elements of Four, $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$, which constitutes the name of the Deity, and in most of the ancient languages was represented by a word composed of four letters. In it is embodied the four bounds of metaphysics, Being, Essence, Virtue, and Action.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may." The essence of that divinity may be comprehended externally through Number.

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

DREAM VISIONS.

In 1876 I was a boy nine years old, living with my grandparents near Vexio in southern Sweden. My parents had emigrated to this country six years before, leaving me with my grandparents who had refused to give me up as long as they lived, and my parents did not hesitate to comply with their wishes, knowing that I would be well cared for until they should be better able to send for me. One day in April my grandmother was taken ill, but it was not considered serious until the tenth day, when she grew worse, and died on the fourteenth day. In those days it took a month for a letter to go from Sweden to Crew Lake, Louisiana, where my parents resided. Just a month from the day of my grandmother's

death we received a letter from my father in Louisiana, telling us he was fearful something serious had happened; that on a certain night (corresponding with the day when my grandmother died) he dreamed that his mother stood before him and told him that she was dead; he reasoned with her, but to prove it she placed her ice-cold hand on his cheek. My mother noticed that my father was restless, and woke him two or three times during the night, but each time as soon as he closed his eyes there stood his mother before him bringing him the message from far-off Sweden that she was dead, and again and again pressing her ice-cold hand on his cheek. When he saw that he could not get any rest he got up and dressed and wrote the letter above referred to. Now this letter and the one that was written in Sweden must have met in mid-ocean, as each reached its destination a month from Grandmother's death.

The truthfulness of the above statement can be vouched for by my father and mother who still live in the State of Washington.

I have studied this incident, together with others, and I am sure that our dreams are not in vain; that this earthly shell of ours is not all that there is of us; that there is something that neither distance nor oceans can obstruct, and that is our inner life, our spiritual body.*

* * * * *

Another incident that would not be out of place to speak of here occurred at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, about six years ago. A friend of mine, Professor A. J. Leatherman, a prosperous young attorney, had moved to that town from Highmore, where he had been superintendent of schools. One night he dreamed that he was crossing the Missouri River and the boat capsized and that he was drowned. When he awoke he told of his dream and made a jest of it. He was warned by many not to go on the river, as it might come true. But he scoffed at the idea that he, being a good swimmer, should drown. He wrote a letter to an intimate friend in Sioux City, Iowa, telling of his queer dream. A week afterward, together with four other young men, he engaged a yawl to take a sail on the river—a common occurrence. This day being unusually calm the strong current of the treacherous Missouri carried the boat down toward the pontoon bridge. Suddenly the bottom of the boat struck the cable that anchored the bridge and the boat was capsized. All were rescued except poor Leatherman. The strong current dashed his head against some timbers of the bridge and that was the last seen of him alive. His body was recovered several days afterward with his skull crushed.

Had Leatherman heeded this warning, this inner voice, this guardian

* See editorial page 80.

angel, he might have been alive to-day. Indeed life is a mystery. But we must realize that there is something more than this body. There is a spiritual body that is in constant communion with our guardian angel, who warns us of danger and communicates it to the earthly body while we sleep. If we could give this subject more thought we would learn much.*

JOHN WIDLON.

MIND AND BODY.

In the "Journal of Metaphysics," Professor Ladd, of Yale, says: We cannot deny the facts of physiological psychology. No doubt consciousness depends on the condition of the brain. Drugs may modify character. Insanity may be produced by physical conditions. The decay of mind leaves no part of consciousness free. The way to meet this class of facts is not by denial, but by showing another class, another side of the same problem, which makes as good a showing. While we believe that consciousness depends on the brain and on health, an equally significant fact is that the bodily state depends on the consciousness. The impressive thing is that bodily health is chiefly related to a state of the mind. It is rather more true that digestion depends upon feeling well mentally than that feeling well mentally depends on the digestion. If it is true that a hot iron burns the flesh, it is also true that burn brands have been produced by hypnotic suggestion. It is a reciprocal union.

FAMILY HISTORY.

"Can" and "Will" are cousins, dear,
Who never trust to luck;
"Can" is the child of "Energy,"
And "Will" the child of "Pluck."

"Can't" and "Won't" are cousins, too,
They are always out of work;
For "Can't" is son of "Never Try,"
And "Won't" is son of "Shirk."

In choosing your companions, dear,
Select both "Will" and "Can";
But turn aside from "Can't" and "Won't,"
If you would be a man.—*Success.*

* If all the facts in the case were known this would probably prove to be the same sort of a case as the one described above. Either his own subconscious thought of the possible danger, or the conscious thought of some friend could easily result in a similar dream. The fact is that he did not drown, but was killed by a blow on the head crushing the skull. If an intelligent being *knew in advance* that he was to meet his death and warned him in a dream, why was not the means of death accurately given? If *known* at all it would be known *accurately*.—ED.

HYPNOTISM AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

The danger of amateur hypnotism is well shown by a case mentioned by Desplats (*Journal des sciences médicales de Lille*), that of a baker's apprentice who was put to sleep daily by a physician, for his amusement. The lad became hysterical and had grave crises with attacks of ambulatory automatism. The most varied impressions, the sight of a brilliant object or of a person or hearing a sound, would put him to sleep. He became a veritable automaton, psychically infirm.—*The Daily Lancet*.

Friends of "Intelligence" will render material aid by informing us by postal-card or otherwise when they fail to find the magazine on sale at news-stands or at bookstores where other periodicals are sold. It is our intention to perfect arrangements for the sale of "Intelligence" by all newsdealers and we ask every friend of the general work in which we are engaged to assist us in bringing about this important result.

THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SUPPLY. By Anna McGowan. Cloth, 229 pp., \$1.50. Los Angeles, Cal.

The teachings of this little book point the way to a true realization of the Kingdom of Heaven within us, and the Author sends forth her thought with an earnestness which must call out a response from her readers. The book will, doubtless, prove a great help to many who are searching for Truth.

LORD GUARANGA; OR, SALVATION FOR ALL. By Sishir Kumar Ghose. Price \$1.00. Published at Calcutta, India.

The Editor of one of the leading Hindu newspapers of India, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, published in the English language at Calcutta, sends us the Preface of the above work, with a view to give Americans an idea of "the transcendental grandeur of this Indian Personality, as well as of the aim and scope of the Life, and the spirit in which it has been conceived and written." This edition is printed in English in order to introduce it to the people of the Western world, and may be had of G. L. Ghose, Manager A. B. Patrika, Calcutta, India.

OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By W. J. Colville. Cloth, 365 pp. Occult Publishing Co., Boston.

Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures recently delivered in some of the most prominent cities of the United States, have contributed the basis of his volume. Mr. Colville's aim throughout has been "to arouse increased interest in the workable

possibilities of a theory of human nature, thoroughly optimistic and, at the same time, profoundly ethical." This work is largely devoted to the specially interesting phases of the subject, such as Telepathy (Thought-Transference), Methods and Uses of Mental Suggestion and similar topics.

Several chapters are devoted to improved educational methods, designed to help parents and teachers.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HEALING THOUGHTS. By C. Josephine Barton. Paper, 61 pp., 25 cents. Published by the Author, Kansas City, Mo.

BASIC STATEMENTS AND HEALTH TREATMENT OF TRUTH. By M. E. Cramer. Cloth, 53 pp., San Francisco, Cal.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY. By Countess Constance Wachtmeister. Paper, 15 cents. Mercury Print, 414 Mason Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Among the list of noteworthy articles in the October number are: The Ceasing of Sorrow, by Annie Besant—The Foundation of the Empire of Truth, by H. Dhammapāla—Concerning Intelligible Beauty, by W. C. Ward—On the Theosophic Use of Imagination, by O. Firth. The Publishers announce a reduction in price, to take effect from the date of the November issue, to 12 shillings per annum, one shilling single copy. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 26, Charing Cross, London.

NEUE METAPHYSISCHE RUNDSCHAU. Eine unabhängige Monatsschrift für philosophische, psychologische, und okkulte Forschungen. Herausgegeben von Paul Zillmann. Jährlich, 12.—Mark, Einzelne Hefte, 1.—Mark. Zehlendorf. (Berlin.)

MIND. A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy. Edited by G. F. Stout, with the co-operation of Prof. H. Sidgwick, Prof. W. Wallace, Dr. Venn, Dr. Ward, and Prof. E. B. Titchener. New Series. Price, 3s. a number. Williams & Norgate, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

THE INTELLIGENCE. A Journal of Education, dealing with all subjects relating to Schools and School Work. Semi-monthly excepting July and August. \$1.50 a year. E. O. Vaile, Editor and Publisher, Oak Park, or Chicago, Ill.

THE HUMANITARIAN. Monthly \$1.50 a year, 10 cents single copy. 17 Hyde Park Gate, London, Eng.

THE ARENA. Monthly, \$2.50 a year, 25 cents single copy. The Arena Publishing Co., Copley Square, Boston.

THE BRAHMAVĀDIN. Monthly, \$2.00 a year, 15 cents single copy. Trpilocane, Madras, and Thompson & Co., Broadway, New York.

THE COSMOPOLITAN. Monthly, \$1.00 a year, 10 cents single copy. Edited by John Brisben Walker, Irvington, New York.

INTELLIGENCE.

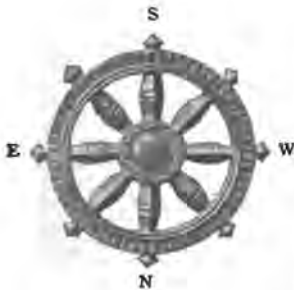
VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 2.

THE ORIGIN OF SYMBOLISM.

(II.)



The Mystic Wheel of the decad of deific energies, showing eight directions of vibration, also the "Inner" (Lotus) and the "Outer" (Hidden). Japanese; bronze gilt.—Author's collection.

The nativity of symbols is unmistakably wrapped up in the origin of civilization, or the first conscious organized exercise of mind to conquer environment for a benefic purpose.

The superiority of man as an agent of the Infinite God is everywhere exemplified in his art, which is always found to be superior to the art of nature, and complementary thereto. Therefore, whenever one is called upon to determine where and when the early blossoming of the human mind reached a stage of conscious effort of a civilizing nature, we look first into the artistic remains of the various communities of the far distant past, and study the dawn of beneficent purpose and the ideals of ethical existence. The first ideas of man were communicated by signs and symbols as yet imperfectly understood.

The origin of civilization, and the correct interpretation of the symbolical language of the races upon this subject, will be the first question on the broad bulletin of the coming century; and the answer to this problem will, to my mind, be scientific, and tend in broad

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Bamboo Emblem of Longevity, associated with the fourth quarter, from Japanese Kakemono. Author's collection.

channels to unify our conceptions of the universe and to bring man nearer to his Maker.

As the cradle of humanity, various localities are at present assigned among the fertile borders of the deltas of the chief rivers of the globe where great cities have been known to exist; and most valuable remains of human activity have been recently unearthed in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates rivers, where, amidst the débris of forgotten centuries, wonderful writings, art-treasures, and inscriptions have been found which evince a high state of refinement, and throw much light upon the hidden paths and the achievements of generations of men long entombed.

Active research for archæological specimens of the industry and art of primitive peoples is now being greatly extended, to include the favored regions of Persia, India, China, and America, and many archæologists have been deeply impressed by the evidences of a past unique civilization shrouded in the vast fields of crumbling edifices and monuments of symbolical lore known to exist in Central America.

Some reputable savants seem even inclined to claim that Mexico is in reality the cradle of the great races of mankind, and that its crude symbolism gave the first impulse that resulted in the magnificent fruits of the ethical development of the prehistoric people of Europe and Asia.

Beginning with the realistic and plausible, the formative art of a race always persists in its foremost types; and the memory of it is said never to perish, but to remain a divine heritage that may be moulded into new ideals. The question, then, arises, in which country do we find evidence of the best primitive art, together with the most constant types of symbolical representation of ideas?

The most universal symbol in archæology is, with-

out doubt, the "Sacred Wheel," with its widely distributed attributes. This "Mystic Wheel" has been heretofore persistently taken for a sun-symbol; and "Sun Worship" has been read into the religious formularies of all countries, apparently for no much better reason than its easy grace as a catch-word. Not the sun nor yet the dilatory moon was the first object of mystery to the wise men of old; but



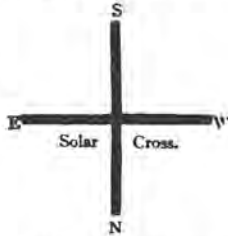
The Symbolical Lotus, first blossom of the foundation of the Image arising from the Caldron of the Elements.

(1) Fire. (2) Lotus. (3) Air. (4) Water.

they sought first to know the relationship of things and the principles governing creation, or Life, as the symbolism of primitive man always abundantly proves whenever examined by eyes trained to sweep the entire field.

The "Rise" and also the "Fall" of the "Spirit" is in the material world always a cataclysm, symbolized in all ages by the ever-present solar cross, the universal sign of the spirit's sacrifice and an attribute of the Mystic Wheel. So the first blossom of a conscious

mind was likewise a cataclysmic manifestation of the wisdom of the Infinite God, and intuitively wise within its environment, as befits the divine Logos. Scant honor to the Omniscience inherited by the



Body of the Universe.
Cross of Crucifixion.



Cross of Passion.
Operation of the Law.

Soul to attribute to mankind only the lowest material instincts at the period of his conscious nativity!

The relationship of things, then, is the only object of symbology that would appeal to the wise, and man in relation to the unknown we believe has ever been the chief solicitude of the prophets. The recovery of the lost symbols is necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy. Beginning now at bed-rock, we must realize the impossibility of conceiving of One, Unity, "God," except by having something to contrast it with, making a second term, Duality, "Son." These two, the first free and active, the second enduring and apathetic, are



Ancient Phallic Cross.
Symbol of the Planet Venus.



Triple Greek Cross.

"Ansata," "Solar," "Cosmic" (the terminal often absent).

called "negative" and "positive" respectively, and their difference or connection makes the third term, the Trinity, "Spirit," known in the Christian acceptance as "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." These three, the knower, the known, and the knowledge, in association with each other can form no more than nine variants ($3 \times 3 = 9$).

The nine relationships are the foundation of our highest conceptions of the constitution of the presence of the Infinite that is all and contains all, the visible universe; and the type is man, in all ages esteemed the ultimate reflection of the Divine mind. "Man reveals God."

We conceive of the Infinite God as Unity, but of a dual nature; for "unity is not a number but all numbers"; of His image as threefold; of the results of His operation, exhibited in natural phenomena, exoteric and plastic, as fourfold. His emanating attributes are neces-



The White Tiger—ruler of the land, crowned with the attributes of the Infinite.—(Tammuz).

sarily limited to nine, the cycle of the greater gods; and this plan was a divine revelation to all alike in the beginning, because the human mind is powerless to conceive a different, consistent plan. This system of elementals was always numerical because definable, and it could not have been otherwise, nor can it ever be changed. It is the positive form of the reason of truth which was in the beginning, and it has a life-history reaching back to the creative fiat, as amenable to scientific deduction as the growth of vegetable structure or animal form.*

* The scientifically disposed may examine the octangular formations of the lower coelentera of the animal kingdom.

There are, therefore, no more than nine conceivable emanations of interior grace, or energies of the Spirit of things, of the Infinite; and these are supposed to be perpetually concentrating centres of substantial forms of potentiality everywhere in nature, the personification of which in all countries represents functions of the human soul in its redeemed state, accepted and revered as the ancestor, worthy of propitiation. It is from the necessity of limitation which the so-called "Sephirotic" energies present that the unassailable quality of philosophical speculations of early times attained cohesive relativity in diverse nationalities.

The ecclesiastical system of Egypt, thought to be lost in the night of time, has a Trinity of gods comprehensive of the Ennead in all its sacred temples. This number was extended by reflection and division



Chinese Calligraphic Glyph of the Ennead of Graces.

of function until finally a multifarious pantheon was formed. A similar system prevailed in every country where temple formularies were intelligibly adopted. The mandala groups of Buddhistic deities of China and Japan generally consist of thirteen figures, which comprise the Ennead, with the addition of the deified spirits of the four quarters corresponding to the seasons of the year. The profound calligraphic glyph of existence and Long-Life Charm of early Chinese invention consists of thirteen strokes of the brush, a monogrammatic veil of the sacred wheel and "Cycle of Life," an illustration of which is given here.

These functions of the soul, personified, preside over the departments of "Being," the Life which is the light of the world, and guard the immortal part of man from malefic influences of the modifying forces of the planets, and all fateful potencies of physical manifestation; and whenever aid is secured by acquiescence in natural laws with exercise of faculties of circumspection, man finds his spirit at

peace with eternal purpose and filled with silent approval of the Christos within. The fatal modifying potencies of planetary influence attain efficiency in cycles symbolized by the serpent holding his tail in his mouth—eternal dispensation of the gods.

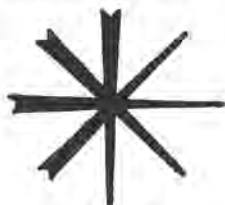
These theories were the first subjects of symbolization, all cen-



Chinese Caligraphic Symbol of "Long Life," Imperial Sixty-year Cycle, and Birth-day Charm formed of thirteen strokes of the brush, on which are figured the ten divine attributes as the eight "Immortals" with the Queen and child. Macroprosopus, the greater countenance, has thirteen conformations; Man, microprosopus, is endowed with nine only.—Copied from an old embroidered silk memorial curtain in possession of the author.

tring in and flowing out of the mystic wheel, which unifying emblem kept in reasonable form the sacred attributes. The archaic type of the mystic wheel of Chaldean origin is formed by four wedges of the cuneiform characters placed like a star of eight rays, the occult meaning of which is the universe, firmament, or vault of the heavens. In the ancient cabalistic system of the Jewish faith, the emanating

graces of the Infinite were represented by qualitative terms called the "Sephiroth," for the reason that graven images and personifica-



Assyrian Symbol of the Universe in Cuneiform Characters: the type of the mystic wheel.

tions were not permitted by the great law-giver of Egyptian nativity who presented the Decalogue to the Hebrews.

TABLE OF THE TEN SEPHIROTH, OR DIVINE EMANATIONS,
SHOWING THE CABALISTIC ATTRIBUTES OF THE DECAD OF QUALITATIVE TERMS.

<i>The Sephiroth.</i>	<i>Planets.</i>	<i>Graces.</i>	<i>Symbols.</i>
1 Kether	Motion	Crown	Circle
2 Chokhmah	Zodiac	Wisdom	Wheels
3 Binah	Saturn	Understanding	Throne
4 Chesed	Jupiter	Mercy	Mighty One
5 Geburah	Mars	Strength	Seraphim
6 Tiphereth	Sun	Beauty	Magé
7 Netzach	Venus	Victory	Beni Elohim
8 Hod	Mercury	Splendor	Gods
9 Yesod	Moon	Intelligence	Living One
10 Malkuth	Elements	Kingdom	Cherubim

TABLE OF HEBREW OR CHALDEE LETTERS,

WITH THEIR OCCULT MEANING AND RELATION TO THE DEIFIC ENERGIES.

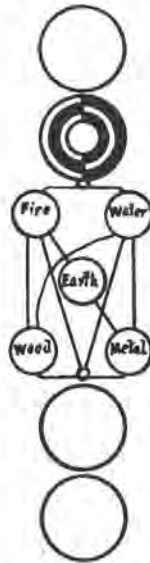
<i>No.</i>	<i>Letter.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Hieroglyph.</i>	<i>Signification.</i>	<i>Attributes.</i>
1	א	Aleph	Ox	Crown	Inscrutable
2	ב	Beth	House	Wisdom	Father
3	ג	Gimel	Camel	Sensation	Mother
4	ד	Daleth	Door	Expression	Mighty One
5	ה	He	Lattice	Acquisition	Fear
6	ו	Vau	Peg-nail	Activity	Knowledge
7	ז	Zayin	Weapon	Morality	Chariot
8	ח	Cheth	Enclosure	Imagination	Justice
9	ט	Teth	Serpent	Meditation	Fate
10	י	Yod	Hand	Realization	Queen

The above personifications, qualitative terms, or numeral attributes of Deity which epitomize cosmogonies in the names of num-



Amida, "Buddha of the boundless Life." The transcendent image of the universe, diffusing divine effulgence in an ennead of pure rays characterized on the sacred wheel (1. and 10. being identical), as humanity. Small figures indicate ultimate attainment of Buddhahood. At the left are the "Ancient," the "Temple" (Nun), "Supernal Queen," Ambassador, Officer. At the right appear the "Virgin" (Mourner), "Merchant," "Maid," "Lord," "Just man." An interesting parallel to this symbolical decad may be seen in the Tarot Cards.

bers, compose the symbolic category of principles, originally arranged within a formal grouping of nine squares, known as the "Mansions of the Gods," and mystically as the "Magic Square of Saturn, Lord of Fate," referred to in a former article. There were known to be fifty different ways of placing the ten numeral signs within the nine houses; one and ten, being identical, always occupied the first house. These were the Fifty Gates of Knowledge, one of which, the "Golden Gate," constituted the vital formula of the system of the Gematria method of determining the relative value of signs comprising the secret teaching of the Law, and also of calculating cabalistic affini-



Ancient Chinese arrangement of the Ennead of attributes and order of reception and transmission in the material world.

ties, mythological relationships, and the occult meaning of religious formularies. To divert attention from this primitive arrangement and render the plan occult and practically impossible of discovery, the priesthood conspired to change the "Magic Square" to circular form, which resulted in the investiture of the "Sacred Wheel of the Law" with the eternal attributes, the centre and circumference counting as two houses to accommodate the ten deific energies. This circular form explains the significance attached to "the convex," "the concave," "the tangent," and "the abyss" by alchemical sym-



Temple Bell of bronze gilt — Japanese, surmounted with treasure charm shrine of pagoda form showing the "Tee" finial of 9 circular receptacles of the effulgence of deity. Occasionally the "Tee" finial will have 13 circular pieces to include the 4 chief directions with the ennead of influential media.— Original in author's collection.

bolism. This wheel is common to all ancient cosmogonies invented for the world and all time, which alone can elucidate the secret mysteries of faith and devotion in religious ceremonies, always leading to abundant beneficence when accepted as spiritual principles, or to superstition and fantasticalism when adopted as by ignorant approval.



"Swastika," Inferior Direction.



"Swastika," Superior Direction.

The Ennead of spiritual principles, with their eternal relationships definitely determined by the plan of the sacred wheel, have been the inspiration of a vast religious literature wisely written in the mystic language of allegory and symbolism, forming the foundation of all the great Bibles, any literal translation of which alone is certain to lead to fatuitous, if not fatal, results.

The order in which the decad of universal signs, personifications, and qualitative terms are placed on the sacred wheel according to the "golden gate" of interpretation (reserved for the present) is deeply interesting, for they nowhere in mystic association of affinities complete a cosmogonical circle, nor yet the form of a spiral; but on the contrary enforce the tangential course of material and spiritual progression which is symbolized in all countries by the "Swastika" cross, that fatal emblem of superstitious terror to the uninitiated in all ages. The wheel is breaking perpetually and as often renewed as humanity sacrifices in pain and exults in pleasure; it has been the unspeakable secret of the ages.

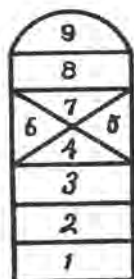
The arms of the imaginary cosmic cross, the "Swastika," are sustained in Taurus, Leo, Scorpio, Aquarius, the fixed signs of the zodiacal belt of the heavens, the solar cross being sustained by the cardinal points.

The symbolism of the honored game of chess, which is also traced beyond authentic history, was designed as a preservative illustration of the living struggle prefigured in the categories of the mystic wheel and represents the allegorical legend of humanity which is every-

where written the same as a highly involved contest in miniature, where men of the dual legions of the luminous white and the malefic black are endowed with eminence and powers intimately related to the deific attributes.

We may easily trace the primitive Ennead of attributes in the eight pieces and the victor; and notably even the patient "pawn" may become a victor and occupy the central compartment of the "celestial mansions." The dominating privilege accorded to the "queen" in the game of chess suggests again the ancient faith in the feminine principle, the second law, as the unique positive equivalent. The "bishop" can move only on the *bias*, which may convey a subtle reflection upon the animus of the priestly office. The "knight" is Hermes, thought, and jumps about on the chess-board as befits the prerogatives of the human mind in its field of activity. The "castle" is supposed to contain the congregation. No one familiar with the profound possibilities of the game of chess can escape its suggestive enforcement of the deepest sigh of the human heart, that "men must work and women must weep" ere the voice divine may sing.

The formal denaries of our common playing-cards, together with the emblazoned coat-figures, 4 kings, 4 queens, 4 knaves, compris-



Children's game of Hop-Scotch traced to the ennead of graces of primitive times, charged with the cosmic cross.

ing four series of thirteen each, distinguished by the familiar symbols known as clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds, respectively, are important in symbolization, and prove their identity of origin with primitive symbolical signs by a certain definable correspondence of

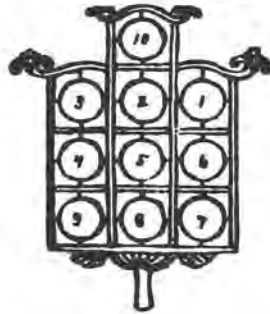
structure and hidden purpose. These cards were designed to symbolize the exterior, modifying influences connected with the celestial zodiac, as a hovering veil of the impenetrable decrees of fate. They were used in divination, and I shall call them the "Deck" cards to distinguish them from the less common "Tarot" cards, the "Sacred Book of Thoth" which treat of the numeral alphabet proper. The combined synthetic symbolism of the wheel, popular games, chess, deck cards, and Tarot cards is unequivocally based on the sublime Ennead of eternal attributes of the Infinite and teaches occultly of the possibilities of existence as the chance of a complicated game depending largely on the skill of the player.



Crystal Ball—Symbol of the Spirit. Ensphered image in the globule; primordial cell.

The Oriental theory is that the decad of spiritual functions of the soul, the ancestor worthy of all praise, ensphered by a concentrating centre, called the apathetic cell, blossoms into the initial image as it descends into matter and assumes structural form through the crystallization caused by the creative "Voice," "Music of the Spheres," or vibration; receiving differentiation from environment, which is the modifying forces of planetary conformation prefigured in the twelve zodiacal houses of the ecliptic. The symbolical wheel in which are traced spiritual similitudes throws out but eight pure rays which, together with the inner, the outer, the above, the below,

make twelve receptacles of sensation, the ultimate number, the fatal thirteen, being the path of transformation, either to the above or below, symbolized in the Tarot cards by the reaper Death.



Ten Bells, to symbolize the vibration of the elementals. (Chinese processional trophy.)

The game of chess shows the adaptability of the Ennead of the interior graces in human affairs. In the four sequences of our common playing-cards we must look with oracular mind for the portents of fateful exterior influences written in the constellations which contain the problems of the future, according to the belief of ancient times; and they relate absolutely to the four seasons of the year,



The Bird in the Sun. Feminine ethereal and positive. Three feet=Non-progressive. (Chinese.)

with their extensions, and also to houses of the zodiac. In the practice of augury, the cards find a curious parallel in the breast-plate worn by the Jewish High Priest, adorned with twelve precious stones upon which were engraved various zodiacal signs as the banner-names of the tribes of Israel.

It will be my endeavor to treat these subjects separately at some future time. The divine attributes of the ancient octic "Wheel of Fortune" have aroused in all nationalities, from Egypt to Japan, much of the native instinct of primordial necessity of preservation, which has proved to be an enduring inspiration to the religious tenets involved in *taking care of self and others with prayerful devotion to all things of reasonable benefit*. This is the one creed innate in primitive theology that can never be superseded. Upon this creed has always rested the hope of humanity as expressed by Paul, "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. i. 25-27), the conscious spirit of the Infinite inherited, anointed with privilege of choice, and capable of becoming "Adonai," a new helper, the "Osiris," the ideal Messiah by attainment; a prophetic prerogative of the individual wrested from the priesthood and presented to the common people by the revered Nazarene.

This perfectly developed system of synthetic thought in philosophy and religion was in existence as a foundation of mystic symbology, myth, and fable at the very dawn of the period of the best art of antiquity, and is now receiving proof daily of its integrity from the results of archæological research. The vast artistic remains re-



Mystic Wheel of the hidden deity and 8' directions, with the "Trinity" occupying the central whorl, thus completing the decad of the graces of the Infinite.—Old carving from Mexico (obsidian)—collection of the author.

cently unearthed in Egypt and Asia Minor have disclosed no new types. If we accept the theory of the survival of the best in art and thoughts, we must apparently confine our research to the Mediter-

ranean water-shed for final evidence of the first blossoming of man's conscious superiority over nature.

The symbolism and art of India, China, and Japan is distinctly marked by a convincing progressive refinement which suggests con-



"Visva-Vajra." Pointed cross with lotus centre—"Thunder-bolt of the four directions." A magical charm in malefic influence; bronze gilt.

tinuous drinking at the parent fountain of inspiration; while on the other hand the primitive art of the Toltecs of Mexico and Central America everywhere presents symbolism founded on the same principle as that of the Mediterranean races, but disclosing only evidence of decadence and debasement in all her vast ruined cities, such as might be the natural effect of isolation by calamity, or of being suddenly cut off from the inspiration of early tradition and example. An uncommon archæological find has been recently brought to me from Mexico. It is no less than a representation of the "Mystic Wheel" of the Semitic race of the Mediterranean valley, shaped in volcanic obsidian, seven inches in diameter, a picture of which is given herewith. On the obverse will be seen, carved in good lapidary style, the eight pure rays in glyphs of fire and water signs, masculine and feminine, alternating, the centre whorl occupied by the "Trinity," indicated by two masculine and one feminine signs. Three-fourths of the periphery has a band one inch in depth on which are formal scales of the serpent. On a portion projecting from the rim of the disc is carved in full relief the girdled head of Deity, having elongated ears pierced, to be seen from the otherwise plain reverse side. This is intended for the head of the Infinite, *hidden* as the One is always hidden and impossible to realize, a simple childish effort here to correctly portray a tradition of mystic significance inherited from a long-obscured past.

Certainly the mystic wheels were never intended to be looked upon as "sun-symbols" or calendar emblems!—and I have not been able to discern in the remains of prehistoric Americans evidences of a period of inventive industry distinguishing their civilization, but only a seeming tendency to rest in efforts to perpetuate types from a tradition long separated from the living fountain; the results of which are, as we see them, a monumental fantasticalism showing the best feelings of their nature to have been degraded by superstition. The *hidden* Deity of this mystic wheel from Mexico proves its integrity, and points unmistakably to a foreign nativity of the art-impulse of the race. A more convincing proof of the migration of symbols to the continent of ancient America could scarcely be anticipated. Investigation has proved the antiquity of symbology, and that all philosophies adhere to the primitive method which discloses the unity of the expression of nature, God, Soul, and immortality, and that the first blossom was the true type of all, and divine.

RUFUS E. MOORE.



The "Hidden" Deity as seen from the reverse of the Mystic Wheel from Mexico.

THE DOGMA OF THE TRINITY.

It is surprising how easily the Christian dogmatician can formulate a theory, based upon apparent historical authority, which when examined proves to be a bubble quickly exploded by the first breath of opposition.

Joseph Cook at one time reached the very pinnacle of polemical prominence as a scholarly defender of orthodox Christianity. At this advanced day (but a single generation in the progress of thought), when we return to his somewhat antiquated and withal fustian pages, we are amazed that such grandiloquent but anæmic substance ever lived a day in literature. But we are still more amazed at his audacious assertiveness, his sophistical fallacies, so pompously proclaimed in the midst of this learned age. In his defence of the dogma of the Trinity he propounds seven propositions in which he undertakes to demolish James Freeman Clarke's statement that "down to the time of the Synod of Nice—Anno Domini 325—no doctrine of the Trinity existed in the Church."* To prove that the doctrine of the Trinity existed previous to that date, Cook quotes a statement made by the Emperor Adrian to the effect that "Alexandria is divided between the worship of Serapis and Christ." He further quotes the famous passage in Pliny's letter to Trajan: "They [Christians] are accustomed to meet on certain days and sing hymns to Christ as god." He quotes one or two more rumored statements of the martyrs who when given to the flames proclaimed their faith in the Holy Trinity in the midst of their torture.†

But these seemingly weighty authorities vanish into nothingness when put under the microscope. Pliny's innuendo as to Christ is worthless. In Pliny's day many a human being was deified by popular acclaim. Cassius, speaking derisively of Cæsar, exclaims:

"And this man is now become a god!"

* Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy, p. 508.

† Cook, Orthodoxy, p. 85.

Even the Bible itself uses the term "god" in this sense. "Thou shalt not revile the gods" (marginal reading, "or, judges").* "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods" ("judges").† Pliny could easily have conceived that the Christians regarded Christ as a god in the same sense as he would regard one of the heroes of his day who had been deified.

In after years the Roman Catholic Church adopted the same custom by canonizing its most exalted devotees and praying to them as "saints." If we translate the pagan term "god" by the Catholic word "saint" we shall grasp the heathen notion of deity and see the utter futility of Cook's effort to drag in Pliny as authority in support of his theory that the earliest Christians held the same idea of the trinity that we have held since the Nicene council.

We have a very good Biblical illustration of how the ancient heathens regarded the term "god" in the curious incident recorded in the Acts concerning Paul and Barnabas.‡ When, at Lystra, as the story runs, they cured a cripple, the people cried out, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." The ancients clearly held no such far-away and awful notion of Deity as we do, and Pliny's reference to Christ as "god" was manifestly of this character. Our audacious author then quotes a few passages from Polycarp and Clement, which in a vague and colorless fashion seem to intimate the Divinity of Jesus but do not bear directly upon the Trinity of the Godhead. Nevertheless, as if he had advanced positive and incontrovertible proof instead of mere rambling assertions and fustian bombast, he declares that the literature of the ante-Nicene church (before A.D. 325) "everywhere proclaims God as three in one, omnipresent in natural law;" and "that that doctrine is the teaching of the first three centuries." §

Some fifteen years ago when Joseph Cook thundered from his Boston throne and shook his Jove-like head it was supposed that the entire theological world quivered to its centre and his every antagonist was hurled irrecoverably to the ground.

* Exodus, xxii. 28.

† Ps. lxxxii. 1. Also, John x. 34, 35: "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If then he called them 'gods' unto whom the word of God came," etc.

‡ Acts xiv. 8 to 11.

§ Cook, Orthodoxy, pp. 86, 87.

Now, what says history? To begin with, the ante-Nicene age was the anti-theological age of the church. The philosophical spirit, still overlapping Christianity from the preceding reign of Plato and Aristotle, prevailed in Christian thought. Polycarp, Irenæus, Clement, and Justin Martyr were not polemics; they did not fight for a dogma; they rather chose to breathe in their utterances the effusions of love and truthfulness in imitation of their yet undisguised Master. For the first time in history thought was absolutely free. The limits of thought were as boundless as the imagination. In such an atmosphere it was inevitable that the largest learning should be accorded to him who spoke most directly to the heart, the conscience, and the reason.* Says Pressensé, in his "Christian Life in the Early Church"†: "With reference to Christian doctrine, properly so called, the catacombs give us the broadest possible view of it; we find ourselves still in the age of freedom, which precedes the great councils and their theological decretals. The faith which lives in representations in the catacombs is peculiarly characterized by the absence of theology, properly so called, with its subtle distinctions and formal systems; so much so, that there is *no believer* in our day who may not find there the simple and popular expression of his own faith."

Such is the statement of an orthodox but able and impartial historian concerning the theological status of the ante-Nicene church. It was, indeed, a church with a religion, but without a fixed, bewildering, and incomprehensible theology. It had a faith but no system; a living hope—but no dictum of salvation. The doctrine of the Trinity as understood by all Christendom since the days of Athanasius could no more find hospitable reception in that anti-theological age than could a solid globe of matter float in the atmosphere of this planet without being attracted to its surface.

Only by intentional perversion of the palpable meaning of the writings of the ante-Nicene Fathers can their assertions be twisted into a corroboration of what is now known as the Trinity. To learn how variously and loosely the early Christians construed the after-developed and fixed dogma of the Trinity, we need but know that the

* Allen's *Continuity of Christian Thought*, p. 3.

† *Ibid.*, page 508.

Montanists, who sustained about the same relation to the ancient church as the Spiritualists do to the modern, and who were denounced as heretics, believed in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "The Cataphrygians, or Montanists," says Epiphanius, "accepted the whole of sacred scripture, both Old and New, and confess also the resurrection of the dead; they hold the same views as the Holy Catholic Church with regard to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." * Even Pressensé says of the Montanist conception of the doctrine: "Montanism was no pioneer in theology; its doctrine of the trinity has no more precision than had the orthodoxy of the age on this most dark and difficult point." † If the Montanists believed, as says Epiphanius, in the same doctrine of the Trinity as did the Holy Catholic Church, and if, as Pressensé says, the Montanists had no precise conception of the doctrine, then, manifestly on historic proof, the early (i.e., the Catholic) church held no precise but merely a loose and ill-defined understanding of this mystery.

Irenæus says, "If it is asked in what manner did the Son proceed from the Father, we reply that this procreation, this generation, this production, this manifestation, or call it what you will, this unutterable generation is known to none; not to angels, archangels, principalities, or powers. It is known to the Father alone, who brought forth the Son, and to the Son who is born of him. His generation cannot be told." ‡

While in this passage Irenæus seems to hint at the modern dogma concerning the second person of the Godhead, he shows how such a perversion of his understanding would be wholly unwarranted. He says, "The universal Father is indeed above all human affections and passions. He is a simple and not a *compound* being—ever equal and unchangeable." § "As God is in all spirit, all reason, all operating mind, all light, ever identical and equal with himself, we may not think of him as *in any sense divided*." ||

But the modern orthodox polemic insists upon quoting these

* Pressensé's *Early Years (Heresy and Doctrine)*, page 103.

† *Ibid.*, page 125.

‡ *Ibid.*, page 379.

§ *Ibid.* (Heresy), p. 377.

|| *Ibid.*, page 379.

vague passages from the Fathers to bolster up and sustain doctrinal points for which they were never intended. It is such colorless, inconclusive, and ill-defined intimations of the ancients on which Joseph Cook, and all modern dogmatists, rest the astounding declaration that the ante-Nicene "literature copiously asserts . . . that God as three in one is omnipresent in natural laws," and "is the teaching of the first three centuries."

But what is this doctrine for which the church contends so ardently and which is incorporated in every modern Christian creed either directly or indirectly? Is it a scriptural doctrine? Is it a doctrine exclusively Christian, or was it also taught in other religions which existed many centuries antecedent to Christianity?

While it may seem to some that it is a mere waste of time to revamp the old discussion and point out anew the falseness of the ancient position of the creed, on the ground that but few are interested to-day in maintaining it, it must not be forgotten that we are told every honest Christian must mentally accept the dogma, on the peril of his salvation, no matter how inexplicable or absurd it may appear to him. No theologian pretends to explain the doctrine, much less to comprehend it. Indeed they all admit that they must accept it as a revealed doctrine, in spite of its irrationality and because of its very incomprehensibility. Nevertheless every Christian communicant is taught to believe that if he rejects the dogma he does so at the risk of eternal condemnation. Says Dr. Watson, "We now approach the great mystery of our faith—for the declaration of which we are so exclusively indebted to the Scriptures that not only is it *incapable of proof, a priori*; but it derives no direct confirmatory evidence from the existence and wise and orderly arrangement of the works of God." * Again he says, "More objectionable than the attempts which have been made to prove this mystery by mere argument are pretensions to explain it." †

If this doctrine of the Trinity is so incapable either of proof or explanation, and is likewise repugnant to reason, why, then, was it incorporated in the system of Christian theology and made the chief

* Institutes of Theology, Vol. I., p. 447.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. I., p. 448.

corner-stone of the entire structure? We shall soon see that it slowly crept unrecognized into the Christian system from the pagan or heathen schools of philosophy, and was thence adapted to Catholic theology in the same manner as the usages and ceremonies of the ancient religions were rehabilitated and Christianized in the Catholic rites and customs. "It has been the vice of the Christians of the third century to involve themselves in certain metaphysical questions, which, if considered in one light, are too sublime to become the subject of human wit; if in another, too trifling to gain the attention of reasoning men." "As soon as the copious language of Greece was vaguely applied to the definition of spiritual things, and the explanation of heavenly mysteries, the field of contention seemed to be removed from earth to air—where the foot found nothing stable to rest on."* So long as the prelates had confined themselves to the mere language of scripture and only repeated the sayings of the Apostles without undertaking to explain them philosophically, there arose no confusion or dispute. But when the more learned pagans began to enter the churches (those who had been schooled in the neo-platonic systems of Alexandrian philosophy), they undertook to reduce the idealized and poetic fancies of the scriptures into fixed systems of thought and theology. They hovered long between the exalted idealism of Plato, which for a time found a sympathetic atmosphere in the teachings of Ammonius Saccas and Plotinus, and the sterner systems which at length found expression in the declarations of Athanasius and Augustine.

No one can read the history of the Nicene council—of its fierce contentions, its brutish attack upon the Arians, its interminable jargon of speech and culminating confusion, without coming to the conclusion of Constantine, the presiding Emperor, that it was an absurd affair, and that there had not really been any new heresy introduced by the alleged heretics, but that all the contending parties really fought for the same opinion, although they could not understand each other.†

But theologians are unwilling to admit that the doctrine had a

* Waddington's History of the Church, p. 92.

† *Ibid.*, p. 94.

pagan origin and insist with Dr. Priestley that "however improbable in itself, it is necessary to explain certain peculiar texts of Scripture; and that if it had not been for these particular texts we should have found no want for it, for there is neither any fact in nature, nor any purpose of morals, which are the subject and end of all religion, which require it." *

It behooves us, then, to inquire if Dr. Priestley's dictum is correct, and if Scripture really does authorize this repugnant and irrational dogma. Of course all students of the Bible know that the word "Trinity" cannot be found between its covers. The word is not scriptural but purely theological; it is not only theological but polemical, being the product of contention.†

We shall find it necessary to understand the intellectual atmosphere of the days of early Christianity in order to appreciate the introduction of this curious idea into the growing theology. There existed then two great parties representing diametrically opposite phases of thought. One party represented the spiritual phase: they were the esoterists, the illuminati. The other stood for the metaphysical thought, in the sense of the formal, systematic, and logical. The first were known as the Gnostics, consisting of a number of schools; the second was the Alexandrian or philosophical party, which sought to foist upon Christian theology the metaphysical interpretations which were consonant with the theories of the Greek Academicians. Gnosticism "consisted essentially in ingrafting Christianity upon Magianism. It made the Saviour an emanated intelligence derived from the eternal, self-existing mind; this intelligence, and not the Man-Jesus, was the Christ, who thus being an impassive phantom, afforded to Gnosticism no idea of an expiatory sacrifice, none of an atonement." I am quoting from Draper,‡ who further says: "The African or Platonic Christianity . . . modified the Gnostic idea to suit its own doctrines, asserting that the principle from which the universe originated was something emitted from the Su-

* Watson's Institutes of Theology, Vol. II., p. 452.

† Tertullian in the third century first introduces the word in his fiery discussion with Praxeas. *Vide* Waddington's History of the Church, p. 77. Pressensé's Early Years (Heresy), p. 437, and Century Dictionary, under the word "Trinity."

‡ Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, Vol. I., p. 273.

preme Mind and capable of being drawn into it again, as they supposed was the case with a ray and the sun." The Alexandrian school, apparently by accident, gave rise to the modern, or post-Nicene, notion of the Trinity, by endeavoring to present a philosophical explanation of the theory of the Sonship of the Godhead. In the time of the Emperor Hadrian Christian thought had become thoroughly permeated by the Platonizing influences of the Alexandrian philosophers. Following the habit of the Greek philosophers, they began to regard the doctrine of the procession of the Son from the Father as something mysterious. Justin Martyr's illustrative explanation became very popular. He said as one lamp was lighted from another without in aught diminishing its light, so the glory of the Son proceeded from that of the Father, without detracting from it. "God of God, Light of Light."

It is now beyond dispute that this mysterious interpretation of the doctrine was foisted upon Christianity by foreign Oriental influences, although as first introduced its character was spiritual and inoffensive.

At this juncture it will be an interesting digression to trace the history and evolution of this dogma, not only in the Christian Church, but as well in all the religions of the world. We shall discover that it is a universal doctrine; a conception, which either in poetic and ideal form, or in formal and systematic expression, found some representation in all the ethnic religions. We shall also discover that, alike in all religions, its first expression is poetic and exalted; inspired by the voices of nature and the experiences of mankind. In this form its influence was ennobling; it uplifted and purified the faithful devotee. But as it finally takes shape in the crystallized creed of the church, it is transformed into a hard, repulsive, and offensive dogma—a dogma utterly incomprehensible by the keenest intelligences and nauseating to sensitive and refined natures. The growth of this doctrine pursues the same course in all the religions of the earth alike. The trend of human history is ever the same; the heart of man is identical under every arc of the circumambient skies. The Vedic or Vedanta religion is probably the oldest on the earth. "It will be difficult to settle whether the Veda is the oldest of books, and whether

some portions of the Old Testament may not be traced back to the same or even an earlier date than the oldest hymns of the Veda. But in the Aryan world, the Veda is certainly the oldest book, and its preservation amounts almost to a marvel." * Let us then enquire whether in so old a religion we shall find any intimations of this supposedly exclusive Christian dogma; a dogma which, according to established orthodox authorities, already cited, is founded absolutely on scriptural revelation. Monier-Williams, one of the best authorities on the Indian religions, writes as follows: "When the universal and infinite Brahma—the only really existing entity, wholly without form, and unbound and unaffected by the three Gunas or by qualities of any kind—wished to create for his own entertainment the phenomena of the universe, he assumed the quality of activity and became a male person, as Brahma, the Creator. Next, in the progress of still further self-evolution, he willed to invest himself with the second quality of goodness, as Vishnu, the Preserver, and with the third quality of darkness, as Shiva, the Destroyer. This development of the doctrine of triple manifestation (*tri-murti*), which appears first in the Brahmanized version of the Indian epics, had *already been adumbrated* in the triple form of fire, and in the triad gods, Agni, Surya, and Indra; and in other ways." †

From this we will perceive that a trinitarian conception prevailed even at the very dawn of history; and that the notion grew out of the effort to interpret the phenomena of existence. In the Vedas Brahma is made to represent the universal matrix—the all-creative principle—out of which every visible thing has been evolved. The *process* of evolution—the harmonious co-operation of the cosmic functions, maintaining the perpetuity of the integral universe—is represented by Vishnu, the Preserver. The disintegrating and reconstructive forces of nature—repellence and cohesion—the permanence of life in the midst of endless disintegration and death—is represented by Shiva—the Serpent—the Destroyer.

This purely poetic interpretation of nature, founded on metaphysical aptitudes, gradually deteriorated into a more tangible and

* Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. I., p. 5.

† *Indian Wisdom*, p. 324.

material conception, transforming the three forces everywhere manifest in nature into individualities and self-conscious persons.

This evolution of the apparent forces of nature into individualities is evidenced by a very ancient poet, Kalidasa, when he sings in "Kumara-sambhava" as follows:

In those three persons the one God was shown—
Each first in place—each last—not one alone;
Of Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma, each may be,
First, second, third, among the blessed three.*

It is not a subject of wonder that when the first Christian missionaries discovered these evidences of extra-Bible revelations to these heathen people they were baffled and confounded. In his "Asiatic Researches" Sir William Jones remarks (Vol. I., p. 272) that the missionaries insisted that the Hindus were almost Christians, because their Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, were no other than the Christian Deity. The limitations of this paper will not permit me to illustrate this fact any further, else it could easily be shown that the triad or trinitarian conception is alike found in the Parsee, the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Jewish, the Mexican, Aztec, and indeed in every religion of whose cult we have any records or traditions.

The fact that these startling correspondences can be traced between Christianity and the pre-existing ethnic religions has given rise to two antagonistic conclusions, neither of which I believe the history of thought corroborates.

On the one hand we have the aggrieved and disconcerted dogmatic divines, who assert, as did Francis Hernandez, when he wrote concerning his discoveries among the Mexicans and Peruvians, as follows: "The Indians believed in the God who was in heaven; that this God was the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! It is strange that the Devil has brought a trinity into idolatry, after this manner; for the three images of the Son signifieth Father—the Lord-Sun, the Son-Sun, and the Brother-Sun; which they said was One in Three and Three in One. . . . The Devil in his obstinate pride . . . did steal all he could from the truth, to employ it in his lying and deceit." †

* Griffith's *Kumara-sambhava*, VII. 44; also Doane's *Bible Myths*, p. 370.

† Kingsborough's *Mexican Antiquities*, Vol. VI., p. 64.

This is but the trick of the purblind dogmatician who, discovering aught in nature which confounds the dictum of his creed and disrupts the well-wrought links of his logic, at once laments that the Devil is the omnipresent x in the universe, which makes all scientific accuracy an impossibility, when such accuracies are to be dovetailed with alleged revelation.

On the other hand, we have the equally unacceptable assertion by the sceptic, that all such discovered correspondences between Christianity and the ethnic religions is proof *prima-facie* of fraud and collusion, and are sufficient to dishonor all their claims to respectful consideration. Thus the Rev. Robert Taylor (an unjustly maligned and persecuted rejecter of Christianity) says, when considering the correspondences between the Apostles' Creed and other creeds of the Pagans: "As, then, the so-called Apostles' Creed is admitted to have been written by no such persons as the Apostles, and, with respect to the high authority which has for so many ages been claimed for it, is a convicted imposture and forgery, the equity of rational evidence will allow weight enough to overthrow all the remains of its pretensions." * Such conclusions are apparently rash and unphilosophical.

A later and far worthier authority, Mr. C. F. Keary, of the British Museum, in his "Outlines of Primitive Belief," has given us a middle ground on which to rest, and one where our conclusions will, I think, come nearer to historical accuracy. He says: "When resemblances, such as those we have noticed, are to be found in the religions of many different peoples, they spring out of the fundamental likeness of all religions, as being products of human thought. . . . The ancients always made things happen in the way of importation and personal influence: the worship of a god in their traditions is generally said to have been introduced by some particular hero. But such is not the usual history of religious ideas. Either they spring up naturally or they never flourish at all." † But that the conception of the Trinity

* Taylor's *Diegesis*, p. 10.

† Keary's *Outlines*, p. 220 *et seq.*; also *vide* Spencer's *First Principles*, pp. 13, 14. "Religious ideas of one kind or another are almost universal. . . . A candid examination of the evidence quite negatives the doctrine maintained by some that creeds are priestly inventions. . . . In different places and times, like conditions have led to similar trains of thought in analogous results."

has emanated from the far misty antiquity of thought is beyond dispute. "It is now well known that traces of this doctrine are discovered not only in the three principals of the Chaldaic theology; in the *Triplasio Mithra* of the Persians; in the triad—Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva of India; but in the Numen Triplex of Japan; in the inscription 'To the Triune God' upon the famous medal found in the deserts of Siberia, to be seen at this day in the valuable cabinet of the Empress at St. Petersburg; in the Tanga-Tanga, or 'Three in One,' of the South Americans, and finally, without mentioning the vestiges of it in Greece, in the symbol of the Wing, the Globe, and the Serpent, conspicuous on most of the ancient temples in Upper Egypt." * This passage was written as early as 1794 and gave the first scientific shock to the comforting assertions of the dogmatic divines that the doctrine of the Trinity originated with Christianity and found its authority in the famous passage of 1 John v. 7, now long admitted to be an interpolation by all unprejudiced Bible scholars.†

Having thus traced this doctrine through its manifold variations in the religions of the earth, it will be interesting to still further pursue its evolution to its final form as expressed by the Nicene Council, A.D. 325. It will be curious to observe how materially transformed and signally debased a purely metaphysical idea, resting on natural phenomena, becomes when passing through the dry brains of theologians. Some have discerned a mystical origin of the doctrine sprung from the ancient occult knowledge of Nature. "That heaven in its whole complex resembles a man" (it is Swedenborg who is speaking) "is an arcanum not yet known to the world. Heaven is the greatest and the Divine Man. The ancients called man a microcosm, or a little universe, from a knowledge of correspondence which the most ancient people possessed."

* Indian Antiquities, Thomas Maurice, Vol. I., pp. 125-127. Of this author, McClintock and Strong's Cyclo. of Bib. Lit. says (s.v.): "Noted particularly for his studies of the antiquities of India—was Bishop of Lowth—the irreligious spirit of the French Revolution alarming him, induced him to remodel his first work after it was nearly completed, and to devote a considerable portion to the dissertation on Hindu mythology. The work remains to our day a trustworthy book of reference."

† 1 John v. 7: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one."

From this alleged arcanum the notion of the triplex constituency of the starry heavens was developed. This triplex constituency consisted in the pre-existing essence of light; the starry spheres manifesting this light; and lastly the watchfulness of the orbs of splendor over the fates of men. Thus, Light was the pre-existing Father; the condensed globes of the stars—the manifestation of light in concrete form—the Son; and the ever-present rays of light emanating from the heavens constituted the Holy Spirit. Traces of this conception are to be found all through ancient art. There have been found pictures of a man suspended in mid-heavens—his head representing the Father—“the most High”; his heart representing the Son—the luminous centre of creation; and the generative organs representing—by a six-pointed star—the conjunction of the higher forces with the lower—or “the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost” in the affairs of man.

However mystical and unintelligible this arcane interpretation of nature may seem to modern minds, it is certainly not so absurd or irrational as its crystallized expression in the Christian Creed. As I have shown above, the apprehension of the doctrine of the Trinity in the early Christian church was vague—expressed in loose and ill-defined language—and not considered capable either of interpretation or formalized expression. But when the councils of the church appropriated it, they removed it from its vague atmosphere and sought to confine it in specific and exact language, which, though meaningless, is nevertheless so positive as to allow of no other interpretation save that which orthodox authority has imposed.

Before quoting the dictum of Athanasius, after whose thought the dogma found its final expression—it will be of value and interest to state the circumstances which compelled the church council to declare itself *ex cathedra* on the doctrine. The very fact that the great Council of Nicæa was forced to decide, after a long, heated, brutal debate, the exact and authenticated expression of the dogma, proves that until this council convened in the year 325 there was no authorized or fixed interpretation which was commonly entertained. This simple fact alone is sufficient to override Joseph Cook's pompous declaration that the doctrine of the Trinity as we now understand it

was the universal teaching of the church in the first three Christian centuries.

But the storm-centre of the discussion was the problem to which the divinity of the second person of the Godhead gave rise. It was argued by Arius and his followers that the Son proceeded from the Father—as it was commonly understood in the theology of the day; but if the Son proceeded from the Father—after the similitude of human procreation—then of course he could not be co-eternal with the Father, and must have had an origin or creation. This was the crucial problem. If Arius was right, then the theory as to Christ which the orthodox party had invented, must fall to the ground and the worship of Jesus be declared idolatrous.

But there rose up to contest the logic of the saturnine Libyan a keen, virile, aggressive, and casuistical antagonist, whose force of personal character and lack of intellectual scruple were so strong as to overpower the assembly and command the votes of the majority. For let no student of religion forget that everything which is vital to the essence of theological Christianity has been *voted* into authority, as any law is enacted by a legislature or parliament, wholly without the intervention of any special providence or revelation, notwithstanding the constant claim that all the doctrines of the church are authorized by God through the only revelation which has ever been given to mankind.

Nor let it be passed as a slight circumstance that, according to the best orthodox authorities, Arius was defending the real, accepted, and well-understood interpretation of the early church. "He was intending simply to defend the old doctrine. He doubtless believed that he was maintaining the ancient doctrine of the church—so little difference was there, according to Neander, between the doctrine of Arius and that of the preceding ages." *

Thus the entire Christian world was involved in a discussion pertaining to a theme more abstruse and recondite than any that had confronted the Academicians or Peripatetics of the ancient Greeks. Minds ill prepared by the profound investigations of science or the

* Neander's *Hist. Christian Religion*, Vol. II., pp. 361-365, as quoted in Lamson, *Church of the First Three Centuries*, p. 254 *et seq.*

discipline of philosophic speculation were called upon to decide as to metaphysical differentiations of thought from which the philosophers of antiquity and the careful students of our day would recoil with terror. Tertullian boasted that "the Christian mechanic could readily answer such questions as had perplexed the wisest of the Grecian sages." * But notwithstanding this, that same Athanasius who conquered the council of Nicæa, rode rough-shod, although a young man, over the venerable Eusebius of Nicodemia and the astute Arius, and compelled the assembly to endorse the creedal form of the Trinity, was constrained, in his moments of honest meditation, to declare that "whenever he forced his understanding to meditate on the divinity of the Logos, his toilsome and unavailing efforts recoiled on themselves; that the more he thought the less he comprehended; and the more he wrote the less capable was he of expressing himself." † Nevertheless, without understanding what he wrote, incapable of intelligibly expressing his thought upon this inexplicable theme, and certainly while wholly unconscious of the historic origin of this most mystical of all dogmas—this same Athanasius wrote that section of the creed which here follows—which defies the interpretation of the keenest minds that have exercised their reason over it. (To be accurate, Athanasius did not himself write the creed, but its formula was taken directly from his writings against Arius, and it was therefore entitled the Athanasian Creed.)

"Whoever will be saved before all things it is necessary that he hold the catholic faith. Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

Now, one would suppose that this severe and threatful preamble would introduce a faith at least so intelligible, simple, and comprehensible that he who runs may read. But—behold the faith one must keep whole and undefiled, or perish everlastingly!

"And the catholic faith (i.e., the true faith) is this: that we worship one God in Trinity; and trinity in unity; neither confounding the powers nor dividing the substance. For there is one PERSON of

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. II., p. 311.

† Gibbon, Vol. II., p. 310. *Vide* Waddington's *Church History*, p. 97, who says: "His [Athanasius's] character is admirably described by Gibbon—and written with splendor and impartiality." Waddington is of course very orthodox.

the Father; another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. And yet they are not three Eternals but one eternal. So the Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God. And yet there are not three Gods but one God. For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord, so we are forbidden by the Catholic religion to say there be three Gods and three Lords. He therefore that *will be saved must thus think of the Trinity.*"

What wonder that Athanasius, who holds the distinguished honor of having this famous creed called after him, acknowledged that when he forced his mind to meditate on it he found that his toilsome efforts recoiled on themselves! M. Réville, in his "Dogma of Jesus," p. 95, says that "The dogma of the Trinity displayed its contradictions with true bravery."

A more audacious jumble of meaningless words, a more blaring resonance of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, in the name of truth and sincerity, was never before heard in human history.

And mark the austerity of the pronouncement. One "must thus think of the Trinity"—as three in one and one in three—three persons yet not three persons—three gods yet not three but one God—at the peril of everlasting damnation! What daring; what perverseness; what blindness! However, since the days of the Nicene Council this is the doctrine which is proclaimed by all orthodox churches. On its acceptance, by whatever stultification of one's reason, the salvation of every individual is said to depend.

It would seem that modern divines would be too rational, too truthful, too intelligent, to continue to advocate such bald jargon, such a mess of syllogistic absurdities. But the truth is, this doctrine, involving that of the Godship of Jesus of Nazareth—the very cornerstone of the orthodox structure—must necessarily be insisted upon unless they are willing to surrender the entire system. No effort is made to explain it, much less to comprehend it. But, as if it were a positive law of nature, it is regarded as a revelation of truth, and accepted the more because of its very inexplicableness and mystery.

Is it not time that the intelligence of the age should inquire into this curious doctrine and seek to discover some rational and historical

basis for it? Why not try to discover its origin in human thought as we strive to discover the origin of thought in general? Is it not possible that there is, after all, nothing whatsoever mysterious or abstruse or mystical in this universal conception, but that it has its basis in the physical and mental experience of the human race? The very fact of its universality proves that it is not a special revelation to any people—if such a revelation were scientifically possible. Has it not a deeper purport, a more serious origin—one more immediately related to the vicissitudes and experience of the race? Is it all myth—all mere absurdity?

Although we reject the antiquated interpretation of the mysterious doctrine we are contemplating, and cannot accept the system of theology which the church has reared upon it, nevertheless, it may find a place in rational thought and the deeper interpretation of nature. Man never conceives of aught which the necessities of his nature do not demand. Nor has aught ever been conceived by the human mind which did not in some manner satisfy an inner yearning. Can we not find in the very constitution of the human mind, in its laws of being, and in the analysis of its function of thought—the inception and primitive basis of this curious doctrine which has so long bewildered the theologian and baffled the philosopher?

Is there not a trinity in man—and has he not by the accident and delusion of experience projected his intuitive apprehension of himself into the realm of the objective? Has not this resulted in an erroneous conviction that what was but a necessary concept of his mind was, indeed, an entity existing extraneously to himself?

If we trace the gradual steps of self-consciousness we may discern the evolution of this mental condition. The natural man—the savage—first realized himself as form—body—externality. While he was exploring the physical possibilities of earth—while he hunted, fought, toiled, hewed the forest, split the rock and conquered the elements—he had not yet acquired time or ability to discern aught in himself but materiality—mass—configuration—articulating joints and elastic muscles. But as time slowly rolled by and the subtle forces of civilization gradually triumphed—when the time for leisure and contemplation came to him—then awoke the magic power of his soul

—his intellect—and man began to think and reason. That deep unfathomable reservoir of being, which we call the soul, whose mysterious depths have never yet been sounded by the plummet of human knowledge, gradually sent forth its streams of discovery and cognition—till man was transformed from the grovelling savage to the divine philosopher. Then were builded the glorious things of civilization—its cities and nations and continents—magic transformations of untiring genius. Then followed the scientific conquests of the battle-field—the splendors of art—the glory of literature. The mind—that impalpable something—wrought from rough-hewn marble the sculptured forms of angels; glowed in luminous ideals that breathed upon the living canvas; effloresced in the poetic imagery of thought; delved into the depths of nature's arcana; stole the secrets of the stars and dissolved the mysterious union of the elements—till man rose from the dank and boggy lowlands of savagery to the golden heights of pure intelligence.

The age of the troglodyte had ascended to the age of Pericles. Caliban had become Plato; Sycorax, Hypatia. The man of muscle is now the man of brain. Invention, machinery, all the instrumentalities of industrial progress—swift offspring of the prolific brain of man—glorify his habitation of the earth. This is the Golden Age of man's highest external attainments, when the ideals of the soul shine forth in the tangible forms of beauty, utility, symmetry, and grandeur; when every thought that breathes spurs the heart to action, and every word that burns thrills a responsive world with inspiring hope. This is the second stage of man's ascent, when

"Science moves but slowly, slowly—creeping on from point to point."

But is this the last stage?

There is another. The time comes when there bursts upon human consciousness a light, that never shone on land or sea, which does not project upon the screen of the outer world new visions of wonder and mystery—but casts its splendor within and reveals a shoreless ocean whose fathomless depths the mind in vain has ever sought to sound, whose weird entrancement ever holds the contemplative spirit in ecstatic rapture.

Then is indeed the

"Meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

This is the third stage—the highest—the last on earth. This is that state of ascent where man cries out, in the language of the Christian Gnostic: "O Light of lights, Thou whom I have seen from the beginning, listen to the cry of my repenting. Save me, O Light, from my thoughts, which are evil! Now, O Light, in the simplicity of my heart, I have followed the false brightness which I mistook for Thee. Deliver my soul from this dark matter lest I be swallowed up." (*Pistis Sophia*.*) This is the stage when the things of matter pass away and the eternities of spirit dawn upon the soul. Then from this lofty height man contemplates himself, not only as body—mass, solidity, opaqueness—but as soul—moving matter, energy, thought, brain activity; and anon, as the real Paraclete—the possessor of glorious light, light that is supernal, the light of love, wisdom—all knowledge and consciousness of the eternal.

"Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

Not one of these three stages of human progress has yet been perfectly realized in man's evolution. Nevertheless, each stage has emphasized itself in man's development commensurately with human needs. But each higher stage has given intimations of its realm and possibilities to man while he still groveled in the lower levels. These intimations have ever troubled the spirit of the race and disturbed its scientific conclusions. It is not then to be marveled at that they have found expression in vague and bewildering phases of human thought and even in the religious formulæ of earth.

To me, then, this seems to be the scientific analysis of the uni-

* Pressensé's *Early Church (Heresy)*, pp. 37, 38.

versal conception of the Trinity, which has so long puzzled scholars and theologians:

Matter—form—the matrix of manifest existence—is the ALL FATHER—the primal source—the potent factor which man realizes is essential to all life. Without matter, the world were not; without body, the race had never been; without form there had been no differentiation—hence no self-consciousness. Thus arose the first intimation of “the universal presence.” This idea we may discern vaguely hinted at in the old Indian names of Deity. They had various names for Deity, but when they desired to think of him as ever immanent they called him “Dyaus” (this means the ever bright sky *); this among the Greeks was transformed into Zeus, from which came the phrase Zeus-pater, afterwards Zeupater, ultimating among the Romans in the term Jupiter. Mr. Keary very adroitly shows how all these terms come from the same idea and nearly from the same root. From this primitive notion (that the sky was ever present and the light of man’s path) has come the name of every god whom in man’s moments of forlornness he has called in the emphatic sense—The Father.

The second stage of progress was the thought-stage—the stage of mind—the epoch of mental and physical activities—the age of war, civic growth, science, industry, and the arts. Here we discern the outgoing, the moving, the dynamic factor of growth. The silent matrix—the universal potentiality—matter—awakens, moves, begets, and manifests in the forces and forms of living nature.

Here is the Sonship.

The Father is Nature—quiescent, potential, passive. The Son is Nature—perfervid with energy—active, achieving. In this manner we may discover a natural origin in human thought—however vague its primitive intimations—of that mysterious problem of the creed—the procession of the Son from the Father. Here is the whole mystery of nature—the stumbling-block of science; namely, the generation of life—the transformation of potential matter into living, conscious activity. Science to this day knows nothing of this problem, and both Huxley and Tyndall, and the entire modern school of physicists, have despaired of solving the problem of spontaneous gen-

* Keary’s *Outlines*, p. 41; also M. Müller’s *Origin of Religion*, p. 4.

eration. No wonder Irenæus exclaimed, "If it is asked *in what manner* did the Son proceed from the Father, we reply that this procreation is known to none—not to angels, archangels, principalities, or powers" !* First, then, the visible universe of form—ceaseless presence—gave rise to the conception of the "All Father." Second, the active, generating, dynamic world gave rise to the notion of "the Son"—procession—procreation. Thus, thirdly, the dreamy idealism that clothed all nature with the golden mist of poetic fancy—that discerned a light beyond the stars—a mantle of glory over every flower and stream and rocky height (which the dull physical eye of man could never discover), gave rise to the conception of an all-pervasive and overshadowing Light—in all and enveloping all—that mystic something in whose alembic the base metal of common consciousness is transformed into pure reality—the reality of Being, where abides the all-enswathing presence—the Comforter—the Holy Ghost.

If we but realize how, in historic growth, great results have followed infinitesimal beginnings, we shall not marvel that so monstrous, so bewildering, unthinkable, and absurd a metaphysic and theology have evolved from such simple origins, as I have above indicated, of man's conception of his triune nature.

He is indeed body, mind, and soul; form, intellect, spirit; or, in Paul's words, "body, soul, and spirit." He cannot escape his conscious tri-unity in whatever mood of thought he may enter. Every idea he conceives has come to him through these three stages of progress. Or, if they have passed through only two, his consciousness is yet in a state of arrested evolution.

If man rests only on the plane of mind and body, he has not yet realized himself. Not until he perceives himself imaged in the mir-

* "Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here,
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
The gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?
He from whom all this great creation came,
Whether His will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance even He knows not."

Extract from a hymn in the Rig-Veda translated by Max Müller. *Vide* Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. I., p. 76.

ror of his own soul—in the mirage of spirit—will he ever know himself as he is. “ Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.”

The Trinity as a dogma of theology is repulsive, unintelligible, and ludicrous—if not atrocious. But as a metaphysical concept, resting on actual human experience, it is a natural product of the evolution of man—the orderly and scientific expression of his triune nature. Thus comprehended it may constitute a fundamental basis for scientific knowledge of real man, and incite to a profounder investigation of the recondite than the race has ever yet known. The scientific principles of the Trinity may furnish the knowledge to man for his self-realization on the plane of divine consciousness.

HENRY FRANK.

ARBITRATION, FORCE.

“ An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole: as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.”

You will recognize Emerson in that sentence. However great a seer he may be considered, he failed to foresee that, to meet the demands of this paper, “ arbitration, force,” should be on this list; for, kindly soul that he was, he would surely have placed the words there, had he foreseen. I am therefore reduced to the necessity of making the addition myself because it seems wise to consider arbitration and force in just this relation of opposition. The manner in which they come, advancing together down the ages, indicates a strong affinity.

Progression, evolution, or growth being admitted (as most readers are quite reconciled to the admission to-day), we begin our search for these two factors in the problem of life; to learn to know them as they have existed; to follow them as they have grown and developed in their march “ down the corridors of time ”; to regard them critically as they exist to-day, all their operations past and present

made visible in man's doings in this wonderful world of ours. And who knows, but from our study may result some faint idea of what our interesting pair may become in the future!

Man, the greatest of all living things, is by nature the most feeble. In the earliest stages of his evolution, he is born to wage war with the beasts of the forest, the foes of his race, and even with the elements; and he is furnished with no weapon of defence in either case. Were it not for his faculty of invention, life itself would be impossible; and we find him in the Stone Age making weapons for defence or attack, or rough instruments for building canoes or preparing food. These he constructs of the stones lying loose at his feet, or of bits of bone or wood or horn.

We find him inventing clothing of skins of animals, sewed with bone needles and thread of sinews. We find him building rude huts of earth, and of the branches of trees, and of rough blocks of stone heaped together. These are his first arbitrations—his arbitrations with Nature. He cannot match her in force. Therefore he says, "I will do this, since you will not do that"; and Nature agrees, for she needs must.

As we follow man through the Ages of Bronze and of Iron, we find these arbitrations more extensive. Still to avoid being conquered by nature, men learn to cultivate wheat and to store up food; to weave garments and even to tame animals and turn them to use. They learn to make pottery and coins; they discover glass and in other ways achieve great development, until, finally, from rude savagery they emerge into a more enlightened state of existence, and we have the first three classes of men: shepherds, farmers, and traders. Food, shelter, and clothing having become more or less established facts, man turns somewhat from his arbitrations with Nature, to which heretofore his almost undivided attention has of necessity been given, and eyes his fellow-man.

While he trades—and this, too, is a species of arbitration—he also imitates the beasts of the field, with whom he has many a time and oft measured force; and, his anger or envy aroused by the better condition or the unrelished action of his neighbor, he uses "brute force" against his brother man. This brings us to the time of the

Shepherd Kings—and, recalling our reading of the Old Testament, we review endless chronicles of tribal wars, of fighting over boundaries, divisions of flocks, and neighborly differences of various kinds.

During these times, and for centuries to come, Arbitration appears attenuated indeed; and sometimes she is almost lost sight of in the shadow of her kinsman, Force, who grows to be of large size and robust, fed by "man's inhumanity to man." She has accomplished some ends, but she is by far the weaker of the twain. She does not thrive as Force does, but she manages to escape total annihilation; and as though fascinated by her fierce companion, she is ever at his elbow, patiently jogging it whenever she dares, until he, won perhaps to a calmer mood by her gentler influence, allows her occasionally a small share in his dealings with man. It is to her that we may attribute the Cities of Refuge of ancient times, where all who entered were secure from physical penalty; the increased temporizing with Nature as shown in further inventions; the extension of trade, which grew and flourished more and more; the tranquil times known to have existed in the old nations; all agreements and covenants between men or tribes; and upon all occasions (and there were such in the olden days, despite appearances), where peace was preferred to combat, we may feel her kindly presence. She stands strongly in contrast with Force, for the latter is by far the dominating spirit of the times, the spirit which insists upon "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth," and which continued, in human form, the ethics of the beasts.

Through all these ages, a "law of love" had been apprehended and taught. Confucius declared, "Do not to others what you would not have them do to you." Buddha said, "The man who causes joy now, shall rejoice hereafter"; and also, "Conquer anger by mildness, evil by good, falsehood by truth." The religion of Zoroaster taught men to live peacefully together, and, according to a Christian writer, was "surprisingly pure and elevated." In the early times of India, the Veda tells us there was no war worthy the name. Some of Plato's conceptions cannot be excelled by later ideals. Noble thoughts and aspirations are found in the religions of all peoples; yet it was not until the coming of Christ that the truest, most honest,

and gentlest way of living with one's fellows was so fully preached or practised. Although his life was one of practical resistance against established theories of life and of customs in vogue, "Jesus said," declares Tolstoi, "simply and clearly, that the law of resistance to evil by violence, which has been made the basis of society, is false, and contrary to man's nature; and he gave another basis—that of non-resistance." But let no one suppose this "non-resistance" is a passive thing, else there is lost the essence of the lesson of Jesus's life, and a "long farewell" is bidden to progress. When we consider that Christ's countrymen found this so-called "non-resistance" so dangerous that they put him to death, we must conclude that by teaching and preaching and the heralding of truth, Christ did resist, in his own peculiar way, and that along the lines of his life there is discerned a force, gentler truly than brute force, milder even than arbitration, but something which is still a compelling force.

For a few years his followers struggled along in the path marked out for them by the master, bravely trying to illustrate in their lives just what he meant; and in the stories of the early fathers and of St. Augustine and his companions, we can see the kind of power they wielded. But the times were not yet ripe. This old yet new law met enemies at the outset. Neither physical force nor arbitration was prepared to abdicate in favor of this divine Law of Love. Men added to Christ's simple teaching pagan customs and pagan ideas; useless and hurtful dogmas; worldly laws and brutal punishments; and while this little local intermission in the history of the rule of physical force carries power still among us, yet, never since the early Fathers, except in individual cases or on rare occasions, has the mankind that has known him really followed in Christ's footsteps. Our friends, Arbitration and Force, kept up their pace down the centuries, overshadowing and outgeneralling a gentler power.

At the beginning of the Christian era the Romans were the most civilized nation of the world. Their wonderful and far-reaching conquests had been made, and under Augustus, a prince inclined to moderation, peace and tranquillity for a time largely usurped the place of war. It is cheering to see Arbitration gaining more and more influence, coming more and more into activity. The very word

comes into use, and we hear for the first time of an "arbiter"—a Roman umpire chosen by agreement to decide differences in matters of law. We hear oftener of treaties, and a long step ahead is taken when Augustus avoids a war with the Parthians, gaining desired concessions by means of a treaty. His immediate successors, "happily," says Gibbon, "for the repose of mankind," followed his example, and the only conquest made in one hundred years was the conquest of Britain. However, brute force is not easily to be succeeded by any better power, and the Romans kept the peace by carefully guarding the frontiers and by constantly improving their army.

Physical force is made evident as time goes on, in religious persecution. The tales of the early Christian martyrs and of the later victims of the Spanish Inquisition furnish us with evidence of the prominence man gave to brute force, and testify to his belief that if he had the power he also had the right to use it; that might made right, even for the glory of God, even in that most sacred domain—man's own soul.

Then, again, "in the name of God," we hear the crusades preached. Of all strange wanderings of the human mind, this seems the strangest far! A Holy War! How can a war be holy? After the "Peace on Earth, good will to men"; after the "Resist not evil"; still in the name of him who taught it, and with the cry, "God wills it!" men rushed into battle.

Yet amid this darkness a light shines. Chivalry lends its lustre to brighten the "Dark Ages," and amid the brutality can be seen a growing recognition of responsibility toward the weak, a desire to protect the feeble, and a taming of man's animal instincts. There comes to be a certain amount of refinement, chastity, and temperance, in man's actions. When a young novice knelt and vowed to "speak the truth, to protect the distressed, to practise courtesy, to vindicate his honor," and then arose a knight pledged to the service of "God and the ladies," something good and wholesome came in amidst all the sickening mistakes and distorted ideas of the time.

While we see war rapidly passing on to its culminating point, we hear more and more often of treaties, of ransoms, of negotiations for peace, of exchanges of prisoners, edicts of toleration, and times of

truce; we can discern a distinct longing for peace and quiet. Men of brain desired time for other things than war and turbulence; and where at one time every man of a nation was a warrior, we find now only one class of a nation given over to this employment, while ranged against this one class are many other classes, gladly turning their attention to other and more peaceful occupations. As the convolutions in the gray matter of man's brain grew deeper and more numerous, intellectual pursuits gradually became attractive, and the fierce desire to fight on the slightest provocation began to go, slowly, out of fashion.

Many causes combined to cause the downfall of war. Man's arbitrations with Nature continued.

The discovery of steam as applied to locomotion, rendering distances less and the acquaintanceship of nations closer and their understanding of one another better; the gradual elevation of political economy into a science, thus making causes and effects more plain; the influence of public opinion, as it came more and more to be a power, the growth of the principle of representation in government; the desire to trade; the longing for quiet which would make it possible for man to study, to write, to investigate, and, curiously enough, the invention of gunpowder—all have contributed to put a quietus upon brute force as illustrated in war.

Still the lives of the rulers of Europe from 1400 down even to our own time have been one long record of battling. Most of the dates committed to memory in our school-days mark the beginning or end of wars; and most of the names with which we then learned to be familiar bring to our ears the roar of cannon and the sound of martial music. But underneath this din of battle, began to be heard, more and more distinctly, persuasive voices—first the voice of woman protesting against the giving up of her dear ones, and pleading tearfully for peace. The quiet tones of the Quakers penetrate to our ears; then we distinguish the voice of the daring and unappreciated abbot, who during the time of Louis XIV. advanced a much derided idea, for which he was removed from his high office, but an idea which has at last become one of the leading ideals of to-day. He called it the "project of perpetual peace." Then we hear a French minister

of war, saying that the "voice of humanity should supplant that of the cannon"; and we are able to place over against such names as Napoleon, Marmont, Wellington, Napier, Nelson, and Grant, the names of men of peace like John Bright, Gladstone, Blaine; against memories of battles like Waterloo, Jena, Austerlitz, Bull Run, and Chickamauga, we place memories of the Jay Treaty, the Treaty of Ghent, the Geneva Arbitration, the wonderful settlement of our disputed Presidential election by tribunal and vote; the Pan-American Congress, by means of which it was sought to prevent another war on this continent, and which, though it failed to receive Governmental approval, still had a tremendous moral effect; and the Bering Sea controversy quietly settled by arbitration.

With our long unappreciated but persistent friend Arbitration at work, peace-societies are formed and war discouraged, and we find at last a little history more pleasing than that which records the details of battles, with their surroundings of horror and sorrow, and we are pleased to hear even soldiers deprecating the necessity of their profession.

Although the time is not yet ripe for the full realization of the law of love, we know that the days of the sway of brute force are numbered, and Arbitration must come daily into greater prominence, growing more and more fit by continued practice to control mankind as strongly as ever brute force has done.

It is not only in the lives of nations that Physical Force has ruled. He has intruded upon the most sacred of relations; in the Church, in society, in business, in the family, we find a story similar to the one we have heard of the race. The religious sects of all ages and of all nations have tried to force the particular creed or pet belief of the times and of the stage of their development upon such as were prone to believe differently, and—as time has often proved—more truly. The martyrs of the business world are many and their stories not the most agreeable one can hear; while society has condemned and often cruelly dealt with many who failed to bow to her dictates.

Who can measure the amount of force which has been used in family life? Sad, indeed, is the life story of this dying force—dying but not dead; for how stands the record of to-day?

The consideration of this point brings to mind the words of Howells' "Traveler from Altruria," who, like many another, was puzzled as to where to draw the line between a barbarous and a civilized people. He says, in describing the civilization of America, "I use the word civilized because one has to use some such term to describe a state which has advanced beyond the conditions of cannibalism, tribalism, slavery, feudalism, and serfdom." We have advanced, but can we be truly civilized until physical force is laid at rest forever, not only in one department of life, but in all?

While war remains; while strikes are still a method of settling difficulties; while capital punishment lasts: just so long must we be content to be styled modern barbarians. Yes, and longer probably; for is not "an eye for an eye" the foundation of our laws, written and unwritten—the laws of our intellectual and moral life? Are we not, in our dealing with one another, apt to incline toward the battle lines of force than toward the peaceful tribunal of consideration and arbitration?

The character of brute Force we have known long and well; and we make no mistake in regard to his personality when we find him unworthy of administration. The only thing we can say for him is that "nothing walks with aimless feet," and that his noisy tramp through all these hundreds of troublous years was at least necessary in order that a certain goal should be reached. For "whatever is, is right," in the sense that each stage exists for progress, and is present at any given time only that we may work out of it.

Arbitration is not so well known. Let us look at her a moment. We found her in the beginning causing Dame Nature to arbitrate. Causing her? Indeed, she compelled Nature to arbitrate, as we saw; for when man makes certain contrivances Nature must acquiesce, for her power is limited. Then is not arbitration closely akin to force? Do they not, after all, present a strong family likeness? Observe that from the same root from which comes the word arbitration, come also the words, arbitrary—defined, despotic; arbitrarily—defined, despotically; arbitrariness—defined, tyranny. Here is a whole volume of comment, history, and prophecy.

During the Pan-American Congress, Mexico did not look with

good-will upon the idea of "forced arbitration," as she termed it, and objected to making "arbitration obligatory." In the light of these expressions, Arbitration assumes a new aspect. She has seemed mild, in contrast with so fierce and stormy a figure as Physical Force. As he retires somewhat into the background and we contemplate her alone, we find her, after all, not the gentlest creature of whom we can conceive, even at our point of civilization; for what does a nation, a society, an individual do when the decision of a court of arbitration is adverse? The defeated party submits, of course; and why? Because it must—which is exactly the same reason for submitting to the decisions of war. Not necessarily because the decision must be right—for the decisions of arbitrators may be as misguided as may the results of war; but simply because it must; and submission is believed to be—as in war—the best policy. And so it is, and we are gainers by man's growing willingness to choose arbitration, as once he chose fighting.

Turn, for a moment, to Tolstoi's interpretation of Christ's words, "Judge not that ye be not judged." This means, he claims, not only that we should refrain from judging our neighbor in our own minds, but that tribunals of all kinds are wrong and against the teachings of Jesus. If he be right, a new light is thrown upon arbitration; and while we gladly welcome the reign of the gentler force, let us not make the mistake of thinking her the ultimate ideal. When physical force, moved by the more humane force, arbitration, shall be won at last to her arms; and when, his usefulness ended, he shall finally vanish away, leaving his sceptre in her hands, she, made stronger and better through effort and struggle, will carry on the work of development commenced—barely commenced, "though numberless centuries have passed since the 'Childhood of the World.'"

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

And this is why we rejoice that,

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

And it may be that in these future days of the reign of Arbitration

she will find herself matched and contrasted with the "law of love;" and some one will ask Emerson—should he be then remembered—to revise his list again and add to it "arbitration, love."

Then, with physical force a memory, these two factors in man's development will clear the way ahead; and in the light of history, made and making, no one can doubt the result. For, blind as we are to-day, we can see that,

"The love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

The mind cannot reach a conception of the great times to come. We must be content to work and to think partly in the dark; but we have gained one immense advantage over our ancestors who lived in those dismal days of old when all the light seemed to have gone out, inasmuch as we have reached a point where we may be absolutely certain that we are working onward toward something greater and better; that life is well worth living; and that in the more complete future the inhabitants of Earth shall need, not only no war, but no arbitration; that all shall be peace, and love shall be the force that shall rule all lands. But—is it not true that some kind of force must always "enfold us round" ?

BARNETTA BROWN.

PEACE.

O fair, sweet Life wherein we find our rest,
And free ourselves from worry, fear, and doubt:
With all the jar and fret of earth shut out
We lie like children on the mother's breast,
And feel, whate'er betides, Love knoweth best.
With Love's defences we are hedged about,
With Love's dear name our foes are put to rout,
With Love we bless, and blessing we are blest.

Ah let the mad world go its dizzy round!
Serene we lie upon the trusted Oar
That pulls us out to broader, calmer seas
Where we the purer depths of life may sound;
And still in sight of Earth's receding shore
We touch the borders of Eternal Peace.

ANNIE L. MUZZEV.

THE SOUL'S "EDEN."

(I.)

It is a familiar assertion that the Universe exists for the purposes of the soul, and is both the outcome and the expression of its necessities. If this be true, we have a hint of the rationale of things which it will be worth while to investigate. In regarding life from the most advantageous stand-point open to us, we are led to conclusions subversive of much that has hitherto stood under the broad heading of truth. Most of us will agree that concerning the questions of good and evil; the destiny and training of the soul; its cycles and purposes; and its relation to the external world, a larger word has yet to be spoken. We need for our philosophy a basis that shall cover the whole area of the soul's life, instead of a segment only. Hitherto our problem has been worked with insufficient factors; what marvel that its solution has baffled us?

Let us turn, then, the search-light of intuition upon the dark track of the soul's past, as revealed by reason and ancient teachings; and fear not to follow its rays, even though they illumine a distance unexpectedly remote. By so doing, we see ourselves to be vastly more than the creatures of a few decades. The immortality to which we cling is made possible for us only by the eternity from which we have come. Back into the distant vistas of the universe we trace ourselves—or that which once we were—demanding from every grade of nature our imperative god-need, experience. The old Cabalists rounded the soul's cycle with an enormous radius. "A stone becomes a plant; a plant, a beast; a beast, a man; a man, a spirit; and the spirit, a god," ran their aphorism; nevertheless, the man is as much the preserved energies of the lower grades, plus something infinitely higher, as the god will be the sum of human energies, plus an unthinkable, divine enfoldment.

Taking this larger view of the soul's experiences—backward over

one short life—backward over many lives, backward over the borders of the lower kingdoms, into a past whose beginnings are not "of the earth earthy"—one great principle is brought prominently before us, that of a graduated evolution, by means of a graduated and ordered experience. It is a condition of the soul's growth that it shall know by actually becoming. Universal being and universal knowledge go hand in hand. To understand completely any phase of being, we must first pass through it. The perfect state—the highest summit of spiritual consciousness—is that in which the trinity of knower, object known, and knowledge is merged into the unity of unconditional Wisdom. This we may call the end and aim of soul-training—this the basis of the soul's universal cry for experience. It is interesting to see how that cry is answered by Nature.

We submit that the Universe exists for the Soul; by which term I would connote a larger meaning than that of the personal Ego in man. We cannot study the human soul without bearing in mind the Great Soul of which it forms a part—that World-Self whose motions are poetically glimpsed by Brahmanical thought in its teaching of the "Days and Nights of Brahma." The periodic ebb and flow of the "Great Breath" produces an eternal procession of Universes, through which Evolution proceeds in an ordered and unending march. Between each alternating cycle—and the great one is composed of many smaller—comes the temporary stillness of "non-breathing," the "Rest" or "Sabbath" of God.

According to this venerable teaching, then, Matter has been, from all eternity, the vehicle of Spirit in manifestation; and we who have now attained to the dignity of the human plane, have tasted, in a previous cycle, the preliminary experiences of the kingdoms below man. At that stage Nature sketched in the program, as it were, which is now being more completely carried out. For, to follow the Brahmanical thought to its furthest, we must assume that the present processes of Nature are repetitions, in a denser form of matter, of those which composed the former period.

The Divine Essence runs like a golden thread from cycle to cycle, bearing in its heart an ideal which it ever strives to evolve in form. For this end it confines and focuses its energies by the casting of

moulds of matter; first building its prison; then becoming it; and finally transcending it by the evolution of higher and freer activities. Thus it climbs from kingdom to kingdom; the same One Soul in each, yet cloaking, in a measure, its identity with the old stage by the increasing complexities of the new.

The human soul thus becomes the focus at which all the forces of Occult Nature meet. It is the knower, the interpreter of the world by right of the immeasurable garnering of its immeasurable past. Lord and master of all lower things, can there be aught in the undergrades of the Universe which it has not, at some former period, experienced? If so, whence its sublime sovereignty—its master-place in lower nature?

Should this world-old Pantheism appear phantastic to those who would fain express the deep secrets of Nature by the shibboleths of a materialistic science, it is yet a logical phantasy. All things exist by reason of a deep, divine necessity, which is hidden from spiritual vision by the blindness of the natural man. The apparent uselessness of external nature sometimes appals us until we reflect on the marvelous complexity of its hidden side, and on the plan and purpose of Forces which direct the phenomena from behind the scenes. The soul, then, that moves toward omniscience has first to participate in the necessary life of lower things if it would share in that perfection which is the sum-total of all possible experience.

Coming now into the soul-sphere which has for us the most immediate interest—the human kingdom—we have to watch the bearings of the great principle of development through material experiences on the deep problem of good and evil. Eden and its tragedy is the destined experience of every human soul; nevertheless it is a fact which cannot be relegated for all to the same point in history. It seems, indeed, that a man has to reach a certain point in Evolution before he acquires the power to sin. This assertion may seem absurd, at first sight; nevertheless, if thoughtfully considered, it throws a faint side-light on the enormous Mystery of Evil.

Now the question presents itself: What is Evil? Are our Theologians in a position to tell us? Because, if they knew rightly what Evil is, they would be nearer a knowledge of its why and its where-

fore. Evil, according to current opinion, is the violation of a divine law; "the deviation of a moral agent from the rules of conduct prescribed by God," as Webster has it. This definition is as accurate from the stand-point of orthodoxy as we can get, but does it cover much ground? Is it satisfying? Clearly, no. We are prompted to push the question back to the real point at issue, and inquire what element in man instigates the deviation; whence its origin; and for what purpose its strong and persistent existence? Evil is not an act; it is that which gives rise thereto. An act is a dead thing, when considered apart from the impulse that prompted it. Evil is vastly more than the mere absence of righteousness; it is more, too, than the violation of a divine law; it is a positive and important factor in the operations of Great Nature; a fierce and potent element in the constitution of the human race, which, if it would be successfully mastered, has first to be scientifically understood.

By many—we might almost say, by the majority—Evil is vaguely regarded as a dangerous something that has been created by the Divine Providence for the sole purpose of being avoided. Such a view is as absurd as it is unphilosophical. That which persists by its own laws; maintaining a strong and independent life amid opposing conditions; that, in short, which has stability enough to form a recognized element in Nature, has to be reckoned among the necessary methods of soul-training. Evil is the birch-rod that stings us into obedience. Its nature is ever the same; but its name changes with the sinner's degree of growth. There is an early stage in which it has to be experienced in the absoluteness of its separation from the Divine, but at that stage it has not yet become Evil. It is a thing that is natural to the condition of the elementary soul, who, by living the life of the animal, and tasting its fierce and savage experiences, rounds out that side of Universal Life, and then passes on.

If the question arises: Why, in order to reach our Divine Godhood, must we first stray far from it? I would suggest that we remedy our previous notions of Divinity. So long as the old, superficial view of "good and evil" as separate and ever-opposed entities is adhered to, so long shall we be in confusion regarding the true nature of both. Old Heraclitus had sighted one clue to the mystery

when he proclaimed the One Life as the Ever-becoming. "The Universal Life," he says, "is an eternal motion, and therefore tends, as every motion must, toward some end, even though this end, in the course of the evolution of life, present itself to us as a mere transition to some ulterior end."

In the course of the transition of the Divine Life from an elementary to a more complex expression of itself in matter, it takes on an aspect which, on the arrival of a higher condition, straightway becomes "Evil." The "evil" is not in the thing *per se*, but in the stand-point from which it is considered. It is, in reality, the effete, the outworn, the useless; the rejected husk of the growing soul, which has no longer a purpose or a place in evolution; which finds itself now an intruder where once it held a fixed and rightful sway. To those of mankind for whom the hour of responsibility has struck, "evil," or the contact of the soul with the grosser elements of matter, is (or should be) an outgrown stage. The story of Eden is the story of the arrival of the new condition. There comes a stage in every soul's experience when the mandate, "Thou shalt not," first thunders with awakening force—announcing, by its very implication of a possible free-will, the birth of the higher growth in which disobedience (and therefore its opposite) becomes one of the god-powers of the evolving being. The birth of Evil is the birth also of the moral law. "I had not known sin," says Paul, "but by the law: for I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. But sin, taking occasion by," or better, taking its start from, "the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law, sin was dead." Rom. vii. 7, 8.

CHARLOTTE M. WOODS.

(*To be continued.*)

Imagination is the faculty to create something which we can perceive; to reproduce a perceptible object in the mind; to recall a state of mind which has been experienced; to take such material as our experience or direct apprehension furnishes and construct it into new forms and images. It is the ability and disposition to form ideals, or mental creations.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

THE MYSTERIOUS KEY.

AN OCCULT TRAGEDY.

(II.)

"My friend," said the druggist, entering the locksmith's shop, "you look pale and thin—yes, and overworked. You ought to take a rest, or else you will be buying tonics and drugs, and—coffins, maybe."

Abul laid down his screw-driver and looked smilingly up at the druggist.

"Oh, no. That is not so. I was never better in my life than now."

"But, see here, do you think you can stay up working till two o'clock in the morning and still be a well man?"

"It was only for one night that I did that," retorted the Egyptian, lightly; "and the fact is I've done very little since then. It is true that I have had some outside work at night, but it was not hard, and the chances are I will finish this evening."

The druggist was not a shrewd man, nor was he suspicious; but as he crossed over to his store, a few minutes later, his thoughts ran somewhat in this line:

"Outside work at night! Never heard of a locksmith having outside work at night before. He seems to be an honest man; but I'm blessed if there isn't something strange about him and his 'outside work.' He looked rather peculiar, too, now that I think of it, when he said he would finish up his work this evening. But—it's no business of mine," and he hurried on, out of the fast-falling snow.

Not very long afterward, Abul emerged from his shop. The strange Egyptian, as a rule, cared very little for the severity of the weather; but to-night he seemed wrapped up, head and ears. He was accustomed to greet his acquaintances with a pleasant word, accompanied by a straightforward glance of the eye; but to-night he seemed inclined to hurry past his friend the policeman, whom he met

half-way up the square. And when the latter had stopped him to make some trivial inquiry he kept his eyes strangely fixed upon the third button of the officer's coat.

"You look cold, to-night," the officer said.

"Cold it is, and it may be colder still to-night," rejoined the locksmith, smiling faintly.

"You look half like a house-breaker, with your face all bundled up and that little satchel of yours," said the policeman, laughingly.

"So I am," Abul answered, in a forced voice.

"Well," said the policeman as he passed on, "I'll know where to lay my hands on you."

"So? Very good!" said the locksmith, as he likewise quickened his pace.

Within half an hour he was within a few squares of the Stranger's house. The snow had ceased falling, and a strong northwest wind sprang up. Abul walked at a brisk pace. His face was bent low as if to shield him from the wind, his hat was drawn closely over his eyes. More than once he cast furtive glances behind him, for the last sentence of the policeman had jarred slightly on his nerves. Might not he be suspected of some underhand work, and even followed? But the streets were almost deserted, and each time he looked back and found no one dogging his footsteps, he laughed at his foolish fears.

Night had fairly set in when a dark form glided swiftly from the uneven street into the dismal basement of the old frame-house adjoining the mysterious Stranger's residence. The shadow groped its way to the inner room, crept to a far corner, and seemed to stoop down. An interval, and a faint light shone through the dingy apartment. A match was being applied to the wick of a small bull's-eye lantern. The flame suddenly flared up and flashed full upon the face of—Abul Kahm, the locksmith.

He quickly closed the lantern, and placed it upon the floor. Slowly he felt his way back to the front of the house, and there took up his stand at a point from which he could see the dark, silent street without being seen.

It had been cold an hour before, but it was bitter cold now. It had been blowing slightly when Abul left his shop, but the wind had

turned into a perfect hurricane. It moaned through the shattered windows of the basement; it howled through the crumbling doorways; it shrieked through the empty chambers, one and all.

As he stood waiting, Abul felt a strange dread gradually creeping over him. Everything was so wild and weird and mystic and thrilling. Not a sound but the wind; not a soul abroad save himself; and all around—darkness.

Why had he ever interested himself in this strange mystery? What was there to be gained even if he solved it? Was it not curiosity—inordinate, criminal, and even dangerous—that led him on? Was he not abusing his powers in delving into that which concerned him not? Had he not better quietly return home before it was too late, and strive to forget the mysterious Golden Key? His very marrow began to be chilled; his teeth chattered and his knees shook.

He had half turned to go when some mysterious power seemed to root him to the spot. He almost fancied that he heard a voice crying out: "You shall not go! Search! Search!" At the same moment he felt as if there was a line of invisible forces reaching from the upper room of the Stranger's house, drawing him irresistibly thither.

Just at this juncture he heard the sound of wheels plowing through the dry snow, and a carriage stopped in front of the brick mansion. Almost immediately, by the dim light of the carriage-lamp, he saw the tall form of the Stranger leave the house and enter the carriage; then he heard the door slam, and the wheels rumbled away into silence.

Then it was that there came upon him strength that seemed almost superhuman. Warm blood flowed through his stiffened limbs, and a mysterious impulse nerved him to action. He walked swiftly to the back room, took up the lantern and drew back the slide. The light fell once more upon his face. It was fixed and determined, as upon the night of the Stranger's first appearance in his little shop. He threw across his arm the strap attached to his satchel, flashed the light in front of him, and began to move along the mildewed halls and up the creaking stairs.

A watcher on the opposite side of the street gazing intently at

the top of the frame-house might have seen, a few minutes later, the form of Abul creeping slowly along. Ten more yards and he had gained the Stranger's house-top. Hastily wrapping one end of a stout rope around the chimney, he let the other dangle down directly in front of the window by which he hoped to enter.

Stealthily he crept to the eaves of the roof, seized the rope and began the descent. Down, down, down—slowly, firmly; hand under hand; once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, and his feet rested upon the window-sill. He released one hand from the rope, raised the window, pushed aside the curtains and swung himself boldly into the unknown room.

He was distinctly conscious of three things: First, that he stood on the softest of velvet carpets; second, that there was a peculiar odor which reminded him of an embalmer's establishment; lastly, that it was intensely dark.

He took the lantern from the satchel, where it had been carefully carried in an upright position, and moving back the slide flashed the light about the room.

He stood in a gorgeous apartment which, but for the deep damask tapestry that covered the four walls, was furnished and decorated in Oriental style. The floor was spread with a thick, soft carpet. Quaint cushions made from the skins of various animals, voluptuous divans and delicately wrought chairs were placed tastefully here and there. At one side of the room was a white marble carving of the Sphinx and close by was the somber figure of a gigantic cat, carved from the blackest ebony.

But nowhere could he see any object that could possibly relate to the mysterious Golden Key.

His eager eyes fell upon no ill-concealed trap-door; his ever busy hands brought to light no damp and bottomless vault. A great disappointment welled up in his heart. He must search below.

Partly closing his lantern he crossed to the door, and, noiselessly opening it, found himself in a spacious hall. Descending one flight of stairs he entered the front room. It was a large library. Around the immense room were massive mahogany cases filled with grim-looking volumes. In the center of the apartment was a broad table,

upon which were scattered numberless books and papers in great confusion.

But again the heart of the locksmith sank within him. There was no trace of the lock for the Golden Key.

He turned and, crossing the hallway, entered a room to the left. He stood upon the threshold of an immense chemical laboratory. Innumerable bottles were arranged around the room. There were troughs and tanks, retorts and crucibles. On a bench at one side were many kinds of tools and delicate instruments—magnets and coils and armatures. Against one wall were ten or twelve shelves of great glass batteries, and above he saw a network of wires running hither and thither. It was all very fine; all very surprising to the locksmith, but he had made no progress whatsoever.

Emerging once more into the hall, he was about to abandon the search when again he felt a mysterious something that impelled him toward the room he had first entered.

Having gained it, he threw himself down into a chair and began to ponder. Whatever there was to be discovered was, he felt sure, in that room and nowhere else. He had searched every nook and corner and had brought nothing to light. Either he must find some cleverly concealed trap-door, some secret panel in the wall, or give up the search.

Taking a small hammer from his satchel, he began to sound the wall, listening attentively and hopefully for some hollow reverberation. In order that the sound should not be deadened by the drapery it was necessary for him to smooth the damask against the wall with one hand and to use the hammer with the other. He had thus nearly completed the circuit of the room when his hand suddenly came in contact with a small protuberance. It projected out from the surface of the wall not more than an eighth of an inch and was about the size of a small coin.

Like a revelation, the truth flashed upon him. It was an electric-button! He moved his hand a little further and discovered that there were four more of these knobs. Hesitating but a moment he pressed the first. The room became brilliantly illuminated by many incandescent lamps that were imbedded in the frescoed ceiling! A cry of

dismay escaped from the locksmith. The light would betray his presence. The second knob—would it cut off the current? Hastily he pressed it, and immediately the circular light from his bull's-eye lantern was all that illumined the room.

Abul breathed easier. He had discovered the use of the first two knobs. What of the third?

He placed his finger upon it and was about to press it when some strange psychological force compelled him to remove his hand. Again he tried, but was unable to control his muscles. A strange spell seemed to come upon him. His heart beat loud and strong, and a chilliness overspread his frame.

"Bah!" he hoarsely whispered, grinding his teeth, "I am become a child!" With one powerful effort of his will he quelled his emotions, swiftly raised his hand and touched the knob.

At the same instant there was a dull, buzzing sound, as if machinery were being set in motion. At first Abul was unable to ascertain its source, but as it grew louder he faced about and flashed the lantern across the room. To his astonishment he saw the tapestry that hung from the opposite wall slowly part, as if unseen hands were drawing aside the curtains of a doorway. The white wall beyond seemed to recede and a pale yellow light shimmered through the opening. The break assumed the proportions of an ordinary doorway; there was a sharp report, a blinding flash from the recess beyond, and instantly everything became still as death!

Abul stood trembling in every limb. He was a brave man and was used to all things weird and uncanny. But he was amid strange surroundings. For a moment he stood irresolute; then conquering his fears he stepped boldly forward and parted the curtains. A cry of triumph escaped from his lips. He stood upon the threshold of a small crypt or vault.

It was not more than ten by seven feet in size, but had a high ceiling, in the centre of which burned an electric lamp. Reaching from wall to wall and nearly filling half the crypt was a massive chest shaped somewhat like a coffin. It was made of yellow metal with strange signs and symbols carved upon it, and it was studded with many gems. Yet it was not the sight of the precious metal that

caused Abul to cry out; nor the signs or symbols; nor yet again the jewels themselves. His quick eye had detected something far more important. On the side and about the middle of the chest, three inches from the upper edge, was a large, queerly-shaped keyhole.

For one moment Abul stood half-stunned with glad surprise. The next he sprang forward. He took the key from the satchel which hung at his arm, and tremblingly applied it to the lock. One sharp turn to the right—the bolt had yielded!

Almost mad with eagerness he seized the lid with both his hands and exerting all his strength raised it. On the velvet cushions that lined the chest rested the still form of a beautiful woman.

Her dark hair, her slender form, her browned complexion, and her loose white robe—all proclaimed her some fair daughter of the distant Nile. Her eyes were sealed as in death. Her jeweled hands were folded across her breast. Her colorless lips told that blood had ceased to flow through her veins. Just resting upon her forehead was the end of a large copper wire, and touching one of her daintily sandaled feet was the other electrode.

As the locksmith bent over this beautiful vision of death, and "marked the mild angelic air" that rested upon the calm, noble face, he felt strangely drawn toward her; knew that between the dead girl and himself there existed some subtle affinity; realized, at last, that he had not been directed upon his perilous and seemingly useless quest by mere idle curiosity, but that some occult power had shaped his course and brought him hither, for what end he knew not. And as he gazed upon his fair countrywoman the memory of other days, of happier days and happier nights, crowded upon him; days and nights passed upon the shores of the abundant Nile, and among maidens as darkly fair as she who lay before him.

JOSEPH S. ROGERS.

(Concluded next month.)

PYTHAGORAS AND "BEING."

(XXVI.)

Democritus and Pythagoras are the two most interesting philosophers among "physical metaphysicians" of the first age of Greek philosophy; and they are the final effort of the Greek mind of their period in its speculations on Nature.

I have already treated the Democritic ideas, and have shown them to resemble will forces. I now come to the Pythagorean Number, which will be shown to be an expression for *relationship*, a formative principle, a principle of "harmony" and of "construction." Taken together with the Democritic atomistic philosophy, the Pythagorean Number may be said to represent "transcendental physics."

Neither Pythagoras nor any of his immediate disciples committed their teachings to writing. The earliest Pythagorean treatise, composed by Philolaus, a contemporary of Socrates, is known to us only in fragments, and the genuineness of these is disputed. Apocryphal Pythagorean literature is abundant.* He seems to have found his fundamental principles in the Orphic hymns, and in Egypt. In this connection I have only to do with his number theory. "Numbers are the principles of things." "Number is the substance of all things." "In numbers the Pythagoreans fancied they beheld many resemblances for entities and things that are being produced, rather than in fire, and earth, and water"; these are the words of Aristotle. To Pythagoras, according to the ancient commentators, it does not matter what we call the original substance; the nature of each thing is after all the law of development, the measure of its condensation. It is proportion that makes this existence into a Kosmos or an orderly system; and it is harmony that is the secret of a virtuous life.

Number, viz., the numerical and mathematical relations of things,

* Zeller says, "Of Pythagoreanism and its founder, tradition has the more to tell us the farther it is removed in time from its subject; whereas it becomes more reticent in proportion as we approach chronologically nearer to that subject itself."

makes the thing as we know it. Number harmony makes music; proportion is the characteristic element in sculpture and architecture; and in the movement of the heavenly bodies we discover order and law, a "harmony of the spheres," as Pythagoras is reported to have taught. Take number away, remove the relative order of things, and we have chaos. Let the men of a regiment of soldiers march, not keeping step with one another, and "the bearing power" is gone—the marching becomes "hard work." A *nature-principle* reveals itself in the tact which makes threshing and smithing easy. The measured movement introduces the power of a universe, the rhythm of the motion accords with universal vibration. Music becomes the mother-tongue of feeling humanity, when in well-graded measure it calls out such feelings in us as correspond to those tone combinations, which are true expressions for the universal motion. The ancients personified universal emotion in Apollo, the god of Harmony.

All this implies that number has a magical power, and that was what the Pythagoreans taught. It is to them divine, the permeating force of the Universal. Philolaus is represented as saying that, "the nature and energy of number may be traced not only in divine and demonic things, but even in human works and words everywhere, and in all works of art, and in music." This proves to the mind of Ritter * most distinctly that number was to the Pythagoreans the divine or the first principle of all things and a Something diffused throughout the whole world; and that they also held it to be in itself unknowable, only revealing itself in mundane things as that which reconciles all to friendship, adapts them to each other, and thereby renders them knowable. Cicero also speaks in a similar way, "God with the Pythagoreans, is the soul which is diffused through and governing in all things, and from which our souls derive their origin."

Immediately connected with the central doctrine of number is the Pythagorean theory of opposites; and that theory furnishes the best proof for the explanation of the number-theory as being one that explains the world and all its phenomena as a result of relationship, viz., that all we know is simply modes of perceptions, and these perceptions translated into conceptions of our own minds.

* History of Ancient Philosophy; Oxford, 1838, Vol. I., 369.

Pythagoras no doubt believed in the continuity of all natural phenomena and processes. So believing, he could look upon the notions of cause and effect only as convenient artifices, and could not ascribe to them any reality. When he derives the Many from the One he is only describing an aspect of Being, or an "attribute," as Spinoza would say. Between the two poles, the Odd and the Even, existence comes to being, according to him. Not that existence *is*, but that it constantly "comes to be." "Contraries are the first principles of entities." "The greater portion of things human may be reduced to two classes; call them contrarities." Thus reports Alcmaeon of Crotona, "who had," as Aristotle said, "reached the age of manhood when Pythagoras was an old man." The deeper truth of the Pythagorean declaration that numbers are even and odd seems to be the law of polarity.

Existence oscillates between two poles: Being and Not-Being. Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. Existence is like a flowing river; not a particle is at rest; all move simultaneously toward the boundless. If we look for rest we must give perpetuity to the moment we have seized. And we do. The ideas we ascribe to the ocean, "Eternity, Immensity, and Power," are our ideas, though they have been called forth by the ocean. In other words, the manifestations are themselves realities and substance itself is only known by these manifestations or the moments of relation, the moments in which Being takes form in our mind.

Beginning, Origin, Being, the Fundamental, or whatever else we may call the starting-point, cannot be conceived except by the mediate appearance of an Other, be that Other, End, Effect, Product, or the "energia" or the "telos." The End, in the primary sense, is the cause of the action, hence the cause of the Beginning. Beginning and End condition each other. But, not only does the Second lie in the First, also the Third lies there, for it "proceeds" the moment we conceive the First and the Second; it is the connecting link, the affinity of the two. The First is the active principle, the father principle; the Second is the passive principle, the mother principle; and the Third is the unitive principle, the child; all three are Being in diremption, and "proceed" out of each other in the

order, 1, 2, 3. In the Hebrew sacred name we have a fourth "proceeding," the actual existence, the World, or Man, represented by the final He, thus: Yod—He—Vau—He = Yohveh. Here, then, the numerical relationship of thoughts becomes the means where-with we express Being. If we are Nominalists, then these notions are to us mere names or words, and they have no objective realities corresponding to them. But if we are Realists, they contain Universals and they are not mere conceptions and expressions. Most occult students are realists and believe that the trinity of 1, 2, 3, is sacred and a talisman that unlocks many secret doors to the Cosmos, viz., the Great Order, the Macrocosmos. All will acknowledge that in the four we have completeness as it is in the actual world. The circle is completeness in the infinite, but the square is the sign of completeness in the actual world, because it is the End or the World, Man, as the outcome that completes existence. The square is the sign of Man. Man is only perfect when his measure in height corresponds to his width, represented by his outstretched arms.

The Pythagorean speculation knows these four categories or classes to which things or thoughts may be referred.* The earliest table of categories known is that of the Pythagoreans, preserved by Aristotle in the first book of his *Metaphysics*. The Orphic philosophy saw in these categories an expression for the mysteries of Samothrace, which were a dramatic representation of the life of the Great Gods, viz., universal mind and productive body, or Heaven and Earth. This actual world was the outcome of that life. Thus the ancients by kindergarten pictures demonstrated the four. In another designation their names are Cronos (time), Zeus (ether), Kasma (original stuff), and Phanes (the world, also called the "love-creator"). Plato has a similar four-foldness in the dialogue "Philebus": Being; Peras, the End or "constitutor;" the Indeterminate; and the Common or Compound. These four are "the sources of the roots of eternal nature;" they are "the mother of all." That which the One, the Undifferentiated, holds in its abyss, comes to light in these four; and, out of these four (arranged thus, $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$) comes the

* It being impossible to know all things individually, philosophy arranges things and thoughts, according to their common properties, in classes. Such classes are called categories. Science does the same thing with its material.

ten, the "all complete," which cannot be passed.* The Pythagoreans called Ten, Deity, Eternity, and Heaven, viz., "That which receives all things" (decad, from *dékomai*, to receive). It is also called Kosmos, and with the Kabbalists it is the Kingdom, or the Sum-total of all divine diremption. Numerically it has so much interest because it represents the ten fingers, not only as in mystical language "the fountain of eternal nature," but "all that can be counted."

Phanes, the "love creator," or, as Plato calls his fourth category, Peras, "the constitutor," is of special interest and becomes a symbol of Being as the "final cause" or the involution of Being.

When we turn to science in our studies of relationship, to see how all known forms are evolved from the One, Being, we are supplied with a magnificent apparatus for the proof of the Pythagorean proposition, that "all things are by number," or "by relationship."

"All things the world which fill, of but one stuff are spun;" and that stuff, "universally known and yet essentially unknown," science calls Protoplasm. It describes it as "not a compound, but a structure built up of compounds, consisting of elementary substances: carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex union." Protoplasm is a semi-fluid, sticky material, full of numberless minute granules in ceaseless and rapid motion.

In analyzing Protoplasm science gives us four terms, and though it has not yet shown in what order they properly lie in nature, we can readily compare them to the four abstractions underlying the sacred Name, as defined before. In speaking of the physical basis of life, science usually makes use of only three terms: carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous compounds, because the four usually exist in combinations. Carbon and oxygen unite and make carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water, and nitrogen with other elements give rise to nitrogenous salts. Which of the three (or four) is first or the mother element is not yet known, but one no doubt is. The Ionic philosophers variously called the One either water, air, or earth, and from the one, which stood for the First, they derived the other

* The Pythagorean oath centred on the Tetrads. As given in the Golden Verses it runs: "I swear it by Him who has transmitted into our soul the sacred Quaternion, the source of Nature, whose course is Eternal."

two after the abstract method indicated before and exemplified by the terms Beginning, End, and Affinity. The truth probably is that in the actual world either may be first or last, and that Being, "universally known, yet essentially unknown," appears in and by means of any of their combinations. In Professor Crookes, science has attained by speculation the conception that in reality there is but one element and all the others are only differentiations of that. He calls this One Element, Protyle. Another scientist, Mendelejeff, has arranged these differentiations in certain order, and the result is very curious, and at the same time furnishes a strong proof that the Pythagorean doctrine of number is a doctrine of relationship. Arrange after Mendelejeff's plan the chemical elements in order of their atomic weights, and their relative position will show most conclusively their family likeness and suggest their descent from each other in regular order. In other words, will prove them modifications of one primary element, or show that their existence is purely a result of relationship.

The various number-systems undoubtedly arise by evolution from One and Two. Three is "what goes beyond." Four is "and three," viz., one and three. Five is "that which comes after," namely, after four. Six is probably a compound of two and four, or the name five for the five fingers plus the first counted once more; just as seven is an expression for five and the two first fingers counted twice. Seven has been called "that which follows," namely, follows six. Eight, nine, and ten may be accounted for in the same way. In other words, from six to ten we simply count the first five over again, and have a duplication; five being the fundamental form, and One the original, from which all number concepts arise. This derivation is in the main taken from Bopp, the famous authority in Comparative Grammar. Scholars almost universally agree that to Humboldt we owe the underlying idea of our understanding of the various number-systems. He pointed out that the Sanskrit *pankan* was the Persian *penjeh*, meaning "the outstretched hand," or the five fingers, a word-form that repeats itself in the numbers from five to ten. The five fingers are but one fivefold hand; Evolution shows how necessity divided the one hand into the five fingers. Of Number I have written already in this series of essays.

Music may be called, as Véron calls it,* the Architecture of Sound; and Architecture may well be called the Music of Space, for both depend upon proportion and harmony, or numerical relations. The rhythm of music controls even the most uncivilized nations. To children and savages, the regular recurrence of intonations and similar cadences are most agreeable. The monotonous air whose rhythm harmonizes with the regular movements of the cradle puts the baby atune with its fundamental composition of elements, which themselves are symbols of relationships. Rhythm contains a general law, which possesses a power over almost all living things. Rhythm may be said to be the dance of sound; and sound is but the numerical expression for vibration, or the movement of existence. The monotonous dwelling upon a single note satisfies the savage, who stands nearer to Nature than his civilized brother. The negroes' singing number is limited to four, when no external circumstances cause modifications. Here again we have fundamentals. The more vigorously these monotonous notes recall natural impressions of his life, the more the savage likes them; which shows an original relationship. Sounds have no meaning in themselves, but they obtain one by their connection with our perceptions.

All motion is rhythmical, viz., it is characterized by regular, measured recurrence of stress or impulse. Without motion, no life. Hence our conceptions of life as a physical manifestation are intimately bound up with rhythm, vibratory relationships, or number forms. Modern psycho-physics has done our science an immense service by its demonstrations of this fact in psychology. But many modern occultists have been led astray by the current doctrines on vibrations, and seem to believe that life's mystery is solved. We are not nearer Being because the laws of mechanics have been found to apply to many psychic facts. We have found additional confirmations for our belief that Being manifests itself also in vibratory movements, but we have not yet found the backstairs, that some seem to think exist and which lead to the Universe, the *eunus-versus*, that which turns about and is the One. There are no backstairs; and

* Eugene Véron: *Æsthetics*. Translated by W. H. Armstrong. London, 1879.

neither the doctrine of number nor any of the other doctrines I have set forth in this series on Being, will alone lead us to the goal. They are all true; but we shall not have found the Truth till we see that they mutually, by transmutation, can assume each other's form. It is well to remind ourselves of this from time to time. All truths are but relationships, numerical forms of Truth. Thus a deeper study of the Pythagorean proposition leads to a wonderful esoteric plane of existence. After the numbers have served us in physics and proved to us that our existence is not a chaos, but an Order, a Cosmos, they leave us on the middle of the road where we discovered that order, and they point to their own original, Number, as our next guide. When they have proved to us that they are but varying planes of the One, they have actually brought us into the One. They have proved the Pythagorean doctrine that "number is the essence of things."

When this fact has become part of our life, we are ready to profit by the next teachings which Pythagoreanism has to offer. The next teachings are those that relate to the "immortality doctrine," and cannot be received by one ignorant of the method of life. The Pythagorean culture of character is not possible except by practical ascetics, and these have their rationale in the number-doctrine. How can one care to deny himself if he has not understood that things are but relative, "in relations," and only thus receive their life and have their being? No mere impulse or feeling will make one enter upon the hard road of overcoming. But if one can see the rationale of self-conquest to be a rise to higher forms of life, of understanding, and experience, then the work is comparatively easy.

Pythagoras's final aim seems to have been Ethics, an aim of life he learned in Egypt; hence we can readily see the need of the doctrine of number or of relativity of things. By Ethics he of course did not understand any single set of rules or any *ism*. The word was probably not known to him. He meant, as all contemporary philosophers of any note meant, an endeavor to fall into the order of things, a wisdom that expressed itself not in formulas, but in an harmonious life, a life in truth. This part of his philosophy does not belong to my present scheme of essays upon Being. Hence I pass it by.

C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(II.)

THE GHOST VISITS THE CEMETERY.

“As sure as I’m alive there is a ghost sitting on a tombstone watching the grave-digger! Evidently I have come to the right place to find company. The living don’t know how to treat a ghost. The conductor wouldn’t stop the car for me; and in spite of my wild gesticulations and earnest remonstrances, a washerwoman who was taking home a basket of clothes put it in my lap, just because I was sitting in the only vacant seat in the car. She couldn’t see that the seat was occupied. But it was worse yet when she got out and three small boys with energetic heels took her seat—and mine. I never did like to be kicked. I am not a rowdy, and I know I couldn’t have presented a very dignified appearance, if anyone could have seen me, climbing out of the car window onto the roof—but what was to be done? I didn’t like to sit on the strap-pole for fear someone would see me. There are people who see ghosts—at least they *say* they do. I used to doubt it. But now that I am a ghost myself it seems as if everyone ought to see me.”

“Good-morning! Is this man digging your grave?” the Ghost who was sitting on the tombstone inquired of the New Ghost as he approached.

“Perhaps so. I am to be buried out here to-morrow.”

“It is a pleasant cemetery.”

“Yes; I always liked Oakwoods. I heard them say my grave was to be in sight of one of the lakes, so probably this is it.”

“I congratulate you on your location. But I wish you could tell your friends to put up a square-topped tombstone for you. They are all round or pointed—there isn’t one in sight comfortable for a ghost to sit on.”

“What difference does it make?”

"I was a fat man; and unless I have a good square seat I always feel as if I am slipping off. I like to be high enough so I can see, and I don't like to be walked over, as anyone is liable to be when he stays on the ground among people. The relatives who order tombstones seldom give a thought to the convenience of the ghosts who are to use them!"

"That is a fact. Never having had any experience as ghosts they don't know what ghosts want."

"How do you like it?"

"Like what?"

"The Empire of the Invisibles."

"It doesn't meet my expectations."

"You are disappointed?"

"Yes."

"The most of us are. When we step out of life we expect to improve our condition. But in a material world, life with a body is preferable."

"Where are the other ghosts? You are first and only one I have seen."

"Oh, they are scattered around in various places. There are always a few at the club. Some are in the library, reading; six or eight went to Lincoln Park; five or six said they were going to take a sail on the lake. The others are scattered around the streets and stores. There are three or four who are inveterate shoppers."

"But that accounts for only a few, and there are thousands of people buried in the cemeteries around Chicago. Where are their ghosts? I didn't meet any on the street."

"Perhaps there are not so many of us as you think."

"There must be millions of ghosts! Just think of the millions who have died!"

"Millions have died, certainly. That fact is indisputable. But where they are I do not know. Why did you wish to join the invisible army?"

"Wish? You speak as if you thought I wished to die?"

"I do not think—I know."

"You know?"

" Yes."

" That is strange! "

" Not at all. Men who do not wish to die do not commit suicide."

" Who told you that I committed suicide? "

" No one."

" What makes you think so? "

" I do not need to think—I know."

" Were you watching me? "

" I never saw you until now."

" Will every ghost who sees me know? "

" Yes."

" Do you mean to say that there is something about me which will betray my secret to every inhabitant of this land of shadows? "

" Certainly."

" I am bewildered. Please explain."

" It is most simple. Only suicides make ghosts. We never see anything of the people who really *die*. They do not stop in Shadowland. The universe is not so loosely constructed as we are in the habit of thinking while we are on the other side. We can shove ourselves out of the body; so much lies in our power. But we cannot shove ourselves into the next world. Death holds the key, and all our efforts to unlock the door without his aid are in vain. This land of ghosts is the half-way house. We ghosts are neither wholly dead nor wholly alive."

" Where is heaven? "

" I don't know."

" Where is hell? "

" I don't know that either—unless this is it. I sometimes think this monotonous monotone of an actionless existence is more hell than I know what to do with. But there! I shouldn't discourage you! Perhaps you will enjoy this new kind of life for a while."

" If sitting on tombstones is the most cheerful occupation you can find, it looks to me as if opportunities for happiness must be limited! "

" Oh, well, you won't need to watch the cemetery until your turn comes. If you object, you won't need to do it at all. There are

enough of us old ghosts who find it as interesting as anything else we can do. I usually take it a month in the summer-time. It is a little breezy in the winter—but then I am always ready to take it when no one else wants it.”

“ Watch the cemetery! Do you expect the dead to get up and run away with their coffins? or do you fear that burglars will carry off the tombstones? ”

“ If burglars wanted to carry off the tombstones I don't know how ghosts could prevent them. We watch the cemetery for the benefit of new ghosts like you, who are apt to be lonesome. By the time his funeral is over, a new ghost is usually glad to meet other ghosts who can tell him something about Shadowland, and introduce him to its inhabitants.”

“ I began to fear that I was the only ghost in the world, and that my ghostly existence was a huge mistake, or a fantastic dream from which I should slip into the night of annihilation and total unconsciousness. And that I disliked, because I always had a consuming curiosity to know why I was born.”

“ My life in Shadowland has not helped me to solve that mystery. The problem of existence is as inexplicable as ever. I don't know of anyone who knows anything about it, unless it is the Occultist. You will have to consult him.”

“ Since all ghosts are suicides, may I inquire what induced you to cross the boundary-line between worlds? ”

“ The usual cause—lack of funds. Money represents all the good things of life in these days. I came over during the hard times just after the World's Fair in 1893. Out of a job. No prospect of getting any. Lived on one meal a day until I was as thin as a rail. I concluded there were too many men in the world. There ought to be food enough for all, but there was no chance for some of us to get hold of any. I tried to borrow a pistol to shoot myself with, but I couldn't. So I walked out to the end of a pier and jumped off in deep water. There was a high wind coming in, and a big wave took me and dashed me against a post. That finished me. But I had to stay out on that pier all night in a drenching rain-storm, to see that my body didn't get lost. I don't know why it is, but I haven't found a ghost yet but

feels as if he must keep track of his body until it is safely buried, so he'll know where to find it."

"An unpleasant prelude to life in the world of shadows!"

"Rather! The sailor found me in the morning. He keeps watch of the river and harbor. You can see him almost any time perched in the rigging or sitting on the top of a mast. He likes to stay on the pleasure-yachts anchored in the basin, and watch life on the water. It is pleasant there. I spend a day with him occasionally. But it looks as if you were to have an expensive funeral. It couldn't be hard times that sent *you* over."

"It was the loss of my fortune."

"Indeed! How did you come?"

"Poison. I am something of a druggist, and I prepared it myself. Three drops were enough. I prepared it in a test-tube, and when I was ready drank it, crushed the glass-tube in my hands and threw the pieces out of the open window. I had just time to get into bed in a comfortable position. I had been complaining of my heart for a week or two—the thing had acted queerly! They found me in the morning and supposed of course it was heart-failure. My plan has worked well so far. No one has suspected suicide—unless the doctor has thought of it. But whatever he may think he has said nothing."

"You have no near relatives?"

"I have a brother and a sister, married and living in homes of their own at a distance. They ought to be here by this time. I shall have to go back to the house to see what is going on."

"I don't wonder you are anxious. We had an unpleasant case similar to yours. A wealthy, well-known artist poisoned himself; and his younger brother, who inherited his fortune, was charged with murdering him. The brothers had had a violent quarrel about money matters a week before, although they really thought a great deal of each other. The younger one was arrested, tried, convicted, and hung—actually hung for a murder which was not committed! A man never can tell what sort of a tangle he is leaving behind him when he tries to step out secretly."

"Will you be here to-morrow?"

"Yes; after your funeral I will take you down to the club and introduce you—unless you prefer visiting your relatives. Some ghosts spend a few weeks with their relatives; but they soon get tired of associating with the living, it is such a one-sided piece of business. And then—it disturbs some ghosts to see how soon they are forgotten."

"I have been wondering what I should do with myself after the funeral. I don't think I should enjoy sitting on tombstones an indefinite length of time."

The New Ghost walked quietly out of the cemetery, unseen by the half-dozen mourners he met, who were coming to visit graves, and unnoticed by the funeral procession which was slowly winding through the gate. To his annoyance, he found himself obliged to give the whole road or be walked over. It was the same on the sidewalk. No one paid the slightest attention to him. He took a seat in an empty cable-car, which slowly filled. The conductor passed him without asking for a fare, and the passengers took no notice of him until a fat woman, carrying a three-year-old child in her arms, sat down on him and failed to get up for the next twelve blocks.

"Twenty-one carriages! Those relatives of yours will have quite a bill to pay for funeral expenses," remarked the Old Ghost to the New Ghost as they stood at the side of the grave, the next day, watching the people as they alighted from the carriages. "Climb up on this tombstone at the right and then we can see without being crowded. Are these your relatives and their children here in these first carriages?"

"Yes."

"See that golden-haired six-year-old crying for 'Uncle Rodney!' And that big boy—he's ashamed to cry, but he can't help it. They are all nice-looking folks, too! Your sister is taking it hard. They don't groan and howl the way I have heard some folks, but you can see that they all feel bad. What a fool you were to come over here and leave all that! Do you think I would have come if I had had relatives and friends? Not a bit of it! I fail to see any reasonable excuse for your desertion of life."

The New Ghost was intently watching the disposal of his body, and made no reply to the Old Ghost's comments. They were silent until the service was through and the last carriage had departed.

"Have the arrangements suited you?"

"Yes; they had the right minister and everything has been done in good order, and—nobody suspects! I must say that I never expected to enjoy attending my own funeral as well as I have. Of course, I never expected to attend it consciously—nobody does! It is the unexpected that happens on this side of the grave as well as the other, I find."

"Chills would run down the backbones of the mourners if they knew we ghosts were looking on."

"How is it that you and I can hear each other, when the people around us do not hear a sound we are making?"

"We are not making a sound."

"But I hear every word you say."

"Not at all. You simply imagine that you do."

"You must permit me to doubt that statement until you prove it."

"You will have to talk with the Occultist. He can explain the matter much better than I can. Sound, you remember, is caused by a vibrating body which sets sound-waves in motion. The substance of which we ghosts are composed is of too rarefied or ethereal a nature to have power over matter in its ordinary forms. It is as impossible for us ghosts to set a sound-wave in motion as it would be for us to lift up Lake Michigan and empty it into the Atlantic."

"But I certainly *hear* you!"

"You only think you do. Because, during life on earth, when we communicate with our friends their thoughts usually reach us through their voices, we learn to associate thought with sound, and continue to imagine that we hear voices in this world of silence. That is a mistake. Sound for us is no longer a reality. We have neither ears to stop a sound-wave, nor vocal organs to set one in motion. If a man should fire a cannon at our feet we couldn't hear it; although you would probably imagine that you did."

"Yet I understand you."

"Certainly. It is a matter of thought-transference. We have our compensations. We can understand what is going on in the visible universe, just as well as those who have bodies—but it is in a different way. I refer you to the Experimenter for further explanations. He is full of theories. Will you go down to the club with me now?"

"Thank you. I think I'll go home with my sister. It made me feel queer, when she knelt by that poor deserted body of mine and cried as if her heart would break! I didn't know they would care so much. And yet—I ought to have known! We were always a united family. After I have stayed with her awhile I will go and see my brother. He took it hard, too. I wish there was some way of letting them know that I am alive yet, and just as near as ever!"

"Don't try it. You would only scare your sister into fits, and your brother into brain-fever. There are very few people who care to associate with ghosts."

H. E. ORCUTT.

(To be continued.)

THE ETHICS OF DIET.

"He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man."—Isaiah, lxvi. 3.

There are certain superficial people who teach that diet is of slight consequence in the development of the psychic nature, and that self-control is more easily attained when one is quite indifferent to both the quantity and the quality of food consumed. These persons are not necessarily insincere, nor are they slaves to the savory delights of gustatory sensuality in such measure that they are unable to withstand the "flesh-pots." They are primarily ignorant of the tremendous influence an habitual food exerts upon the changing body-cells, and, reflexively, upon the mental and spiritual man; and they are also ignorant of the meaning of love and humanity in their cosmical signification; that is, they are not yet truly spiritualized.

The mediæval Christian church sank into the depths of gluttonous indulgence despite the mandate of the early Christian fathers

against such debauching of the spiritual nature. St. Augustine denounced flesh-eating as an obstruction and a snare; and he had, apparently, many imitators and followers in this regard. But as the church receded from the heights of watchful purity, and fell away into ritualism and worldliness, over-indulgence in gross food (that thermometer of psychical ascension and declination in the nation or the individual) manifested itself so offensively that mediæval writings abound in illustrations of priestly gluttony. Sensual gratification of the palate constitutes an abiding hindrance to the religious life of the pulpit. Lambeth Palace has been more celebrated for the quality of its wines and the elaborate variety of its dinners than for the uncompromising purity of its ethics or its attitude of worldly renunciation. Some of the most unwilling converts and the most hostile opponents to a non-flesh regimen in America are found in the ministerial ranks. The lamentation of a recent great novelist over the inadequacy of the *fin de siècle* church to cope effectively with the powers of evil constitutes a strong sermon against the low psychical state of our clerical leaders, and the total absence of a veritable Christianity among us.

Now, the injunction to "watch and pray"—to live in daily observance of the "beatitudes," the "golden rule," and the "fruits of the spirit"—to "concentrate," is absolutely antagonistic to the maintenance of a gross and insensitive diet of dead-animal flesh, with its accessory necessity for a degraded butcher-class, set apart for the daily avocation of slaughtering millions of shrinking victims. No metaphysician, no Christian has an ethical *right* to thus brutalize his brother man, and to cut off sentient beings possessing a nervous system similar to man's, together with the human-like sensibility to suffering. Let one sincerely and honestly put himself in the place of the animal thus maltreated, from the branding of tender calves, and the "shrinkage" caused by fever and suffering during transportation in cattle-cars, to the final exposure of their decomposing bodies in the meat-stalls, and the horror of the custom will be realized. Humane societies cannot consistently and progressively exist while this odious, almost cannibalistic, practice is authorized by ethical leaders and instructors.

A non-sentient, non-resisting diet is, on the other hand, of superior advantage in the development of spiritualized perceptions. Flesh, impregnate with impure matter, strengthens the sensual, passionate nature, and dulls the mental and psychical apprehension; while cereals, fruits, nuts, are buoyant with a latent, constructive energy, which nourishes the thinking-principle.

No psychic myopia should be encouraged by the metaphysical guide. Let it be reiterated with emphatic insistence that the deeper humanity and love are all-encircling, *cosmical emotions*. Not only are they invincibly antipathetic to sensuous indulgence, profitless luxury, and that thoughtlessness which lowers one to the beast-level, but the very condition of existence of these emotions in their pristine purity necessitates appreciation of and sympathy with "the great silent caste" which is also groping its way toward the light of spiritual consciousness. Let mankind realize that its vaunted evolution is but slightly in advance of that of these, our sentient comrades. The same Being is in one and all, manifesting from the plane of Unity; with the difference that the soul-principle is more densely veiled behind its tissue of matter in the animal than in the man—a difference that is one of degree only, not of kind.

An ethical consideration of diet, with renunciation of flesh, alcohol, and all gross matters, and the cultivation of the new, incoming body-cells with pure, solarized, buoyant foods which shall develop serenity, wisdom, and health, prepares the way and makes the paths straight for the deliverance of the aspirant spirit from its material gyves.

ROSA G. ABBOTT.

The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee. You are running to seek your friend. Let your feet run but your mind need not. If you do not find him, will you not acquiesce that it is best that you should not find him? For there is a power, which, as it is in you, is in him also, and could therefore very well bring you together, if it were for the best.—*Emerson*.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero*.

TOO "PROGRESSIVE" FOR HIM.

I am somethin' of a vet'ran, jest a turnin' eighty year—
 A man that's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear—
 But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,
 An' I'm goin' tew ease my conshuns if I never speak agin!

I've lived my four-score years of life, an' never till tew day
 Wuz I taken fer a Jackass or an ign'rant kind o' Jay,
 Tew be stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawlin' bugs an' worms
 That's a killin' human bein's with their " Mikroskopische germs."

They say there's " Mikrobes " all about a lookin' fer their prey—
 There's nothin' pure tew eat nor drink an' no safe place tew stay—
 There's " Miasmy " in the dew-fall, an' " Malaria " in the sun—
 'Tain't safe to be out doors at noon or when the day is done.

There's " Bactery " in the water an' " Trikeeny " in the meat—
 " Ameeby " in the atmosphere, " Calory " in the heat—
 There's " Corpussuls " an' " Pigments " in a human bein's blood—
 An' every other kind o' thing existin' sence the flood.

Terbacker's full o' " Nickerteen," whatever that may be—
 An' your mouth'll git all puckered with the " Tannin " in the tea—
 The butter's " Olymargareen," it never saw a cow—
 An' things is gettin' wus and wus from what they be jest now.

Them bugs is all about us jest a waitin' fer a chance
 Tew navigate our vitals an' tew 'naw us off like plants;
 There's men that spends a life-time huntin' worms, jest like a goose—
 An' tackin' Latn names to 'em an' lettin' on 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense an' I'm not agoin' tew try—
 If things has come tew sech a-pass I'm satisfied tew die—
 I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be sech a fool
 As to wait until I'm pizeded by a " Annymallycool!"

Lurana W. Sheldon, in "The Jury."

Everywhere and at all times it is in thy power piously to acquiesce in thy present condition, and to behave justly to those who are about thee, and to exert thy skill upon thy present thoughts, that nothing shall steal into them without being well explained.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object between them and the sun, and whoso journeys toward the sun, journeys toward that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus, men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.—*Emerson.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE USEFULNESS OF OCCULT STUDY.

The literature of the day is becoming more and more impregnated with ideas pertaining to the occult sciences, and with thoughts developed by comprehension of those principles of action which have heretofore been considered as belonging to a hidden side of nature, and not to be understood by man in this phase of life. The teaching crops out in nearly every line of literary endeavor and already shows its advancing tendency in the most of our educational and intellectual methods, in both social and professional life.

The question frequently arises: What practical use in every-day life has such a train of ideas? Even if true, will men and women become better, stronger, more self-reliant, purer, more upright, or in any way better equipped for citizenship and social relation with others, through knowledge of Occult Philosophy?

To all these questions we would unreservedly reply, Yes! Every true idea advanced by any of the various philosophies of occult science, is uplifting and ennobling in its influence on human life, and tends inevitably to strengthen the character and give stamina to all the faculties of the mind and soul.

But, replies Mr. Solidweight of the business world, questions relating to the mind and soul are of little importance in a hard-scrabble life like ours. My soul (if I have such an incumbrance) must take care of itself; my mind requires only enough attention to enable me to avoid the tricks of others and protect my own interests, while my body requires such constant care, in order that I may even live, that attention to occult philosophy would be a sheer waste of time on my part.

The ground of this argument is purely material, and, in the light of metaphysical philosophy, is not well taken because not fundamentally true. The Body, Mind, and Soul—whether considered as faculties, functions, vehicles, instruments, or beings—are not separate, and do not in any true sense either act or respond to action independently. They are mutually responsive to the vital activity of the Spirit, the real Being—Man himself.

A body does not exist without a Mind; a mind cannot continue in action entirely devoid of Soul; and a soul with no Spirit would possess no vitality and could not remain in existence.

Every man is a being possessed of vital energy. The being operates superconsciously in pure spiritual activity, on the plane of Intelligence, dealing with absolute reality. The same being functions sub-consciously, on the next outward plane, in various modes of consciousness, which, collectively, we speak of as Soul-life. Here we describe him as Soul. Again he moves outward and downward, in his comprehension of things, and functions externally, through processes of reason, as mind; intellectual power. Here he deals objectively with ideas, principles, and laws, evolving a species of consciousness based upon the separateness of things, and the aggregation of his separate thought-processes forms itself into an organic structure known as *his* body. It is not the man himself, it does not for a moment exist independently of either of these higher parts of his constructive being, and it should not receive his chief consideration.

The intelligent activity of man's spiritual consciousness expresses itself in his Soul-being, the activities of his soul-nature are reproduced in the Mind, and the pictures formed in mind, by his thought-processes, crystallize in the organic structure of the Body; therefore, to give entire attention to material subjects is to form only external pictures in the mind, thereby stifling all the higher faculties and subjecting the body entirely to external influence. This excludes the beneficent influence of all the faculties of the higher nature of both Mind and Soul, on the plane of actual intelligence, by means of which, alone, is man higher than the animal.

On this lower plane every thing is comparatively coarse and gross and every action becomes heavy and difficult to accomplish, until, finally, life itself through its struggles becomes almost unendurable. The buoy-

ancy, brightness, happiness, and content that belong by right to every human being, become buried under the accumulation of cares incident to material beliefs, until life seems so serious and important that the entire attention is given to bodily cares.

Under this delusive experience he perhaps may "gain the whole world," but he thereby "loses his own soul;" i.e., he loses consciousness of his higher faculties and forgets that he has a soul. The more convinced he is that the only reality is matter, the more dense his views of life, and the more serious his daily duties become, until, eventually, every care is a burden and every burden a curse to his existence.

It is just here that occult understanding becomes valuable. As commonly defined, "Occult" means "hidden"; but, strictly, it means that which is not plain to external vision; that which the senses do not exhibit. It is that part of knowledge which is plain to the higher faculties of both mind and soul. The mysteries of existence may be studied and made plain through exercise of these higher faculties. Learning how to develop and use the higher reason, the philosophical powers of soul-intelligence, the perceptive faculties of the super-conscious spirit nature, gives knowledge of a thousand and one faculties and powers never dreamed of in sense-action and renders easy of solution many a vexed problem of material life, not otherwise to be understood.

The simplest rules of occult teaching enable the student to so frame his thoughts as to form pictures in mind, which, operating through the natural laws of reflective action on the body, influence its action in directions that may produce the very result that the mind, relying upon sense action and material belief alone, finds impossible of accomplishment.

The anxious cares of the mind with regard to bodily health vanish like the mist when the natural result of a conscious mental imagery of active ideas is understood. The stagnating worries about money matters and material values, cease to oppress when it is seen that worry is only the continued action in mind of the mental picture of a conscious thought of the very thing not desired; that such action followed up only tends to produce the undesired result; and that through reasonable exercise of the higher thought-faculties the opposite result can be produced, even easier than the wrong one, because the higher faculties are involved and they invariably contain the greater power. The lower never controls the higher; we

only allow the lower to operate uncontrolled, by withholding the powers which we really possess and may use at will. Conscious realization of these powers within ourselves brings the buoyant happy strength of the spiritual idea of *possession*, in the radiant hope of which the weighty stone of daily duty becomes a dewdrop, that evaporates in the morning sun, and the problem of life a diamond, gleaming with the many-hued light of spiritual activity made manifest in the intelligence of man—the Image and likeness of Deity.

A MODERN SCEPTIC.

There is no better evidence to-day of the spirit of religious toleration than that which manifests itself when questions of faith are being studied from a scientific and truthful stand-point. It is the truth and not the doctrines, the facts and not the fallacies, that receive sanction and encouragement among laymen.

Less than fifty years ago a man who questioned and inquired was considered a "sceptic," and a sceptic was no better than an infidel. But now modern intelligence tolerates sceptic and infidel. The "Higher Criticism" makes room for many "sceptics," and paves the highway for many infidels, and unless he makes himself specially obnoxious by loud assertions of his beliefs or unbeliefs, neither need feel ignored. Guised as an Agnostic, or non-sectarian, he may pursue his way in the religious world, unmolested, so long as his religious ethics are not radically opposed to all ethics. The present social and religious conditions prove these statements.

The ethics of the Christian religion dominate in nearly all spheres of religious belief in America, but they are being reduced more and more to purely ethical principles. Christianity is throwing off, piece by piece, its habiliments, its livery so to speak; as adornment precedes dress among savage tribes, so has pomp, ceremony, and the miraculous preceded and obscured the ethical principles in all religions. I doubt not that all scientific men will admit that the Israelites, as a people, furnished the best example of a religious evolution, but they will nowhere acknowledge a supreme, "personal" dictator, as guiding the destiny of this people more than others, except as they translate "supreme," "personal," etc., into scientific phraseology; and this means that the highest and best ethical principles or laws conducive to health, happiness, and longevity were evolved in this race. This interpretation of "Israel's God" will I think

be approved by nine-tenths of all scientific men. It is not our purpose to go into any controversies over the Old or New Testament; that is left to men of greater ability. Suffice it to say, that the Old Testament having been so scientifically and truthfully interpreted, the New Testament should receive similar treatment.

The "modern sceptic" comes in at this point and says, I do not doubt the authenticity of Bible writings. I do not doubt the probability of the four Gospels, of Christ's birth and death, etc.; but I do doubt very much the unnatural and unscientific explanations of many events narrated in the New Testament, if they occurred at all.

The sceptic and the Christian still collide on the ground of ethics. Laying aside all the "livery" of miracles, "blood atonement," "immaculate conception," "resurrection," etc., they still are guided and controlled by those fundamental principles which, after all, are the foundations of all religions.

Although we cannot reduce religious beliefs to a "positive philosophy" and science, yet ever, more and more, the metaphysical and abstruse, in creeds and doctrines, are giving way to rules and laws demonstrable in human action. That which is unknown cannot be the bulwark of our faith as we progress in intelligence. In the unfolding of life there must be conditions which we cannot know nor understand, and these conditions must furnish the basis for our theories, doctrines, and metaphysical deductions. The rules and guides of men in their so-called spiritual life are the simple yet profound laws of love and duty toward man, creature, and deity. These are the fundamentals of all religions, and through their perfect understanding and application, any man, whether he be Jew, Gentile, or Pagan, may attain unto that condition of serene happiness which, after all, is the destiny of but few to enjoy. In that larger religion which is growing, the best parts of all religions will be embodied. Ten million doctrines, but *one* religion.

It cannot be doubted, that when, guided by ethical laws regulating their moral sentiments, their conceptions, and worship of deity, all men sharing and living by these laws, shall truly be called the "children of God."

F. W. LEWIS.

METAPHYSICAL HEALING.*

The Subject pursued in the study of Metaphysical Healing is represented by the term Being, which means the Living Reality of the Universe—Life.

Life includes both Activity and Intelligence; Being, therefore, is living and intelligent Activity. The established modes of operation of the various activities of living Intelligence are the universal laws of Life. These universal laws are involved in every form of living Being. They differ only in mode, and in the degree of the intensity of their action.

The basic principle of all natural law is Harmony; therefore the natural activities of every mode of life are harmonious activities.

Life is Action. The various conditions met with in the life of each Individual are simply the varying states of activity resulting from his experience; or, changes of action taking place during his life.

Health is the Harmony, i.e., the natural Activity of Life. The harmonious activity of Being.

Sickness is an inharmonious condition caused by a departure from natural law; a temporary failure to realize the harmonious activities of Life which always exist and are continuously in operation for all. This being true, health may be restored by re-establishing the natural activities of harmonious life which have been set aside, neglected, or temporarily lost sight of by the sufferer.

In every action of human life three elements are involved, viz., Intelligence, Consciousness, and Activity. Intelligence is Consciousness in the same sense as Life is Activity. Conscious Intelligence, therefore, seems to be the right instrument through which to direct the activities of Individual Life.

Intelligence belongs to the spiritual side of Being; it is not in any sense material. In its ultimate it is Pure Spirit. In its operative action it is the true spiritual activity of the real life of Being; self-existent, non-destructive, eternal Reality.

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* Introduction to the system of Instruction in Metaphysical Healing given by The American School of Metaphysics.

An act of conscious Intelligence is a purely spiritual act in which neither matter nor sense plays any part. It is Consciousness itself.

A conscious act of Intelligence with regard to this every-day life is a Thought, in which the mental faculties are involved; an act of Mind, resulting in Mental Action. It has three stages of operative action—Conscious, Sub-Conscious, and Super-Conscious.

An Organic Function is the movement, or operative action of organic tissue in imitative response to sub-conscious mental action—physical reproduction of mental movement.

From these deductions it is inferred that the right remedy for disturbed and inharmonious conditions will be found in the restoration of natural mental conditions sufficient to re-establish the harmony of universal life. Where such natural harmonious action is re-established in the mental processes, both conscious and sub-conscious, its modes will be imitated and reproduced in the physical mechanism of the organic structure—the body—and health will be restored. This is the purpose of Metaphysical Healing; and the work which is continually being accomplished through its influence.

Knowledge of the laws of action involved in conscious life, both in sickness and in health, becomes necessary to the intelligent exercise of the mental faculties in producing the required changes. This necessitates the studying of Man in the various phases of his Being, that we may be able to intelligently direct his thought activities, and thereby help in healing his infirmities and in lessening the tribulations of his physical life.

The problem is not so formidable a one as, at first sight, might seem probable. Although the field of research is broad, and the distance to be travelled great, while the facts to be investigated are numerous, and the principles with which we deal of supreme importance, yet, the very Truth of these principles renders them transparent to the gaze of the earnest student.

With eternal truth, as with the sunbeam, a little light penetrates to a great distance, each ray uniting with the other, eventually producing a flood of light which extends in all directions and pierces the darkest depths, finally burning from the escutcheon of conscious thought every darkened stain of erroneous reasoning, and laying bare the entire scheme of conscious existence in the universe.

When understood as a whole, life is readily comprehended in each of its parts; then separate actions become as easy to control as to comprehend. While our problem is not impossible to solve, not yet beyond our reach in practical work, still it is intricate enough to demand the closest attention during study, and the subject is deep enough to require the most free and unprejudiced examination, with all faculties thoroughly alive to the principles of demonstrable truth, whenever and however they may come before our notice.

In practising the Science of Metaphysical Healing, every vicissitude of human life comes before us for judgment and for healing action. The power to cope successfully with the host of difficulties continuously presenting themselves, is gained through knowledge of the general laws involved in human existence. Such knowledge can be attained only by a clear comprehension of the pure Principles of Reality, which principles comprise the vital part of every human being. The invariable nature of these vital principles is harmonious; their action must necessarily be in perfect freedom, since nothing can be purely harmonious when under restraint, or when curtailed in action by fixed opinion.

If, then, we come to the study of principles so wide, so deep, and so powerful as these, with opinions already formed about the laws which it is required to examine, we, in the beginning, surround ourselves with limitations which may cause the most vital principles to seem insignificant, thus depriving ourselves of the power that may be gained through right comprehension. If, however, we can for the time being leave our bundle of preconceived opinions at the outer gate, and approach this study in perfect freedom, ready to measure, weigh, and examine on its own merits each principle of life presented, we shall then be in the best possible condition for dealing fairly with each law of action, thus coming to know the Principles of Being through pure contact with the Laws by which they are expressed. If, perchance, any opinion previously held should suffer by comparison with the law thus divulged, so much the worse for that opinion; and every fair-minded person is only too glad to see the ashes of an opinion which cannot stand against demonstrated law scattered in the four winds. It is only while one supposes his opinion to be truth that it possesses value to him.

The nature of Truth is eternally harmonious. All Truths, therefore,

fit perfectly together in the grand Mosaic of Reality. Herein we may find a sure test of any statement, and opinion alone becomes no longer of any importance. If the opinion is established upon a genuine Truth of actual Reality, it can be demonstrated in the laws of human life. If it will not stand demonstration in perfect fairness, it is neither true nor real, no matter how fair its visage may seem.

Power rests in knowledge, and is developed through right understanding of the real principles of life. Belief is not sufficient, and is seldom accompanied by power equal to the occasion, since one who believes, only, does not know; and if he trusts his belief, he does not wish to understand. In his own ignorance he is stupidly content.

The study of the subject of Being, for the purpose of establishing a science of Mental Healing, necessitates an examination of all real laws of human life. In order to understand these laws correctly there must be some knowledge of the principles of the spiritual side of man's Being. Study of these laws and principles brings one at once into the Metaphysical field, where the work becomes a Science of Healing through knowledge of the Principles of Metaphysics.

The principles of Metaphysics are the true laws of action in the universe; they are absolutely essential to every mode of life. All right mental action takes place in accordance with these laws.

Physical action is reflected from Mental action, and corresponds to it in every detail. As is the thought, so must be its physical expression.

This Philosophy claims as its natural fruits the healing of sickness, suffering, and sorrow, without the intervention of materiality in any manner whatsoever. If this claim holds good, then the resultant facts are radically different from the supposed facts of common experience. The facts being different, it is natural to anticipate that the theories producing such results will vary somewhat from those through which only the common results are obtained. Results prove the character of every mode of action.

Right investigation of any theory can only be conducted through the faculty of reason. Reason is the association of Ideas, through a calm consideration of their character and qualities. In this way ideas may be carefully examined from their spiritual side, where the actual facts of permanent reality are found, and where the eternal Truth of any

theory always rests. The foundation of every real Idea is a spiritual principle.

Truth is always discovered within the Idea; never entirely within the Thing or Object. The object only imperfectly expresses the action of a truth, while Truth is the ultimate reality of the thing. Truth is subjective, while the thing is always objective, or external in nature, in substance, and in action. The objective thing may be examined materially, but the subjective truth yields itself only to spiritual manipulation. Through the exercise of pure reason the qualities of the idea may be examined, disclosing the real principle on which the idea is constructed.

The study of Metaphysical Healing is based upon examination of the Ideas involved in the existence of generic man. The healing act involves an application of the natural laws of existence to each man's experience in life.

Knowledge of these natural laws is acquired through correct examination of the Principles of Reality in the universe. These principles are discovered only while analyzing real Ideas. In the present phase of existence our readiest instrument of analytical observation is Reason. Because of these facts it is especially important to develop the faculties of reason in the very inception of this study.

Unfettered reason leads through analytical processes eventually to a clear understanding of pure truth. This brings us in contact with the Realities of the universe which we inhabit. Understanding these realities we are enabled to work with them and to operate through their natural laws of action; then we may recognize the unreal character of the various illusive appearances with which we are necessarily surrounded during this material life.

In dealing with such problems as these, reason is our only salvation; argument proves of no avail. In argument each considers his conferee an opponent, and throws out his opinion through the assertive forces of his own self-will; while in reason each considers the other as himself, presents Ideas for mutual consideration, and elucidates the ideas through the illuminative faculties of Intelligence.

Reason is the association of Ideas, while argument is the combat of opinions. During the combat of argument, Ideas usually take to themselves wings and depart for a more congenial clime.

In the combat of argument neither reason nor intelligence is displayed; opinion has the entire field, and still holds sway after the contest is ended. Argument is always the implement of opinion, while reason is the instrument of Intelligence.

Opinion never has any use for reason. Opinion knows it all without taking the trouble to investigate. This attitude closes the door to knowledge, in which state the opinionated bigot never learns how little he really does know. In action of this kind there is no progress for ourselves and no power to help others.

The true way to learn and to help, is to reason together. In reason each stands open and receptive to such fact as may be presented by the other, still remaining calm and clear in his own thinking faculties. Each is thereby enabled to see whatever points of error may be contained either in his own theory or in that of the other. Thus both gain through reason, while both invariably lose by argument.

Reason is a faculty of the Soul, spiritual in its nature and aspiring in action. Its tendency is to build and sustain Truth. It is the external instrument of pure Spiritual Intelligence, and, when rightly exercised, leads inevitably upward to higher ground of understanding. It is the vehicle of Optimism. Argument, however, is based upon animal sense and is material in all its tendencies; its aim is always toward destruction, and it is unyielding in every operation. It is the recourse of the Pessimist. Truths blend and Facts unite in Reason, while error only emphasizes error in argument.

In this study we base action upon Reason, and work through that to the ground of the higher perceptive faculties. The truths of the science are reached and understood by dealing with Ideas—objective things receiving only a secondary consideration, on their own ground, as natural expressions of real Ideas.

If careful examination be given to the Ideas presented and impartial judgment be exercised on the facts deduced, while theories are tested by such rules as are necessary in a study of mental faculties and spiritual activities, forces and powers unknown to material reasoners will be recognized which can only be reached through Metaphysical investigation.

Metaphysics is the Science of Being.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

MEDITATION AND READING.*

MEDITATION.

To think aright is to live aright. To think the truth is to become the Truth. Truth is substance; error is shadow. Truth is light; error is darkness. We desire to become truthful in all things that we may dwell in the light. Darkness generates fear; fear is bondage; bondage generates discomfort, disease, and death. Therefore, let us flee from the darkness of error, which would enslave us. Then, we shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make us free. We know if we think the truth we will speak the truth. We desire that our tongues shall not lead us away by rash words. If we are truthful we will be honest, generous, forgiving, gentle, and loving, for we know the infirmities of all men are like our own. If we are truthful ourselves we will drive error out of others. They will then see the light as we see it and they will live in harmony with us as we with them. Without truth we are miserable; with truth we are always happy and blessed. Let us repeat over and over to ourselves till it becomes our permanent thought: "Truth is Light. Truth gives Peace. Truth will ever Conquer." Amen.

RESPONSIVE READING.

MINISTER.—Great is Truth and stronger than all things.

CONGREGATION.—All the earth called upon the Truth and the heaven blessed it.

MINISTER.—All works shake and tremble at it and with it is no unrighteous thing.

CONGREGATION.—It endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.

MINISTER.—With her is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things.

CONGREGATION.—Neither is her judgment in any unrighteousness.

MINISTER.—And she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages.—*Book of Esdras, Apocrypha.*

* Selected from the Service of the Metropolitan Independent Church, Rev. Henry Frank, Minister, Hardman Hall, New York City, November 7, 1897.

SUBCONSCIOUS IMITATION.

Boonville, Mo., October 5, 1897.

Editor "Intelligence."

Dear Sir: Noticing frequent allusions to the subject of heredity in your valuable journal recalls a case in my own family.

My father, a physician of high standing in Germany, had the very peculiar habit, when in a deep study, of crooking his index finger and pressing it against the upper lip, apparently unconsciously gnawing its inner lining.

Resembling my father in scarcely any respect, I not only never acquired this peculiar, perhaps unique, habit, but, coming to this country in early youth, had almost forgotten it, when, to my surprise, I noticed my oldest son, born two years after his grandfather's demise, assume my father's attitude and practise it, also in apparent total unconsciousness.*

Respectfully,

C. F. ACHLE.

TRANSFUSED AFRICAN BLOOD SAID TO BE A
YELLOW FEVER ANTITOXIN.

Sebree, Ky., October 9.—On the basic fact that the pure-blooded African has absolute protection from yellow fever, Dr. A. R. Jenkins, of Kentucky, offers to the experts present in the focal region of that disease this new treatment: That they transfuse the blood of the colored man into patients suffering in the beginning stage with the severe form of fever as a yellow fever antitoxin.

It may cure or immunize through the destruction of the yellow fever germs in the patient's system by the phagocytes and planocytes of the African's blood. It is almost certain that it is these organisms in the African's blood that protect him.—*The Daily Lancet*.

* This does not necessarily relate to heredity. It comes under the head of *subconscious* Thought-Transference, becoming operative through the latent tendency of the human mind to imitate what it sees.

The *mental image* of the eccentric act was clearly defined in the subconscious realm of the mind of the parent of this child, who had so often witnessed and thought about it as unique. Temporary forgetfulness did not obliterate the picture in mind, which constantly remained and could have been seen by a clairvoyant mind, at any time.

The mind of the child, being intensely clairvoyant by nature (as are the minds of all children), clearly recognized this *image of action* in the mental atmosphere, and, through the natural tendency to imitation, reproduced it in operative action, quite unconsciously.

The operation was an automatic imitation of a mental image of action, recognized subconsciously. It was therefore not "inherited" in the flesh, in the blood, or in the mind; yet by transference of an image it did pass through an intermediate mind to the distant offspring.—ED.

BOOK REVIEWS.

YERMAH: THE DORADO. By Frona Eunice Wait. Cloth, 350 pp., \$1.25. William Doxey, 631 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The literary merit of this book is far above the average work of fiction. The wide range which the author's imagination covers in weaving into the romance the magical rites, occult ceremonies, and religious observances pertaining to the most ancient peoples, shows an ability quite remarkable. The scenes of the story are laid in San Francisco, "eleven thousand one hundred and forty-seven years ago," and this vicinity is supposed to be inhabited by a colony from Atlantis. The destruction of Atlantis is the principal incident depicted. The interest is sustained throughout, and those who delight in gorgeous imagery and scenic effects will feel amply repaid by a perusal of this attractive book.

STUDIES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Frank Podmore, M.A. Cloth, 454 pp., \$2.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

To those who are attracted to subjects of a mystical nature this work will be of extreme interest. Mr. Podmore gives an extended and systematic account of the work of the Society for Psychical Research for the past fifteen years, through its committees and individual members, and gives the conclusions reached, but he warns his readers that his book represents his individual impressions of the results of their work and that his colleagues are in nowise committed to the views expressed therein.

The author states that "of the illustrative narratives quoted, the greater number are taken from the Monthly Journal and other unpublished records of the Society." Many interesting cases of hypnotism are given, besides a large amount of testimony to premonitions and previsions, while to spiritualism and its attendant hallucinations the greater portion of the work is devoted.

A MANUAL OF ETHICS. By John S. Mackenzie, M.A. Cloth, 437 pp., \$1.50. Hinds & Noble, Cooper Institute, New York.

Books of this nature are always welcome to the student of ethics, to whom the systematic treatment of this most interesting subject adopted in the present volume will be a valuable aid. The author does not lose sight of the fact that metaphysics is the foundation of all ethics, although he states in his Preface that his design is to "give, in brief compass, an outline of the most important principles of ethical doctrine, so far as these can be understood without a knowledge of metaphysics." His aim is "to conduct the student gradually inward from the psychological out-works to the metaphysical foundation."

His metaphysical point of view is that of the school of Idealism—in that respect similar to other treatises which have already appeared—but he handles his subject in a slightly different manner. This is the third edition, and has been enlarged, revised, and partly rewritten. The work has been divided into five parts. Of these, Book I. is devoted to Prolegomena, chiefly psychological; Book II., Theories of the Moral Standard; Book III., The Moral Life.

The Introduction gives a general indication of the nature of ethical science.

ZELMA, THE MYSTIC: OR, WHITE MAGIC VS. BLACK. By Alwyn M. Thurber. Cloth, 380 pp. Authors' Publishing Company, Chicago.

The purpose of this book is to "clothe in story form a train of philosophic

teachings, with a view of drawing the line between the confusing psychical happenings of our day and the truly mystical observances of him or her who has the gift of prophecy or healing."

With this opening, the author sets forth in the Preface his attempt to make practical some of the graver truths of occultism by the aid of fiction, and these claim the attention of the reader throughout the pages. The story is an interesting one, depicting human nature in its highest phases.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.** By Ragnar Redbeard, LL.D. Paper, 165 pp. Chicago, Ill.
- LIFE OF SRI CHAITANYA.** By K. Chakrovarti. Paper, 12 pp. 80 Serpentine Lane, Calcutta, India.
- THE BREATH OF LIFE.** By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth, 63 pp., 50 cents. The Gestefeld Publishing Company, New York.
- DON'T WORRY: THE SCIENTIFIC LAW OF HAPPINESS.** By Theodore F. Seward. Paper, 58 pp., 25 cents. The Brotherhood of Christian Unity, 18 Wall Street, New York.
- PARSIFAL.** Der Weg zu Christus durch die Kunst; eine Wagner-Studie von Albert Ross Parsons; aus dem Englischen nach der zweiten Auflage übersetzt von Dr. Reinhold Freiherr von Lichtenberg. Paper, 212 pp. Published by Paul Zillmann, Berlin-Zehlendorf, Germany.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

- THE THEOSOPHIST**, for October, is full of good subject-matter. The leading articles—Initiation, by Alexander Fullerton, and Reality, by Aloha Aina—are followed by The Ancient Mysteries—Burmese Folk-lore—Truth—The Basis of Knowledge—The Voice of the Silence—Modern Prophecies, and others of equal interest. This is quite the best of the theosophical magazines. Annual subscription, \$5.00; single copy, 50 cents. Published at Adyar, Madras, India.
- THE NEW TIME**, for November, keeps up its standard as an organ for social and political reforms. The opening article, by H. L. Bliss, is a challenge of Col. Carroll D. Wright's statistics published in the September "Atlantic Monthly." Professor Frank Parsons has a paper on Street Railways, which cannot fail to be one of public interest. Among others are: The Individualistic Argument for Direct Legislation, by Eltweed Pomeroy—Ethical Aspect of the Labor Problem, by Rev. J. Stitt Wilson—Postal Savings Banks, by E. E. Ewing. The editorial columns contain the usual strong treatment of the topics of the hour. \$1.00 per annum; single copy, 10 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
- MERCURY**, for November, opens with a frontispiece portrait of Alexander Fullerton. The articles are: Man and His Vehicles of Consciousness, by May Barlow Barber—Duty of Theosophists towards Inebriates, by Alexander Fullerton—Isis Unveiled, by William T. James—The Philosophy of Herbert

Spencer not Materialistic, by F. E. Titus, followed by the usual editorial matter. \$1.00 per annum; single copy, 10 cents. Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

MODERN ASTROLOGY, for December, is a special Christmas number. One-half of its pages are devoted to a story entitled "The Mystery of Eunice," and, owing to this, the usual articles have been suspended. Annual subscription, 12 shillings; single copy, one shilling. 1 and 2 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E. C.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW (formerly Lucifer). Monthly. 12 shillings per annum; single copy, one shilling. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 26 Charing Cross, London.

THE FORUM. Monthly. \$3.00 per annum; single copy, 35 cents. The Forum Publishing Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST. A Hindu Monthly Review. Edited by S. C. Mukhopadhye, M.A. 12 shillings per annum. 3 Issur Mill's Lane, Calcutta, India.

UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly. \$1.00 per annum; single copy, 10 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Company, 87 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE INTERNATIONALIST. Monthly. Edited by H. A. W. Coryn and G. W. Russell. Price, threepence. Published at 13 Eustace Street, Dublin, Ireland.

CURRENT LITERATURE. Monthly. \$3.00 per annum; single copy, 25 cents. The Current Literature Publishing Company, 55 Liberty Street, New York.

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No. 3.

THE GANGLIONIC NERVOUS SYSTEM : ITS RELATIONS TO PSYCHIC AND PHYSIOLOGICAL LIFE.

The late Professor John W. Draper declared* that the time had come when no one was entitled to express an opinion in Philosophy, except he had first learned Physiology. "Why," he asks, "why should we cast aside the solid facts presented to us by material objects? In his communications with us throughout the universe, God ever materializes. He equally speaks to us through the thousands of graceful organic forms which are scattered in profusion over the surface of the earth, and through the motions and appearances presented by the celestial orbs. Our noblest and clearest conceptions of his attributes have been obtained from these material things. I am persuaded that the only possible route to truth in mental philosophy is through a study of the nervous mechanism."

We may not accept this hypothesis without qualification. We are not willing to acknowledge that "what is not founded on a material substratum is necessarily a castle in the air." The proposition appears to us to have no more substantial support than the senseless notion that the earth stands on a rock, or on the back of an animal. Firm as matter may seem to the sensuous vision, the finer perception cognizes it as only dynamic force, dependent accordingly for its power of manifestation, and even for its own existence, upon a superior principle. Even though God may materialize, and geometrize, it is by no means

* *Human Physiology*, Book II., ch. xiv.

necessary to suppose him to be restricted to such modes of procedure. The aspirations, the intuitive conceptions of the human mind, are themselves so many indications to the contrary.

Nevertheless, we may not dispute the vast importance of a knowledge of the nervous mechanism to an intelligent understanding of psychology, as well as of physiology and pathology. It is essential to judicial as well as speculative investigation and distinguishes the profounder scholar from the more superficial sciolist. The significance of this knowledge is exemplified in the intermediate relation which the nervous organism sustains between the psychic essence and the bodily framework. The union which thus subsists maintains the physical life. The moral and mental qualities are also brought out thereby and carried to external manifestation and activity. Man is thus the synthesis of the creation, including in himself the subjective principles of things, with the objective constituents which they permeate. It is the common practice, accordingly, to describe him as a twofold being, consisting of a body and a soul. It would be more reasonable and philosophic, however, to make this delineation more precise and complete, by naming also the interior spirit or intuitive intellect. We would then be better able to attain a definite comprehension of the whole subject.

"The great obstacle to the thorough understanding of the nervous system of animal and organic life presents itself," Dr. John O'Reilly declares, "in the want of human intelligence of a standard sufficiently high to comprehend the agency of immaterialism in the operations of materiality."

According to this dogma, we cannot afford to rest content with an imperfect knowing, but must push our research toward the very core of the matter. It has been common to classify knowledge as sensible, scientific, and metaphysical. At the same time there has been a disposition to relegate all philosophy, including mental and moral science, and whatever relates to causes and principles, to the realm of metaphysics, and to neglect it as visionary, impractical, and beyond the province of sensuous experience. It is, nevertheless, the higher and more important as concerning that which is actual reality, and furnishes the ground for the right understanding of things. Thus the

sentiment of optimism, the intuition that creation and events partake of good and are from it, originated from this metaphysical source, and is evolved from the interior recesses of the mind. On the other hand the views of human life and action which are attributed to no superior principle, and are commended by many as practical, too generally have their beginning in selfishness, a voluntary ignorance of the better, and a gloomy notion that all things are controlled from the worst.

The psychic nature is correspondent to the physical, and forms the essential selfhood and personality of each human being. It is diversified in energy; it is intellectual, and perceives; it is moral, and feels; it is commingled with the bodily organism, and desires. There may be a harmony between all these, but at times there is discordance. We may feel and desire in one direction, and our convictions may impel us in another. The same person may act sincerely the part of Mr. Jekyll at one time, and become the baser Mr. Hyde at another.

This diversified aspect is in perfect analogy to the physical structure. Plato, following Pythagoras, sets forth in the *Timaios*, that the immortal principle of the human soul is from the Deity, and has the body for its vehicle. He likewise describes a mortal part of the soul which is seated in the thorax and abdomen, having the qualities of voluptuousness, fear of pain, temerity and apprehension, anger hard to appease, and hope. These several psychic entities are assigned by him to different places; the rational and immortal to the summit of the head, the moral and passionate to the breast, and the sensuous to the region below.

There are distinct nervous systems that correspond to these diverse psychic energies. There is the cerebro-spinal axis, consisting of the brain, the commissures and other fibres, the sensorium, spinal cord and nerves; and there is also the organic system, better known as the sympathetic or ganglionic, which includes the various ganglia of the viscera, and other structures, with the several prolongations, bands, and fibres which connect them with one another and with the other bodily organs. Our attention will be directed as exclusively as may be, to this latter system and its various relations.

Bichat was first among later writers to declare that the sympathetic system is a structure distinct in its origin and functions. It had

been conjectured that it originated from the roots of the cerebro-spinal system to extend into the internal organs of the body. The hypothesis has been propounded that it is a special system, of which the ganglia are so many independent centres communicating here and there with the cerebro-spinal. This speculation seems manifestly incongruous. The origin of the sympathetic or ganglionic system, as foetal dissections appear to prove, is in the great solar or semilunar ganglion at the epigastric region. It is the part first formed in the embryonic period, and from it the rest of the organism proceeds, differentiating afterward into the various tissues and structures. At this focus, according to the great philosopher, the impulsive or passionate nature comes into contact with the sensuous or appetitive; and the fact is apparent to everybody's consciousness that it is the central point of the emotional nature. The instinct of the child and the observation of the intelligent adult abundantly confirm this.

The name ganglionic is applied to this system because it consists distinctly of ganglia or masses of neurine and nerve-structures connecting them. Solly has proposed the longer but more expressive designation of cyclo-ganglionic system, as corresponding in its anatomic arrangement with the nervous system of the cyclo-gangliated or molluscus division of the animal kingdom. It is, also very frequently called the great sympathetic, from having been supposed to have the function of equalizing the nervous energy, the temperature, and other conditions of the body. It has also been denominated the vegetative system, as controlling the processes of nutrition and growth; the visceral, intercostal, and tri-splanchnic, from its presence chiefly in the interior part of the body; the organic, as supplying the force which sustains the organism; and the vaso-motor, as maintaining the blood-vessels in vigor, enabling them to contract and pulsate, to send forward the blood, and so to keep the body in normal condition. Draper considers that the name "sympathetic," which is most common in the text-books, has been a source of injury to the science of Physiology, and that it would be well even now to replace it by such a term as vincular or moniliform, or some title of equivalent import. These terms indicate the fact that the ganglia of this system are connected like a necklace or chain of beads. As the designation of "gan-

gliconic" approximates that meaning and likewise denoted the peculiar constitution of the nervous structures, it is preferable.

The function of the ganglial nerve-cells and molecules consists in the elaborating, retaining, and supplying of "nervous force." The chief ganglion is denominated, from its peculiar form, the semilunar; and the group which surrounds it is known as the solar plexus, from the fact that this region of the body was regarded anciently as being under the special guardianship of the solar divinity. It has been designated "the sun of the abdominal sympathetic system," and Solly describes it as a gangliform circle enveloping the cœliac axis. From this circle there pass off branches in all directions, like rays from a centre, and it appears to be the vital centre of the entire body. Injuries at every extremity are reported here, and every emotion and passion has its influence for ill or good directly at this spot.

It may make the subject clearer, if we give a brief outline of the history of the cerebro-spinal axis. If we consider it according to its process of evolution we must begin at the medulla oblongata as the first rudimentary structure. In point of time, the ganglionic nervous system is developed and in full operation in the unborn child, while the other can hardly be said to have begun a function till after the birth. The rudiments of the spinal cord are found to exist, however, at a very early period in foetal existence. The close relation of the medulla oblongata to the ganglionic system is shown by the evidences of inter-communication, and more particularly from the fact that it is the seat of power for the whole body. It seems to be the germ from which the entire cerebro-spinal system is developed; and it is, in fact, the equator of the cerebro-spinal axis. At the superior extremity, two fibrous branches extending toward the rear of the head form two lobes of the cerebellum. A second pair of fibres develop into the optic ganglia; and from these in their turn proceed two nervous filaments with the rudimentary eyes at their extremities. The auditory and olfactory nerves issue from the ganglia at the medulla, each initial structure of the future organ pertaining to it. Another and later formation is the frontal lobe of the brain. In due time, but not till a season after birth, the whole encephalon—brain, commissures, sensory ganglia, cerebellum—becomes complete. The spinal cord below and the rami-

fyng nerves are also formed about simultaneously with the other parts of the structure.

It may not be amiss to suggest that the primordial cell or ovule is itself a nervous mass, and that the spermatic fluid appears to contain, if not actually to consist of, material elementally similar to that composing the nerve-substance. This would seem to indicate that the germ of the body is constituted of nerve-material, and that all the other parts, tissues, membranes, and histologic structure generally, are outgrowths or evolutions from the nervous system, if not actually that system further extended. There is nothing known in physiology that conflicts radically with this hypothesis. If such is actually the case, the intelligent understanding of the nervous systems and their functions can be greatly facilitated.

The cerebral and spinal systems of nerves acting together transmit the various sensations and impulses of feeling, thinking, and willing. These are the motions of the central ganglion or registering arc, which receives impressions from without, enabling them to be perceived by the mind, thought upon, and action decided accordingly; after which the striated bodies and motor nerves become the mediums to transmit the mandates of the will to the various departments of the body to be carried into effect.

Fibres from the sympathetic ganglia also pass to the roots of the nerves of the cerebro-spinal system, and anastomose at every important point, so that the several kinds are included in the same trunk. They are likewise distributed to and over the innermost membrane of the blood-vessels, thus transmitting their vital stimulus to the blood. In this way they accompany the vessels which supply the various structures of the brain. Each of the cerebral ganglia is arranged on an artery or arteriole after the manner of grapes on a stem. There is also a double chain of ganglia, more than fifty in number, extending from the head along the sides of the spinal column to the coccyx. These give off fibres to the various spinal nerves which proceed from the vertebral cavity to the various parts of the body. They are named, from their several localities, the cervical, dorsal, and lumbar ganglia.

In like manner there pass from the various ganglia distinct filaments which constitute complete networks or plexuses, and accom-

pany all the branches of the abdominal artery. These are known as the carotid, the superficial and deep cardiac plexuses, the phrenic, gastric, hepatic, splenic, suprarenal, renal, pudic, superior and inferior mesenteric—according to their respective places and functions in the body. They are generally complex in their structure, being often made up of fibres from several of the ganglia, with filaments from certain of the spinal, or even of the cranial nerves.

Thus there is afforded a general commingling of influences from the respective nervous systems, by the presence of fibrils from each in the nerve-trunks of the others. As regards the ultimate distribution of the great sympathetic, it sends its branches to all the spinal and cranial nerves, thereby transmitting the vital stimulus to them. The coats of all the arteries are supplied in like manner, and all the innumerable glandular structures. The viscera—thoracic, abdominal, and pelvic—all more or less abound with nerves of this system.

Dr. R. M. Bucke places the heart at the head of the list; as it receives six cardiac nerves from the upper, middle, and inferior cervical ganglia, and has four plexuses, two cardiac and two coronary, devoted to its supply, and also numerous ganglia embedded in its substance, over and above. These are centres of nervous force for its own use. The suprarenal capsules come next, and then the sexual system. Internal organs are more copiously supplied than external ones; hence the female body has a larger proportion than that of the male. In consideration of this richer endowment, women, and indeed, the female of all races, have superior longevity and capacity for endurance, fatigue, and suffering. Next come the organs of special sense, the eye, the internal ear, nasal membranes, and palate. After these are the stomach, the intestinal tract, and the liver; and then the larger glandular structures, and last of all the lungs.

The minute ramifications of the ganglionic nervous system constitute its chief bulk. Its tissue is found with every gland and blood-vessel, and indeed, is distributed so generally and abundantly as to extend to every part of the organism. It would be impossible to insert the point of a pin anywhere without wounding or destroying many of the little fibrils. The ganglia themselves are almost as widely distributed as the nerve-cords; so that the assertion of Dr. J. C. Davey is amply

warranted, that the nervous tissue of the ganglionic system constitutes a great part of the volume and weight of the whole body.

The entire structure differs essentially from that of the cerebro-spinal system, indicating that there is a corresponding difference in function. The arrangement, the great number and extraordinary diffusion of its ganglia, the number and complexity of its plexuses are so many additional evidences.

PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS.

The ganglionic nervous system, with the solar or semilunar ganglion for its central organ, performs the vital or organic functions. Secretion, nutrition, respiration, absorption, and calorification being under its influence throughout the whole body, it must animate the brain as well as the stomach, the spinal cord as well as the liver or womb. In fact, if any one of these organs or viscera should be removed from the influence of the ganglionic nerves which enter so largely into its very composition, its specific vitality would cease, and its contribution to the sum total of life would be withheld.

The creative force is directed, accordingly, toward the development of the central organ or organism predestined to be the medium for giving life and form to all others—which are thus created as their peculiar force and direction are assigned, determining the essential parts of the future animal and its rank and position in the infinitude of existence. Lawrence expresses this in precise terms: "The first efforts of the vital properties, whatever they may be, are directed toward the development of a central organ, the solar ganglion, predestined to hold a precisely similar relation to the dull and unmoving organism, as the vital fire to the animated statue of Prometheus." Ackermann asserted in more definite terms that the ganglionic nervous system is the first formed before birth, and is therefore to be considered as the germ of everything that is to be afterward developed. Blumenbach adds his testimony: "The nervous system of the chest and abdomen is fully formed while the brain appears still a pulpy mass."

It is the foundation laid before the superstructure is built.

Mr. Quain also confirms the priority of the ganglionic to the cerebro-spinal nervous system. "As to the sympathetic nerve," says

he, "so far from being derived in any way from the brain or spinal cord, it is produced independently of either, and exists, notwithstanding the absence of both. It is found in acephalous infants, and therefore does not rise mediately or immediately from the brain; neither can it be said to receive roots from the spinal cord, for it is known to exist as early in the foetal state as the cord itself, and to be fully developed, even though the latter is altogether wanting."

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

No person should be censured for not adopting a theory because the proof is regarded as insufficient. Suspended judgment in the absence of satisfactory evidence, is an indication of the judicial spirit. Most people must either believe or disbelieve. To the weighing of testimony and the discriminating examination of facts they are unaccustomed, and doubt is painful to them. Large numbers believe merely on authority, and think—or rather imagine that they think, while they merely give their assent—in herds.

There are, on the other hand, minds that are unreasonably incredulous. Under the influence of prejudice and preconception, or owing to mental rigidity, they are not only incapable of intellectual hospitality to a new idea, but they are unable to estimate the evidential value of testimony in favor of facts which seem to be inconsistent with conclusions they have reached, or convictions which they hold. This state of mind is equally as unfavorable to mental development as excessive credulity. Both blind the eyes to truth and perpetuate error; both generate bigotry and intolerance; both are opposed to revision and reform; both retard discovery and progress. Excessive credulity and blind faith on the one hand, and excessive incredulity and bigoted attachment to opinions on the other, have the same effect in deterring minds from investigating new claims and from accepting newly discovered or newly announced truths.

Scientific men, as well as theologians, have too often declared upon

merely *a priori* grounds, against the possibility of discovered achievements and natural occurrences which, later, had to be recognized as established facts. Generally speaking, the scientific mind of to-day, made wise by mistakes of the past, is cautious in regard to setting limits to what is possible within the domain of law and causation, and when it is confronted with what seems to be incredible, it merely asks for evidence. But there are certain psychical and psycho-physical phenomena which have commonly passed under the name of Spiritualism, and which representatives of science have preferred to ignore when they have not treated them with contempt. Their attitude was once the same in regard to the now recognized facts of hypnotism. These were almost universally denied and derided by the medical profession.

So general and so strongly believed was the theory of special creation, that until within the memory of the writer, there was not, among men of science, any just appreciation of the value of a large collection of facts which are now believed to prove the transmutation of species. Fifty years ago there was not a scientific man of reputation in Europe or America who held any position, not one in all our institutions of learning, who recognized the fact of evolution. "Within the ranks of the biologists at that time" [1851-58], says Professor Huxley, "I met nobody except Dr. Grant of University College who had a word to say for evolution, and his advocacy was not calculated to advance the cause. Outside these ranks the only person known to me whose knowledge and capacity compelled respect, and who was at the same time a thorough-going evolutionist, was Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose acquaintance I made, I think, in 1852." Yet the facts of embryology, of morphology, of rudimentary structure, etc., had long been known and had convinced many thinkers of the truth of the "Development Theory," when it was treated by official orthodox science, if noticed at all, only with contempt. Its early advocates, Lamarck, Erasmus Darwin, Robert Chambers—author of the "Vestiges of Creation"—and even Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and others, after the publication of the "Origin of Species," were objects of much disparaging criticism by representatives of orthodox science; for be it remembered, as Mrs. Romanes observes in the "Life and Letters "

of her husband, "There is a scientific orthodoxy as well as a theological orthodoxy."

Some forty years ago Dr. Robert Hare, distinguished as a chemist, and later, Professor William Crookes, called attention to and described some of the phenomena which were and are associated in the popular mind with Spiritualism. They urged systematic investigation of the subject. They were treated by fellow-scientists as though they were known to be only credulous victims of deception and fraud. Since then a number of distinguished scientific men have investigated these phenomena, but so strong has been the prejudice to overcome, that not until within the last few years have many well-known men of science recognized these phenomena as a legitimate subject for investigation. Now we see the names of such eminent authorities in science as Professor Charles Richet, Professor Oliver J. Lodge, Professor W. F. Barrett, Professor Cæsar Lombroso, and Professor William James connected with these investigations, while the Society for Psychical Research, to which belong hundreds of the best-known scientists, philosophers, and writers, is making these phenomena a subject of the most painstaking examination.

Still, there is yet on the part of orthodox science a somewhat disdainful dislike of the whole subject of Spiritualism, and a disinclination to make it a subject of sustained and systematic investigation. For this attitude of the scientific mind there are several reasons, among which, it is believed, are the following:

1. The phenomena for the most part cannot be produced or exhibited at will, and when they have been once observed and curiosity is awakened, attempts to reproduce or to repeat them, often prove to be failures. The scientific mind is accustomed to repeat experiments, and under the same conditions to observe the same results.

2. The amount of trickery and fraud practised by professional mediums is so great, that it is not easy to determine with certainty when there is or is not a genuine phenomenon—a strange occurrence not caused by the medium. One who commences the investigation is sure to be confronted with so much charlatanry, vulgarity, and trickery, that he is very likely to become discouraged and disgusted, and perhaps withdraws from any further association with such char-

acters as he has to meet. The biographer of the eminent scientist, the late George John Romanes says: "He worked a good deal at Spiritualism for a year or two, and he never could assure himself that there was absolutely nothing in Spiritualism, no unknown phenomena, underlying the mass of fraud, trickery, and vulgarity which have surrounded the so-called manifestations."

3. Many of the most remarkable manifestations—so considered by the majority of spiritualists—when examined closely have been proved to be fraudulent, and the attempts to defend and to shield the so-called mediums who have been exposed, have been of a character to discourage intelligent and honest investigators.

4. The proportion of erratic and credulous people attracted to the ranks of Spiritualism is so large, that it has tended to produce the impression that it is best to have nothing to do with the subject, and men of science have not cared to invest it with the importance it might gain from their connection with it, even as investigators.

5. There have been connected with Spiritualism, loose theories and practices which have done much to strengthen the impression that its influence is morally and socially disorganizing, unwholesome, and injurious.

6. The contradictory character of the messages purporting to come from spirits, even in regard to matters of fact relating to spirit life, and the very inferior quality of most of the literature produced by the spirits, even when it claims to be from great minds that have passed from earth, have contributed to that indifference to the subject which is so common, and which makes many quite indisposed to visit mediums to find out what modicum of truth there may be in the pretensions and performances of which they read.

There are doubtless other reasons why men of science have not given more attention to, or taken greater interest in, those psychical and psycho-physical phenomena which are known by careful investigators to be real, and which, of late years, have been recognized by a number of our most eminent scientific minds. The French physiological psychologists, Binet, Ribot, Richet, and others, are entitled to credit for their investigations of automatic writing and other varieties of automatic action, even though their theories may fall short

of explaining all the facts. The hypnotic trance and multiplex personality which have by many people been ascribed to the agency of spirits, have been more carefully and thoroughly investigated by men of science in France and elsewhere. Telepathy, clairvoyance, hallucinations, apparitions—of the living as well as of the dead—the trance, automatism, these and other phenomena of a kindred nature, have been and are being made subjects of the most thorough investigation by the Society for Psychical Research. The wheat is being separated from the great mass of chaff slowly but surely, and soon people who have not the time nor the skill to examine this subject will be able to judge intelligently how much of the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism is genuine, not due to trickery, and then they will be better able to form an opinion whether any of these phenomena may not be satisfactorily explained without invoking the agency of other intelligences than those which belong to this state and order of being. Both those who think they see in the phenomena the sure manifestations of departed spirits, and those, on the other hand, who find in them nothing but fraud, may have to revise their conclusions, and the truth found between these extremes may prove to be a very important and valuable contribution to science.

B. F. UNDERWOOD

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—*Epictetus*.

Man stands as in the centre of Nature; his fraction of Time encircled by Eternity, his hand-breadths of Space encircled by Infinitude.—*Carlyle*.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—*Emerson*.

The philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve.—*Emerson*.

From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide.—*Emerson*.

THE DOGMA OF HELL.

Of all the conceits which have held the mind of man in awe, the most appalling is the picture of eternal Hell. That man—but an instantaneous flash of light, coming and going like a lightning-gleam on a darkened sky, but a second's thought and then no more—should in that instant of time, in that momentary flash of existence, form and fashion his eternal fate for weal or woe, is a belief so monstrous that we can scarcely convince ourselves that it was once almost universal.

What sinister power so perverted his logic, as to force man to think so diametrically contrary to the truth? Why should he be his own contemner? Why should he who loves himself more than aught else in the universe condemn himself above all things else? His observation of Nature had taught him that all her punitive energies are bent, not on deterioration but on melioration; not on dissipation but on integration. "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant." (Job xiv. 7, 8, 9.)

The dank days of dark and chill November must needs forestall the wholesome snows of winter through whose frosty air the invigorating sun emits his healthful beams; the death-like barrenness of winter's solstice forms but the white chrysalis from which anon the spring tide leaps with resurrection life; every seed that falls and fades in the ground bursts forth once more with life renewed; every leaf that shrivels in the dust out of its own decay gives forth new energies that crystallize in fructifying forms of plant and tree and flower; the plague that blights, consumes, and withers, but gathers the death-breeding germs of the atmosphere and wrings them out as from a sponge; the hurricane that blasts with wind and rain and lightning but re-establishes the equilibrium of the air, without which,

continued comfort were impossible. Every affliction of nature has a tendency to good; every destructive force is bent on restitution.

Why, then, should he, whose destiny it is

“To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,”

believe that there is for him alone a resurrection whose fate eternal is

“worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling?”

A mind that is tuned to the sensitive note of harmony must shudderingly exclaim with the poet, “it is too horrible!”

Is it not strange that man should have imagined for himself an end more execrable, more horrible, than what he has conceived for beast or bird, or any living thing? For them, at least, is rest and the last long sleep of peace! For them, no phantom horrors sit with chattering teeth to tell a tale of endless woe; for them no sulphurous caldrons “boil and bubble” with the dying forms that never die; for them no worm of agony that never dieth, no consuming fire that is never quenched. The beast, the fowls of the air, the crawling insects—for these, at least, the imagination of man has mercy.

But for himself—the crown and glory of all creation—he thinks but curse and final woe. For him “in action, how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals”—for him there awaits, if he be not obedient to the “faith once delivered to the saints,” a life worse a thousand-fold than death; where shall his

“delighted spirit
Bathe in fiery floods, or, reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice!”

The invention of the imagination seems to have been strained to an extreme tension by the poets and theologians who have been true to the traditions of the church. The greatest poet of evangelical Christianity thus describes the abode of the damned:

“Beyond the flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail. . . .
Thither by harpy-footed furies haled,

At certain revolutions, all the damned
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce:—
 From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire,
 They ferry over this Lethean sound,
 Both to and fro—their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream. . . .
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus!" *

This may, however, be said to be but the imagery of the poet, who enjoys the license of his profession. But the theologian who revelled in the literal tradition of religious myth was loath to allow the poet to pass him in vivid depiction of the eternal torment. In proof here are extracts from some not very antique sermons.

"See! on the middle of that red-hot floor stands a girl; she looks about sixteen years old. Her feet are bare. She has neither stockings nor shoes. Listen! she speaks. She says I have been standing on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing-place has been this red-hot floor. Look at my burnt and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor, only for one short moment. The fourth dungeon is the boiling kettle—in the middle of it there is a boy. His eyes are burning like two burning coals. Two long flames come out of the ears. Sometimes he opens his mouth and blazing fire rolls out. But listen! there is a sound like a kettle boiling. The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones. The fifth dungeon is the red-hot oven. The little child is in this red-hot oven. Hear how it screams to come out. See how it turns and twists itself about in the fire. It beats its head against the roof of the oven. It stamps its little feet on the floor." †

* *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

† Extract from a sermon by a Catholic priest, Rev. J. Furniss, C. S. S. R., quoted in *Bray's God and Man*, p. 255.

However we may be repelled by the horror of such fiendish sentiments, the student will certainly find it both interesting and instructive to search for their historical origin. They could not have sprung spontaneously from the heart of man. They must have sprung from inimical and untoward experiences, which left ineradicable impressions on the human mind.

The life and experience of every child is the life and experience of the entire race in miniature. The child loves that which pleases, and hates and fears that which tortures him. The little lap-dog is his playmate and his joy till, perchance, it snaps at and bites him; then it becomes his terror—the monster from which he ever flees. The lightning that leaps from the heavens on a summer night, and thrills his sensitive nerves with exquisite pleasures, if perchance it smites the tree at his side, ever after frightens and appalls him as an evil power.

Such was the experience of the first races of the earth: the childhood races of mankind. They were indeed but children. They were at first amused by nature's elements, as by toys, until they turned upon them as monsters and struck terror into their breasts. How could puny man prevail against the mighty elements of the air, and the prowling beasts that populated the earth? Behind every tree lurked a leopard; in the shadow of every rock a crouching lion; above their heads vampires flapped their hideous wings thirsting for the blood of victims; whilst in the grasses monstrous serpents lay concealed or from the foamy deep uprose, more frightful than what encoiled Laocöon and his young sons. He was besieged on all sides by dreadful objects which inspired but fear and terror. At first, trustful and credulous as an infant, he saw good in all. He had not yet learned aught of nature's inimical powers. He found in every object a friend and in every feature a god. There is nothing in the universe that at some time has not been venerated by man as an object of worship. Such his faith—his credulity. The serpent whose sting was death was once his companion and his joy. He adored the lion as he lay down in peace with the panther. The crocodile he idealized into a Deity, and the Egyptian serpent was the messenger of good. Each mountain peak and jutting sea-cliff, each graceful tree and piebald flower, the purling streams, the rushing torrents, the wind, the rain,

the clouds, the starry worlds, the all-pervading sun—all he worshipped as his gods and goodly powers. This was the fabled golden age of man: when ignorance was bliss; when the serpent's fang was yet unpoisoned and the leopard's touch aroused no shudder. Legends of this fabled time of peace may be discerned even in so comparatively recent a work as the Bible. Here man was first pictured as the companion of the beasts. Eve and Adam, first of mortals, walk in fearless companionship with the serpent; and Adam seems so well acquainted with the characteristics of all animals, that Jehovah asks him to give to each a name as they pass before him in grand review!

But ere long this early time of peace and mutual trust is transformed into a period of strife and mutual fear. Then man's deities become his devils. The thing he once loved he learned to hate; every object once his friend became his enemy. His whole conception of nature then changes. He believes that all the world is now composed of a multiplicity of monsters which use him as the especial butt of their enmity, on whom to ply their forces of evil to his destruction. Hence man learns to stoop, to crouch, to cower. He fell from glory to dishonor—from fortitude to infirmity. He became cunning, guileful, treacherous, and deceitful. He learned to think of others as he thought of himself. He conceived that the gods he once obeyed and adored were now designing demons who ever plotted his defeat—they were the secret cause of all his suffering.

Then fell disease upon him—some demon had infected him. Smitten with infirmity:—some harpy-footed power of the air had deceived him and was thus wreaking vengeance. Torrents come from the sky and inky blackness shrouds the day:—fell demons are upon him like swarming armies of destruction. Helpless, alone, pitiless, his puny arm is lifted against the universe. "A hostile power is in arms against him—armed with sunbeam, thunder-bolt, flood and gale. His life is a contest with this power that is in his path and about his bed, thwarting him, wounding him, blighting his happiness, smiting him with disease, and finally dragging him underground to rotteness."*

Thus developed man's theory of evil and suffering, from experience and crude reasoning.

* Origin and Development of Religious Belief, by B. Gould, p. 325.

But anon he perceived another truth. While at first he believed that all was good and then afterward that all was evil—he discerned at times that the good and bad were mixed. What at one time overtook him as an evil at another was beneficent. The drouthy sun and death-breeding simoon were demons of destruction; but anon, in the spring-time the sun shed mild and life-giving rays on his rudely tilled fields and in the autumn-time ripened his much-loved fruits. Then again was the sun his god—his protector and giver of good things. When the wind came not in simoon or gale but in spicy, vernal zephyrs, then was it a goodly messenger and again adored as a god. In the hymns of the Vedas, traces of this early disposition are discernible. “Destroy not our offspring, O Indra, for we believe in thy mighty power.” “When Indra hurls again and again his thunderbolt then they believe in the brilliant god.” In these passages, Indra is feared as the deity of danger, revenge, and punishment. But again: “If you wish for strength offer to Indra a hymn of praise.” “Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmament (heaven and earth). He lifted on high the bright and glorious firmament.” “Thou art the giver of horses, Indra, thou art the giver of cows, the giver of corn, the strong lord of wealth, the old guide of man, disappointing no desires, a friend to friends—to him we address this song.”*

Here we discern the dual attitude of the primitive mind toward the deities—affected wholly by his daily experience. As says Keary, “The world around us is what we believe it to be and nothing more.” But out of these opposing dispositions of fear and trust, ensuing from man’s interpretation of nature’s forces as they affected him, followed in course of time his conceptions of heaven and hell—the eternal good and the eternal bad. Gradually the idea of immortality unfolded to the human consciousness. When man was still but a nomad, a wanderer, a mere beast of the field, his breast could have entertained but little human affection. He may have loved as the horse or dog or cat loves, perhaps a little more, but merely through the sense of companionship. A lasting sense of love—a love that lives in the well-springs of being and establishes the foundations of hope and bliss—

* Müller’s Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. I., pp. 31 and 42.

such love he could not yet have known. But gradually as he congregates in tribal relations and anon in village communities and at last in familyhood—that love which to-day constitutes the woof and web of our social fabric, began to germinate.

When once that deep affection smote his breast man was no longer a beast but a thing divine. He loved his love and he desired not that his love should die. Hence his clinging to those he loved even after their bodies were buried or burned in the final rites of death.

“The placing of clothing, utensils of cooking, and implements of war, with the dead, was the custom of our European ancestors, and is that of the American Indians to this day. Sometimes the horse or dog, the slaves or the wife of the deceased, were slain to accompany the dead to the shadow realm and attend to his comforts there. The Indians light a fire on the grave of the deceased and maintain it for several days, to light him on his journey. Combs and mirrors have been found in the ancient tombs—proofs that their fair occupants were expected to be as greatly addicted to vanity in the spirit world as in that of the flesh.” *

We also learn that: “Among the Aryans the love of the departed so affected their religious faith as to gradually bring whole tribes to the sea-shore—that mysterious Sea of Death—in search for that fictitious paradise to which their loved ones had gone. They especially honored their heroes and leaders by placing their bodies on a boat and, setting it afire, sent it afloat mid-flame upon the stormy deep. What could they have meant by this rite but that their heroes should go forth to other fields of glory surrounded with the splendor of a departing ovation as a credential for future honors in the paradise beyond?” † We can almost hear them chant their requiems by ocean side and river bank, as they cast their burdens of love upon the waters and watch them float away with flame-sails into the mist-mantled bosom of the deep.

Forever they wander without halt or a pause,
Like the waves of a mystical river;—
Floating on, floating on, to the unseen shore
Of a sea that is silent forever.

Baring-Gould's *Origin of Religious Belief*, Vol. I., p. 88.
† Keary's *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, pp. 280 and 284.

The worship of his ancestors represents the first phase of religion which the primitive man expressed. The longing to still abide with them gradually developed into the hope for their return. The hope was father to the wish, the wish to the thought; and they grew to believe that their ancestors did return.

Hence the legendary lore of ghosts and goblins—of apparitions and spirits.

At length—the forces of retribution and compensation warring in the breast of man—he conceived that those who left this world unrewarded would in the hereafter secure that reward, and they who here escaped their retribution would in the unseen world suffer their merited punishment. The spirit of vengeance, ungratified, tears the heart with feverish torment. The uncouth savage having learned to hate the human agent who brought grief to his breast and woe to his door, curses his outgoing and his future. Coupling the love of his ancestors with the thought of future existence, he finds herein a healing balm for his feverish breast by believing that his enemy, here unavenged, has gone forth upon his curses to learn, beyond the grave, his meed of woe.

The quenchless fires of vengeance in the human breast gave rise to the thought of the quenchless fires of punishment hereafter. The vice of hate holds in its grip the immortal soul, and conjures for its solace a ghoulish god who will obey its dictum. Hate is the womb which gave birth to Hell. Vengeance is the bosom which nursed the deadly adder. Fear was the tyrannous god-father which named the eternal fate for weal or woe. Death was the weapon which tyranny raised to terrorize the race. Before the dark god of fear the whole world fell in awe. Beyond the grave was darkness—yet beyond was life! How full of possible horrors for the untutored mind. Eternal life in eternal darkness:—what horror more horrible! Out of such small beginnings of thought came forth the dreams of heaven and the nightmares of hell. The world and all the universe are indeed as we believe them to be and nothing more.

Having thus sketched, in rough outline, the origin and growth of the sentiments of good and evil—heaven and hell—it would be instructive to discover the extent to which these ideas entered into

theologies and religions and finally how and why they became incorporated into the Christian religion.

The poetic sentiment of love seems scarcely capable of such perversion as is found in its distortive representations in mediæval theology. But, like all things human, we shall discover that its beauty was not suddenly lost, but has slowly deteriorated, as it was basely abused by selfish utilitarians. Priestly theology soon learned to turn to its advantage the fear of mystery and the dread uncertainty of the unseen world. What mystery more opportune for such jugglery than the sombre gloom which enshrouds the grave? What spot so soft as the human heart when smitten with grief? Even in those ancient Aryan requiems we may hear the plaintive wail—the groan of the broken heart. What wonder that man should have been awed by his surroundings! What wonder his native imagination transformed external phenomena into poetic fancy, which at length grew into myth, tradition, legend and theology! We can catch a glimpse of this great truth in the Epic of the Eddas. No more, however, than in the mythology of all antiquity.

Conceive, for a moment, the glories of the Aurora Borealis! We who live in the semi-sombre atmosphere of this zone may well forestall, by imagination, the speechless wonder which would seize us were we first to behold that most dramatic phantasmagoria of sun-phases on sky and snow and ice. The Teutons portrayed their emotions in their legends relating to their god Loki. In the story of his funeral pyre we detect the imagery inspired by the splendors of the Aurora Borealis. Loki is the god of evil—enemy of both gods and men. Fire, at first dangerous, at last the friend of man, is the emblem of this dark god. He is surrounded by flame, through whose circumference man must pass to the place of eternal sleep. He is pictured as seizing his faithful steeds and plunging into the sea of fire (the aurora borealis), and then disappearing. Men, heroes, and gods follow him. Some return—some never. On, on, to the dark, icy regions, beyond the dismal iron-wood, where all is night—the Land of Shade—to the very house of Death where reigned King Death guarded by his two dogs. We need not penetrate much deeper into the mythology of antiquity to discover all the norms around which

gathered the legendary superstition of mediæval Christianity concerning hell.

Indeed it will be discovered by students that the Scandinavian legends are much responsible for the dark, gloomy phases of Christian theology—especially concerning Hell and the Devil.*

But it will interest and instruct us to trace this thread of imagery through Greek thought before it entered more fully into Christian mythology. We can easily discern the story of Loki and the sun-flamed steed of Death in the wanderings of Ulysses to the far borders of Hades across the dark and stormy deep. Students believe that the river mentioned in the wanderings of the Odyssey is none other than the Caspian sea, that far-northern Oceanus which lies in the midst of the "cimmerian land" where Hades was located:

"Where the mournful Cimmerians dwell, there the sun never throws
His bright beams when to scale the high star-vault in the morning he goes;
Or earthward returns from the midday rest; for the gloom
Of night never ending reigns there—a perpetual gloom." †

Here we meet with the same dark, cimmerian wood as in the *Ed-das*, into whose depths the light of modern civilization had not yet penetrated, and whither, it was supposed, the spirits of the departed wandered, perhaps never to return.

Is it not thus very evident that the whole legend concerning Hades—the Cimmerian land—perpetual gloom—emanated from the existence of an impenetrable forest of midnight darkness, where the foot of man had not yet trod? What could be blacker, darker, more horror-brooding, than the primeval Teutonic forests? Gradually the idea developed, that entrance to this dark abode was through a deep burial gate, inasmuch as it was a place of darkness and only through darkness could it be approached. As in the *Vedas*:

"Let me not yet, O Varuna, enter into the house of clay:
Have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!"

But the primitive conception of the place of the dead seems to have been one of hollowness; of emptiness. The departed were pas-

* I have elsewhere (in my *Evolution of the Devil*) traced in full the growth of Scandinavian mythology into the Devil and Hell theology of mediæval Christianity.

† *Od.* xi., 12 sqq. See Keary's *Outlines*, p. 277.

sive, wandering "simulacra of mortals"—senseless, unintelligent. We may discern this early, primitive notion concerning the dead even in the initial Jewish mythology, which, by the way, reveals its antique legendary origin.

" But man dieth and he is gone!
Man expireth, and where is he?
The waters fail from the lake,
And the stream wasteth and drieth up;
So man lieth down and riseth not;
Till the heavens be no more, he shall not wake,
Nor be roused from his sleep.
O, that thou wouldst hide me in the under-world! " *

" Sheol shall not praise thee, Jehovah,
The dead shall not celebrate thee,
* They that go down into the pit shall not hope for thy truth." †

By slow degrees the Hadean population becomes animated, and the dwellers of the nether world become active with exertions for good or ill. "Hell becomes a being. Most likely this being was at first endowed with the figure of some ravenous animal, some bird or beast of prey, a wolf, a lion, a hawk, a dog. In mythology a shade more elaborate, the same thing is represented by imaginary creatures, dragons, griffins, what not. The dragons which we meet with in mediæval legends were once, most of them, in some way or other embodiments of Death. At the door of the Strassburg cathedral and in one of the stained windows within, the reader may see a representation of the mouth of Hell, in the form of a great dragon's head, spouting flame." ‡

In the old Mission cathedral at Tucson, Ariz., I saw a mediæval painting representing Hell in the form of an impossible monster whose vast mouth, red-lined, was wide expanded and into which hordes of human beings were tumbling, and, if too slow, were whipped along by accommodating demons.

The speechless, voiceless House of the Dead, is thus gradually galvanized into life until it becomes the most fascinating condition of

* Job, xiv. 10-13 (Noyes' translation).

† Isaiah, xxxviii. 18, 19.

‡ Keary's Primitive Outlines, p. 269.

after-death existence. Slowly, in Jewish thought—not, however, until after the Captivity—the notion of a personified Hell succeeds to that of the abode of the passive dead.

But faint hints of this post-Captivity conception may be found in the ancient Hebrew writings. In one breath the Psalmist exclaims:

“For in death there is no remembrance of Thee; in the grave who shall give Thee thanks?” (vi. 5), and

“As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.” (xvii. 15.)

Only by a forced interpretation can such exclamations be made to refer to after existence. He meant that his God would guard him while he slept; and when he awoke in his likeness (as he elsewhere says “in the light of His countenance,” Ps. iv. 6)—then he would have strength to cope with the enemies of whom he had been complaining.

HENRY FRANK.

(*To be continued.*)

“Have good-will

To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.”

“Govern the lips

As they were palace-doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.”

“Let each act

Assail a fault or help a merit grow:
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.”

“Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
Make golden stair-ways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.”

“So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense.”

The Light of Asia, by Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE MYSTERIOUS KEY.

AN OCCULT TRAGEDY.

(III.)

Long did Abul Kahm bend over the Egyptian, forgetful of how time was speeding; unconscious of his perilous surroundings; oblivious to all save that he was near the remains of some being toward whom his soul went out, over whom he seemed to feel an almost super-human dominion.

He heard not the rumbling of wheels in the street below; the noise made by closing the carriage-door did not reach him; a few deep-toned words spoken to the liveried attendant at the door penetrated not to the locksmith as he gazed, enraptured, upon the motionless form of the beautiful woman.

But suddenly a sense of impending danger crept over him. He started as one awaking from a dream. At the same instant a heavy step sounded on the stairs. The locksmith heard it and realized that not a moment could be lost. He quickly closed and locked the jeweled casket and sprang into the main room. For an instant he stood before the concealed key-board thinking: "The first button made light, the second darkness; the third opened the panel, if the fourth does not close it, I am lost!"

He touched the fourth knob, and like a flash, with scarcely a sound the opening in the wall closed. Footsteps sounded only a few yards from the door. Abul seized his lantern and satchel and concealed himself behind the drapery just as the door was thrown open.

He waited in breathless suspense. Someone passed by his place of concealment, and in another moment the room was brilliantly illuminated. Peering through a tiny opening in the tapestry, Abul saw a tall man standing in the middle of the room with his watch in his hand. He was none other than the mysterious Stranger. Having consulted his watch he returned it to his pocket and began to pace the floor.

No sound broke the deathlike stillness save the sweeping of the wind without and the light tread of the Stranger. Five minutes passed. Again the tall man looked at his watch.

"It is time," he said, in a firm voice, and stepped toward the concealed key-board.

Almost immediately Abul heard the buzzing noise and saw the drapery begin to part. Again there was a blinding flash, a sharp report and all was still. The stranger stepped into the vault. Abul's strained ears caught a faint click. The chest had been opened!

A strange vibrating noise now echoed through the room. It was like the sound made by a current of electricity passing through an induction coil.

Very soon the tall man returned to the main room and sitting down seemed to relapse into the most profound thought. Abul remained statue-like. He was afraid to move a muscle; almost afraid to breathe, lest, by the slightest sound, he should betray his presence. At last, however, human endurance gave way and the poor locksmith heaved a deep breath and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. It sounded to him as if he had made noise enough to arouse the dead, yet the stranger still sat rapt in thought.

As Abul watched him through a small hole in the curtain, he fancied that his pale face had grown a trifle more pallid; that his bright eyes now shone with a peculiar lustre; that his well-shaped lips and determined jaws had become fixed and set; that his hands grasped the arms of the chair with a tighter hold—in a word, that his whole frame had gradually become rigid.

A low moan sounded through the room. Scarcely had it died away when the mysterious Stranger lifted his hand and made several peculiar passes in the air. There was another half moan, half sigh, and the locksmith heard a slight rustling noise which proceeded from the vault.

Again the Stranger raised his hand. It was tightly clenched now and moved in an authoritative gesture. At the same moment his form seemed to lose its rigidity; on each cheek burnt a bright red spot and upon his countenance sat an expression of triumph and mastery. With flashing eyes he turned toward the opening in the wall.

Abul was now conscious of some great power that seemed to be dormant in his soul. He, too, glanced in the direction of the crypt and as he gazed a white hand slowly drew the curtains aside, a white form filled the entrance and the Egyptian had risen from the dead!

The locksmith was too much overcome to cry out. He closed his eyes, passed his hand across them, then to reassure himself, looked again. No, it was no delusion! No foolish impression of highly strung nerves; no offspring of a quickened imagination.

Tall, with a great profusion of dark hair reaching almost to the floor; her beautiful brown arms clearly defined against the dark background of damask, her lips well-curved and red with the warm blood of life, her wondrous black eyes fixed strangely, almost sternly, upon the Stranger, she seemed like some great goddess triumphing over dissolution and death!

"What wouldst thou, Prince?" she asked in a low thrilling voice that seemed to come from afar. The tall man arose from where he sat, and went toward the Egyptian. He took her hand tenderly, almost reverentially, and led her to a seat.

"I would have thee near me, Iris, looking as thou didst when first we wandered by the Nile," sighed the man, sinking down by her side.

"Ah, why recall those happy days?" answered the Egyptian, her eyes growing dim. "Do they not drag after them a lengthening chain of events filled with darkest, fiercest grief? On the wings of lightning followed the fall of my people, my sickness, and my death!"

"Yet, Iris, even those dark days were not without a gleam of joy," said the man, "for I had hopes of restoring thee to perfect, lasting life.

"From my boyhood I was a great student. Long before I came to Egypt I had mastered the laws of psychical phenomena known almost exclusively to the seers of the Eastern nations. I had delved into the secrets of nature, found new forces and made discoveries in physics never known to the scientific world. So that when dark death had sealed thy blessed eyes, and stolen the color from thy lips, even in that dismal hour I was not overwhelmed with grief. I felt—I knew—that I could bring thee back to life. Science, my mistress ere I met thee, would be thy handmaiden. Thenceforth I thought only of assisting thee, my queen, to life and love and happiness. Oh, what a

crowning of my life-long toils that now Science and Love should unite, and bid thee live again! From that day I devoted my life to this one object.

"By means of electric, magnetic, and mental forces I have been successful in restoring you to life for a brief fixed period each day. Yet my progress shall not stop here. I feel assured that in a short time thou shalt conquer death itself."

"In vain, in vain, in vain!" sighed the beautiful woman. "Thou hast reached the limit of thy science and strained the capabilities of nature even in giving me momentary life. Thou canst go no further. Thou canst not give me back to life. Cease to love me. Abandon all thy hopes at once and cease, oh, cease, to torture my spirit by calling it back to this frail clay! Let me pass away into dust and cease to be."

"Iris!" cried the man, falling on his knees, "speak not thus! You crush me to the earth. Patience, but a little patience and thou shalt live—I swear it!"

"Hush!" solemnly raising her hand. "It is not so ordained. Thou, thou art not the one," she heavily sighed, as a strange expression came over her beautiful face.

"And yet," continued she, in so low a voice that its tones scarce reached the other side of the room, "and yet, if thou wouldst know it, there is one whose mere will, now that thou hast effected thus much, could give me natural life."

"You speak of Him, the Creator?" said the man, pointing upward.

"Not so. I speak of a creature like thyself, yet one ordained with this Creator-like power."

"A man!" exclaimed the Stranger, springing instantly to his feet. "What sayest thou, Iris? Speak!"

"Even so," answered the Egyptian in a low whisper.

"Art thou returning to thy dead state?" and the stranger bent over her making rapid passes in the air.

With a great effort the Egyptian controlled herself.

"I am not," she answered in a firm voice, motioning him with an imperious gesture to his seat.

"Why speak so strangely, then?" he sighed, obeying her gesture.

"I speak but the truth. There is one who could restore me by his will alone," was her response.

"Dost thou believe this?—that there lives the man who can succeed where I have thus far failed? Were it indeed so I would reward him with my wealth, my life, my all!" and he buried his face in his hands.

"Thou wouldst not," answered the Egyptian, a strange smile spreading over her lips.

"Dost doubt it, woman?" exclaimed the Stranger starting violently and frowning for the first time. "Thou hast little faith in my love!"

"Nay," she softly answered; "I have all faith in thy love. Thou wouldst not give that man the poorest jewel on thy fingers; for, should he bring me back to life he would claim me for his own."

"Oh, and wouldst thou love the one who gave thee life?"

"Even so," she answered, "for life is love."

The Stranger bowed his head. He took several strides across the room, then pausing in front of the Egyptian asked in a cold, half-taunting voice:

"And pray, strange woman, where might I find this potent man?"

She sighed and shook her head.

"I know not, Prince; but if I held thy hand, through thy strong will, perhaps I then could tell thee."

Without a word he seated himself by her side and laid his hand in hers.

A deep silence reigned throughout the room. Even the wind, lately howling so furiously, seemed stricken dumb, and Abul could hear no sound except the strong, rapid beating of his own heart. He had become somewhat accustomed to his remarkable surroundings, yet at the same time he instinctively felt that a crisis of some character was impending. Suddenly the Egyptian turned her head and fixed her gaze upon the very curtain behind which the locksmith was concealed.

"Now, now!" she exclaimed in an excited manner, rising from her seat. "Now I can tell thee where the man is who can give me life?"

"Canst thou? Then tell me, Sweet," answered the man as if he were humoring a mere whim.

"He is nearer than I could ever have dreamed; he is here in this house; he is here in this very room," she almost joyfully cried, placing her hand on her heart as if to still its mad beating.

A compassionate expression spread over the countenance of the man. He took the Egyptian by the hand as if to lead her to the crypt, saying:

"My Iris, I fear that I have kept thee too long to-night. All this is a fantasy. There is no one here but ourselves. Come—come with me." But she snatched her hand away from him and drawing herself up to her full height, flashed her fiery eyes upon him.

"Ha, thou knowest that he is here and wouldst lead me back to death! But thou shalt not!" she cried, wringing her hands.

He seized her by the wrist and tried to soothe her. "I see no one here but yourself, my life."

"O fool, if, with all thy art and science, thou dost not in reality see him, tear aside that drapery and be convinced!" she cried, lifting her brown arm, and pointing to the curtain.

"To rob thee of this delusion I will do as thou hast bid me," said the Stranger, and he moved across the room. One step, two, three, four, five—"See, dearest, there is no one here," and he tore the drapery from its fastenings. The full glare of the electric light streamed upon Abul Kahm.

A terrible expression swept over the countenance of the Stranger. In it was commingled almost every passion of the human heart—love and hate, rage, revenge, baffled hope, despair. He clasped his hands to his forehead and staggered backward as if he had received a powerful blow. For a moment the Egyptian stood perfectly motionless, eying the two men. Her nostrils were expanded, her cheeks pale as the marble Sphinx, her great eyes dilated; her bosom rose and fell. Suddenly she seemed to give away to some great emotion, and crying out:

"My saviour! let me live for thee!" she sprang toward the locksmith. But she never reached him. The Stranger heard the cry, and saw her advance a step.

Then it was that his form, only a moment before shrunken and bent with age, became straight as an arrow; that his dejected countenance grew calm and as stern as death; that his eyes, now filled with a desperate triumph, burnt like gleams of lightning.

With a bound like that of a tiger he placed himself between the locksmith and the Egyptian, and raising his hand far above his head, spoke to the woman in a voice of thunder.

“ Back, ingrate, or by the power centred in one motion of my hand thou shalt be blasted! ”

The Egyptian recoiled to the curtain of the crypt and stood trembling in every limb. Abul came boldly forward to the centre of the room. It seemed that he knew no dread now; that the mysterious man before him could not harm; that he, Abul, was master.

But the Stranger seemed to ignore his presence, as he advanced a step toward the trembling woman. The expression of his countenance was terrible to behold.

“ Base ingrate! ” he hoarsely whispered. “ This, this thy gratitude! Wouldst fly to this man’s arms and leave one who for long years, by night and day has toiled for thee and thee alone. O, woman, woman! Love is turned to hate and hope into black despair! One thing alone is left me, and in that I triumph still! ”

With a swift motion he took a small vial filled with a greenish liquid from his pocket. The Egyptian saw the movement.

“ Will, will that I shall live! ” she shrieked out turning an agonized countenance toward Abul. The latter, at the same moment, felt a multitude of strange potent forces sweep over him and in a firm voice he cried:

“ By a power that I know not of, Egyptian, I do will ”——

“ That thou shalt die! ” broke in the Stranger, raising his hand and hurling the vial toward the woman.

Abul sprang forward to arrest his arm but he was too late. The fatal missile struck her fairly on the forehead, breaking with a slight crash.

One awful shriek went up from the woman, and where she stood a moment before was now only a black formless mass of human ashes. For an instant the Stranger, who seemed suddenly to have grown to

gigantic height, gazed upon his work. Then, with all the fierceness of a demon, he turned upon Abul.

"See! See!—the being thou wouldst bring back to life!" he cried. "O cursed fool, dost think that I would blast the woman that I loved and let thee escape?" He laughed a loud, frantic laugh as he moved swiftly toward the concealed key-board.

"We shall die together!" he said.

Actuated by what power he knew not, Abul fell flat upon his face, at the same moment that the Stranger placed his hand upon the fifth knob. Instantly there was a bolt like that of thunder. A great, broad band of lurid lightning swept the room from wall to wall. It passed fairly over the prostrate locksmith but caught the towering form of the Stranger midway between the chin and chest. For an instant he seemed about to fall, but by a powerful effort righted himself and again pressed the fifth button. There was another bolt louder than the first, another band of electric fluid and the Stranger shrieking out in accents of madness the name of "Iris" fell heavily to the floor.

Abul sprang to his feet. The lights had gone out but the electric discharge had set fire to the drapery throughout the room. By the red glare of the fast spreading flames Abul saw the fallen form of the Stranger.

Perhaps he was only unconscious? Should he be left there to perish in the fire?

Abul hesitated only a moment, then sprang forward and tore the clothing from the Stranger's chest. Across it, from shoulder to shoulder, was a blood-red streak, where the current had passed. He placed his hand over the mysterious man's heart. It had ceased to beat. The room was now enveloped in flames. A portion of the burning tapestry had fallen, thus setting fire to the carpet and floor.

It was intensely hot and the smoke had become stifling. Abul could already hear cries of "Fire! Fire!" from below. He cast one last glance at the formless ashes of the Egyptian, and springing through the flames, mounted to the window. A great torrent of smoke came rolling after him. As he stood for a moment irresolute it clung round and enveloped him as with fostering care. Then, as he seized the rope, it reached out its dark arms and seemed to bear him

upward, unflinchingly upward. There was a great crash within. A part of the floor had fallen and in a moment a thousand eager-tongued flames came leaping through the window.

But the smoke had already vanished and with it, Abul Kahm, the Locksmith.

JOSEPH SEBASTIAN ROGERS.

AN EDUCATIONAL SUGGESTION.

Conceive in your mind an all-inclusive unity, embracing all phenomena, all sensation, all feeling; in fact all things throughout the universe, the sum total of all physical, mental, and spiritual truths; the vast aggregate of possible conditions, forces, and experiences. Let this conception be so broad that no thought can ever enter your mind except as a part of its grand wholeness. Let it be so deep as to reach the deepest recesses of Hades; so high as to extend to the very pinnacle of heaven; so wide as to surround the outermost bounds of infinity.

The paucity of our language renders it impossible to express this conception with any one word. The word that would express it to my mind, might convey to you an idea either limited or totally dissimilar; and a word expressing the required meaning to your mind, might mean to another, something entirely different. Therefore, each reader should select a word for his own use, but it must act upon his mind as a stone dropped into the water, which causes ripples that extend to the farthest shore.

For one, the word Infinity might answer; for another, Mind; for still another, God; and for others Absolute, while yet others might use Universe, understandingly, with the same meaning. However, the word itself is of little importance; the *Idea* is the object of our search and one word will answer as well as another if it expresses the full conception without abridgment or limitation. The word must go even further than to encompass all the universe—it must include the conception of absolute Unity. This must be an all-pervading interdependence; a recognition of the truth that all things are but parts of

one whole; that, however dissimilar things may appear, they are in reality related, and have a common centre. Underlying all are certain principles or laws that cement them into *one grand universal whole*.

This fact of law, or order dominating all, must be conspicuous in the conception called up in your mind by the chosen word. You must realize that there is absolutely no such thing as chance; that in some way, seen or unseen, there is a basis of law and order for every phenomenon of whatever nature, and that under identical circumstances and conditions, the same result will be produced.

Now that you have a clear conception of all-inclusiveness, absolute unity and perfect order, blot out from your mind whatever meaning you may have heretofore attached to the word *Truth* and consider it a synonym for the word you have chosen for this Idea. In every place where I use the word *Truth*, you substitute your chosen word, for my use of *Truth* is only to simplify expression and I mean by it just what you mean by *Infinity*, *God*, *Absolute*, *Universe*, or whatever you have used to express the idea which, I trust, we both now have clearly fixed in our minds. Let the word *Truth* act upon your mind as a clapper on a bell, causing the remotest molecule to vibrate.

Within this conception *Truth* includes a multitude of ideas based on our experience in a universe of diversity; but, we must also recognize that there is a fundamental principle, always operative and always dominating every successive step in the creation of this diversity—one condition always present and perpetually forming the deciding condition in every differentiation.

The conception must also include the idea that at one time all was homogeneous; there were no *different* facts; diversity had not appeared. In some way—for the present beyond our ken, and quite outside of the present discussion, there arose a differentiation which has gone on and on till the present universe of diversity has resulted. There must have been successive steps through which this differentiation passed, because we perceive successive steps in the recognition of phenomena, for which diversity is but another name.

We also recognize that all these steps, so far as we can perceive, are taken in accordance with definite principles, or laws. In the different realms there are many laws which apply only to certain phe-

nomena taking place in the physical world, some according to which plants exist and grow; still others operate in the animal kingdom, and others, yet, in the higher realm of morals. All the activities of our life and progress are based upon our intelligent recognition of these laws.

We make intellectual progress not by acquiring a knowledge of certain facts, but by learning the laws in accordance with which these facts exist. Knowing the law under which a given result is accomplished, we are able to produce that result at will by providing the necessary conditions.

If, then, knowledge of certain specific laws operating in certain limited areas, gives us power over certain fields of activity and augments our progress, would not a knowledge of universal law, operating in every sphere, and constituting a determining factor in every phenomenon, be of even greater value?

Such a universal law seems to me necessary to the very existence of the universe. Without it a universe would be an unthinkable monstrosity and we ourselves palpable impossibilities; for we exist only as parts of a Whole, and, to exist, that whole must be under the domination of law. There could not be a unity of phenomena without a unity of law. All our scientific research and philosophic speculation point to a *oneness* of the universe, and any science is a farce unless there is a fundamental principle underlying all principles, and of which all other principles are but various manifestations.

What is this one *fundamental principle*, according to which every step from absolute homogeneity to universal diversity has been taken? It must be exact, unchanging, unvaryingly constant, a law depending on no other law, a principle necessarily present at every stage of development, and absolutely inflexible in its application.

But one principle seems to me to fit the case, viz., Mathematics. Our conception of mathematics is but a corollary of the conception of exactness. One implies the other. To be mathematical is necessarily to be exact, and vice versa. Much might be said in this connection, showing the grounds for the conclusion that mathematics is the one all-pervading, ever-present, fundamental principle underlying the very basis of Truth.

Mathematics, then, forms the basis for *all* phenomena, and if we can find the fundamental mathematical principle involved in any one change or step in diversity, we shall have ascertained the fundamental principle involved in every other step; because to know the absolute principle of any natural phenomenon is to understand the primal change by which homogeneity began its transformation into diversity. Mathematics being but the conception of the relation between units, or Number, the fundamental step must in some way relate to number.

To get this idea correctly into our minds let us revert to the conception of a homogeneous state, and conceive of the modification or change constituting the first step in diversity.

Prior to this change all was a Unit; after the change in conception there appeared more than one unit, and here, it seems evident, is the principle involved, as there is no other change necessarily involved. The mere fact that where formerly there was but one there is now more than one, is quite sufficient to constitute diversity, and be the foundation of all subsequent changes. That the parts may be exactly identical does not affect the case; the mere fact of Number being present is sufficient to all the ends of infinite diversification.

With this idea of division in our minds the natural and simplest query is, how many?

In the answer to this question, I believe, lies the solution of many problems which have vexed the mind of man for ages, for, as I have already pointed out, the applications of this answer are practically infinite, as it will apply with equal force to any and every subsequent phenomenon throughout the entire realm of Truth.

At first thought it may seem an impossible problem, and to suggest an answer may appear like the very madness of presumption; but we should bear in mind that this question, like all others of great importance that have already been answered, is, in reality, very simple. Proof of the truth of the answer is, in all probability, beyond us at present, but to suggest and to prove are two very different matters. I do not intend to attempt, alone, a demonstration of the truth of my suggestion. That can only be done by the practical application of the theory suggested to all matters that occupy the mind of man—a task obviously beyond the power of any one person.

But the theorem must precede the demonstration, and my purpose is merely to state the theorem, leaving the demonstration to those versed in the several branches of knowledge. If my suggestion really contains the seed of truth it will find lodgement in fertile soil and the required effort will be put forth to cultivate it till it shall blossom and bear fruit to the enrichment of humanity. Of this I feel confident, and it is only because of this confidence that I make bold to give form to my conviction.

The realization that Truth, though springing from the meanest soil, will gather to itself the elements needed for its own growth and development impels me to cast this, as I firmly believe, *seed of living Truth*, to the winds, having faith that it will not fall upon ground so stony that no soil will be found to give it nourishment.

In seeking an answer to the question, How many? one turns almost instinctively to the world of matter, probably because we have accustomed ourselves to depend almost entirely upon sense impressions, and these come only from the material side of existence. To the material universe, then, let us turn for an analogy.

Our first thought is, naturally, that the material world is based upon space, time, and motion, of which space seems to be the fundamental. Now what is the fundamental principle of space? Perhaps the word principle is not the proper term, but you will grasp my meaning when I answer, Dimensions. And here again, comes the question, How many?

Does not the answer to this question carry with it a very reasonable answer to the other? In this case, as in the first one cited, there is absolutely no element present but that of Number, and it seems to me at least fairly plausible for us to regard both questions as applying to the one fundamental principle which we have referred to as underlying all phenomena and present in all changes. The answer may not be so apparent in facts of more concrete and specialized detail, but is not that because the fundamental principle is buried out of sight by minor laws and more diversified conditions?

Now take color, which is known to possess a unity, and ask the same question in regard to its differentiation. In this case, also, there seems to be but the one element present, viz.: Number. It is as if

Color should contemplate a subdivision of itself for the purpose of manifestation. The only question to be decided is "Into how many parts shall I resolve myself?" It would obviously be just as easy to form six colors, or nine, or five, or two, but none of these numbers was selected. According to our present knowledge, Color decided upon Three, whether from mere accident or because there is deep down in its very nature a predisposition to regard the number Three with favor is, of course, not contained in our scientific lore. But the fact remains that Color is now manifested in a threefold phase.

So I might go on with other illustrations, but to do so would smack too strongly of a desire to *prove* my position. You can find any desired number of instances where scientific progress has met this trinitarian disposition of things material, and strangely enough failed to trace any connection between these different landmarks. They have been regarded as merely accidental coincidences; or, rather, have hardly attracted enough attention to be regarded at all. This seems strange, when we consider the fact that Science positively denies the existence of accident or chance!

$$\text{Color, } \begin{cases} 1 \text{ Red.} \\ 2 \text{ Yellow.} \\ 3 \text{ Blue.} \end{cases} \quad \text{Space, } \begin{cases} 1 \text{ Length.} \\ 2 \text{ Breadth.} \\ 3 \text{ Thickness.} \end{cases} \quad \text{Truth, } \begin{cases} 1 ? \\ 2 ? \\ 3 ? \end{cases}$$

With the knowledge that there is a sufficient cause for every phenomenon, am I not justified in, at least, suggesting that the same cause that produced a threefold manifestation of Color and Space was also operative in the manifestation of Truth, where there was apparently but one condition present and that condition apparently identical?

And if Truth began by a threefold expression, is any other conclusion possible than that it has continued throughout all manifestation to follow the same trinitarian course? At each stage of her progress, when a new form or phase of expression was to appear, has not the same question, How many? been the only condition present? Truth would not change her course without cause, and what cause could it have to be trinitarian in one place and quatarian in another, when the trinitarian form suits all possible needs, as it certainly does?

In short, is it not plausible to postulate a something in the very

nature of Truth corresponding to what we term habit? And, if so, would it not be easier for Truth to choose a threefold form of expression in minor details, if that form had been chosen in the very beginning of change? If it is easier to do a thing the second or the two hundredth time, than the first, is it not plausible to suppose that Truth would find it easier to subdivide its expression as Color into the **same number of parts** as it had already chosen for other divisions?

This conception of habit or tendency to repeat, as being a fundamental element of Truth, just as it is in every recognized sphere of choice, seems to me a rational view, and if it can be sustained it will at once establish conclusive proof of my position.

Throughout all phenomena there is a fundamental principle of manifestation based upon a universal division into threes; that complexity is produced by a division of simpler forms or elements into trinitarian groups. The total number of facts in the universe is exactly divisible by three, and each successive quotient, in turn, is divisible by the same number. In other words all facts are mathematical and are expressed by numbers, and they have all been produced by raising 3 to the x power. Every fact, in its very nature, is trinitarian, and unless we recognize three elements in any given fact we do not fully understand that fact.

For the purpose of illustrating the theory and thus perhaps making it plainer than I could by abstract expressions, let us start at the beginning with the conception "Truth," subdivided into three phases, elements, parts, or whatever you choose to call them.

For the first division set off in your mind all that part of Truth in which phenomena occur, in accordance with what we might call physical law, and in which the element we recognize as life is not present. I know of no word exactly suited to label this division so that the word will of itself convey the correct meaning, but, inasmuch as you have the idea, the word LAW will suffice. If you think any other word better suited, substitute it and we shall the better understand each other.

In the second division I would place all facts and phenomena produced by the presence of what has very aptly been called "elective affinity," the choice of conditions in effecting combinations. This division I will call LIFE.

The third division contains all that higher realm which we recognize only through our moral and religious natures, not very clearly definable, because neither its existence nor its immediate manifestation is discernible by the physical senses. Naturally the selection of a suitable word to designate this division is more difficult than either of the preceding, but a sufficient word for my purpose will be found in LOVE.

Here then we have the first grand division; the primal change from oneness to mathematics; the first step in the direction of a universe of diversity.

L. L. HOPKINS.

(To be continued.)

RELATED TO THE KING.

I have traveled far, and am grown
World-worn and weary.
Covered with the dust of life's desert-sounds,
I have forgotten who I am.

I have forgotten my name and title;
I am fast forgetting that I came
Of princely lineage, and that I am
In some way related to the King.

I have not seen a living soul
For many weary leagues. I long
For knowledge and assurances of rest;
I must have answer.

Nay, I care not to loiter with the servants.
I thirst and hunger, but I seek the Master.
I shall not accept shelter in the basement,
Nor in the kitchen, for I am a royal guest.

O universe of God! O distant stars,
My request is simple. Help me
To recognize myself. Help me to remember who I am,
That I may go home to-morrow.

To-morrow? Nay, not that; I would go home to-day.
The winds blow to me from the hills of sleep;
The fountains play upon the far-off lands of home.
Who am I? Show the way. I fain would rest.

Then came the answer: "Thou art a child of God;
A part of that Divine Intelligence
That evolved harmony from chaos, and
Fashioned the universe from nothing.

"A prince of the blood royal;
Thine inheritance immortality.
Thy name, Spirit; the way a consciousness
Of thy at-one-ment with the Universal Mind."

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

THE SILENT DOMAIN.

The frivolousness of the nineteenth century has laid its desecrating hand on some of our richest proverbs, and, when it suits its purpose, does with a gem of human wisdom what it has long done with the divinest of wisdom; i.e., rudely pushes it aside in order to pursue its own way in bliss which is the direct product of ignorance. Once, "Speech is silvern, silence is golden" seemed to hold some deep, serious meaning; but now there seems no significance in the proverb. Still, some truth must remain in this saying, or why has it lived? False things never live longer than a generation or two, and the day inevitably approaches when the dead falsity shall lie at the mercy of its quondam victims; the truth, escaping, reincarnates itself in something other, less false perhaps, and lives through fire and water, through neglect and abuse, through obscuratation and perversion, not one generation or a dozen, but forever. Truth has value for all time; it is greater than the conventionalities of any age, and cannot die. Truth is of God.

So it is not the fault of the proverb but of the age that we understand not the exceeding wealth of silence. One important reason is that, in the strain for mere existence we have forgotten how to think. It is not often that one can luxuriously meditate; then again few avail themselves of an opportunity when it offers, and many resolutely refuse to think. Meditation, therefore, has become a lost art. It requires complete silence, while this is an age of noise and the din of traffic. What Butler called "going over the theory of anything in one's thoughts and drawing fine pictures of it" is not thinking. It is useless and emasculating reverie; yet many people mistake blank, mental wanderings for thought, and after an hour's meaningless staring at faces in the fire, congratulate themselves on the waste of time by the delusion that they have been entertaining high thoughts. Meditation is not the fantastic dreaming of things beautiful, but stern, serious, and uncompromising mental application to

whatsoever things we have in hand. A far different thing, that, from the dream-pictures we so often allow to surround the germ-thought, to its final obscuration.

Another lost art which requires silence for its perfecting is the art of listening, in which immediate inward silence is an absolute necessity. If we would have the power of hearing sound-effects inwardly we must silence all else. Matthew Arnold says that when we walk to and fro on the shore of the ocean of history, "we ought to listen to the surges, and not to our own voices." But too satisfied are we with our own voices, too easily enchanted with the insensate howling of the multitude, to wait with anything like intentness and patience for the significant voice, wheresoever it may be heard, that reveals God. Hearing is an art, and few can hear aright. We often mistake echoes for voices, and the smaller voices for the thunders of a God. In the true listening attitude God himself will speak to us. Having forgotten how to think or listen, we feel no need of the silence; and it remains an unexplored domain. To advance in the process of a genuine and complete experience we must learn to listen to the voice that lies deepest within us. Then after the silence may come the speech.

There is little "speaking to the age out of eternity" to-day because we speak too much and too loudly, and cannot hear "the inner flow of things." The man who speaks aright will not need to say much, but must continually repeat yesterday's message—so slow are we to understand the prophetic speech. Do not be afraid of the strange, new, lofty idea when it comes to you. The highest thought, like the highest art, is always intelligible to the true soul. High thought does not mean intricate thought, and the most profound teaching is always the most simple. The tone of our teaching should not be lowered, but our prayers should glow. It is inspiration, not explanation, we need. But the silence must come first. Learn to dwell in the silence. It is in the silent, solitary depths of life where the thing divine in the poetry we have read, the music we have heard, the pictures we have seen, the scientific fact we have learned, will make itself known and delight our hearts. Be not afraid of those silent hours; the visionary is not the man who sees visions, but he

who never looks for their immediate incarnation. When "large imaginings of God and good" fill your soul, look around you; there is sure to be some one through whom those imaginings can be interpreted. Aim to develop the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the understanding heart.

REV. W. ELSWORTH LAWSON.

THE DUALISM OF GOOD AND EVIL.

We have often heard it said that it would be difficult to draw a definite line between good and evil.

Is this so? Is it impossible to live an absolutely sinless life? These are questions one would answer affirmatively, at first glance; but if the answer be true, then man's condition and destiny are in a despicable plight. If man's will is so shackled that selfishness, sensuous gratification, the sense of physical comfort and pleasure, forever overwhelm his soul, he is then living a soulless, animal life; his spirit is lost in the body, and surely man can never hope for a bodily immortality.

Why is it, then, that the perfect life is so unattainable; is it not because we do not realize what Love is? To possess Love is to possess the Spirit; no man has the Spirit without Love. Love is not finite, changeable, divisible; for to be of Love we must not be bound by finite desires. Conceive of the infinity of real soul, of Spirit, of Love, and then reflect on the limits of our possessions. We cannot expect to have the perfect soul until Love enters it; and that takes place only when we have overcome the physical cravings. Some of us show no more soul than animals; our desire for selfish comforts, our ambition for power, and our cleaving to finite objects, prove only that we are as finite as our desires.

Were eternity a condition in Time wherein physical objects were still in being, we should be justified, perhaps, in carnally desiring in common with the rest of the animal world. But as we are beings of intellect, soul, and spirit (or rather, potential spirit), must we not see, then, that the hereafter, as far as finite form and matter are con-

cerned, will be physically void? Man has the only intellect in nature; why does he not pursue the perfect—*summum bonum*—which his intelligence sees? It is not an *ignis fatuus*; it is imperishable. All else shall pass away, but Love shall never fail.

Man can be tempted only in three ways: the desire of appetite, the desire of applause, and the desire of power; and these are not external temptations, but man tempting himself. When Paris was offered his choice, he craved the apple of Venus (Love); so Solomon selected the golden apple of Minerva (Wisdom), and Alexander the fruit of Juno (Power). They all fell; Paris never rose above the physical love; Solomon's wisdom was the source of the vanity that destroyed his soul, and Alexander's ambition killed all his love for man. They all lived for material aims, and in achieving a higher, spiritual life—a life that would have benefited posterity—they all failed.

As an antithesis to this—for we are all at some time given the same opportunity—Christ (if you will pardon the figure) chose the golden apple Love; but as it touched his divine hand, it became indeed a new Love. He loved *all* that was good, *both physical and spiritual*; and who can deny that his life lifted mankind higher than even the dreams of any other. His life, as a material benefit to posterity, was most surely not in vain; and in his spiritual incarnation, his Perfection, rests the only hope of the world.

If man as a soul expects immortality, he must not allow his spirit to die. As with his body, so with his soul: it requires nourishment. "Man shall not live by bread alone." His spirit requires the exercise of its being—the love of man. Paul surely understood Love, its immortality, its imperishability, its greatness; but did he perceive its infinity, the cleaving of the infinite to the infinite alone? If he clung to the finite, he was mortal; if he was immortal, he was perfect in Love.

As to the evil (and by that I mean physical desires), we know that our future life cannot have it. It either lives in good (Love), or in sin dies with the mortal coil. Were it in our power to take the course of a departed soul, were it in the being of that spirit to possess the freedom of Space—as all souls must—it would be but a condition

for that ego to traverse the universe, reviewing the remote panorama of moving gray specks, which we call suns. Yet a disembodied soul has no eyes. It sees only spirit, and that with spirit. Physically, all would be eternal darkness, but spiritually (and that must be in Love) all is deepest, sweetest feeling. It is the feeling for others, the loss of self, the rapture that we scarcely understand, this is what Love's being is; and eternity in such a state is all but Divinity.

Thackeray said, "Love is immeasurably above ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name." Thus it is higher, greater, and beyond each of the three temptations. "Life," as Goethe so practically wrote, "outweighs all things, if Love lies within it." "Love is the emblem of eternity," says Madame de Staël; "it confounds all notions of time, effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end." And yet some have said that Love is simply a feeling, soul but a thought, hence eternity an empty nothing. Regarding its active reality, we would answer, with Dryden,

"Why, Love does all that's noble here below."

Infinity hereafter will hold little that is finite. To "die" is simply an annihilation of the physical for that soul. Then, too, all that was created must ultimately fade away, as scientific experience is daily demonstrating. If our being is identical with that of an animal—a changeable, finite idea passing through Time, with only selfish aims—it will die, as a thing purely physical. But the intellect which man possesses was given for something greater and grander than mortal gratifications. If it achieves the unchangeable element in Time—and that is Love—it cannot die, for it is infinite. Its very sympathetic throb is but the emanation of its infinity.

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

O believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort shall surely come home through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this, because the heart in thee is the heart of all.—*Emerson.*

THE SOUL'S "EDEN."

(II.)

The Divine Life, in the course of its upward progress, not only takes on fresh aspects, but joins with lines of Force on higher and inner planes. Man's birthplace is both the above and the below. At the stage we are considering, his animal self has felt the first thrill of contact with new and diviner elements—the principles of mind and soul. These evolving on their own lines, *pari passu* with that of the animal, reach at length a juncture-point at which perfect manifestation of the soul in matter becomes possible. The animal who has had, hitherto, but one standard of action passes on to become the man who has two—the outworn which straightway becomes Evil, and the new which is dictated by the aspiration to a higher image. Then begins the ceaseless conflict between what we once entirely were, and in a measure still are, and our god-nature which, in its present unfoldings, has not strength enough to become the master.

Man is a compound of the early experiences of a previous stage with the higher impulses of the present. The growing organism carries over into its new condition a store of elemental forces which are neither more nor less than the synthesis of the material experiences through which he has been passing. At the arrival of the hour when he becomes something more than an aggregate of uncontrolled desire-forces, the full-grown animal has to discover his proper relationship to the incipient god. That which was first in the old condition has to become last in the new. Henceforth man becomes the point at which two lines of evolution join. He is vastly more than the simple continuation of an outgrown stage. The lower line is himself, inasmuch as it is the slowly-wrought basis upon which the true man is now to start his life-journey—the pedestal, so to speak, upon which the statue is to be fashioned by the tireless hands of great and loving Nature. Nevertheless, it is the animal only. The god-

hood we dimly recognize as the birthright and mainspring of humanity is not of it, nor ever can be. Its sovereignty of the lower kingdoms is reached at the point in evolution when it inhabits a human body, and performs its functions through the complexities of a human brain.

Still, a birth in human shape does not guarantee the possession of a balanced human nature. Many whom the world calls "men" are at present rounding out their animal stage in a shape in which, to all appearance, they have been born too soon. For them evil is not evil, because they have not yet been aroused to the possibilities of good. The sins they commit are sins only to those who judge from a higher standard. They are thinking animals, in whom the link is yet wanting that shall bind them to their true and nobler self. But its birth is preparing. By the very heat of passion, crime, and self-will they are forging it—the link that shall one day join them to that which, at present, they dream not they are. Evil (as we understand the term) is the grandest educator in the life of man. By it the animal learns his animalism. He realizes painfully, and by a long process, that sin implies a counterpart, righteousness. He gradually comes to recognize the pressure on his nascent soul of great world-laws whose violation prevents his further advance, and thrusts him further back into the condition from which he half-consciously longs to free himself. He learns this by the knowledge innate in every thinking animal, that whatever brings about suffering brings about, also, the end and purport of suffering—a realization of the true Self, without whose co-operation the further evolution of the animal is at an end.

Strange!—to uphold as an educator that which is generally regarded as an enemy of souls. Can we, however, in reason, deny to the sinner his place among the learners in the great school of the world? If knowledge is to be gained only by an actual becoming; if the soul's universal cry for experience demands a universal answer, then all places must be traversed, be they foul or fair. A sad and painful training, perhaps, but surely not unnecessary, if the motive be evolutionary.

But the stage that more particularly concerns ourselves is that in which the soul sins, not by necessity arising from ignorance, but

from choice. There is probably less of free-will in the commission of sin than our theologians would have us believe; since the only free man is he who is no longer in chains to desire—that fruitful source of all wrong-doing. Nevertheless, if there be many who cry, out of the darkness of spiritual infancy, "Evil, be thou my good!" there are many more who sin in the light of a clear reason. Such, I repeat, are the real and only "sinners," in the philosophical sense of the word, for such have reached the point in evolution when alone sin becomes possible. Their Eden of irresponsibility has been marred and lost by actions which marked, at once, the birth of an incipient free-will, and the loss of the child-state in which ignorance and innocence blended.

Watch the affrighted Adam hiding from his Maker a knowledge which only disobedience has taught him. See him—the man of inexperience—aroused from his state of spiritual blindness by the sudden realization of the existence of that blindness; learning through sin the nakedness of his untrained soul, and its deep, pressing need for experience in matter. Watch his first faint efforts to remedy that appalling nakedness; to clothe, as it were, his elementary soul by contact with the matter of his environment. See him step out of ignorance into responsibility; and ask the method of this awakening? The old legend, with delightful inconsistency, makes knowledge the reward of "Evil." We would rather see, in that immemorial allegory, the first awakening of the animal soul to the existence of its divine counterpart—the moment when, in the blaze of a new light the animal saw himself to be but animal, and straightway translated the irresponsibility of his past actions into terms of the new standard.

A sterner word is here called for, lest some be misled into arguing that because evil is an inevitable and educative condition of the soul's early life, it is therefore of small consequence to sin. Be not deceived. The reversal of Nature's upward processes is fraught with the gravest consequences, on all planes of the soul's life. In every sin, deliberate and unrepented, a step is taken toward the closed door of animalism. The lower self has by this time so far assimilated the light of its divine counterpart as to be firmly planted on the road to immortality. It stands now in the dignity of a human soul, having come within the

shadow of the heavenly Psyche. Sin to the soul that has entered under the higher law of righteousness is nothing short of a violation of the ground-principles of Being. And by "sin" I am not here thinking of the innumerable falls and failures, followed by as many upward efforts, which mark the course of a growing soul; but of a line of conduct which has for its only aim the gratification of the purely animal man.

The penalty of long and uninterrupted persistence in animal conduct can be nothing less than a slow cutting off of the lower self from that which lends it its humanity. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is a literal truth that may not be escaped by any sophistry of criticism. The animal, by virtue of his borrowed powers of mind and knowledge, will be a million times more revolting in his retrograde condition than before he had entered within the realm of reason. Nevertheless, so great is the power of will in man that all the forces in Nature cannot bar against him the closed door of the old condition. By acting according to the laws of the alien kingdom, he enters again within its jurisdiction, and binds himself unto a slavery the more terrible because it is the result of misused freedom.

Even though the soul's "loss" be measured but by a cycle; even though "death," ultimate and eternal, be an impossibility in a Universe of Life; no distant confidence of restoration can remove the terror of darkness and separation, both now and through an age-long future, for the man who will not be amenable to the laws of the higher kingdom. How perverted that god-power in man which urges him to fly in the face of laws by which the very Universe is steered! How daring the impiety—how significant the inverted grandeur of free-will which prompts the animal to use his borrowed powers for the destruction of that which the whole course of Nature has conspired to evolve! Nevertheless, the longest cycle has its limits; and in the new Dawn the God conquers.

In all the deep mystery of the evolution of the dual souls in man, the question of questions still remains untouched. Of what use is the animal behavior of human beings, commonly known as "Evil"? Will the outcome of this clash of opposing forces justify, in the end,

its strange and troublous existence? In other words, has Evil a use in the economy of soul-growth?

I am optimist enough to affirm, in the face of modern Agnosticism, that it has. If we would hold to the existence of Order and Design as an earnest of some "far-off, divine event" to which both past and present alike are leading us, there is nothing in the world's condition to-day that need shake, for an instant, our firm and philosophic trust. Evil, to be even dimly understood, must be viewed from a standpoint from which the universe is contemplated. What are countless æons in the life-experiences of that which "inhabith Eternity"? The animal is the first of a series of steps by which the human soul mounts unto the Divine. Plato's Psyche has to take possession of an alien land, and to master conditions foreign to her true nature. She who is ruler in her own sphere must undertake the infinitely harder task of wresting from an alien and an enemy the supremacy of ages. She has a great mission in matter:—not only to acquire for herself additional wisdom by association, under the law of Cause and Effect, with the range of passion-forces that rule the molecular plane; but, chiefly, to transmute the baser material of the animal into the gold of the spiritual nature. Neither of these aims is possible without a close union of the two alien elements. Small wonder, then, that the Soul now and then forgets her identity, and is led far astray by the superior force of the animal king. He who for ages has ruled the body will not abdicate without a mighty struggle. But the contest works for good, notwithstanding. Psyche, strong on her own plane, is weak and unwise when in contact with a foreign element. She needs, therefore, the sturdy self-assertiveness of the animal principle to carry her through the troublous waves of material existence. She needs it as the weapon with which she is eventually to conquer matter. Nevertheless, the conqueror has first to be the conquered, if she would learn her strength and the strength of her opponent.

At the present stage of evolution the struggle is unequal. But who dare say that, in thus temporarily associating herself with the animal basis, even to the forgetting of her true, divine nature, she is not learning matter in the only way consistent with the law

of evolution by experience—the only way, in short, by which matter can be learned?

It is curious, in viewing the motions of Divinity throughout the world, to notice Nature's abhorrence of hard, unbroken lines. Nowhere do we see the various divisions separated by a clear-cut ring, "Pass not." The edge is softly blurred by the blending of the old stage with the new. Revolutions which shake the old and the outworn to their very foundations are always presaged by a gradual preparing. The future is "writ large" in the signs of the times for those who have eyes to see. Nothing is sudden; nothing unprepared. Even the mightiest physical upheavals have given their sure and ominous warnings. So with the growth of the human soul. If it be argued that Evil is very far from being an outgrown element, since it is still rampant in the human heart, I can but point to this unvarying rule in Nature. Everywhere stages overlap. Spring does not leap, in all the charm of gracious air and opening leaf, direct from the bosom of winter. Her advent is marked by a slow decline of severity—a gradual stir of dawning life. So the animal-human being may yet, for many ages to come—for Nature's cycles are drawn with an enormous radius—blend, in unequal contest, the previous and the present stages of the Soul's unending life. He has no right to the title "man" in whom the lower reigns an unchecked thing. And in how many of our race to-day is it under complete control? Yet the hour of its downfall is approaching. The old dies hard, but it dies exceeding sure. As certainly as spring succeeds to winter, will the true man pass from the stage of thinking animal to that in which the "Thinker" reigns supreme.

Ours it is to further the dawn of that glad day by the active realization, in our own lives, of this deep philosophy. We who know that we are no longer animals, though we once were such; we who glory in a noble scheme of existence whose mainspring and basis is spiritual Evolution: we are to quicken the revolution of the Great Wheel whose turns bring life and death; the growth of the animal, and the "fall" of the learning god. For cycles have their root in human consciousness and human behavior. Are we, in a great measure, bound by their inexorable limits?—our Spirit it is that has fixed

them; our Spirit alone that can over-step their bounds. For the Will in man is one with the Will of the Cosmos, though limited by a physical environment, self-made; nevertheless, the limitation is for the fulfilment of a wise purpose, which, on the passing of the condition, will become manifest.

Let us, too, in our eagerness to flee evil behavior and conversation, beware how we judge those for whom, perchance, the wheel of human evolution turns but slowly. In very truth, none save those whose eyes are opened can tell of his fellows who is a "sinner," in the true, philosophical sense, and who is not. Down the ages comes that epitome of uttered mercy, and deep-seeing wisdom, "Judge not"; and 2,000 years, it seems, has not been enough for man to learn its wide, philosophic import. Let us realize that, from a larger view, a sinner's sin may become a sinner's good; and, carrying our knowledge into action, take a further step toward the ideal Brotherhood that is to persist through the Eternities.

· CHARLOTTE EMMA WOODS.

THE PATH.

From God we are and unto God return,
 As through successive births and deaths we go;
 From sorrow, pain, and suffering we learn,
 In wisdom, love, and helpfulness we grow.
 Upon an endless ladder mounting slow,
 Forever to the better we ascend;
 Till, leaving all unworthy us below,
 At last into the life divine we blend.
 A thousand lives and deaths—the days and nights
 Of being—pass we in our onward way;
 Until we see, beyond the farthest heights,
 The sweeter dawning of the perfect day,
 Where love is light; where beauty, truth, and good
 Are endless, boundless—the Beatitude.

J. A. EDGERTON.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(III.)

THE GHOSTS' CLUB.

" Good morning, my vapory friend. You look as if the wind annoyed you."

" It does. I always disliked an energetic wind. The lake is so rough and the waves run so high you've no idea what a time I have had! Lake Michigan is treacherous. Last night when I took the steamer to go across, there was hardly a ripple to be seen; and the lake was as calm and untroubled as an inland pool so surrounded by woods that the wind can scarce ruffle its surface. Now you see those billows as high as a roof; and when a big wave dashes over the end of a pier, see the white spray rise forty feet into the air! I don't see how I ever lived to get through it! "

" Where did you come from? "

" I hardly know myself. I remember jumping off of the steamer after we were out of sight of Chicago, and starting for the bottom of the lake. Then I don't know exactly what *did* happen—but I have been hours trying to get back on shore."

" So you are a Chicago man, and left your body out in the middle of the lake, did you? "

" I suppose so. I don't seem to have it with me."

" That is unfortunate. It will be so much trouble to find it. You don't look like a sailor. How came you to cross to the Empire of the Invisibles by means of water? "

" I always had a great deal of curiosity to know if a person really did live his life over again while he was drowning. The more I reflected upon the matter, the more insatiable grew my curiosity. At last I determined to satisfy it."

" Do you mean to say that curiosity alone brought you over here? "

“Of course there were other reasons that had some influence. The college where I had spent the best years of my life, decided to do without my services because my views on certain questions of the day did not fully harmonize with those of the officials. My tastes are simple, but it takes a certain amount of money to buy food and chemicals, and pay rent and gas-bills and coal-bills; and when a person has absolutely no cash, and no means of obtaining any, as life on earth is arranged at the present time, a man is much better off out of the world than in it.”

“That may be true. But how is a man to get out of the world? That is a question which I should like to have answered. You have tried, but you are still here! You have merely got rid of your body—which in many respects is a great convenience to have.”

“I am quite willing to try life without it for a while, although I must acknowledge that I expected something different from this. I don't understand what has happened to me. I feel so light and vapory. I had no trouble at all to walk on the water. As for you, you look as much like a piece of animated fog as anything of which I can think. What have you done with *your* body?”

“I tried the same experiment you did—several years ago; that is, I tried to get out of the world.”

“Indeed! do you mean to say you have been living in this vapory condition, for several years? I should think you would have blown to pieces long ago.”

“That would be impossible. Wind is nothing but air in motion and you will find that it cannot affect you, unless you choose to let it. Matter in its ordinary form has no power over us—which is sometimes an advantage. But we have no power over matter, which is often a disadvantage. This is the first lesson ghosts have to learn.”

“And is experience the teacher?”

“Certainly—experience is the best teacher in the universe. Some men and ghosts will learn in no other school.”

“Now, it really seems to me that a wind traveling at the rate of eighty miles an hour, as this one surely is, would have power enough to carry anything as thin and unsubstantial as we are to the North Pole.

I don't know that I should object to the trip. I would really like to see how it looks up there."

"You will have to talk with No. 209, over at the club. He has been thinking of joining some of the Arctic expeditions. You might go together."

"Who is No. 209?"

"Oh, he's a ghost that came over a few months ago. I'm not much acquainted with him. He's a great traveler—always was before he came to Shadowland."

"Shadowland! Where is that?"

"Everywhere! We ghosts call the region we inhabit 'Shadowland,' although we are not so substantial as a shadow, for ordinary people can see shadows, but they can't see us."

"Are you sure people cannot see us?"

"Certainly. Walk down State Street any afternoon when it is crowded, and you can convince yourself of that fact. Nobody will know you are there. People will walk right through you, unless you dodge."

"Extraordinary!—most extraordinary! I shall try that experiment at the first opportunity! I should think the other people would dodge. A person has such a peculiar appearance when he walks about without his body. Do all ghosts look like animated fog?"

"That is altogether according to circumstances. If we had known each other while on earth, we should see each other now as we looked then. Meeting as strangers, we have no preconceived ideas as to each other's personal appearance and so we see ourselves as we are. Or, rather, we look to each other as we have always imagined that a ghost would look."

"Extraordinary! Most extraordinary! I don't understand it. Do you?"

"Oh, there are theories—plenty of them! Shadowland is full of theories; but they are not always satisfactory."

"There is another ghost coming down the pier!"

"Yes; that is No. 14. He is fond of the water and has come to relieve me."

"Relieve you? What do you mean?"

" We ghosts who like the water intend to keep watch of the river and harbor so as to greet the new ghosts when they come. When I came to Shadowland there was no one to meet me and I found it decidedly lonesome, wandering around alone and finding out everything for myself."

" What an ancient piece of fog! He looks old enough to be the grandfather of ghosts! "

" He is the oldest Chicago ghost. There were a few before him, but they have died off."

" Ghosts—die! I don't understand you! "

But before a reply was made the old ghost had joined the others.

" No. 14, permit me to introduce the latest arrival in Shadowland."

The gray old ghost extended a ghostly hand which the new ghost grasped as cordially as a ghost could.

" How do you like the change? "

" I hardly know. It isn't what I expected."

" That is what they all say. I've asked every one. They all say it isn't what they expected."

" How long have you lived in Shadowland? "

" Forty years next month."

" How do you like it? "

" Too monotonous. I'll be glad when the call comes to move on. I've stayed here as long as I care to, but you will probably find many things to interest you."

" Where are you going to next? "

" That is what we should all like to know. When you find out, just tell me! The sail-boats all came in hours ago, I suppose? "

" None have been out to-day, the wind was so high. A tug steamed out to the crib with supplies, but there has been very little stir on the lake—except the wind and the waves. The white caps have had things their own way."

" No chance to get out to the light-house, then? "

" Not unless you walk. I think I shall go to the Court House. I'm anxious to hear how a certain case went this morning. No. 14 will keep watch now. Would you like to accompany me and be introduced to the Club? "

"If that is the proper thing to do, of course I'd like to do it. But I shouldn't be in the least surprised if the wind should blow me off of this pier into the lake."

"No harm done if it should; you could walk ashore. But it can't! Don't give way to your fears; walk fast and you will be all right. There is no need of letting the wind influence you."

"This pier is so long! I wonder if we couldn't sit down somewhere a few minutes. I believe I am tired."

"Nonsense! that is all imagination! There is nothing about you to get tired! You have no muscles to need relaxation, no nerves to need rest."

"But I was blown about the lake so long! It was hours before I could get ashore. I know I'm tired. The wonder is that I lived through it all!"

"Very well, we will sit down on a vacant seat at the dock until you have overcome the illusion. Your weariness is a good illustration of the power of imagination. If you were wearing a body, and had been blown all over the lake, your body would be exhausted and in need of rest. But we ghosts can keep going the whole twenty-four hours without any danger of wearing out the machinery of existence. No. 196 practises ghost-gymnastics the most of his time. He can not only walk on water and penetrate walls, but he is taking lessons of the Experimenter to learn to sit on nothing."

"Sit on *nothing!*"

"Well, on air, then. I suppose air is something. They say that a man of average size sustains an external pressure of about fifteen tons."

"Sit on air?"

"It amounts to the same thing. The Experimenter says that lack of will-power, and force of earth-habit is all that prevents the rest of us ghosts from learning to sit on nothing whenever we please."

"Extraordinary! Most extraordinary! I don't understand it. Do you?"

"Theoretically, I ought to be able to sit on the point of a pin, but practically I feel as if it pricked me. Of course it doesn't—but the feeling makes me uncomfortable. I prefer a chair."

"To sit on air is unearthly. I can feel a chill run down my spinal-column."

"Another illustration of the force of habit, as you have no spinal-column for a chill to run down."

"What you tell me is all so very extraordinary!"

"The Occultist says we ought to be able to walk through the air or go to the moon if we want to. He says we are nothing but visible thoughts—visible to each other though not to the inhabitants of earth—and we ought to be able to go wherever our thoughts go. If you have overcome the illusion of weariness we will walk on. Look out, or you will be stumbled over! Remember these people don't see us and we must do the dodging!"

"What a long bridge this is! I never crossed it before, as many years as I have lived in Chicago. There is such a pretty view of the basin, the sail-boats and the lake. But it is not so pleasant to look down at the trains of cars passing underneath. I don't like to walk directly over a smoking engine even if I am a ghost."

"It will be gone by the time we reach there."

"What a long train! Are there always so many people on this bridge? And are they always in a hurry? How they crowd to get past!"

"There is more room in the street. Here we are! Don't run in front of that cable-car! The conductor can't see you."

"What would happen if it should run over me?"

"Oh, nothing serious! You would have to pick yourself up and put yourself together again—that is all. But it is not a pleasant experience, so it is as well to avoid it, when you can."

"How good those peaches and bananas look! If I only had some money!"

"What would you do with it? You couldn't lift an ounce of it, if you had a ton of gold. You couldn't eat a peach if you had a hundred bushels."

"It really seems to me that I am hungry."

"An illusion which will soon wear off. Ghosts have no use for food. Yonder is the Court-house. And there is the Experimenter sitting on that low cloud that hangs just over the street. He says he

is going to learn to ride the wind, and I presume he will. I wish he would come down. I would ask him to keep a look out for your body. It is easier for him than for any of the others, because he can sit on the clouds when they drift over the lake. I am always afraid I shall fall through and therefore I do."

"But how are we to pass between these immense flying-doors?"

"Wait until somebody swings one open, then step in behind. Keep to the side of the hall or you will be walked over. There! what did I tell you!"

"But he'd no business to walk through me like that! It isn't gentlemanly! Where am I, anyway?"

"Oh, you are all here! Gather yourself up, and you will be all right. It isn't every ghost that has the honor of being walked through by the Mayor."

"Was that the Mayor?"

"Yes; with an alderman on one side of him and a lawyer on the other. These Court-house corridors are thick with lawyers, policemen and city-officials of all sorts."

"He's very impolite, if he is the Mayor."

"He couldn't see you. The first time I came into this corridor a policeman with a lighted cigar stepped right through me. I was frightened. I didn't know but I should burn up or explode, like any other gaseous substance. I was so startled that before I could gather myself together and get out of the way, another and a fatter policeman walked over me. We ghosts have to learn to be expert dodgers, as we have all the dodging to do. Shall we take an elevator, or shall we walk up the stairs?"

"The elevator by all means I should say. Are there any objections?"

"It is usually crowded, and it sometimes requires considerable expertness to slip in behind other people without getting caught in the door. If the elevator boys could see us, I am sure they would be more accommodating. The stairs are usually empty, so there is plenty of room. It takes longer to walk, and if one doesn't know what to do with his time that is an object. Watch your chance and slip in behind that fat man. There you are! Don't try to sit down, for they will be

sure to sit on you if you do. Here we are at the top floor without any disagreeable accidents. Oh, you will soon learn to accommodate yourself to the exigencies of ghost-life."

"That fat woman poked her umbrella directly through my ribs! I should think I would bleed! They crowded me so my internal organs feel as if they were squeezed out of place. I'll try the stairs next time. People are so unaccommodating. They don't give us the ghost of a chance."

"The visibles are inconsiderate. They seem to think there is no one in the world but themselves. I sometimes feel as though, if I had a body to fight with, I should like to fight. But here we are at last. These long corridors and vacant halls are the headquarters, the club-rooms, of Ghosts' Club No. 1 of Shadowland. Here is where all our ghosts congregate when they have nothing more interesting on hand. There is No. 203, the Showman. It is his delight to take a new ghost around and introduce him, so I will deliver you into his charge. I'm anxious to see how that law-case was decided."

"Why didn't you ask No. 14?"

"He wouldn't know. He takes no interest in law-cases—can't even get him inside of a court-room. No. 203, this is a late arrival by the way of the bottom of the lake. I think he would like to see the Philosopher, and the Optimist, and the Pessimist, and the Scientist—he is fond of experiments himself."

"They are all here—except the Experimenter. I haven't seen him for an hour or two."

"He's out viewing the city from a cloud. We could signal him from the roof, but it isn't wise for a new arrival to be in too much haste about seeing everybody. There will be plenty of time."

"Yes; there is plenty of time, and no way to kill it!" groaned the Pessimist. "Time is the one thing of which we have a super-abundance in Shadowland. How do you like it over here?"

"I hardly know yet."

"A dull life, insufferably dull! No sensations, nothing to eat, drink, or wear; nothing to excite or interest one. I don't see why we can't die and be done with it! The Experimenter, with all his wisdom, hasn't found out how a ghost can commit suicide!"

"But we are dead!"

"No; folks think they can kill themselves—but they can't. They can only turn themselves into ghosts," was the Pessimist's reply.

"The dark waters of the river of death," remarked the poet, "separate the known from the unknown, the seen from the unseen. It is not in the power of man to enter the next world unsummoned. We can desert from our post on earth, and leave our bodies uninhabited and subject to decay, but we are unable to open the doors of the next world. The universe is not so loosely hung together that we in our puny childlike anger can disarrange its mechanism and force ourselves where we do not belong. It is not in our power to enter another life uncalled before our place is prepared for us and our work ready. This is the half-way house, where we must wait for the Death Angel to come and turn the key which unlocks the gates that inclose the Invisible Empire."

"I never felt quite sure whether death meant annihilation or the beginning of a new existence. But of course Shadowland solves that problem," said the new arrival.

"Hardly," replied the Poet. "We have simply learned that we cannot die until death calls us. All our efforts to escape—whether we consider existence a blessing or a curse—are in vain. Life is a school from which no pupil is excused until death calls the roll. The doors of the next world are locked against us. On earth we said that death waits for no man; here we find that men are compelled to wait for death."

"You see," explained the Pessimist, "we don't die up here until, if we hadn't killed ourselves, we should have died a natural death on earth. I was talking with a ghost once when he disappeared in the middle of my sentence. It must have been that that ghost would have died a sudden death on earth. I have often wondered what it was."

"Couldn't you find out?"

"No."

"Then don't you know what becomes of us ghosts when we really die?"

"We have plenty of theories—but nobody can prove them."

"What are we here for?"

"That is an absolute mystery, which no man or ghost has yet solved—to the satisfaction of other men and ghosts."

"Surely we have learned one thing. We know that death is not the end."

"It looks that way to some of us. But we had a scientist here once who said that this ghostly existence was no proof whatever of a future life. The next time we died, it would be the end of us. He was the most unhappy ghost we ever had. He numbered, ticketed, and classified us all during the first week, and after that he couldn't find anything else to do."

"Not an uncommon complaint in Shadowland," interpolated a new-comer. "I'm afflicted that way myself. I've seen all the sights; now what is there to do? I'm not a poet, or a philosopher, or a scientist; and I never did like to read. I'm just a common, ordinary man, with no scholarly tastes; and what I am to do with myself in this place where there is no eating or drinking to be done, no cards to play, and no money to be made, is more than I can tell. What do you do with yourselves—you fellows who are not faddists or specialists?"

"I know how to sympathize with you," added the Waiter. "Last month I watched the crowds taking their meals at restaurants and hotels; and last week I went to all the big dinners I could hear of, either public or private. But it grows insufferably dull to see other people eat when a man can't eat a mouthful himself. I've taken to visiting the clothing-stores to see the men and boys get their new suits; and to watching people buy furniture, and groceries, and dress-goods at the big stores, such as my wife was always wanting for herself and the children. You see, I had such a big family to support, and we were always needing things, and the money never would hold out! I can't seem to get my mind on anything but eating and groceries and furniture and clothes. I saw a stove at the Fair yesterday, just such as my wife ought to have. I wish I could buy it and order it sent up to her."

"Then your wife hasn't married again?"

"No; and she is having a hard time. She can't keep the children

together. I ought to have stayed and helped her. I was a fool to come to this place!"

"Go with me to-morrow," said the Carpenter, "and I'll take you to see some fine new buildings. There are a dozen jobs of interest on hand at present. The smell of the shavings will do you good. After work-hours we will go down to the university and study with some of the students until they go to bed. I've found one that reads history until two o'clock in the morning. After that, we'll take a walk around the city until daylight. These beautiful June mornings I like to stay in the parks until work begins. Go with me, and I'll help you get rid of one twenty-four hours."

"Take turns in going around with us until you get over the blues," remarked the Engineer. "I'll take you with me the next day. We'll go the rounds and look at all of the big engines in the city, and I'll explain how they work. We can put in the whole twenty-four hours in that way."

"The Experimenter says I need intellectual development. He took me with him one day; but what do I care about walking on air? Stairs and elevators are good enough for me. I'm not interested in sitting on clouds, or riding on the wind. He tried to get me to walk out of an eighth-story window, but I knew I should fall and I wouldn't try. He said I wouldn't fall unless I was afraid—that I didn't need to fall."

"That is what he told me," interrupted the Blacksmith. "He wanted me to walk off of a roof—and I did, just to oblige him! I knew I should fall, and down I went right on to the stone walk. When I got up, I told him that any man who weighed two hundred and eighty pounds was a fool to think he could walk on air! He said that was just the trouble! I thought of my weight, and it carried me down. If I had only remembered to think that I was a spirit and was really much lighter than air—which is a coarser form of matter—I could have walked on it all right. The fall gave me such a shock that I haven't got over it yet."

"Did it injure you?"

"Not at all. It is not in the power of matter to really *injure* a ghost. But, you see, the idea of falling is not pleasant to a heavy man

who has lived on earth a good while. We can't forget our bodies. But what has become of the Inventor? I haven't seen him for a week."

"He's at Menlo Park now, watching Edison."

"And the Electrician, where is he?"

"Gone to Würzburg. He and the Inventor and the Experimenter enjoy ghost-life."

"Yes," said the Pessimist; "the people who were born with a craze to know all the secrets of the universe get on very well over here. But ordinary folks like me, who were just busy trying to get a living, don't find much to interest them. If one could only sleep half the time! But the days are twenty-four hours long! I never was any hand to think. And if I think now, it is of the family I left behind me, and the grief of my wife and mother."

"I am more fortunate than you," said the Optimist. "Nobody mourns for me. My wife is happily married; and no doubt she is glad that I am out of the way, for her new husband has plenty of money—and that I never did have. What I could get hold of never would stay with me long enough for her to get much of it. As for me, I enjoy Shadowland. I am blessed with a powerful imagination. I had expensive tastes without the money to indulge them. Now I am living the idle, leisurely life I always longed for and could never obtain on earth. I spend my days in hotel corridors—the most expensive hotels, too; that is the beauty of it—reading the papers and listening to the news and seeing all the noted people. When some one goes out for a drive in the park, I go too. When there is a big convention or a fine lecture, I attend it, no matter how exclusive the invitations or high-priced the tickets. I was always fond of the theatre and the opera. Now I hear all the great actors and all the great singers. Price of tickets no hindrance. After the opera is over, I call at the depots or at the newspaper-offices and hear what news the telegraph brings, and read the first edition of the morning papers. It is surprising to see how many people are awake and at work after midnight in a great city like Chicago. I enjoy life in Shadowland. I always did like to see other people work!"

"I believe you say you enjoyed everything—even to attending your own funeral," growled the Pessimist.

"Of course I did! We all want to see how the relatives and friends take it. We all attend the coroner's inquest too! We are curious to hear the views of the reporters as to why we committed suicide, and anxious to see the account the papers will give. But it is humiliating to find only a paragraph where we expected to have a column at least."

"But that is a frequent occurrence!"

"And then, some ghosts are inclined to take it a little hard when they find—as some of us do—that our friends are happier without us than they were with us. But that is a pessimistic view of the situation. The true optimist always rejoices in the increase of happiness. Ah! here comes the Experimenter. He'll say we have talked to you too much. You *do* look more vapory than you ought."

"They signalled to me that there was a new-comer here," said the Experimenter, stepping into the fourth-story window near which the ghosts were standing. "Have they been too lavish with your vitality? Do you need rest?"

"I should like to go up and sit on one corner of that cloud you were occupying."

"Do you think you could?"

"I walked on the water. I must be lighter than the air; so, on the same principle I ought to be able to walk on that. If you will go first, I believe I can follow you. I should like to try."

"You can do it if you think so. Fear—one of the illusions of the body—is the greatest enemy of both ghosts and men. Come!"

"See them go!" exclaimed the Pessimist, staring wildly at the two ghosts, who slipped out of the window and walked up the air as easily as ordinary people fall through it. "That new fellow must be another Occultist!"

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

(*To be continued.*)

Some thoughts always find us young and keep us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty. Every man parts from that contemplation with the feeling that it rather belongs to ages than to mortal life.—*Emerson.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE FOLLY OF WORRY.

Worry acts as a blight upon the mental faculties. Furthermore, it is a habit and can be either encouraged or discouraged according to the exercise of legitimate mental powers. These facts, though not generally recognized, are nevertheless true. They are also of vital importance to every man, woman, and child concerned in this busy Western life of hurry, anxiety, care, and struggle for an existence that is loaded with desire—to the man because of the mischief he may work for himself and for his loved ones, by wasting in unnecessary worry, energies that he might better use in productive ways; for the woman because of what she might do to help her loved companion to think in strong productive channels if she only recognized his mistake in its true light; and for the child because of the host of difficulties that he may meet in life with a conquering vigor, if he early learns to remain positive, and waste none of his forces in anxiety about the bridge before the stream is reached.

Worry is *always* unnecessary. It never creates energy, does not develop power, or bring out forceful action for the fulfilling of any purpose. It never accomplishes anything. It is not a help but is always a hindrance in any undertaking. It is negative in all its tendencies. The Pessimist, if he ever gets so far as to have anything to do, invariably worries over that which he might readily accomplish with half the mental force and energy he expends upon the worry. It is always a sign of weakness.

"I am worried almost to death," remarks the hurrying man upon whom extra duties have devolved in his business. "She has worried herself sick, poor soul," is said of the mother or housewife who has the care of others, and more duties—caused perhaps by unnecessary desires—than she can attend to.

These are common examples in Western life. Both are in the wrong channel of action. By worry neither accomplishes any part of the necessary work, but, on the contrary, obstructs activities and reduces powers for action, thereby thwarting the original purpose by every worrying thought.

"But," replies the matter-of-fact business man and head of the family, "I have to worry! It is imperative that I should worry all the time, else I never could keep my end up, and everything would go to destruction!"

This statement of the case, my friend, suggests two very important thoughts which are largely responsible for the appearance of this restless monster which seeks to suck your life blood rather than to develop legitimate powers for action. You have admitted a *heavy* end to keep up, thus showing the mental attitude with which you approach your work for the day; and, worse still, you have admitted that your mind is possessed of the idea (notion, rather) of "destruction." It is this false idea that is responsible for all worry. Without it life would be the state of peace which it was intended to be.

When one admits his load to be heavy, he quite naturally looks ahead to the time when he can no longer carry it—when his plans must fail; his ideals (be they good or bad), the pride of his personal desires, must perish, because he can no longer keep them in operation; and "destruction" is his interpretation of the probable result, to which his morbid thought reaches out in advance.

So-called destruction is a change which may, and usually does, bring into life new values better than the old; and a "load" is just as heavy as it seems—no more, no less, in any event. The harm is in the opinion held regarding the transaction, rather than in the result itself, which is the legitimate outcome of natural law, and necessarily right.

Besides, worry does not in any event help the matter. The undesired is not any less liable to occur because of the worry indulged. In fact, the vital point in the question all rests just here: By every law of action of the human mind, worry tends with all its seeming forces to produce the very condition that is *not* desired. Worry rests upon a foundation of fear. One worries because he fears some undesired result. Fear rests upon expectation of harm, which in turn is the result of doubt or uncertainty in mental attitude toward a subject. The whole line of action is

uncertain, hesitating, withdrawing, anxious, negative and weak. The alertness and vigor of the positive forces are absent.

In this negative attitude the mind enters a channel of doubt and all the kindred mental elements follow in train. First doubting, the mind really anticipates "something" different from its desires; next it *expects* what it anticipates; third, it *realizes* its expectation as probable, and at once begins to worry about that which is expected—always something which is not wanted. The act of realization at once forms a mental image, or picture in the mind, and then settles down to continuous thought on that idea. The longer he thinks the clearer the picture becomes and the more strength the idea seems to possess, until it controls his entire thinking apparatus and he becomes absorbed in the object of his worrying expectation of—that which has not come and may never come to him in actual experience.

In the changing process of reconstruction, the body reproduces the action of the mind; consequently, the Image, persisted in, affects the cells of the brain and nervous system, which, in turn, reproduces its destructive action; and the thought of worry, indulged perhaps because believed to be necessary in order to succeed in a physical undertaking, becomes an inverted power for thwarting the very purpose that it was intended to support. In this manner the entire physical system is undermined and its forces scattered by persistence in a false imagination of something which does not exist.

And this unwise action may extend still further in its negative downhill course. It is now a thoroughly established scientific fact, that an Image clearly formed in mind may be transferred to other minds by direct reflection of the Image. Through this action the other mind *receives the impression* and begins to think the same idea; therefore, one who, by worry or continued anxiety, allows the imaging faculty of his mind to picture in thought-form that which he desires should not take place, calls into united mental action the subconscious activity of the mind of every person to whom his thought turns on that subject, thereby setting in operation the most powerful forces of earthly life, for the speedy destruction of his own hopes, desires, and plans.

Neither is this operative action any less sure or effective because all concerned are unaware of it; the action is subconscious, only becoming

conscious through external results, and it is fully possible for a result to be produced entire, from start to finish, by subconscious mentality begun in a pure imagination, and which would never have occurred if the original mental image had not been formed.

These are the natural operations of mental laws which cannot be avoided by ignorance or wilful neglect, and they should not be neglected; once understood, they become the most powerful allies for use in every path of life, and render success in any laudable undertaking essentially sure.

It is just as possible to use the Imaging faculty understandingly, and to control all the faculties so as to start action in the *right* direction instead of the wrong. This once done, the same laws of action and life that before worked toward ruin, now make for success; and every vibration of thought on a given subject, calls out a responsive vibration in the mind of each person concerned, until, subconsciously at least, all are moving in the same direction and combining forces for a mighty union that may stir the very vitals of human life. Under such action success must be an assured fact.

A correct start is essential to an effective termination. Worry can, in no instance, do any good, because what one cannot do without worry he cannot possibly do with it. Through knowledge of the imaging process of mind, thought may be consciously controlled, and the mental forces concentrated in correct lines so that worry becomes impossible and every spiritual power is turned in the direction of the impulse desired. Then, all that remains necessary is, that the motive impulse be right, and that the desire be in accordance with natural laws; for the higher forces, in which the greatest and most certain powers rest, lend themselves only to that which is true—the false being foreign to their nature. Under this law everything right is possible.

For the thinker the world is a thought; for the wit, an image; for the enthusiast, a dream; for the inquirer, truth.—*L. Büchner.*

Every condition, nay, every moment is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.—*Goethe.*

TRUTH—THE BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

There is something that is the cause of all the mental and moral unrest that now, like an epidemic, disturbs the whole world. From the laborer's cottage to the home of the astronomer in lonely vigil there is something that will not allow of contentment. All are striving for something, longing for something; what is it? Is it not truth? Is it not this soul-hunger for truth that drives one to the arctic seas, and another through the African jungle? Man must satisfy it, and it is not the joy of enduring hardships that satisfies these explorers, it is the knowledge of having discovered the truth concerning those regions. So it is with the scientist in his laboratory and the yogi in his cave. Truth, and nothing but the truth, is the watchword of the day. And the ultimate truth, is it not divine? God is Truth and Truth is God. In the end the religionist and the scientist meet at one common point. One, by knowing God, knows all truths, and the other, by knowing these truths knows God. Then knowledge will be the true religion for the whole thinking world, and there will be an end of beliefs, for what is known cannot be called a belief. Now it is but a scattered few, seekers after Truth—Theosophists—whose eyes have seen the Light. Neither are all true Theosophists known to one another, nor are they in the Society, by any means. In all of the great religions of the day is the grain of truth in a bushel of chaff, and those with eyes to see, have seen, and the Path is before their feet. One man has seen one phase of truth, he knows it is truth and he follows it up, all his life; another thus follows another thread. Each thinks he is right; he does not notice the other man's thread; he may even doubt if it is true; it may be he is too busy to look. So the world goes on. By and by, one by one, the threads get so close together that each sees the other's thread and so more and more get in the same line: they all are following a larger and more promising lead. Presently they one by one look up; they see how all lines are leading to one source; they see all beginning and ending in one great basic truth, and they leave their narrow trail and grasp the whole. They see how, at first, all were wrong and yet held the truth, but now they know what the goal is and they seek the Path leading direct to that goal. The Path exists by which it may be attained, but perhaps they do not see it. To make that Path plainer; to help others to see it, is now the great joy and duty of the advance guard. The Paths may be only parallel, not identical. Let the direction you are taking be known. Each and every one must "let his light shine before

men." But how? That is the great question which must be solved by each in his own way. Some quietly, by action, plodding under heavy burdens; others by writing and lecturing—famous before the world. Most of us, however, in a small way, among those around us; unnoticed by the world but all equal in the eyes of the Lord of the Harvest. How can one do this better than in helping the little ones to look higher. Not only your own, of your own flesh and blood, but all children, wherever they may be met. Look at the children of our Christian countries; are the schools teaching them a high standard of regard for truth? No, that is left for the home and the Sunday-school. And is the teaching there high and inspiring, philosophical and scientific? Are the teachers living up to the ideals they inculcate? Again, no. In fact the general tendency of our so-called religious training is one of hypocrisy; pretending to believe what is taught; pretending to live a life which is unknown outside the Church walls. And why is this lamentable state of affairs. *From lack of Truth.* From that and nothing else. The human heart knows and seizes instinctively the truth, and at no time is this trait more keen or true than in youth. Gradually, however, this intuitive perception is lost. Every jar of hypocrisy, every conventional lie, every injustice of life which is accepted and condoned on the plea of "being practical," helps kill it out. Instead of learning to lead a true life, one's first years are spent learning the conventionalities. And no wonder that, at maturity, precedence, law, custom, and usage take the place of an innate grasp of truth, justice, morality, and harmony with the laws of nature. Can we not remedy this state of things, in our own homes at least, and by looking back at our own childhood see how to apply the truths we know to our present troubles? Who of us cannot remember days and weeks, yes, years, of bewilderment, trying to consolidate the lies told us into logical or just continuity; questioning, wondering at the chaos of nature, not getting satisfying answers, or boldly holding our parents in contempt, for dense stupidity. Sometimes even losing all confidence, because of evasions, prevarications, and lies coming as answers to honest questions. Never tell a child he will find out by and by. If he can question he can understand. If he cannot understand your answer clearly, perhaps then he may be told that he is not old enough. One of the first and most interesting of enigmas, to a child, is his own origin. This is of tremendous importance, and concerning it he should get clear and truthful answers. There is so much lying in regard to this point that I suggest a change to the truth. It certainly can do no more harm than the present system of evasion.—*The Theosophist, Adyar, India.*

THE SECRET MAIL IN INDIA.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the Government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news.

This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazaars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the Government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the Western World. Any one may accept this explanation that will.

But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weaknesses of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is an indubitable reality, and no Westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery.

If news is transmitted by signals no one has ever seen the signallers; nor, if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery. And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.—*The Providence Journal*.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.—*Longfellow*.

MEDITATION AND READING.*

MEDITATION.

To succeed we must have courage. Courage springs from firmness of will. A firm will is born of earnest thought. We earnestly desire triumph in every trial, hope in the face of disappointment—light even when darkness prevails. We know we are masters of our own fates. We will not yield to discouragements—to dark forebodings—to evil insinuations. Our minds are fixed on the triumph of truth. We know we shall succeed in every right undertaking because our minds are fixed on success. We know that thought is all powerful. We will think aright that we may live aright. To-day we banish from our minds all thought of gloom, of timidity, of anxiety, of distress, of whatever retards our forward work, in our hearts and in the world. We face the day, we behold the light, we follow the sign of victory. We are panoplied with courage, and our star of hope is on high. Nothing can daunt us. We are children of the light. We hear the truth, and we shall obey the truth. Amen.

RESPONSIVE READING.

Minister.—If a man hold himself dear, let him watch himself carefully.

Congregation.—Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be.

Minister.—He who is well subdued may subdue others.

Congregation.—One's own self is difficult to subdue.

Minister.—Self is the Lord of self. The evil done by one's self, self-begotten, self-bred, crushes the wicked, as a diamond breaks a stone.

Congregation.—By one's self the evil is done. By one's self one suffers.

Minister.—By one's self evil is left undone; by one's self one is purified.

Congregation.—Let no one forget his own duty for the sake of another's, however great.—*Dhammapada* (Buddhist).

Silence is a solvent that destroys personality, and gives us leave to be great and universal.—*Emerson*.

* From service of Metropolitan Independent Church, Berkeley Lyceum, New York City, Rev. Henry Frank, Minister.

A QUESTION IN THEOLOGY.

A mother tells a writer in *Kate Field's Washington* that she doubts the wisdom of impressing upon children the doctrine of hell. She doesn't believe in such instruction, and her doubts originated in this way; she says: "One day I found my two sons, aged respectively ten and twelve, in a fierce hand-to-hand combat. The younger, badly whipped and livid with rage, shrieked: 'Never mind, Tom! I'll get even with you some day—see if I don't!' 'Hush, hush!' I cried, after administering a severe reproof to Tom. 'What an expression, Dick! Get even with Tom! I'm ashamed of you!' When Dick's wrath had somewhat cooled I said to him: 'Never let me hear you say such a thing again. Is that showing Christ's spirit? Did he ever say to any one who had injured him: "I'll get even with you?"' 'No,' said Dick humbly. A moment later his face lit up with a sudden gleam of thought as he added: 'No, he never said he would, but he's going to!'"—*Exchange*.

TWENTY ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF REINCARNATION.

1. 800,000,000 people believe in reincarnation.
2. Jesus said that John the Baptist was Elias reincarnated, and His teachings, esoterically understood, include that of re-birth.
3. The Bible contains numerous allusions to this doctrine, which the discerning student will readily discover, despite the deviations of the translation from the original and the misinterpretation of theologians.
4. Origen, perhaps the most enlightened, as well as other eminent fathers of the Christian Church, believed and advocated it.
5. Buddha, Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and others of the world's great teachers, philosophers, and poets of every age and race have taught it.
6. It, or doctrines deduced from it, is to be found in the sacerdotal literature of Christendom, the Jews, the Parsees, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Hindus, and the Chinese, and not infrequently is it to be detected in Roman and Grecian mythology and among the traditions and rites of savage tribes.
7. It was taught and symbolized in the initiatory ceremonies of the ancient Mysteries, and was a prominent tenet of the Gnostics.
8. It is agreeable to a rational concept of the soul.
9. Analogical correspondences corroborate its claims.

10. It is strictly within the scope of scientific research—is, in fact, the only scientific theory which fully explains the origin and destiny of man.

11. It interprets many experiences that were heretofore mysterious.

12. It shows a reason for our likes and dislikes and the mental pictures of persons and places unrelated to the whole experience of this present life, as well as innumerable other phenomena continually cropping up.

13. It explains what heredity is unable to account for, viz.: the anomalous confusions with this recognized law, as, for instance, the remarkable difference occasionally observed between twins born under precisely the same conditions.

14. It alone affords a justification of human misery and inequality.

15. It ensures equal chances to all, and denies favoritism and the injustice of an arbitrary determination of one's environment.

16. It is more in harmony with reason and justice than the dogmas of predestination and everlasting punishment.

17. It proves that man is the maker of his own destiny, and that he alone is responsible for his own sufferings and enjoyments.

18. It offers the most potent inducements to honesty, integrity, morality, religious aspirations, humanitarianism, unselfishness, and a just regard for the rights of others.

19. Apart from it there can be no immortality for man.

20. Reincarnation is becoming widely accepted as a powerful factor in social reform, bringing back the culprit, as it does, to be punished in the body for the sins of the flesh, and thus providing the missing link which will connect truth in the abstract with right in the concrete.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

The language of truth is simple.—*Euripides.*

The Universe is an infinite sphere, the centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere.—*Pascal.*

The Universe is the realized thought of God.—*Carlyle.*

The Universe stands by him who stands by himself.—*Emerson.*

Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other form of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?

—*Tennyson.*

A MONKEY-LIKE FEATURE OF BABIES.

Dr. Louis Robinson, of London, has made experiments with respect to the clinging capacity of new-born babes. Under the heading, "Are Babies Like Monkeys? With Pictures from Life," "The Pall Mall Gazette" has an illustrated interview with Dr. Robinson, who says: "Every new-born child, unless it is sickly or otherwise imperfectly developed, has a most wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, and will support the whole weight of its body during the first few hours after birth for a period varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half. Now, everybody knows that in monkeys the power of grip is very fully developed; quadrumana can do anything with their hands and arms, and in case of danger this power is a chief means of self-preservation. It is curious that it never occurred to Darwin to try this experiment.

"I have now experimented on one hundred and fifty babies—some of them born within an hour or two, some a few days old—and in two cases only have they failed to hang by their hands, even the tiniest supporting the weight of its body for ten seconds, most of them much longer, and in a few cases they have clung to a finger or a stick for two minutes and a half. And even in the two cases failure was due to other causes than the infants' lack of muscular strength. I ought to say that I never attempted to experiment on weak children, who might be injured by the exposure."—*The Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Sacred courage indicates that a man loves an idea better than all things in the world; that he is aiming neither at self nor comfort, but will venture all to put in act the invisible thought in his mind.—*Emerson*.

The fruit of life is experience, not happiness, and its fruition to accustom ourselves, and to be content to exchange hope for insight.—*Schopenhauer*.

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THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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BOOK REVIEWS.

MESSAGE OF THE MYSTICS. By Mary Hanford Ford. Cloth, 3 vols., comprising 471 pp. Single vol., \$1.00; full set, \$3.00. Alice B. Stockham & Co., 277 Madison Street, Chicago.

These dainty little volumes are not only a delight to the eye, but a feast to the mind. The subjects are respectively: The Holy Grail, the silent teacher.—Goethe's Faust, the growth of spirit.—Balzac's Seraphita, the mystery of sex. Mrs. Ford's charming interpretation of these masterpieces is an inspiration, revealing a keen intuitive sense of the meanings they contain, throwing a new light upon their beauty, and giving a deeper insight into the profound teachings embodied in these great works. The thoughtful mind cannot fail to be impressed by the delightful treatment thus accorded to subjects ever replete with fascination and absorbing interest for the student of literature.

VEDĀNTA PHILOSOPHY: Rāja Yoga, and other Lectures. By the Swāmi Vivekānanda. Cloth, 392 pp., \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.61. For sale by Henry J. Van Haagen, 1267 Broadway, New York.

This volume contains an interesting collection of the lectures given by the Swāmi while in this country, and will be welcomed heartily by his admirers, as well as those who find satisfaction in these themes. India is offering a great deal that is inspiring to the Western world, and it were well to broaden one's mind by a liberal investigation into the truths of these ancient philosophies, so much older than Christianity and quite as full of sweetness. The first part of the book before us treats of the Science of Rāja Yoga; the second part is a free translation of the Aphorisms of Patanjali, with a running commentary. To further aid the student, an extensive glossary of Sanscrit words will be found in the contents.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. A Handbook for Students of Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Æsthetics, and General Philosophy. By Oswald Kulpe. Cloth, 245 pp., \$1.60. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

In writing this book the author's aim has been to "produce an elementary but complete guide to philosophy, past and present," as well as to contribute to the philosophical work of the day. It is intended to supply a long felt need of a real preparation for the study of philosophy, and the work is classified in such a manner as to make it valuable to the student. Chapter I. is devoted to the definition and classification of philosophy. Chapter II. to a survey of the separate disciplines which are now included under the general name of philosophy. Chapter III. to a characterization of the more important schools of philosophic thought, and Chapter IV. to the problem of philosophy and the philosophical system. This work will not only be a help to the beginner, but will assist the student in the understanding of lectures and treatises upon special philosophic topics.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Cloth, 222 pp., \$1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 100 Purchase Street, Boston.

In the present work, the author contributes a valuable addition to the literature of the present day which seeks to guide the world to right thinking and right living. With the aim in view to point out the laws underlying the workings of the spiritual

forces, "so simply and clearly that even a child can understand," Mr. Trine has succeeded with more than ordinary ability in presenting a philosophy that must be a source of inspiration to many hearts. We quote a few passages: "The mental attitude we take toward anything determines, to a greater or less extent, its effects upon us." "In coming into the realization of our oneness with the infinite Life, we are brought at once into right relations with our fellow-men. We are brought into harmony with the great law that we find our own lives in losing them in the service of others." "The real, vital forces at work in our own lives and in the world about us are not seen by the ordinary physical eye. Yet they are the causes of which all things we see are merely the effects. Thoughts are forces; like builds like, and like attracts like. For one to govern his thinking, then, is to determine his life."

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- THE LIVING CHRIST. By Paul Tyner. Cloth, gilt top, 334 pp., \$1.00. The Temple Publishing Co., 33 and 34 Masonic Temple, Denver, Col.
- SCIENTIFIC CORROBORATIONS OF THEOSOPHY. By A. Marques. Paper, 54 pp., 15 cents. Mercury Print, 414 Mason Street, San Francisco, Cal.
- NATURWISSENSCHAFTLICHE SEELENFORSCHUNG. Von Rudolf Müller. Paper, 168 pp. Arwed Strauch, Leipzig.
- HUMAN NATURE EXPLAINED. N. N. Riddell, Ph.D. Cloth, 400 pp. The New York Phrenological Institute, 341 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES. By Alfred E. Giles. Paper, 81 pp. Banner of Light Publishing Co., 9 Bosworth Street, Boston, Mass.
- THE CIGARETTE AND THE YOUTH. By E. A. King. Paper, 23 pp., 5 cents. Wood-Allen Publishing Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.
- BETWEEN THE LINES. By Hannah More Kohaus. Cloth, 114 pp. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.
- THE PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL. By Caleb S. Weeks. Paper, 11 pp., 5 cents. S. C. W. Byington & Co., 334 Fourth Avenue, New York.
- BROKEN DOSES OF MENTAL MEDICINE. By Allen W. Connett. Paper, 15 pp. Monitor Book and Printing Co., Fort Scott, Kan.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

- THE THEOSOPHIST, for December, offers an attractive contents, chief among which are: Is Suffering a Necessity of Spiritual Development, by W. A. Mayers—Subjective Experiences and their Translation into Objective Terms, by A. F. K.—Heredity and Reincarnation, by William Will—Particles or Atoms, by C. A. Ward, and others of equal interest. Reviews, Cuttings, and Comments, which follow, are of the same interesting nature. Annual subscription, \$5.00; single copy, 50 cents. Published at Adyar, Madras, India. Agents in New York, The Theosophical Publishing Society, 65 Fifth Avenue.
- THE HUMANITARIAN. The January number has a frontispiece portrait of Signor Marconi, whose ideas on wireless telegraphy are given voice to in the first article, signed by Laura Alex. Smith. Among those following are:

The Feminist Movement in France and its Leaders, by Ada Cone—Insanity Considered as a Plea for Divorce, by Forbes Winslow, D.C.L. Oxon., M.B., LL.M. Camb.—The Higher Education of Women, by E. A. King—Spiritualism in Eastern Lands, by Dr. Peebles—Camille Flammarion: A Study, by R. H. Sherard. Annual subscription, \$1.50; single copy, 10 cents. Hutchinson & Co., 34 Paternoster Row, E. C., London, Eng.

THE DAWN, for November, opens with an interesting article entitled, Physical Relations and their Metaphysical Applications, II. The other numbers are: Transcendent Manifestations and their Worship—A Strange Case of Double Personality—The Progress of a Soul: An Illustration from Papranic History, by N. Chandhuri, M.A.—Shelley's Spiritual Philosophy—Introduction, and the usual editorial matter. With this issue is presented the portrait of Baba Madhava Das, a biographical sketch of whom has already appeared in the pages of *The Dawn*. Annual subscription, \$2.00. Published at 44 Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta.

MODERN ASTROLOGY. Monthly. Annual subscription, twelve shillings; half-yearly subscriptions, six shillings and sixpence. 1 and 2 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E. C., Eng.

THE ARENA. Monthly. \$2.50 yearly; 25 cents single copy. The Arena Company, Copley Square, Boston.

KOSMOS. Monthly. \$1.00 yearly; 10 cents single copy. Published at Vine-land, N. J.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Monthly. \$1.00 yearly; 10 cents single copy. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-first Street, New York.

UNITY. Semi-monthly. \$1.00 yearly; 5 cents single copy. Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. \$2.75 yearly; 25 cents single copy. The Theosophical Publishing Society, 26 Charing Cross, London. New York office, 65 Fifth Avenue.

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THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD, AND MAN'S RELATION TO THEM.

All Scriptures unanimously declare that God is Spirit; infinite, eternal and unchangeable, true and One. If you ask a Christian, a Mohammedan, a Parsee, a Hindoo, or a follower of any other sect or creed, what is his God, each one will quote passages from his Scriptures, giving this same answer as to what God is. The attributes of God are with each exactly the same. The Catholic priest who bows down before an image of Jesus and prays to Him, burns incense and lights candles, will give the same answer. A Protestant clergyman, who does not believe in any image, will give the same answer. There is no difference between the God of a Christian and that of a Mohammedan or Hindoo, but still a Christian calls the Hindoo and Mohammedan heathens, and they quarrel with one another; though they give the same attributes to God, their eyes are blinded with ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism. They cannot see that everybody worships the same God. It is the idea that their God is true and their neighbor's God is not true, that does all the mischief. A fanatic was preaching in one of the pulpits not long ago and he said, "Beware of the heathen's God," etc.; as if there were *two* Gods. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, bigotry, fanaticism, and all the effects they produce. People cannot understand that God is common property. How can there be many Gods when the followers of each sect and creed say, God is infinite and one! Among those who are not fanatical there are many who will give the same attributes to God

without understanding their meaning; who will say, " God is infinite and one," but think of some being like a man sitting somewhere outside of this universe. If you ask them the meaning of the word " infinite " their answers will be full of illogical nonsense. They will make God as finite as possible, and bring forward all sorts of fallacious arguments to support their position. Those who believe in a personal God, give the same attributes, but, without realizing the *meaning* of these attributes, they will give a human form to God. This is not their fault, because we are all human beings; the limit of our conception is a human being. When we attempt to conceive of the governor of the universe, we give Him a human form, like a state governor; with this difference, that the governor of the country is small in size, limited in powers, while the governor of the universe is immensely magnified in size and unlimited in power and qualities, but is still to us a human being.

Our explanation of the universe has become human; our universe is a human universe, and our God is a human God. Suppose a cow had a religion, her conception of God would be a cow form—her explanation of the universe would be through that cow-god; she could not comprehend our God at all. So if a tiger became a philosopher and had a religion, his conception of God would be of the tiger form. If there be another being with a form different from ours, with a nature higher than ours, his God would be like himself. So none of these pictures of God, and none of these explanations of the universe would be complete in itself. It might be a partial truth, but not the whole. Such a God, or such an explanation, is incomplete and imperfect, but people can not believe that. Each is sure his conception and explanation is the best. If you ask them what are the attributes of a human God, they will give the same attributes; they will say He is infinite, eternal, unchangeable, true, and one. Yet they will unconsciously make God finite and infinite at the same time. Can there be anything more contradictory and absurd than a finite-infinite God! What thing can be finite and infinite at the same time?

If He is finite He is limited by time, space, and causation, must have a beginning and an end, and cannot be unchangeable. A finite God must be changeable, and must perish like all mortal things. Are

we ready to believe in such a perishable God? Not for a moment. We cannot give any form to God, because form means limitation in space. No form can exist without space; every form must have a beginning and an end. Consequently, a God who has any kind of form cannot be eternal and immortal. Therefore, we cannot say God is finite or has form.

He is infinite. Let us understand clearly what this word "infinite" means. That which is not limited by time, space, and causation; that which has no other cause, is infinite. God is above time and space and all limitations that we can imagine. He is absolute. The infinite must be one; otherwise it is finite. If there be any other thing besides that infinite, then it is no longer infinite; it is limited by that thing, consequently it has become finite. If we admit that God is infinite and one, we deny the existence of any other thing besides God. If we say matter is separate from or outside of God, we have made God limited by that matter, we have made Him finite, we have made Him perishable. If we say, "I am separate from God," then our God is no longer infinite. Consequently, there is not a single particle of this universe which is separate from or outside of God who is Infinite and One; every atom of my body, from the minutest to the biggest, from the lowest to the highest—*everything in this universe* is one with God who is Infinite and One.

This will be startling to many, but if we want to be logical, if the word "Infinite" conveys any meaning at all, we cannot avoid the logical conclusion that will inevitably follow. But if we say "Infinite" and mean something finite, then how foolish shall we be. The conclusion is this,—if God is Infinite, then matter, mind, force, good and evil, virtue and vice, heat and cold, and all the dual, relative, opposite existences are not without but within that Infinite. The whole universe is in God, and God is in it; it is inseparable from God. He is in me and I am in Him. Nothing can exist in this universe besides God who is Infinite.

Let us understand the meaning of the other attributes of God. He is unchangeable, because He is eternal, *i.e.*, without beginning or end. That which has a beginning must have an end. He is spirit. What do we understand by spirit? Pure Self-luminous Intelligence,

which is the background of mind and matter, of subject and object. Again, He is true. That which is not God is untrue or unreal: or in other words, that which is finite, manifold, changeable, non-eternal, transitory, and not spirit, is untrue and unreal. If all these attributes of God be summed up they will signify One Infinite Ocean of Pure, Self-luminous Intelligence, which is eternal, unchangeable, and true.

Here a question arises,—if there is no other thing besides God, what will become of the diverse phenomena of the universe? Do they not exist? Yes, they do, but their existence depends on God, they have no separate and independent existence; they are like froth, bubbles, and waves on that infinite Ocean of Intelligence. We are like so many bubbles in that ocean. Any other explanation of the phenomena will be illogical and will make God finite and perishable. This ocean of pure, self-luminous Intelligence is expressed in the Vedānta by the word Brahman, and these phenomena are expressed by the word “Mâyâ.” As waves and bubbles cannot exist independent of the ocean, so phenomena, or Mâyâ, cannot exist independent of Brahman. As long as the name and form of waves exist, they appear as waves, but in reality they are nothing but water. Similarly, as long as the name and form of diverse phenomena exist, they appear as phenomena, but in reality they are nothing but God or Brahman.

We see this chair and that table. Where is the difference between a chair and a table? In name and in form. Take away name and form and what remains? Common wood. Take away the name and form of wood, what remains? Molecules and atoms; take these away, only the one undifferentiated energy is left. Thus we see name and form are unreal, and that which is nameless and formless is true and eternal. Although name and form are unreal, they appear as real. Thus we see they are expressions of the eternal Truth, God or Reality. As one clod of clay appears in various forms, such as pots, vases, basins, bricks, etc., the difference being only in name and form, the substance being the same clay, so the substance of these diverse phenomena of the universe is the one Reality which is called God or Brahman. As name and form cannot exist separate from the sub-

stance, so the name and form of this universe do not exist separate from God. The whole universe, whether manifested or unmanifested, cannot exist separate from, or independent of, God. Thus if we try to understand the MEANING of the attributes of God we are forcibly driven to the conclusion of a Vedântist. The Vedânta explains through logic the meanings of the attributes that are already given in different scriptures. It brings eternal light and dispels the darkness.

We commit another error when we say God created this universe. If we once admit God is infinite and one, we have no right to say that He created the universe. When God is the reality, when He is the substance, when nothing besides Him can exist, whom will He create? How can the sum total of the universe create the universe? If God is eternal the universe cannot be otherwise. Is there anything more absurd than to say that God who is infinite and one, created the sun, moon, and stars out of nothing, and for our benefit! Both the creator and the created are God Himself. Some people may think that this explanation is pantheistic, but it is not. This explanation is based on Monism. It says God is all in all, and nothing exists in this universe but God. He who REALIZES this infinite Ocean of Pure Intelligence, becomes conscious of his OWN immortal nature, which is God. The realization of Unity, or being and becoming God, is the highest ideal of all religions. Here we may ask, if our true nature is divine, how can we become one with God? Although it is true that we are already one with God, we are not *conscious* of it. Having covered our eyes with our own hands we are thinking like fools that we are blind, that we can not see the light, and are crying for help, "Lord help us, Lord save us." If we take off our hands we shall see the light, which is already there. Realization means, to become conscious of one's divine nature. When Jesus became conscious of his divine nature, he said, "I and my Father are one." When the Hindoo sage realizes it, he says, "I am Brahman"; when a Sufi realizes it, he says, "I am He." How do they realize? Some realize through wisdom, some through love, some through devotion, some through good works, some through concentration. Those who go through the path of wisdom, burn the vast wilderness of the multiplicity of existence by the fire of wisdom, break down all names and

forms with the hammer of discrimination, dive deep beneath the surface of phenomenal appearance, and whenever they find any trace of name and form they say "not this"—"not this," and when they find the nameless and formless, eternal, Truth, they become one with that. The number of such people is very small indeed. Those who go through the path of love and devotion, want to have a personal God. From very ancient times the Vedāntic sages realized that the vast majority of mankind want a personal God. Most people in every country require a personal God in some form or other. Buddha denied the existence of a personal God, yet within fifty years after his death his followers manufactured a personal God out of him.

Ordinary minds cannot grasp the highest ideal, so in course of time Buddha became idolized. In the same manner Jesus became a personal God, and his votaries and followers called Him "Mediator."

The Vedānta says, you may choose any one of these ideals which attracts your mind, follow and worship Him, and through that you will reach the ultimate end. As Jesus said, "I am the way," so each one of these said, "I am the path which leads to the eternal ocean of Truth and goal of Unity." Let those who find their consolation in the character of Jesus follow his teachings, and those who find that ideal in Buddha, or others, follow their teachings. Do not say one ideal is true and another is false. Be tolerant. If your ideal is the incarnation of God, let others hold their incarnation of God. Otherwise you will quarrel and fight, and this has been going on since the beginning of history. When each of these is God Himself, how can there be one better or higher than the other? It is only through our ignorance that we see one higher or lower than another. Wherever there is any manifestation of any power, it is the power of God.

So, shake off this idea of a division between God and man, which idea is the source of all unhappiness; realize that you live, and move, and have your being in God. God is all in all. There is no other thing but God, and therefore it is said, "Realize that eternal, all-pervading truth, that He is in everything, and everything in Him. Then art thou blessed, immortal, one with the Father in Heaven."

SWĀMI ABHEDĀNANDA.

THE GANGLIONIC NERVOUS SYSTEM.

(Concluded.)

PSYCHIC FUNCTIONS.

The proposition is generally accepted that the brain is essentially the organ of the mind. Thinking and cerebration are regarded, accordingly, as associated processes. The Moral Nature, however, as distinguished from the mind and understanding, operates in connection with the ganglionic structures. The common instinct refers passion and emotion of every character to the epigastrium, the region of the semilunar ganglion. This, in fact, rather than the muscular structure so designated, is the *heart*, or seat of the affections, sensibilities, and moral qualities in general. The passions, love, hate, joy, grief, faith, courage, fear, all have here their corporeal centre.

While the brain and spinal cord compose the organism by which man sustains relations with the external world, the ganglionic system is the organ of subjectivity. He feels with it, and this feeling combining with the mental faculties, prompts him to the forming of purposes. "We will find," Dr. Kerner truly remarks, "that this external life is the dominion of the brain—the intellect which belongs to the world; while the inner life dwells in the region of the heart, within the sphere of sensitive life, in the sympathetic and ganglionic system. You will further feel that by virtue of this inner life, mankind is bound up in an internal connection with nature." Dr. B. W. Richardson is equally explicit: "The organic nervous centres are the centres also of those mental acts which are not conditional, but are instinctive, impulsive, or, as they are most commonly called, emotional."

It occurs, accordingly, that the emotions make themselves manifest through this department of the physical being. Every new phase of life, every incident or experience which we encounter, immediately displays its effects upon the central organs of the body and in the glandular structures. Emotional disturbance acts upon every func-

tion. We lose our appetite for food, we are depressed and languid, or elated and buoyant, at the gratification or the disappointment of our hopes, or at some affectional excitement. A careful consideration of the various forms of disease will disclose an analogy, and often a close relationship between a malady and some type of mental disorder. The passions, fear, grief, anger, and even sudden joy, will involve the vital centres, paralyze the ganglionic nerves, disturb and even interrupt the normal action of the glandular system, modify the various functions of life, or even suspend them. These influences, if sufficiently prolonged, would bring on permanent disease, and indeed when very intense, will result even in death. Hence that maxim of Pythagoras cannot be too carefully heeded: "Let there be nothing in excess."

The converse of this appears, after a certain manner, to be likewise true. Emotional manifestations attend peculiar conditions of the ganglial nervous system. At those periods of life when the nutritive functions are exceptionally active, such moral faculties as love and faith also exhibit a predominating influence. We observe this in the young, and likewise in individuals recovering from wasting disease. But during the period of such wasting, and when digestion is imperfect, the mental condition is clouded, and the sufferer is liable to be gloomy, morose, and pessimistic.

Indeed, there is a continual action and reaction between the mind and this nervous system. Each is a cause of corresponding moods and conditions of the other. The functional impairment of these nerves is often produced by mental disturbance. The man who is suffering from nervous dyspepsia will often experience a sense of great fear and the heart will exhibit distressing symptoms; and on the other hand, great fear will interfere with the action of the heart and prevent a proper digestion of food. For a time the fear resulting from the disorder will be simply terror; but after a while it will be likely to be fixed upon some object. There will be the religious-minded person's fear of punishment after death, the lawyer's apprehension of a professional mistake or of loss of money, the physician's dread of sudden death, poison, or incurable disease. Fatty degeneration of the heart and calcareous deterioration of the arteries

are accompanied by great depression of spirits, and even by agonies of anxiety and terror. Great fear will sometimes produce the sense of stabbing in the heart. The rage of anger will disturb the motion of the heart and arteries, and disorder the blood, changing it from pure to poisonous. A person in such a case will turn deadly pale, lose more or less the control of the voluntary faculties, and in very great excitement will even fall dead. An angry woman nursing a child will make it deathly sick, and sometimes the venom of her milk will kill it outright.

In the exacerbations of fear the sweat will transude through the pores, but will be rather of the consistency of serum than like the normal product of the sudorific glands. Envy and jealousy arrest the processes of digestion and assimilation, and if long continued will cause leanness. The example of Cassius in the drama of "Julius Cæsar" is a forcible illustration; his "lean and hungry look" and sleepless nights were just causes of apprehension.

Instinct is plainly a function of the ganglionic nervous system. The infant manifests it in common with the lower animals; and in both alike it is not amenable to the reasoning processes. It is not to be cultivated, but it may be perverted.

IMPAIRED GANGLIAL ACTION IN DISEASE.

Microscopic observation has not been carried to a degree of perfection warranting us to depend upon it in investigations of morbid conditions of the brain or nervous structures. Few of the explorations of brains, whether of sane or insane persons, are entitled to implicit confidence. Dr. Copland declares that "changes may take place in the nervous system sufficient to cause the most acute disease, or even to subvert life, without being so gross as to be demonstrable to the senses." Dr. J. C. Davey also asserts that during his official connection with the Hanwell Asylum in England, eight per cent. of the cases examined *post mortem* exhibited no indication sufficient to account for death. A culprit named Blakesley had been executed for murder, and a question was raised in regard to his insanity. It was formally reported to the public through the daily newspapers that this idea was untenable, as his brain had been ex-

amined with great care, and no sign or appearance of altered structure or disease had been discovered. The inconclusiveness of such a position, Dr. Davey accordingly declared to be certain.

It is faulty pathology to describe insanity as primarily and essentially a disease of the brain. It would be more proper to define it as functional. The blood and nervous substance, Dr. Kreysig truly declares, are the primitive and essential instruments of all the organic functions; and hence "the elements of general and internal disease, or the morbid predispositions which form the most important objects of treatment, may all be reduced to vitiated states of the blood and of the lymph, or to derangement of the nervous system." It is safe to supplement this quotation by the declaration that neither the blood nor the lymph is likely to become vitiated unless the organic nervous system has been primarily affected.

In fevers we find an impairment of all the vital functions; the stomach refusing food or rejecting it, the liver failing to secrete healthy bile, the excretions no longer indicative of health. The action of the heart is oppressed, as is also the respiration; and the skin betrays disturbance. The various symptoms are like those from a blow on the pit of the stomach. Cholera, although in so many respects differing from fever, yet exhibits similar evidence of impairment. The patients in India, it is said, when the shock is great, fall dead as though struck by lightning, or by a blow on the epigastrium.

Disease of the heart is often set forth as a very frequent cause of sudden death. It would be more rational in many cases, to impute the death to fatigue and exhaustion. Animals hotly pursued or pressed beyond their power of endurance, will drop down and die; and birds, in their flight over the ocean, often fall dead from a similar cause. The late Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, on a cold morning in January, 1885, hurried across the town of Mankato in Minnesota, a distance of about three quarters of a mile, in order to be in time for a railway-train. On arriving at the station he sat down and breathed his last. Mayor Havemeyer of New York died suddenly in 1874 under similar circumstances. General McClellan, hastening to make sure of his passage on a North-River ferry-boat, contracted the disorder of which he died in a few days.

In these cases the exhaustion left no force or stimulus at the epigastric region to propel the blood or to breathe properly. The deprivation of oxygen can be accompanied by only one result. Surgical operations are often fatal from the shock on this part of the corporeal system. Women in childbed, otherwise apparently doing well, now and then collapse and die. Sunstrokes are mortal from the same cause. The passions—fear, grief, anger, even sudden joy—will attack this citadel of life, paralyze the sympathetic system, suspend the various functions or modify them, and even produce death when sufficiently intense. Indeed, we may go through the whole array of causes of disease, and be sure to find a similar solution.

The whole range of disorders called *nervous* will be found, upon careful examination, to begin with disturbance of the ganglionic centres. It is but rarely, says Dr. Davey, that persons afflicted with diseases do not exhibit signs, more or less evident, of something amiss with the liver, stomach, or parts accessory or subordinate thereto. This is true of epilepsy, hydrophobia, tetanus, delirium tremens, hysteria, chorea, and paralysis in several of its forms. It is a usual practice to refer the external symptoms of these disordered conditions to the cerebro-spinal organism; but, as has been shown, the integrity of that organism depends upon that of the ganglionic system, and therefore these diseases are to be accounted for accordingly.

Insane patients and persons suffering from other nervous disorders invariably exhibit disturbances of the functions of digestion, secretion, and absorption. Nor can they be relieved or materially benefited till these are corrected. The morbid action began with these functions, and extended afterward to other manifestations. We can have little confidence in the utility of the treatment of patients at asylums for the insane, except when the treatment is conducted as is suggested.

These considerations appear to establish firmly the fact of the agency of the ganglionic nervous system in every form of functional action in the body, normal or abnormal. The energy which it imparts enables the various organic functions to be duly performed—the circulations, sanguification, calorification, nutrition, and others. These are all links in the chain of physical life. If one of them is im-

paired the others participate in the harmful results. They are all dependent upon ganglial innervation, and fail of healthy performing when that does not take place normally. When that is insufficient, the blood cannot move in the vessels with the necessary rapidity. There is passive congestion; the blood-making processes also are retarded, and then follows a train of evils: failure of nutrition, deficiency of animal warmth, and likewise disagreeable dreaming, phantasms, and sleeplessness. These are preludes to other troubles of a more formidable character.

PASSIVE CONGESTION.

Dr. E. H. Wood has set forth these facts in his little monograph, "Gangliasthenia," with great distinctness. He considers it almost susceptible of demonstration that all disturbances of the organic functions are due to impairment of the ganglial innervation. He accordingly designates the condition gangliasthenia, or deficiency of ganglionic nervous force, not employing the more popular name of "nervous prostration," and objecting to the term neurasthenia as somewhat misleading and not sufficiently expressive of the actual condition. The terminology employed should be in accordance with the fact. He laid down the following as an axiomatic pathology: "Whenever idiopathic passive congestion is present it is due to gangliasthenia; and the intensity of the congestion is the measure of the degree of ganglionic exhaustion." The changes which ensue in the quality of the blood are liable to result in some form of specific disease, as may be determined by individual peculiarities, epidemic tendencies, or other morbid agencies. Disease is protean in shape and manifestation, but the signs of impaired nervous energy are unvarying in character, and their meaning is invariably the same.

Common intelligence is sufficient to dissipate the notion that passive congestion is the result of malaria. The conjecture of specific poison is destitute of adequate support. It may be regarded as merely an assumption, the truth of which has never been demonstrated by scientific investigation. The actual source of trouble comes from within the body itself, and not from extraneous agency. The vital

force from the ganglia, which permeates the blood and vivifies every corpuscle, is withheld or diminished, and the blood, as a direct consequence, is unable to free itself from the dead and worn-out material which it has accumulated in the course of its circulations. The glands are unable to perform their functions properly. The poison is thus generated from disordered and morbid conditions existing within the corporeal economy. In all forms of passive congestion the blood remains fluid after death; thereby showing that the vital energy had become dormant before dissolution.

Sometimes the corpuscles when deprived of their normal supply of nervous force, will lodge at the points where the vessels intersect. Then becoming swollen by endosmose of serum, they burst and their fragmentary remains are carried again into the circulation. This constitutes what is denominated specific poison. It also is often termed contagion. In another form of congestion the corpuscles pass through the walls of the capillary vessels into the tissues; but sometimes they are entangled, and remain half inside and half outside the wall of the vessel, and exhibit a curious distortion of shape from their peculiar predicament. This appearance is often attributed to the supposititious agency denominated malaria.

The kinds of passive congestion correspond with the manner in which the ganglia, or any of them, may be affected by depression. Every ganglion is a focus or magazine of vital energy, and is capable accordingly, in its own peculiar province, of receiving, transmitting, and reflecting impressions on which the healthy performance of function depends.

The ganglial system being the corporeal seat of the emotions, it is immediately affected by every cause that excites them. The blush of shame or diffidence is produced from a temporary depression of the vaso-motor nerves of the arteries, which accordingly produces a transient congestion of the arterioles; while the pallor of guilt, or fear, or anger, proceeds from a corresponding depression of the nerves of the veins which control the venules. Apathy, the absence of all emotion, is a prominent feature in all acute congestive diseases, and denotes the profound depression under which the ganglial structures are laboring.

Thus in one form of passive congestion, the face is suffused and of a dusky red. It has the appearance of a permanent blush, and is the result of congestion of the arterial blood-vessels. In other forms the countenance exhibits a permanent paleness, often mistakenly termed anæmia. This is due to the congestion of the veins and venous capillaries occasioned by depression of the veno-motor nerves.

This distinction marks the division of congestive diseases into two types: the one characterized by deficient animal warmth, and the other by excess of heat—*hypothermy* and *hyperthermy*. In the former type, the congestion is in the venous, and in the latter in the arterial blood-vessels. The abnormality of temperature in the patient affords a means of estimating its intensity. The hypothermic type, which is due to congestion arising from nervous depression of the venous system, exhibits at its extreme degree a fall of eight degrees (Fahrenheit) below the normal standard. The hyperthermic, which originates from the congestion produced by arterial depression, will show, in its severest form, an increase of temperature as high as ten degrees above the standard of health.

In the veno-motor form the nervous apparatus of the veins is paralyzed, and the blood is impelled by the vital force till it emerges from the capillaries, when it is cut off from that influence, and the veins are accordingly engorged. In the other form conversely, the vaso-motor nerves of the arterial system are enfeebled, and the impulsion from the heart seems to be the sole or principal force to propel the blood through the arteries. The result is, that these vessels retain an undue proportion of the blood, and the venous system is correspondingly deprived of its normal supply.

PATHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Disorders from perverted functional activity are most likely to appear when there has been some severe strain upon the nervous system. It may be overwork, insufficient sleep, or mental shock; or perhaps from an enfeebled condition with no assignable cause. Chorea, epilepsy, and the various forms of insanity are from debility, and therefore to be traced to the same source. There are also contributions in the way of heredity. The weaknesses of parents, whether

moral, mental, or physical, are liable to manifest themselves anew in the children. As social demoralization invariably characterizes the generation born next after a war, so mental and nervous infirmity appear after an epidemic visitation or other wide-spread calamity. The history of the numerous plagues that ravaged Europe during the Middle Ages abounds with illustrations. Alcoholism entails neurosis of the ganglial system. Indeed, vice and immorality in every form are pernicious, and certain in some way to impair the integrity of the body.

The mind itself is often a forceful originator of disease. "Whenever the equilibrium of our mental nature is long or very seriously disturbed," says M. Reville-Parise, "we may rest assured that our animal functions will suffer. Many a disease is the rebound, so to speak, of a strong moral emotion. The mischief may not be apparent at the time, but its germ will be nevertheless inevitably laid."

In diseases of organs not liberally supplied with ganglial nerves there is less evidence comparatively of physical suffering or mental disturbance. Persons injured in the lungs make little complaint and appear to suffer less than those hurt or diseased in the abdomen. But when the stomach, heart, liver, or other of the glands or internal structures that have an ample supply of organic nerves are disordered, there is always emotional perturbation. Cancer, ulceration, or inflammation of the stomach are emphatically characterized in this way. Every physician has observed the emotional horrors that often attend dyspepsia. Insane persons are always more or less enervated, and usually have intestinal disease, often without any apparent cerebral lesions. They become moody and low-spirited; indeed, everything with them seems to be out of plumb. In fact, functional derangement and mental disorder accompany each other with more or less uncertainty as to which was first and which the resultant.

In this way, doubtless, the whole department of Pathologic Science can be adequately set forth. Every agency that tends to lower the spirits and moral power of an individual is certain thereby to impair the vital energy. It is usual to enumerate such causes according to our habits of accounting for things; as, for example, the varying conditions of the atmosphere, social inharmonies, the circum-

stances of life regarding food, clothing, labor, and sleeping arrangements: in short, however, we may name everything from within or without that affects the corporeal condition. The particular type which disease assumes is determined by the peculiar temperament and external circumstances of the individual.

The following comparison of the respective functions of the two departments of our nervous organism is given by Dr. Bucke,* and is entitled to careful attention. He represents the cerebro-spinal system as an enormous and complex sensory-motor apparatus, with an immense ganglion—the cerebrum, whose function is ideation—superimposed upon its sensory tract; and another, the cerebellum, whose function is co-ordination of motion, superimposed upon its motor tract. The Great Sympathetic is also a sensory-motor system without any superimposed ganglia, and its sensory and motor functions do not differ from the corresponding functions of the cerebro-spinal system more than its cells and fibres differ from those of this latter system; its efferent or motor function being expended upon unstriped muscle, and its afferent or sensory function being that peculiar kind of sensation which we call emotion. As there is no such thing as co-ordination of emotion as there is co-ordination of motion and sensation, so in the realm of the moral nature there is no such thing as learning, though there is development.

It follows as a corollary that every form of earthly excellence is closely allied to the functional integrity of the ganglionic system. Religion is always an exercise of the affections exalted into the higher domain of our nature by veneration, conscientiousness, and the sublimer faith; and as a general rule the superior genius is of a religious character. Taking the modern phrenological method of estimating, however full may be the development of brow and middle regions of the head, the three-storied brain carries off the palm. Intellect is more than reasoning faculty or understanding; it is the power that looks beyond. The highest moral nature is most closely in accord with the truth of things. All our great artists are largely endowed in this respect. We naturally conceive of selfish persons that they are narrow minded, and of generous and liberal souls that

* *Man's Moral Nature*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1879.

they are broad and full developed. Savages are proverbially deficient in noble qualities; they are heartless and untrustworthy in social, family, and other relations which involve fidelity and unselfish affection. They are also short-lived in comparison with other races.

Men, however, who are distinguished for superior moral qualities generally excel others in the average length of life. The Semitic peoples are more tenacious of their religious customs and more generally educated than many of the Aryan communities, and they are certainly longer lived. In physical development, while they are fully equal in mental power, they are superior in bodily conditions. Women, likewise, have a richer endowment of the organic nervous system and of the moral qualities which are allied to it; and they not only excel the other sex in longevity and power of endurance, but also generally exercise an influence correspondingly greater on manners and social culture.

The married usually live longer than the unmarried, it is frequently remarked. This is not, however, solely because the conjugal relationship is more accordant with nature and preventive of disorder, but likewise because they who contract it are commonly individuals more perfectly endowed with moral sentiment in correspondence with the nervous organism, and therefore have that instinct of long life and permanent domestic relations which make marriage desirable. These statements are borne out by statistics and amply verified by observation.

The study and exploration of the grand system of ganglionic structures, it is evident, will enable us to understand, as we may not otherwise, the connection of every organ with all the others, and their relation to the mind and psychic nature. "It must be now obvious," says Dr. O'Reilly, "that a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the laws and connections which govern and regulate the animal and organic nervous systems is indispensably required by every medical practitioner; such, in reality, being the alpha and omega of medical and surgical science. It is the foundation," he continues, "on which a permanent superstructure, capable of containing a universal knowledge of the nature of diseases, as well as a true explanation of the *modus operandi* of therapeutic agents, can be erected."

This knowledge of the life-ministering nervous structures may not be overlooked or neglected. It is essential in regard to the Higher Remedial Art. Medical learning, in order to be philosophic, must cognize as a fundamental truth the influence of moral and mental states over the physical functions. The missing link which is to be discovered and recognized is not only the skill to restore a mind diseased and "rase out the hidden troubles of the brain," but to recruit as well as sustain the vital forces.

To the ganglionic system pertains the operation of the *vis medicatrix Naturæ*, the force which is Nature's physician. It holds the middle place in our being, between the within and the without, standing at the last verge of mortal existence. It is the first thing created in our bodies, the last which is palsied by death. It contains the form, or organizing principle, which abides permanently with us and controls the shaping of the corporeal structure, and at the same time it mirrors the whole universe.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE.

" Here we find ourselves suddenly, not in a critical speculation, but in a holy place."—Emerson.

That at the sound of certain musical tones wheels can be made to revolve, and weights to rise and fall, seems a fact, which, however incomprehensible to the uninitiated, is yet becoming well established in the nineteenth century scientific world.

The trend of modern investigations and researches has been steadily toward unfolding one universal law that bespeaks one primal energy or power, governing and back of all external phenomena.

Ether, imponderous, ever-present, immaterial substance of natural science, which Sir Isaac Newton called spirit, has been revealed as the origin of all force or forces. Scientists now agree that " molecular vibration in matter is caused by etheric undulations."

The doctrine of conservation of energy, which, simply defined, comprises an evolvment of the fact that though the *expression*

of force or forces may change, the great all-inclusive principle of energy itself remains unalterable, if not an axiom in modern science, yet points to and sustains the same truism.

This volatile essence, ether, by Newton called spirit, the one energy back of all material energies, the one law back of all physical laws, has yielded to the world a new secret. It is by no means a new force, since we know it to be old as the material cosmos itself; but the discovery and unfoldment of its laws, and their application to the movement of molecular bodies, and of machinery, is new, and presents in its far-reaching scope a startling phenomenon.

Every aggregation of molecules, or, in other words, every solid body or mass of matter, has been found to possess inherently a key-note, a sympathetic chord, which if made to vibrate would give forth a certain quality of tone. The finding of this key-note and the sounding of it from without, creates a direct reverse action of the vibration, with the result of ultimately shattering the solid. Thus the preservation of the latter depends upon the sustaining of its normal state of molecular movement.

Mr. John W. Keeley some years ago evolved from the all-inclusive etheric essence the new vibratory force, recent experiments with which have astonished and mystified experts.

The striking of a chord upon the musical tubes or prongs of the generator, starts a wheel on a model engine that has 15 horse-power. The force may be so controlled as to regulate the action of the wheel so that the latter can be made to revolve quickly or slowly, or it may be stopped entirely by striking a discord—one not in harmony with the chord that started the revolutions. Any musical instrument, however, may be played in the room without interrupting the motion, which is not affected save by the vibrations of the chord struck upon the generator prongs.

The wheel once thus started would continue on forever, becoming an evolved mechanical expression of perpetual motion on the scientific plane, were it not for the eventual wearing out of the machinery, or unless an inharmonious chord be struck.

In causing a brass globe to rise in an exhausted receiver by the sounding of a musical tone which is the globe's key-note, Mr. Keeley

explains that the vibrations interfere with or make void the earth's magnetic currents, thus overcoming the force of gravity.

The latter cannot certainly be "overcome," being a universal law of nature which nothing can nullify or render powerless, nor can even one iota be detracted from its force. But the quality of the bodies upon which it acts may be altered, since they may be made light or heavy, rare or dense, as, for example, when clouds float above us, being but water rarefied and risen from the earth.

Under the search-light of psychic science, tremendous truths are being revealed and unfolded to the world, startling the material-minded into a vague perception of something too rare and deep and true for ruthless sifting or vague hypothesis.

The beginnings of so-called material life were primarily evolved from the invisible ether, which has through all the rolling centuries given forth more and more of forces, of powers, of wonders, to the external, visible perception.

Creation is continuous. Evolution is ever from the lower to the higher, and the present trend of modern scientific research tends indeed toward the highest developments, since it is slowly, but surely, tracing to One Source the underlying laws governing electricity, dynamics, and every molecular force.

Rev. John Page Hopps, of London, has said: "Science is carrying us in every direction into an unseen universe, and this unseen universe is everywhere felt to be the sphere of causes and the source and centre of all the essential elements and activities of creation."

Later than Mr. Keeley's wonderful discovery is that of the inner ether, air within air, before which we stand in reverent awe, awakening to a deep sense of the possibilities suggested.

Continued research may prove this newly found ethereal world to be but the invisible plane above us, made necessary for the spiritual unfoldment of those who pass to its purer atmosphere, where the things of time and sense forever cease from troubling and a higher life of power and achievement continues on unbroken in its evolutionary sequence.

AIMÉE M. WOOD.

THE DOGMA OF HELL.

(Concluded.)

Ancient Hebrew thought is silent as to after-death experience. Post-Captivity Jewish thought, complexioned by Persian mythology—which in turn was itself complexioned by gloomy Scandinavian legend—speaks more clearly of the life of the dead, but only in faint tones as compared with mediæval Christianity.

But here it might be pertinently asked, Why should we search the Bible for proof of Hell after death? Because it has more authority? Because of its inspiration? Truth forbids this.

No, we search the Bible, as other books of antiquity, merely to learn in what manner this Hell-dogma developed out of primitive fancy and idealism into the horrible realism of ecclesiastic formulæ. But it seems to me that even the Bible does not clearly and indisputably sustain this abominable doctrine, and it is not a difficult task to show that the vague passages on which theologians base this ghoulish dogma cannot be as positively interpreted in their behalf as they would wish.

The word "Hell" itself clearly reveals its pagan or natural origin. Originally it was in no sense a theological term. It did not primarily mean even the place of the dead. It meant merely a concealed or covered place. The word is derived from the Saxon word "Helan"—to cover—signifying merely to conceal or cover.* The word afterwards became personified in Hel—the ogress of the abode of Loki. She was the Proserpine of the Scandinavian mythology. It is from that mythology, as I have said, that the personification of the Devil and literal interpretation of Hell developed.

Now, the Bible employs three principal words which cover this subject, and which have constituted the storm-centres of theological discussion for ages. These words are: Sheol, Hades, Gehenna.

* McClintock and Strong's Cyclo. Bib. Lit., s.v.

Sheol occurs 65 times in the Old Testament. In the A. V. it is represented 31 times by "grave"; 31 times by "hell"; 3 times by "pit." Now, "Hell" representing "Sheol" in the Old Testament 31 times, is in the New Testament the translation of Hades and Gehenna. "Hades" in the New Testament is translated by "Hell" 11 times. "Gehenna" is translated by "Hell" 12 times.

Now, let us see if we can get at the exact meaning of these words. Unless Hades and Gehenna can be shown to sustain the mediæval interpretation, of course the Old-Testament term Sheol will not count at all. If we can show that Hades and Gehenna are purely figurative terms and arose out of sympathetic communication with pagan nations, among whom no positive theology existed—it will then be evident that the Bible will present no valid apology for the existence and permanence of so revolting a dogma as the one we are now considering.

The original meaning of the term Hades is similar to that of the Saxon term Helan. It is derived from two Greek words meaning "not seen"—invisible.* Thus the original meaning of Hades was, like Hell, the concealed or covered place of the dead—the grave. Afterward it came to mean the abode of the living dead—but of the good as well as the bad. "There is in the Hades of the New Testament an equally ample signification with the Sheol of the Old Testament as the abode of both the happy and miserable spirits." †

I am quoting very orthodox authority. Hades is, therefore, not at all Hell—in the exclusive, reprehensible, damnatory sense of the Creed.

Now as to Gehenna, the more terrible term of the New Testament. This term is composed of two Hebrew words which mean "Valley of Hinnom." Hinnom was the name of the proprietor of the valley. The Septuagint calls it the "Valley of the son of Hinnom." Thus we discover at once a *local* coloring to the term. Hence it must indicate something for which the valley of Hinnom emphatically stood. This valley was to the ancient Jews a place of abominations—for there was established worship of the barbarous

* Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, s.v.

† McClintock and Strong Cyc. Bib. Lit., s.v.

gods, Chemosh and Molech. Afterward it became the place of common sewage for the city of Jerusalem, and in Talmudic times, in the literature of mediæval Judaism, was figuratively employed to indicate the condition of the damned.

It will, however, be an important fact to remember that this term was not employed by the Jews till after the Captivity. It is, therefore, plain that the Jews had acquired from their Babylonian captors a harsher and more dismal notion concerning the condition of the dead than they had previously entertained.

At this juncture, then, when the Jewish thought mingles with the Persian, which itself is fathered by the Scandinavian, we discern the natural, mythological origin of this now so revolting dogma. When hell becomes the theological place of the damned, we behold again Loki—and Hel—the ogress of the cave of the Cimmerian land where abides perpetual gloom. Not only this Eddaic gloom enters into post-Captive Jewish theology—but also the Persian or Zoroastrian Dualism—which they discovered in Babylonia. Here entered, in their theology, the personal Devil. With him came the sulphurous Hell and all the sufferings of Gehenna fire, so vividly pictured in the New Testament.

Of course casuists may be able to explain away the figurative meaning of Gehenna, but it is difficult to do so when we find it in such an expression as this alleged to be from the lips of Jesus: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into the fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels." The reference here, of course, is to the well-known fire of Gehenna, whose smoke was continually arising from the burning of the city's waste. The reference is purely figurative. Nevertheless, he undoubtedly meant the expression to be illustrative of a perpetual condition of the soul. Those who are so crude as to be bound by the literalism of the Bible must needs believe in the possibilities of a terrible condition for the so-called "damned." But when we make allowance for the high coloring of the oriental imagination it will be at once perceived that the emphatic and literal interpretation which modern theology has put on the words of Jesus is wholly unwarranted.

It cannot, however, be denied that in the primitive church a very

gloomy interpretation was placed on the teachings concerning the state of the damned. A literal "hell fire" was almost universally believed. This is not to be wondered at considering the liability of the early Christians to persecution and martyrdom. But there was by no means a settled or fixed interpretation of the doctrine among the Fathers and some of the most learned and influential among them boldly discarded the literal and repulsive teaching which declared a literal fire and an eternal condition of misery. Among these the most significant was the great preacher and philosopher Origen. He was one of the clearest-headed and most illuminated of all the Fathers of the church. His teachings were so much against the dogmatic conclusions of subsequent mediævalism, that the later teachers found his books so dangerous and reprehensible that they were all burned and his bones resurrected from the grave and consumed with them. And, three hundred years after his death, he was declared a heretic. This alone proves the decadence of the church and its gradual recession from the exalted height which the spiritual leaders of the early church had attained. Origen insinuates that the eternal fire is neither material nor kindled by another person, but that the combustibles are the sins themselves of which conscience reminds us; thus the fire of hell resembles the fire of the passions. The consuming fire of these passions was itself punishment which would continue till the unholy powers were wholly destroyed. For he further taught that the end of all these punishments was to heal and correct the victim, and thus finally to restore the sinner to the favor of God. (Hagenbach, "History of Doctrines," sec. 78.)

But how futile, how puerile, all this dispute over a dogma that has so surreptitiously crept into the teachings of a church which has borrowed all its doctrines and its rites from pre-existing religions and usages! It is very evident that neither the Bible nor the writings of the early Fathers can give us as much light on this doctrine as comes from the legends and stories of the ancient nations which existed so many centuries previous to the advent of Christianity. When, therefore, we discover the purely natural and evolutionary origin of a dogma which has played so ghoulish a rôle in the drama of thought, it is time we should relegate it to its proper sphere—that we should let

it be classified with the effete mythologies of an effete and forgotten world.

The astonishing and repulsive feature, however, of this myth of Hell, is that as it penetrates the period of intellectual refinement and modern civilization it grows more and more hideous, and loses all the poetry and phantasy which enhaloed it at its primeval origin. There is, certainly, poetry and beauty, a certain sombre tinge of pathos, in the legends of flame-encircled Loki, his faithful dog, and Hel, his cave-bound ogress; of Proserpine and Pluto; of Isis and Osiris and the evil genius, Typhon; of Circe and Odysseus, whose wanderings in Hades are so replete with imagery and spiritual signification; of Eurydice, and Orpheus, whose lamentations made the hollow vault of Hell reverberate with the sense of his spiritual loss—but all these stories are simple, human, and natural. They are full of engrossing interest because they neither contradict human nature nor are they revolting to one's contemplation.

But how gross, how abusive and repulsive, have these same legends become when reduced to the literalistic and forensic pictures of mediævalized mythological theology! This theology consists of three salient features, each of which rivals the other in repulsiveness. There is a God, who sits as Tempter, Tormentor, and Judge, in one, acting in collusion with his great Protagonist, the Devil, to whom *carte blanche* is given to corral all his wandering human sheep and pitch them, when condemned, with one fell swoop into the ever-burning pit, whose sulphurous stench becomes a "sweet smelling savor" to the accommodating Host of the Orgy.

Hel, the ogress of the cave, daughter of the giantess Angurboda, wife of Loki, who sits a saturnine object of perpetual gloom at the "eastern gate," and broods and broods, and thirsts for the victims that must come, is an object of poetic beauty beside the mythical Ghoul which mediæval theology has presented to us as a God.

All the beauty of earth's childhood hope seems to have been metamorphosed in that middle age of darkness into Gorgonian horrors and Medusa heads! Primarily, love and sweetness, ambition and hope, were inspired by the legendary songs; but when the coarse

brain of the Crusader and the weird fanatics of the caves—the anchorites and the pillar “saints”—seized upon them, they chilled the blood and stalled the heart. In the middle ages, when Odin worship had been overthrown and the gods of Asgard descended to Hel-home—Odin still pursued his office of conductor and leader of souls. But now he hounded them to the under-world. Thus we see the simple, hardy, ruffian, but good-natured, god of childhood religion, becomes the tormentor, the pursuer, the fierce avenger of the mediæval religion.

And, strange to remark, we who live in all the splendor of this modern age of intelligence have not yet outgrown its pall of gloom! The churches still reverberate with its awful tone of terror; revivalists with pale lips and sunken eyes still picture the final scenes of woe before affrighted audiences who falter, faint, and lose their senses in the scramble after salvation. Oh, that more poetry would enter into our lives!—that fancy would succeed perverted fact, and that the song of childish hope would supplant the stultifying credulity of age!

I have sought in this paper to study the doctrine of Hell purely from the naturalistic view-point. I have therefore avoided entering into the endless and profitless discussion of theologians as to the possible Bible interpretations of the idea. Having determined to regard the Bible only as literature which but reflects the mode of thought of its own age, it matters not what apparently authoritative teaching the Bible gives concerning Hell. It is of no more essential value, so far as its conclusions or its compulsory acceptance may go, than are the legends of ancient peoples or the mythologies of defunct religions. We cannot understand the Bible except as we compare it with other sacred literatures. We cannot understand religious dogmas except by pursuing their natural origin and development. When separated from the delusion of supernaturalism and inspiration, we learn that these affrighting dogmas are but the offspring of the human imagination. Once conceived, they are enforced through the love of natural tyranny. When thus enforced, they become unimaginative, reprehensive, and contradictory of human experience. Only by freeing ourselves from the error of such

delusions can we discern a deeper and purer meaning in the doctrines which all religions have, in some form, fostered.

What, then, shall we do with the dogma of Hell? Having shorn it of its supernatural locks, and reduced it to its natural lineaments, has it now for us nothing but repulsiveness, and shall we banish it from our gallery of thought? I think not. Why? Because I think there is truth, evidenced in the experience of the race, which may be elucidated by the abused doctrine, and thus lead him who understands to a loftier plane of being.

Hell is indeed darkness, and justly associated with darkness. But error also is darkness—for it is the shadow cast by the presence of Truth. Were there no truth there would be no error. Or, conversely, did not error enter into thought, truth would be inconceivable. In short, knowledge is relative. Everything is known only by contrast and comparison. We know light as light because there is darkness; and, conversely, we call darkness night because we know the day. To know darkness proves that also light must be known. The knowledge of error is, therefore, proof of the knowledge of truth.

To apprehend Good we must be acquainted with Evil! All knowledge has, therefore, a double face. It is a coin whose obverse and reverse sides are essential to its existence. With only one side a coin could not be. Likewise knowledge must consist of both truth and error—else there were no knowledge. We know error that we may see the truth. We apprehend truth that we may escape error. Did I not know that air could not sustain my weight I would attempt to walk on the atmosphere. Experience would teach me the truth, but first through error. Did I not know that blood would flow, and pain follow, and death come on apace, I might for sport pierce my body with weapons, or thrust my hands into the flame.

On the contrary, knowing I cannot walk on the air, I avoid stepping from the house-top. Knowing I would perish, I do not pierce my heart with weapons—unless I am bent on death. Manifestly, knowledge of truth can come to us only through knowledge of error. In other words, we are made wise only through experience. By experience we learn. But experience begins in ignorance. Ignorance is error. Error—darkness—is, therefore, the foundation of human

knowledge. Error, as I have said, is the basis of truth. Paradox, though this be, it is a philosophic fact. But error is darkness and darkness is Hell! Hell is the covered place, the place of gloom, of foreboding, "of lawless and uncertain thoughts."

To dwell in these thoughts of gloom, of unhallowed darkness, of fear, of narrow limitation, of torturing confinement—is to dwell with error, with darkness, with hell. To pervert this life, to believe that it is encompassed with evil influences, that man is a "fallen" being and is inherently and totally depraved, in whom is nothing good—this is error, darkness, hell. To dwell in the thoughts of hatred, of vengeance, of red-clouded war, of direful anger—this is error—this is hell. To believe that you are bound by the limitations of the body, the fixed forms of confluent atoms, the narrowness of traditional thought, the hereditary powers of the aggregate race—this is error, darkness, hell. To believe that error is more potent than truth, to disbelieve in the all-potency of truth, to be turned by every wind of doctrine and become but the child of impulse—this is error, hell. To narrow the horizon of one's being and think only in the past—brooding over sorrows, nursing pain and hugging melancholy—this is darkness, hell. To be bestial and baneful and bloodthirsty, setting traps for your neighbor, cunning, designing, intriguing, seeking selfish ends by atrocious methods, to obey passion rather than conscience, to love indulgence better than sacrifice, this is error, darkness, hell. Hell is at once a condition and creation of thought. Heaven is likewise. Think truth, we become the truth. Think error, we become error. Think light, and one is full of light. Think darkness, and one is overshadowed by the night. Our thoughts are the basis of our responsibility. There is nothing but thought. We dwell in heaven when we entertain heavenly thoughts: when our minds are bent on goodness, truth, and beauty. We dwell in hell, when our minds are of the night—black with the inky gloom of vengeance or "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of fear and woe.

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire
 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
 So late emerged from, shall so soon expire." *

This is all there is of Hell. But one asks, "Is there no future—is all life existent but here on this evanescent sphere?" Are we forced to conclude:

"One thing is certain and the rest is lies:
 The flower that once has blown forever dies"?

One thing is sure: thought lives, while lives the human mind. If the human mind is eternal, thought is eternal. Thought is the seat of Heaven—the substance of Hell. If we think forever we shall be forever in Heaven or Hell—for we dwell in our own thoughts alone. What need we fear, then, the curse of Judgment the Great Court shall decree at the Last Assize? It is not this we need fear—but somewhat more awful. Such a Court might relent—it might heed the cry and tear of the mournful sinner.

"Oh, Thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
 Beset the Road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
 Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
 For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blacken'd—Man's Forgiveness give—and take!" †

Such pleas of logic and tender pathos might conquer a man-like Judge. But a Judge, a Court of Last Resort, more terrible, more certain, more irrevocable, haunts us each hour and day. We sit at its Judgment Bar every moment. Every second we hear its decrees. They are registered on the leaves of our lives and lettered even on our veins and sinews.

This ever-present Judge is the all potent Thought. He sits stern, relentless, unconquerable. Each moment he writes his swift decisions upon the vital forces of our Being. He carves the very features

* Omar Khayyam's Rubáiyát (Fitzgerald), LXXX.

† Ibid., LXXXI.

of our visages, he orders the pulses of the brain, he counts and directs the palpitations of the heart, he breathes in the respiration of our lungs, he poses in our gestures and mesmerizes our attitudes. We cannot escape him.

"The moving finger writes; and having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

What need to preach a Hell eternal, when a potential Hell so realizable is ever with us? And yet, what a consolation have we even in this philosophy! For we need not dwell in Hell. We keep ever with us the Master Magic by which we may prevail. We carry ever with us our Aladdin's Lamp which we are free to rub that we may receive its wondrous blessings.

Our Master Key to this Magic is our WILL. The Lamp of Aladdin is our THOUGHT.

We can uplift ourselves from Hell to Heav'n,
 From Darkness unto Light, as Gloom is riv'n
 By one swift Gleam of Splendor, e'en though dark
 Were all the world, entombed. By one bright Spark
 Our Thoughts with Hope ignite, and thus illumine
 Our breasts, where erst dwelt Monsters of the Gloom!

HENRY FRANK.

"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
 The meanest thing upon its upward way."

"Give freely and receive, but take from none
 By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own."

"Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
 Truth is the speech of inward purity."

"Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
 Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice."

"Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful.
 Loving all things which live even as themselves:
 Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
 Wrought in the past, and what falls well, of good."

The Light of Asia, by Sir Edwin Arnold.

ANIMAL FLESH AS FOOD.

Until recently, the human family, especially in the Occident, with the exception of a comparatively few members who have usually been classed as "peculiar," "unbalanced," or "sentimental," have held that animal food was a pre-requisite for the development and maintenance of physical and mental vigor.

This opinion has been fostered by those physiologists who have stoutly maintained that certain nutritive elements were alone procurable from animal tissues. A careful review of the food tables published during the last half century would, I think, reveal the fact that much of this teaching is purely traditional and not the result of advanced thought or recent investigation.

It is much easier to travel in a well-worn groove than to construct another, especially when the recent highway may subject one to unwilling criticism. Man shrinks from the epithet "non-conventional," hence to-day we find otherwise intelligent writers expressing the opinions of their forefathers, many of which may be as little adapted to our present need as the garments of our infancy.

A statistical investigation would reveal the fact that there is a diminishing demand and a growing dislike for animal flesh as food, although hitherto it was supposed an indispensable article of diet.

Doubtless the revelations of the pathological laboratory have greatly promoted the evolution of this distaste; but we must recognize as an important factor the psychic influence which has emanated from the few daring minds thinking and speaking with the energy of conviction. These have questioned the infallibility of the time-honored food tables, relegated many of the dietetic dogmas to the domain of the non-proved, and empirically established the truth of their convictions. Thoughts, like other forms of vibration, become materializations possessing potential energy to arouse like vibrations in other minds. The great truth underlying this fact is just dawning on the horizon of modern science, but the day is not distant when it

will be fully recognized and accepted as the explanation for many occurrences veiled in mystery. There is, in fact, no power for good or evil so great as concentrated thought.

It is needless to recapitulate the arguments in favor of animal food, as they are patent to most readers. Let us briefly consider a few reasons opposed to its use.

First.—The instant that vitality leaves the animal body disintegration begins. "The millions of infinitesimal lives which originally built up the organism, no longer restrained by law, run riot and, mob-like, tear down the mansion which they constructed." Disintegration in this case, means decomposition or putrefaction, resulting in the release of *ptomaines* which are detrimental to the living body. Our senses are not sufficiently acute to detect when the process has passed the danger line. Hence much animal food is received into the human stomach in a condition to destroy rather than to build up tissue.

Second.—The animal body is often filled with parasites, which, having become encysted in the flesh food, only await the action of the gastric juice in the human stomach to be set free and renew their activity. This process is demonstrated in the history of the trichina and the three varieties of tape-worm, which as cysticerci are found respectively in beef, pork, and fish. Prolonged cooking will doubtless destroy these parasitic embryos, but when account is taken of the enormous consumption of underdone meat—apart from the "raw scraped beef" which is professionally (?) prescribed—the possibilities become interesting and suggestive. Again, the body of the animal is often the seat of malignant disease, which may be thus communicated to his human brother.

Third.—A large proportion of the material in meat is not assimilated by our tissues, but becomes so much scrap to be eliminated. Now, beyond a certain normal activity, the more work that an organ has to perform the earlier will the integrity of its action be impaired, or worn out, and functionally useless. The digestive apparatus is overtaxed when forced to extract a small amount of tissue from a mass, which, for the most part, will become residuum demanding energy to eliminate. Such conditions must eventually, in obedience

to the inexorable law of cause and effect, develop a diminution in executive ability, as evinced in that very prevalent condition known as dyspepsia.

Fourth.—Animal traits are believed to be engendered and strengthened by the absorption of animal tissues. From the coarse savage who subsists on uncooked flesh, up to the dainty maiden who “dotes on rare roast beef,” it is said that varying degrees of animality may be traced. The hypothesis becomes reasonable when we reflect that, with each morsel of flesh there is taken into the system countless cells which composed the animal's body, each of which possessed a sub-conscious life and was endowed with that vitality from whence the creature derived its existence and nature.

It is not to be asserted that patrons of a vegetable or frugiverous diet are free from animalism, as this seems to be a common heritage, but they undoubtedly possess fewer animal traits than the advocates of a meat diet. In obedience to a psychic law, the less the animal nature is fostered the sooner will it be subordinated and eliminated, and the earlier will come the efflorescence and fruitage of the spiritual or higher nature, to nourish and render fragrant everything which it touches. The higher self in its essence is always pure. It is the lower or animal nature that exhibits qualities which are designated as sinful and criminal.

Fifth.—Meat is not necessary as a food. Every essential quality which it contains can be found in other palatable and harmless substances. A healthy, well-developed, muscular body, harmonious in all its activities and correlations, strong for action, endurance, and resistance, may be built up and sustained on a diet from which every form of animal food is excluded.

This assertion, based upon the writer's personal experience extending through years, is made boldly and without qualification.

Sixth.—The preparation of animals for the market is most demoralizing to those engaged in the work.

Why does every man and woman of average refinement shrink from the vicinity of the slaughter-house, and studiously avoid even reference to the spot? Is it not the consciousness that, though regarded as a necessary evil, it is the domain of blood, brutality, and unwholesome exhalations?

If the horrors of the shambles were fully realized there are many who would forever eschew the use of anything which encouraged such practices. Men who work in abattoirs become more or less brutalized. Their sympathies are blunted; familiar with suffering and agony in dumb victims, they disregard like manifestations of humanity. Brutal thoughts displace divine aspirations, and acts of violence supplant errands of mercy.

Is it possible that men who wade in blood amid the din of tortured and dying animals, mingled not infrequently with profanity and obscenity, are fit to become parents? Is not the seed of the future plant influenced by the environment in which it matures? Are there no pre-natal impressions which may warp or blight the forthcoming personality? This is a serious question; one which should engage the thoughtful attention of every man and woman in whom there exists any desire, however slight, for the advancement of the human race and the protection of the other members of the animal kingdom. There is, moreover, a sacredness about life wherever manifested. We cannot tell to what extent the harmonious equilibrium of nature is disturbed by its wanton displacement.

EDWARD G. DAY, M.D.

AN EDUCATIONAL SUGGESTION.

(Concluded.)

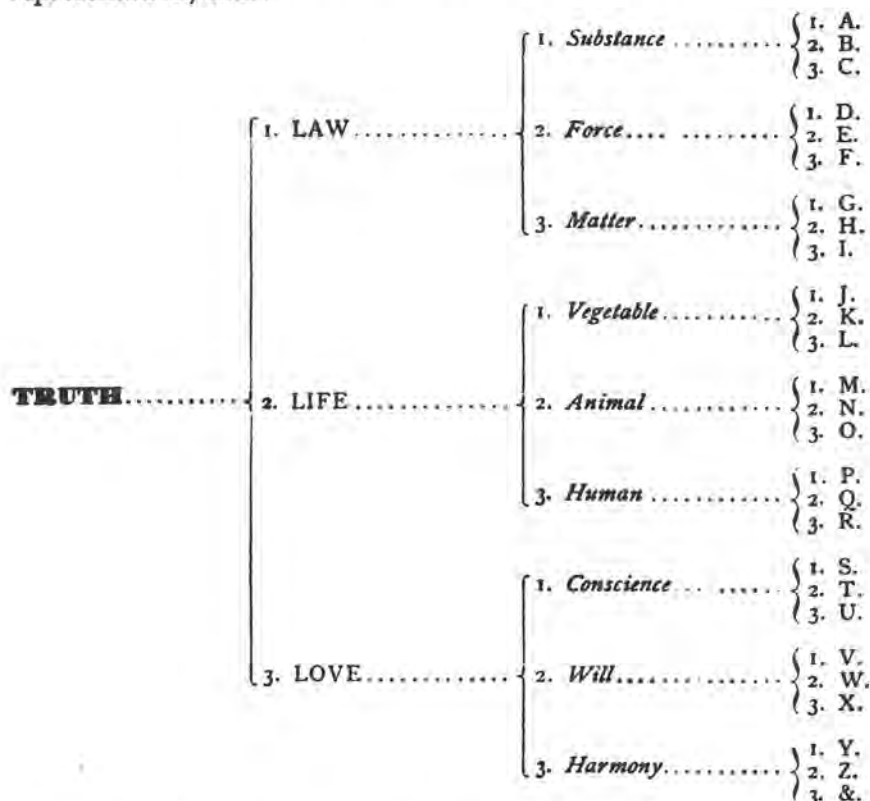
Each of the three divisions of Truth—Law, Life, and Love, is itself a triune manifestation; e.g., I would subdivide the first, LAW, into three subdivisions: *Substance*, or that which stands back of phenomena and furnishes the foundation for physical forms; *Force*, or the conditioning influence which, applied to Substance, produces what I should consider the third subdivision, *Matter*.

The second division, LIFE, seems to be naturally subdivided into *Vegetable*, *Animal*, and *Human*. Comment on the meaning of these terms would be superfluous.

For the third division, LOVE, I will suggest, first, that element

which seems to come into most direct contact with us, and through which we recognize the existence of the higher realm, using the word *Conscience* to express the idea; second, the impelling power of Love, the element or principle which we recognize as working toward goodness, expressing it by the word *Will*; and for the third subdivision the resulting state of *Harmony* seems to fit very well.

Each of these subdivisions constitutes a triune group of facts, or principles, or phenomena; but further suggestion would be superfluous, so far as explaining my theory is concerned; and that being my only object, I will refrain from any further attempt at elaboration. Perhaps the theory will be still more clearly brought out by a graphic representation, thus:



This tabulation is susceptible of an infinite development, and, when properly carried out, a place will be found for every fact,

thought, or experience, throughout the entire universe. It will be what science is supposed to be, a mirror of nature, a *systematic* arrangement or classification of all our knowledge, a perfect expression of the relations between facts.

When this development has progressed far enough to include the details of specific facts upon which the mind depends for its working material, what a revolution will have been accomplished! How the average person's conception of the universe will differ from the hazy notion prevalent to-day! How firm a foundation we will have for our science, and what a plain, straight path will be pointed out for future investigation and research! The innumerable fields of human effort in which a revolution will be wrought need not be recounted here. A little reflection will convince you that it is impossible to overestimate the good sure to result from this tabulation.

But, you ask, is it possible for anyone to devise a complete table, or even sufficiently complete to be of practical utility in reference to our knowledge of details? I answer "No" most emphatically. This tabulation can never be like a piece of handiwork, turned out complete by an individual. It must be like a living organism, growing from the seed, constantly increasing by the observation and study of all the world's thinkers; it must pass through all the stages of tissue building and destroying, just as is experienced in other organisms. Fed by the thought of many minds this food must be digested, circulated, and assimilated. What one thinker suggests must be thoroughly analyzed and criticised by others working in the same field till the concensus of opinion settles upon a certain division which will then be adopted and the table increased thereby. So the work must proceed through many years; in fact forever, for the table can never be completed as long as there are still left facts for man to ascertain and discoveries for him to make.

Just how this work can be facilitated is difficult to see. Perhaps an association could be formed having for its object the elaboration of this scheme of classification; the membership being divided into three branches, each of these being divided into three sections, and so on to the fields of the specialists, as fast as satisfactory divisions could be determined. As the membership would necessarily be very

much scattered, some sort of journal or organ would have to be provided, in which to publish reports of meetings held by societies in different localities, and in which also would appear the pros and cons of suggested divisions. Space for a department could be secured in some established periodical until a special organ would be rendered necessary by increased membership and consequent multiplication of papers and reports.

But before any such step is taken there must be a great deal of work done by individuals in accumulating a mass of confirmatory evidence to form a basis for future reasoning.

Without in the least wishing to have this essay regarded as even beginning this accumulation I cannot refrain from pointing out one field in which very positive evidence to many minds lies on the very surface. This is a Christian era and all thought is largely influenced by the truths of the Christian religion. I dare say that many readers whose minds are especially bent on religious lines have selected the word God as the synonym for TRUTH, and to these some very striking facts will occur. By analyzing Christ's teaching much will be found corresponding to the statements implied by the table God is LAW; God is LIFE; God is LOVE. Here we have very clearly and forcibly presented the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, and a little thought will convince you that there is nothing in this doctrine limiting its application to a single trinity; nothing that denies a triune nature to each number of the Godhead. *Law* the Father; *Life* the Son, and *Love* the Holy Ghost, is perfectly consistent with the teachings of Christ, and reflection on this view may help to remove much of the mystery that has always surrounded this doctrine of the trinity.

The religious mind will also find many sermons in these words:

The Law of Life should be Love.

The Life of Law should be Love.

The Love of Life should be Law.

The Law of Love should be Life.

The Love of Law should be Life.

The Life of Love should be Law.

By keeping in mind the ideas for which the words stand, you will see that there is much meaning in each of these precepts, and

that, viewed in this connection, the Trinity assumes a new and vital aspect. It becomes more than a meaningless article of faith; it is transformed into a living principle dominating all affairs, human and divine.

God the Father, Law; God the Son, Life, and God the Holy Ghost, Love, is indeed fraught with infinite meaning and power.

The student of Brahmanism, Buddhism, or Evolution, will find the gradual development from Chaos to Cosmos, a "Cycle" of Brahm, exemplified in the words from Substance to Harmony. The subdivisions will naturally carry this idea out so that the ultimate series of words in the table would express the entire process of natural development. With this point in mind, a system of correspondencies will almost inevitably make itself apparent and form a key to the exact nature of the divisions to be sought under any given subject, so that in obtaining new knowledge we shall have two elements ready at hand, viz.: the number of facts under a given postulate, and the nature of each fact, together with a very strong hint of the relation they bear to each other and to other similar facts. In this way the work of carrying out the table to the limits of present knowledge and beyond, will follow the law of constantly accelerated velocity, as seen in falling bodies.

That this will furnish a much needed basis for uniform classification of knowledge, will in fact be a Science of the sciences, seems obvious.

Another equally needed, though perhaps not so obvious, reform that will be introduced is that of an exact and scientific Terminology. Involved in this is a more far-reaching and far more important subject, that well deserves a special volume, but which can be outlined in a few paragraphs under the head of

LANGUAGE.

Words are the tools used in the workshop of the mind, and when these are vague and indefinite it is the same as though a carpenter's chisels and planes were dull. A carpenter cannot do good work with poor tools, nor can the mind turn out superior thoughts while using inferior instruments. The difficulty is not alone in our in-

ability to give expression to our ideas, but the ideas themselves are rendered defective by the imperfect tools with which they are produced.

It has been said that there is not a single word in the English language possessing an absolutely fixed and unvarying meaning. Whether or not this be true, it is evident that the vagueness and variation of meaning of our words lead to endless confusion and misunderstanding, making it extremely difficult, if not, indeed, practically impossible to convey to another a clear and exact conception. Whatever word or words we associate with a certain idea or thought, will be found connected in another's mind with a mental image differing in some degree, if not totally dissimilar. To abate or overcome this difficulty will be one of the chief avenues through which this beneficent system of classification will be felt.

A few words will suffice to indicate this application.

Observe the figures 1, 2, and 3 placed before the respective words Law, Life, and Love in the table. These words we have now associated in our minds with certain definite conceptions, not so much because of the philological construction of the words as from their particular use in this tabulation. It will be easy, therefore, to substitute the figures for the words and let 1, 2, and 3 represent the respective conceptions.

In the same way the figures 1, 2, and 3 appear before the words Substance, Force, and Matter.

The conceptions represented by these words being but branches of the conception of Law, the figures, when regarded as synonyms for the words they accompany, represent the same respective subdivisions of the conception 1. To graphically represent the conception Substance, we would then use 1, 1. In the same way Force would be represented by 1, 2 and Matter by 1, 3.

So in the second category the Vegetable kingdom would be graphically represented by 2, 1; the Animal kingdom by 2, 2, and the realm of Human affairs by 2, 3. And so with the third branch.

Under the conception, Substance, or 1, 1, the subdivision represented in the table by the letter A would then be 1, 1, 1; B would be 1, 1, 2; C, 1, 1, 3. So the conception indicated by the letter K

would be represented by 2, 1, 2; S would be 3, 1, 1, and so on throughout the scale.

Thus terminology will be reduced to a mathematical basis, and will consequently be absolutely fixed and exact. There can be not the slightest variation in the meaning of any word, or rather, sign, because its very construction is based upon pure conceptions and not upon any chance usage of illiterate ancestors, or the slang of the present day. Etymological anomalies will be finally relegated to their proper sphere, the museum of antiquities, and grammar, coming in for its needed reorganization under the head of 2, 3, will assume a rational system and we shall then occupy the unique position of being able to select words meaning to another just what they mean to us, being perfectly confident of our spelling and knowing just how to combine them into proper sentences.

Of course, the use of these figures as indicated is but a crude suggestion which, naturally, will be modified into practicability. For instance, to prevent unwieldiness which would result from having a long series of figures to represent a certain idea, we may select twenty-seven distinct consonant sounds, modifying the alphabet so that each sound would have an appropriate representative letter. These sounds could be substituted for the initial three figures, taking the relative position of the letters A, B, C, etc., in the table, and the single sound used to represent the conception for which the word in its position stands.

Then, by devising a series of twenty-seven vowel sounds to represent the second series of three figures, and thus alternate consonants and vowels, the number of characters in a given word would be reduced to a very practical basis. This leaves two divisions as the greatest possible number unprovided for, and these would always be at the end of a word. For these, combination sounds could be provided, paying due regard to the euphony and ease of pronunciation.

Under this system all words would begin with a consonant, the second letter would be a vowel, the third a consonant, the fourth a vowel, and so on to the last syllable, which would usually be a combination sound, though it would often be a consonant or vowel. Of these combination sounds there must needs be two classes, the first containing three letters, the second nine.

One sound would necessarily be set aside for Truth, Law being represented by the initial Truth with the first of the first series of combination sounds added. For Matter, the third sound of the second series of combination sounds would be added, and so on through the table. For words other than these thirteen preceding the regular use of consonants and vowels as indicated, these letters could be omitted and the word commence with one of the twenty-seven designated sounds, as suggested above.

With this system fully developed, all the glaring defects of our present language would disappear. The very fact of having an idea would include as a corollary the knowledge of a word with which to give it perfect expression and correct spelling. No other spelling would be thinkable, and no interpretation other than the one you have in mind would be possible.

But of all the reforms which will naturally follow, or rather accompany, the fuller development of this theory, the one of paramount importance is certainly the revolution of our Educational System. The reform will be one of practice, rather than of theory, for the fundamental principles of teaching have been enunciated by thinkers for over two hundred years, but the lack of a definite basis for actual operation of an ideal school has thus far rendered all the theorizing of little avail. It is conceded that our (fortunately fast becoming obsolete) system of alphabet teaching as the elementary step in education is entirely erroneous in principle. The word method is none the less so, as has been recognized by the army of writers who have pleaded for "first the idea, then the word." But the difficulty, heretofore insurmountable, has been that no practical means of supplanting this admittedly wrong method has as yet been discovered.

When, however, we come into possession of a more complete tabulation as herein suggested, the means will become apparent.

Then, perhaps, a school-room will be equipped with a number of large tables, and boxes of various sizes. These, with the requisite number of seats and conveniently arranged desks, will constitute the entire working furniture. On the first day of a child's school life he will be asked to bring with him a number of the commonest articles with which he comes in constant contact—sticks, stones, metals,

flowers, sand, wood, coal, cloth, groceries, buttons, and so on, whatever comes handiest and is easily portable. All these contributions by different members of the class will be scattered over a table large enough for all the pupils to find a place at the sides. After allowing the children sufficient time to look over all the objects, while the teacher is making a few introductory remarks, and all are becoming acquainted, three large boxes will be placed on the table. An explanation will be made that the first lesson will be devoted to stowing away into the proper box every object on the table, placing in one all the objects about which there is no life, as the stones, sand, soil, coal, etc., in another all the living things, including objects once alive or coming from living creatures and the vegetable kingdom, and in the third box may be placed pictures, illustrating stories and parables pointing moral truths.

Then the pupils will begin actual school-work. Picking up one object after another, they will tell into which box they think it should be placed. Naturally this will provoke a deal of animated discussion, and insure a very thorough study of each object, the teacher finally explaining the reasons for its final disposition.

This work will be continued, the children constantly adding to the collection, till the pupils are thoroughly grounded in this fundamental distinction and are able to correctly sort all the common objects without assistance. Objects that cannot be brought, such as animals, houses, ships, etc., will, of course, be represented by pictures.

Then these boxes will be emptied onto tables and their contents distributed among nine smaller boxes, the day being divided into periods and a certain amount of time devoted to each box. All the time new objects will be accumulated and classified, till the school-room will be a veritable museum of common things, the things about which the children most need information, and in which they are most interested. As the pupils grow older the variety of objects will increase, and with the successive classifications will come more and more detailed knowledge and keener reasoning will be required. Under the division 2, 3, will come all the mental and physical activities of man, and in its proper place the child will find language, art, politics, history, etc. Much more time will naturally be given to this

branch than to the others, as "the proper study of mankind is man," unless the pupil is destined to become a specialist in botany, geology, or some other science, requiring special study in a particular branch.

Whatever branch of study he may choose for his life work, if he has gone through ten or twelve years of schooling on this basis, he will have a broad and liberal foundation for all his subsequent work. He will be able to see things from the highest standpoint, because he will be dominated by the noblest conception of his relation to the universe.

It would be superfluous for me to cite the recognized principles of pedagogics and point out how this system will fill every requirement. You who are interested in educational work are already familiar with these principles, and a very little study will make plain to you the applications of this theory. Leaving you to study this out for yourself will free this treatise from much that would prove tedious for the general reader.

But one point is so especially important that I cannot leave the subject without a brief allusion. I have in mind the influence this system will exercise over the memory. Scientists have demonstrated that the memory is imperishable; that every thought, or word, or deed, every impression made upon the mind in any manner whatsoever, remains there to the end of life. Forgetting is not the dropping entirely out of the memory, but the lack of recollection. What is commonly called memory is better expressed as conscious recollection, and this has been shown to depend upon no one thing to a greater degree than the *association of ideas*. Clearness and strength of impression, and frequency of recalling are, of course, important elements, but not so important as the association established between the idea to be recalled and other ideas. The longer the chain of associated ideas, the easier it is to remember any link.

This system will establish in the scholar's mind the closest possible relationship, and association of not only every fact contained in the school curriculum, but he will naturally place in its proper relation every fact learned outside of school, as long as he continues to acquire knowledge. And this relationship or association will not be a mere arbitrary arrangement, including only certain definite data,

but will extend to the outermost bounds of his mental horizon and include in an orderly, rational system all his knowledge. There will be in his mind no two facts unrelated, and he will be able to start from any idea and think back along natural lines of development to any other idea, so that forgetting will be almost as difficult as is remembering under the present chaotic state of the mind's furniture. The very existence of an idea or fact in his mind, the very word with which he expresses it even to himself, will contain in itself an expression of the true relationship of that idea to all the rest of the universe.

The value of this theory in this one particular cannot be over-estimated, and, it seems to me, must challenge the attention and enlist the co-operation of all lovers of progress throughout the world.

Then, too, considering this trinitarian view of the nature of the universe to be true, the mind itself is trinitarian; it has a threefold nature, and will naturally adapt itself very readily to grasp and retain subjects presented to it in conformity with its very nature. Thus a child will understand more readily when knowledge is imparted in harmony with the natural operation of his mind, and memory will be improved by the clearer impression made.

Every word used throughout life will by its use alone call up a multitude of ideas related and associated, so that memory will be strengthened by this inevitable frequency of recalling.

Thus will we pass from the Chaos of the present to a universal Cosmos in the mind and affairs of mankind. L. L. HOPKINS.

THE COMMUNION OF SOULS.

I know not where you are, and yet I know
 The same world holds us both. For should that light
 That guides your soul along an earthly way
 Be quenched, my soul would know the very day,
 The very hour you vanished from Earth's sight.

So should Fate part us, even to the day
 You passage take upon the Stygian sea,
 I shall be there in spirit. I will lift
 My soul's clear eyes to see your pale bark drift
 Away. 'Twill carry all life's worth to me!

CLAIRE K. ALDEN.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE DIVINE MAN.

(VI.)

The intelligence of the ethereal waves, of the atoms, of the molecules, of the phases of life, low or high—these all are manifestations, functions of the primal Intelligence, varying as the opportunity varied, increasing and expanding, rising, deepening and broadening with conditions, even as a child is led and guided and governed by its parents to the time when, as a man, it is bidden to put away childish things.

So in man the living thing attains the freedom which alone enables it to elect, enables it to soar with wings, or *disables*, at his choice and peril, to wallow in the slime whence he grew. God has done all He can; do you now for yourself. You have been under governors and tutors, now become the one potent factor in your own advancement.

A false idea of the meaning of substance has been one cause of the fallacy of unreason that has pestered philosophy, and kept even the most enlightened religions in the dim twilight of paganism and superstition.

“Things have attributes,” men reasoned; “to have attributes it was necessary that there should be a something to which the attributes were attached, from which they emanated, and for whose behoof they existed.”

This for many ages seemed a quite essential train of logic in all matters; then the number of matters diminished one by one, as science conquered a new region of savagery. till now, practically, it is only in theology that the human mind holds fast to that which is foolish with a grip at once tenacious and pitiful.

“God and man,” so the specious reasoning continues, “have attributes; therefore there must be a God and a man of a sort different from the attributes and around which, as to a chief’s standard, the

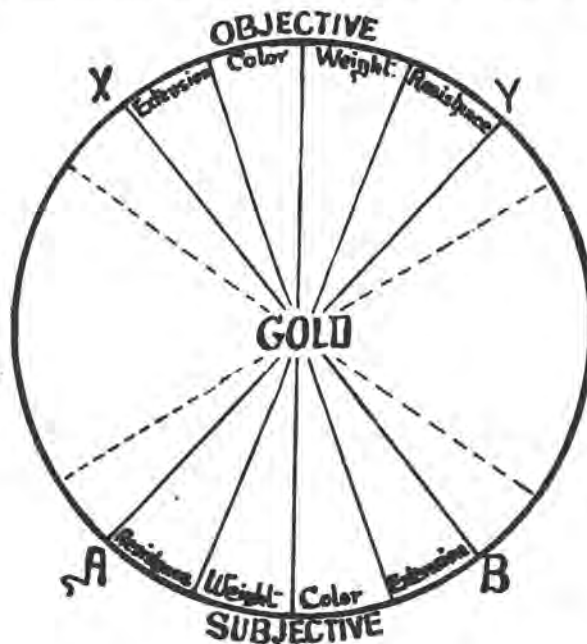
warring phenomena can cluster, to some battle-cry of ' Rally on the reserve! ' ”

Now, manifestly there are such things as phenomena; there are attributes, and for every cluster of phenomena there is a coördinating thing which, contradistinguished from phenomena, is called (by us troublesome, exact truth seekers) a *noumenon*.

But a noumenon, when you come to analyze it, is a noun—a name, and nothing more.

In an earlier paper I pointed out the fact of the Hebrew myth being that of the Great Name, while the Greek was that of all the attributes, and found that on the whole the latter was the more practical poetical expression for things as they are.

Let us understand this subject fully; it is of the most vital importance in considering the sources of the sublime confidence of Jesus, and lies, indeed, at the foundation of all the divine philosophy.



Let us take, for example, the idea of matter, of one kind of matter in particular—the metal, gold. In the accompanying diagram AB represents the perceiving brain, XY the perceived thing. The metal

gold has qualities which could have no meaning unless between the perceived and the perceiver, subject and object, a bond was formed of some sort linking the two together.

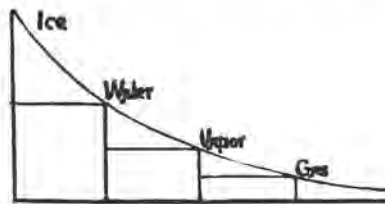
The nature of this bond has eluded reason because the true unity of causation has ever been elusive to material things. The diagram may, I think, tell its own story: it is that of the circle, not the segment—that which is segmentary giving the facts of perception only; the large segments AX and BY being the loci of all those unperceived attributes, which join and unify that function of Spirit, which is man, to all attributes of Spirit—qualities which in gold appear as gold because of the conditions seemingly permanent, in reality evanescent.

Gold is no more material, no more permanent, than the red ray in the ruby, the violet gleam in the amethyst, or even the color of the spectrum. It and they are conditional.

There is nothing new, strange, or startling about this; scientists have demonstrated these facts long ago; the line XY has been reduced to a series of relations, at first complex, and finally to the very simplicity of the abstract—to pure relation.

Matter is indestructible, not because it has power of itself, but because it is a function and manifestation of a Reality which is normally immortal. But it is the reality which is immortal, not the function.

How we become aware of things; by what process the consciousness which we know we have, links itself to sensations derived from things we know we are not, has been the battle-ground of casuistry since ever logic couched a lance, or thinker flung down for a gauntlet the "why?"



By the aid of the accompanying very simple diagram it may be easily understood how in one domain that form of Action—that mode of motion—which we call heat, modifies the same essential, and pre-

sents that essential (in each case a function of pure relation) in at least four different and distinct phases. This is to say that gas, vapor, water, and ice are the resultant of conditions. They are not things in themselves, but are qualities of the essential thing, and not as things, but as qualities are they added to our qualities.

Like things can be added only to like.

As it is with one set of symbols and one phase of conditions so must it be with all. We know the essential which manifests itself through the four qualities—gas, vapor, water, and ice—and we know the essential which manifests itself through the four, extension, resistance, color, and weight, in gold.

The same method of reasoning will apply strictly to both cases. But how diverse the two seem. In the case of the gold that seems the essential, which in fact holds its qualities. But it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to imagine water as the quality of an unappreciated simple.

And yet it is only as we learn that the two examples are practically of one (and nature's sole) method that we can conquer that ferocious beast—the mystery. As coal and diamond are both carbon, so the two are identical in substance, diverse only in manifestation.

I have used the metal gold to illustrate this principle, chiefly because it possesses so few properties. Huxley, following a time-honored example, uses the orange.

But I have selected gold to briefly epitomize the further idea of relationship bound up in matter, that attention may be called to the fact of mass not having any necessary connection with volume, of which any modern chemistry will give ample information, and any chemical laboratory opportunity for proof, as to the atomic weights of elements from hydrogen to the dense thallium, osmium, and iridium.

If, therefore, under normal conditions prevailing on this planet, such divergences exist, it is not only probable, but in so vast a universe practically certain that elsewhere matter exhibits itself in ways vastly farther apart, attenuated to or beyond that hypothetical degree called ethereal, or so enormously concentrated that a sphere an inch in diameter could balance a globe more than a moon.

In the case of the phases of perception "revealed" in the four several "incarnations" of water, it is not quite assured that beyond the limits called gaseous is at least one other manifestation, not indeed perceived, but conceived—the ether. And, on the other hand, has the limit of attribute of the norm of water been reached in the ice? Ordinarily it appears to be so, and yet there is known to be a degree of cold by which ice loses wholly its qualities as ice, and becomes virtually rock; the snow no longer affords a sliding surface, the Esquimaux sleds no longer glide; it is only another kind of gravel.

It is the same with all rocks; they, too, are the product of heat conditions. It is the same with the metallic elements, every one; and the gold which we have considered is after all only a frozen thing, maintained as a solid only because at the normal temperature which permits us, and likewise compels it.

We are quite willing to concede the non-existence of an entity, either gold, metallic, or of matter, except by its qualifications; but we shrink from a too rigorous logic, a too exact science as applied to what we call ourself, lest at the last our soul, "defected to a pure nonentity," should vanish altogether!

The human mind—the apparatus of thought—considering the problem of its own existence, and the facts of conception and perception, seems to have been impelled to take mentally, as naturally and effectively as the body has taken physically the form of male or female, either the nominalistic or the realistic view of all things.

Men are either Platonic or Aristotelian, either spiritual or material in their opinions of the essentially real, of the absolute, as in nature or as transcending nature.

The contest between supernaturalism and naturalism, or, as more commonly known, spiritualism and rationalism, has come down to us through the ages from the remotest past, varying from century to century in its phraseology and method of casuistry and argument, but always at heart ranging upon the two sides of this great question.

As to the origin and meaning of things, how diverse, discordant, and eccentric have been the guesses of men. Among the ancient Greeks we find the schools divided between Ionic (or materialistic) and Eleatic (or spiritual); and among the several philosophers the-

ories as vague and untenable as there were thinkers to imagine them—vagaries of imagination concerning the sublime subjects of God and Man, their natures, characters, and relations almost as numerous as the speculative minds.

To merely enunciate a few of the many opinions is to demonstrate their want of true reason and lack of all scientific method, while yet indicating (as contrasted with the pagan lethargy of their times) the value of even the crudest thought.

That which claims to be principle and varies, as principle, is not principle; but a principle that cannot vary continually, as manifestation, is not principle.

When you look at a man what is it you see? The outward man only, him first of the clothes, the form of features, the expression, the manner; then, on further acquaintance, little by little that which is within gradually unfolds to your perception—gradually his soul reveals itself. You discover something of what he says, then of what he has done; you learn what business he is in, or has been in, and what successes or failures he has made; what sort of wife he has, children, servants, who are his friends, and how these treat him, what they say of him, how they esteem him. If he has built a house, what sort is it? how is it furnished? what are his tastes, relaxations, fancies? Has he written for the public? then why and of what sort are his writings? Do you find traces of soul there, or only soul masks?

Here is a watch. We all remember how ardently and foolishly the argument from design has utilized that beautiful piece of mechanism. We all remember Bishop Butler and his Analogy, how beautiful it is, and how consoling it would be if only as accurate as beautiful. We look at the mechanism of the man and say there must be a self, an ego, an entity within this wonderful work. If not, there is no soul, immortality is a dream, death ends all. Here is the watch—its case, mainspring, balance, jewels, wheels, cogs, everything. It is wound up, it runs. For what purpose? To keep time. There must then be a watch-soul; if not then there is no watch. On the same basis there must be a similar man-soul; if not, there can be no man. But the watch is made by the man to keep time and the man is formed by nature to keep character.

Of the Godhead, "neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance," we have placed the truth that Jesus knew by feeling and preached by emotion on the basis where he said, and rightfully, that it belonged—the basis of the rock.

It now devolves upon us to take up the question of man in the same spirit of exact logic, in order that we may clearly understand ourselves; in one sense, not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; and, in another, to enter in at once upon our inheritance as the heirs of the ages and to recognize the stamp of the seal of the eternal in our souls—to know whose image and super-description is this.

The rainbow and mirage, to which attention has been previously called as illustrations of illusion of sense, are far from being the only ones of which we are forced to take cognizance. Beneath our feet a vast stable earth, seemingly so quiescent, rushes through space with most amazing speed—at once speed of revolution and in its mighty orbit round the sun, and that around a mightier sun, above our heads a dome of blue, blazing with gold by day, spangled with silver by night, but all illusion.

To come yet closer, we ourselves are an illusion; properly understood, I am an illusion to you, you to me, I also to myself.

Analysis of knife or microscope, eye or reason, discloses within the sacred precincts of man's bodily organism at first the horrible spectacle of bloody flesh, of solid bone, of inanimate sinew—a vast continent of earthy matter traversed by rivers of blood—a furnace fed by food, a charnel house of constant dissolution and decay.

The fairy form we love is form alone, the "too, too, solid flesh" shall melt in the fierce light of science, fiercer than "that which beats upon a throne."

But though at first we shrink from these ghastly scars of thought; though we fear the Lions at the Gate, they only guard from the unbeliever the delectable palace beyond. Of a truth, as they proved to Christian so shall they be to us in our nobler progress through the Valley of the Shadow of death.

René Descartes, in his celebrated summary of the characteristics of the human mechanism, says: "All the functions which I have at-

tributed to this machine, as the digestion of food, the pulsation of the heart and arteries; the nutrition and growth of the limbs, respiration, wakefulness, and sleep; the reception of light, sounds, odors, flavors, heat, and such qualities in the organs of the external senses; the impression of the ideas of these in the organ of common sense and the imagination; the retention or the impression of these ideas on the memory; the internal movements of the appetites and passions; and, lastly, the external movements of all the limbs, which follow so aptly, as well as the action of the objects which are presented to the senses, as the impressions which meet in the memory, that they imitate as nearly as possible those of a real man: I desire, I say, that you should consider that these functions in the machine naturally proceed from the mere arrangement of its organs, neither more nor less than do the movements of a clock, or other automaton, from that of its weights and its wheels; so that, so far as these are concerned, it is not necessary to conceive any other vegetative or sensitive soul, nor any other principle of motion or of life than the blood and the spirits agitated by the fire which burns continually in the heart, and which is no wise essentially different from all the fires which exist in inanimate bodies."

If God were solely Relation and Volition he would be as Brahma was and will be, according to the Hindu mythology, drowsy and then wrapped in the slumbers of ages. But God is active, for he is Action itself, and his activities are manifested by means of the mechanics of the Cosmos. So it is with our little being.

God is not *in* his eternal laws, he *is* those laws; we are not *in* our manifestations, we *are* our manifestations.

Strong as Descartes' belief was in the physical man as a machine, he dared not openly avow his belief; the terrors of the Inquisition were too great for him; his thesis was of an imaginary man; and so (perhaps to hide his real convictions) he avowed his faith in a real if incorporeal soul, locating it in that organ, now known to be a rudimentary eye—the pineal gland of the brain.

HUDOR GENONE.

THE EMPIRE OF THE INVISIBLES.

(IV.)

SITTING ON A CLOUD.

The streets of Chicago were as full as usual, but no one noticed two ghosts who stepped out of the Court-house window, and walked up the air, as if it contained invisible steps. It was quite a walk to reach even the lowest cloud.

"What do you think of it?" inquired the Experimenter, sitting down on one corner of the cloud, and showing the New Ghost where he could obtain the best view of the city below them.

"It is beautiful up here, and I have enjoyed the walk. It gives one a peculiar sensation to feel that the forces of nature are mastered, so that air becomes as solid as adamant beneath the feet. But how strange the city looks! I never realized before that Chicago was so flat!"

"Flat as a pancake—you remember it was built on a marsh."

"The streets resemble lanes. The parks look like country door-yards with evergreens, and the buildings like dry-goods boxes set on end with an occasional bean-pole for a steeple. And the lake is as calm and blue as a summer's sky. Who would think it had been so furious a few hours ago?"

"I wish this cloud would sink a little lower, so you could get a closer view of the city."

"Can't you control it?"

"Not in the slightest degree. It seems as if I might, but I haven't yet found out how. Perhaps you will. You must have learned to concentrate on earth. You have more will-power than any other ghost I have met—unless it is the Theosophist or the Occultist, and I am not sure whether they are ghosts or not! You walk on air far more readily than I did when I first tried."

"The circumstances are different. I saw you sitting on a cloud,

and was told that you could walk on air, and that some other ghosts were learning. When you first tried it, I presume they all laughed at you and said it couldn't be done."

"Yes; all but the Theosophist and the Occultist—they encouraged me, and said I could do it if I thought so."

"Then ghosts as well as men measure their own ability?"

"That is about the way of it. There may be limitations. But I am inclined to think that ignorance is the greatest limitation with which either men or ghosts have to contend. We can do what we think we can in Shadowland, as well as on earth."

"I always had a desire to fly. When I was a boy I used to dream of sailing out of the window and away over the tree-tops and the houses. But I remember it always required a great and continuous effort to keep myself up in the air. The earth's attraction was too strong. In spite of my best efforts I would find myself slowly descending. When I once reached the ground, it was next to impossible to rise from it, and the attempts I would make to do so would usually awaken me."

"That partly accounts for your remarkable ability to navigate the air. When I was a boy I always wanted to walk on the water, but I never could do it until I got over here."

"What experiments are you trying now?"

"I am learning to float on the air, to stop myself anywhere in it, and I should like to be able to sit on it. Theoretically, it is all nonsense—this being obliged to find a cloud to sit down on. Practically, we should sink to the earth, if it were not for the cloud we are occupying. We are lighter than the air, and it should support us. But one of the illusions of earth that we cling to, in spite of everything, is the idea that we must have some visible means of support. Every ghost over here—when I say every ghost I am not including the Theosophist or the Occultist—after he has exercised awhile imagines himself tired, and will look around for some projecting surface to sit on. It is all the force of habit! Of course, when we wore bodies built upon a net-work of muscles and nerves it was somewhat different. But there is no possible reason why a ghost should ever be tired. Yet I've seen ghosts walk up the Court-house stairs and

go into the reading-room and drop into a vacant chair as if they were exhausted. They really thought they were tired."

"What success are you having with your experiments?"

"Yesterday I undertook to float off of a cloud. I rolled off the edge, and lay on my back looking up at the sky for as much as two minutes. Then I happened to think, 'if I should fall, how intensely disagreeable it would be!' Down I went! I got hung on a church spire, and had quite a serious time to get myself collected together again. Fear is our greatest enemy. While I had no fear I was in no danger."

"I conclude that this phase of existence is both curious and interesting. But what next? What is there beyond?"

"The next world is not on exhibition. Samples of the future life are not offered for examination with the privilege of returning if not found suitable."

"But haven't even you learned anything about it?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. The same impenetrable veil confronts one here as on earth. While there, not all the wealth for which men sell years, would purchase an hour of the future life 'on trial.' The ordinary individual can't even get to Shadowland unless he comes to stay. We all guess—the same as we did on earth. And it amounts to just as much! As far as I am able to judge, the object of this phase of existence seems to be to continue the intellectual development begun on earth. There is no way of satisfying appetites or passions."

"What are we?"

"I don't know. I don't see as we get much nearer the solution of that problem than the ancients did. Wasn't it Pythagoras who talked about an infinitely subtle substance, out of which all other substances are constituted?"

"I believe he did write something of that sort."

"I'd like to meet Pythagoras. He had sensible views on a good many subjects, if he *did* live a long time ago. I'd like to talk things over with him. He said there was the same principle underlying the harmonies of music and the motion of the heavenly bodies. I should like to know whether he has got so he can hear the music of the spheres yet."

"Do you believe there is a music of the spheres?"

"Certainly. Do you think the earth moves through its orbit in silence? I don't. I believe the moon, and the planets, and all the stars moving through ether with such rapidity cause ethereal vibrations. These vibrations are too fine and delicate to make any impression upon an ear-drum of flesh and bone, so to speak. But if we ghosts could get out into space far enough to be away from the ordinary noises of earth, I believe we could hear the rushing of the planets as they move in their orbits. I believe we could hear a grander melody than if all the instruments upon the face of the earth were united in one harmonious band—the song of the stars as they sweep through space! The future will be full of musical surprises. The swift and rhythmical motions of the heavenly bodies must produce musical tones. Harmony is the law of the universe; discord a crime which has its home upon the earth and cannot rise above it. There is music everywhere and in everything. Do you remember that German investigator who says that the contraction of the muscles of the human body produces musical tones which he has been able to hear?"

"I think I never heard of him."

"The thing is not so unreasonable. The muscles are nothing but bundles of fibres. Contraction causes vibration. Vibration causes sound-waves. But he must have a remarkable ear, to be able to distinguish sound-waves caused by such infinitesimal vibrations. I want to read more about him and his theories, but I haven't found anyone else who is interested in the subject."

"What difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. We ghosts read under serious disadvantages. If I want to look up anything in Plato or Aristotle or Schopenhauer, I have to wait until I can find someone else who wants to read what I do. It is easy enough to read the daily papers and the current magazines, but when it comes to studying philosophical or scientific questions, it is different. There are so few people interested in the philosophy of the ancients."

"I fail to see how that affects you."

"That is because you have not dwelt in Shadowland long enough to learn your limitations. We ghosts find ourselves unable to lift

a sheet of paper or to turn a page. So when we wish to read a book, we have to find someone else who is reading it and who will turn the pages for us."

"Indeed! that is a serious drawback to scholarship in Ghostland. But how do you manage the newspapers?"

"I usually take the cars mornings, and read with the business men as they go down to their offices. Some ghosts read with certain people who are in the habit of reading at certain hours; but I take my chances on the cars. Most men hold their papers so that a ghost can sit on their shoulders and read almost anything on the first page. When they turn the paper, they are apt to fold it smaller, which makes it less convenient for the invisible reader. There are quite a number of inconveniences. The holder of the paper is quite likely to read too fast or too slowly. But worst of all are those dreamy readers who permit their minds to wander at the end of a paragraph, and forget to turn the page for half an hour."

"That must be annoying."

"It is. The Poet does the most of his reading with a literary friend. The Philosopher reads at the Newberry library. He is there every day as long as it is open, and says that he usually finds someone who reads something in which he can interest himself. The Engineer and the Electrician use the reading-room of the public library. They want papers and magazines about new inventions and electrical devices. The reading-room is the place to read the current magazines. But if a ghost wants to look up something in a back number, he will be ready to swear at himself for being a ghost; for he may have to watch the library for months before anyone else will want to consult that back number. And if someone does call it out, more than half the chances are that said person will not glance at the article the ghost particularly desires to read. Every such experience makes me more determined to find some way to counteract the force of gravity."

"Is that possible? Gravitation is the force which holds the universe together. Without it the earth would cease to accompany the sun, and there would be a universal wreckage of worlds and planetary systems. It is beyond the imagination of man to conceive what

would happen if the force of gravity should be counteracted even for one moment!"

"Oh, I don't mean to counteract it in any such wholesale manner as to affect the planets. When we walked up to this cloud we counteracted the force of gravity tending to hold us to the earth, by our own will power. Would it wreck the universe if we ghosts should gain the power to lift a sheet of paper and to handle a book?"

"It might. As I understand it, from what I have seen and heard since my arrival in Shadowland, ghosts are mere lookers-on at the feast of life, and not in any sense participants. If ghosts should gain the power to lift books they could probably lift other things, and the material world would be subject to serious disarrangement. If you could carry books, the librarians would be puzzled to know where to find their libraries. Just think what a commotion it would cause if Plato and Aristotle and Epicurus and Zeno, who have been in the habit of sleeping quietly on bookshelves for so many centuries, should take to midnight wanderings about the city!"

"It would furnish some newspaper sensations! Perhaps I should forget Schopenhauer on the Auditorium roof—which would be an excellent place to read on cloudy days! And the Sailor would be sure to leave his book fastened in the rigging of a vessel where he sits half his time. The Poet would forget Tennyson or Browning on a park seat, and No. 206 would be certain to leave his book on the top of some flat tombstone in Oakwoods or Graceland."

"If the inhabitants of the Invisible Empire could lift and carry material objects, the interests of the two worlds would soon clash. The inhabitants of the lower world would be helpless against the invisibles."

"But there are so few things that ghosts want!"

"Ghostly desires would increase with the possibility of possession. Avarice and greed would find a new home. A ghost with thievish propensities could carry off all the gold in the United States treasury, and the whole United States army couldn't prevent him! Nothing would be safe!"

"No ghost wants gold. It is of no possible use in Shadowland. Besides, if he could lift it, he couldn't carry it through a closed door!"

And if he could, what would he do with it? There is nothing to buy or sell!"

"Then here the 'precious metal' of earth is useless. But if one can't turn a page, it must be a serious matter to get a book read through."

"It is. I don't often read a book. I had such a time trying to read 'Trilby' that it discouraged me. I ought to have read it as it came out in the magazine; but somehow I didn't hear of it, until it would have bothered me to get the back numbers. When it reached Chicago in book-form, I haunted the stores and looked with longing eyes at a pile of them higher than my head. The first purchaser I saw was a young man. I went home with him to Evanston, hoping he would read on the cars—but he didn't! He smoked. And when he reached home he put 'Trilby' with a package of other books and a croquet set that was to be taken to a sister in Michigan by some member of the family at some indefinite period of time in the future! I went back to the store without even having had a look at the title-page. A white-haired old lady was the next purchaser, and I accompanied her home only to find that 'Trilby' was to be mailed to a daughter in Mexico! I went back to the book-store and waited until a stylish-looking girl bought a copy. She began it on the cars and I felt quite encouraged. We read the first chapter and then she put it on the parlor centre-table and took pride in telling her friends for the next two months that she was 'so interested in "Trilby" but hadn't had time to read more than the first chapter!' I know, because I called there and heard her say it. I went back to the store and read the titles of all the new books while I waited for the next purchaser. I rejected two or three that I thought would treat me as the others had. But when I heard a lady tell the clerk that she must read 'Trilby' as soon as possible so as to send it to a niece for a birthday present, I thought my chance had come at last."

"And you accepted it?"

"Yes; I had no idea what a woman with five children has to contend with! If the baby didn't cry the three-year-old did! If by any remarkable chance those two were both quiet at the same time, the

six-year-old would want her dress changed, or her apron mended, or her hair combed, or her doll's hat fastened on; and she would be sure to want something to eat! When she was disposed of, and about sixteen lines of 'Trilby' read, the eight-year-old would cut his finger, or lose his ball, or have the nose bleed, or break his rocking-horse, which mama must help mend at once! By the time his wants were attended to, and another sixteen lines of 'Trilby' were read, the ten-year-old would be on hand, and want help about his lessons, or inquire if his jacket was mended, or whether mama wouldn't go to the store so he could go too! And by the time he was disposed of, and another sixteen lines of 'Trilby' were read, the baby would wake up, and the whole process would have to be gone through over again. It reminded me of Cicero's Orations; we used to translate sixteen lines a day in high-school; and for that woman, reading 'Trilby' was about as slow work as reading Latin is for the average high-school boy. The first three chapters were such a miscellaneous mixture of babies, dolls, kites, balls, cookies, milk, blocks, drums, rocking-horses, and torn clothes, that I gave up in despair. But I heard her tell a friend that she was 'enjoying "Trilby" so much!' I went back to look for another reader. The next purchaser was a bald-headed man who didn't look as if he had ever read a novel in his life. I thought probably he would mail the book to his wife in Maine, or his daughter in California, or his sister in Texas, or his nephew in Florida, so I didn't accompany him home. The joke of it was, the Electrician met him at the door, saw 'Trilby' in his hand, and suddenly made up his mind he'd like to read it. So he followed him home. The man was an architect and his wife read to him evenings while he was drawing. She was a good reader, and all the Electrician had to do was to drop around evenings after supper-time and listen. It was the best chance in the world and I threw it away! However, I succeeded in getting through the book first. I waited until a romantic school-girl made her appearance. I went home with her, and she read until midnight. The next morning she began again at daylight, and we devoured the book in a few hours. But I was more interested in 'Peter Ibbetson,' Du Maurier's first book."

"That was a sort of a dream-story, was it not?"

"Yes; I had been reading several curious books on mystic and occult subjects until I had come to the conclusion that there might be something in the idea that we ought to be able to recall our past experiences and re-live at will the scenes we have once passed through. There are so many theories, adopted by persons of widely different views, pointing in that direction. Many Christians believe that when we stand before the judgment-bar of God, our whole past life will pass before us, as in a vision. Nothing will be forgotten!"

"And our friends the spiritualists think they will be able to read everything in the astral light."

"And science declares that the gray matter of the brain contains in its wrinkles a complete record not only of every event of which we have been cognizant, but of every thought. Of what use is the record if we are never to read it? Why is it there? Theosophists look forward to the time when in some future reincarnation they will be able to review all of their past lives. They do not believe that memory is dependent upon the brain and must decay when that organ's billion cells resolve into their primal elements."

"Ghost-life in Shadowland proves that bit of physiology incorrect! We have no brains—speaking physiologically—but we remember and we think!"

"Theosophists believe that the history of the world in all ages, not only of great events but of trifling ones, not only of nations but of individuals, is written in the memory of those who make that history. They believe that memory is eternal. Some mental scientists claim that the human will is the most powerful force in the universe. They claim that when properly educated and directed, all other forces, even those which lead to the decay and death of the human body, can be put under its control. I came to the conclusion that if the will is master and possesses such marvellous powers, it surely ought to be able to put me in the way of reading that record of my past life, whether written in my brain or in the astral light: I determined to try it. So I practised concentration with that single purpose in view—I would learn to re-live my past at will."

"How did you go about it? What did you do?"

"It is simple enough after one has learned to concentrate. I

wonder that people never thought of it before. All that is required is patience and perseverance guided by a strong will."

"But I haven't the slightest idea how one should go to work."

"Take an easy, restful position, and forget that you have a body. I used to lie on my back. Make sure that you will not be disturbed, for the fear of disturbance causes uneasiness. I selected for my experiment one of the happiest days of my boyhood—the day when my uncle came to take me with him on a long promised trip to the city, which I had never seen. I knew that day, with its joys and surprises and excitements, must be as deeply impressed upon the gray matter of my brain as any—and yet it took me *six months* of persevering effort to bring back that one day! But it came at last."

"Was it anything more than a vivid dream? By thinking intently upon a subject before going to sleep, one can often cause himself to dream about it."

"That is true enough. But a dream is different. In a dream things are apt to be jumbled. There is no beginning, no end, and the most extraordinary events are liable to occur. The impossible happens as often as the possible, and the dreamer accepts everything as true, although a subconscious undertone keeps whispering 'this is nothing but a dream.' Re-living the past is different. It is not a dream. It is simply reading memory's record. The past takes the place of the present. The man I had grown to be, forgot himself in the boy he watched with so much interest. Try to recall the scenes and the events of some pleasant day in your life. For instance, take the first day you visited the World's Fair. Try to recall your first views of the buildings, and the grounds and the people. My experience is that I can recall buildings, lakes, bridges, and all sorts of scenery more readily than I can people. Think of yourself and your companions, if you had any, and you will soon see them more or less vividly—and yourself with them. But the waking memory of a day long past is indistinct and full of gaps, yawning abysses, as it were, in which nine-tenths or more of the day is lost. Only a few of the most prominent happenings can be recalled. But when one sinks the consciousness of the present and locks himself away from it in sleep, that he may live only in the past—it is all there! One sees the whole.

Nothing is lost. The record is continuous and no moment is forgotten or dropped out."

"A most extraordinary experience!"

"I endeavored to recall other days, but with varying success. It was a year before I gained the ability to read whatever page of my past life I desired. It was curious and somewhat interesting, but not so satisfactory as I expected. The perfect days in an ordinary person's life are not numerous. I made the unpleasant discovery that I had been a bad-tempered, disagreeable youth with an unfortunate habit of getting into all sorts of scrapes. Who wants to re-live a childhood full of punishments? Not I! Peter Ibbetson and his Mary had an ideal childhood, which they could take comfort in re-living; but I got so I dreaded to start out on a new day, for fear I should catch myself doing some mean trick I had forgotten all about years ago."

"Couldn't you select your days?"

"One must have the memory of some certain event as a sort of key to unlock the past. But in choosing a day from one event I often met with unpleasant surprises. For instance, I once chose my sister's wedding-day, and found that I had a fight two hours after the ceremony, which cost me a black eye and a lame shoulder. Things turned out that way too often to be agreeable, so I started out on a new set of experiments. I thought it would be a fine thing to learn to leave the body and return to it at will. The result of that was that I got out of the body sure enough, and before I got back in it, they had it buried. So I am a ghost by accident. I enjoyed life in the body, and never would have committed suicide intentionally. The visibles have a better chance to find out the secrets of the universe, than we invisibles have. They can control matter and we ghosts can't—that is, we ordinary ghosts! But there is something queer about the Theosophist and the Occultist. I more than half believe that they have bodies on earth to which they can go back."

HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

ATLANTIS.

Lost Atlantis, sad Atlantis,
 Thou comest in dreams to me;
 As the moan of a shell,
 As the tone of a bell,
 That falls on your ear from the sea.
 Out of the past, so fabled and old,
 Out of the past, where your ruins are held,
 Out of the past, whose heat time has quelled,
 Again from the mists, are you free.

Lost Atlantis, grand Atlantis,
 Where sunbeams never fall;
 Beneath the sea waves,
 In deep coral caves,
 The Gnomes in bower and hall,
 Play with a tress of the sea-maid's hair,
 Bow to the sea-elf, who holds sway there,
 Beauty and love, are seen everywhere,
 Where the sea-star's shadows fall.

Lost Atlantis, sad Atlantis,
 What do you speak of the past?
 White are the bones,
 Whiter than stones,
 Of heroes in the waves cast;
 Never to see the eye of the sun,
 Never to see the willed deed done,
 Never again to be smiled upon
 But lost to the present and past.

Bold Atlantis, brave Atlantis,
 What was the power you sought?
 To wrest from the sky
 The powers on high,
 By the terrible force of thought?
 It came, with the lightning's flash and roar,
 It came, with the steady river's pour,
 It came, till you sunk to rise no more
 On the face of land or sea.

Lost Atlantis, dream Atlantis,
 Do you dwell among the stars?
 In the milky way,
 In the moonlight ray,
 Do you weep for your stains and scars?
 I cannot tell, the dream goes by;
 I cannot tell, the dawn is nigh;
 I cannot tell, but in yonder sky
 All mystery God unbars.

ABBIE W. GOULD.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A NEW LOCATION.

The growth of interest in the movement represented by this periodical has demonstrated the fact that the quarters heretofore occupied, though liberal in the beginning, have become inadequate for thorough work in all the various lines of action desirable to maintain for the good of the cause.

Its publishers, therefore, with an eye to the requirements both of the magazine and the interested public, have secured a long lease of liberal and advantageous premises, at No. 465 Fifth Avenue, in a new building with all modern equipments. The location is one of the most beautiful as well as convenient in New York City, for this enterprise, which includes a book and publication business, library, reading-rooms, halls for class-teaching and lecturing, appointments for meeting friends, etc., where the largest, handsomest, and best appointed office and store yet established in the interests of this cause will be maintained, thoroughly up to date, and meeting every requirement of all branches of the Advance-Thought movement. Nothing important has been omitted, and new features will be added as fast as the growing requirements of a developing cause make such desirable.

Agreeable attendants will always be in charge of the Library, Reading-Rooms, Lecture-Rooms, and Store, and interested persons will always be welcome.

We take pleasure in editorially making this announcement to our readers, and trust that all friends of the new movement in any of its phases will give the publishers at least one personal call.

A COMPANION IN METAPHYSICAL WORK.

A new venture, in which we take no little interest, is the recent establishing of the Classic Monthly, " Pearls," for the purpose of covering the ground not fully occupied by this Periodical, and of ministering to the wants of the many intelligent readers of all ages, who wish to develop the purer sentiments of life, and therefore need a periodical that can be relied upon for correct teaching along the lines of the heart as well as of the head.

There is a vast field for research and development here, in the most interesting and practical lines which, as yet, have been scarcely touched, except on the emotional borders, and where the most important features of education, especially of the minds of the child and youth, are to be developed for the lasting good of the coming race. The necessity and the desire for such teaching have progressed hand in hand, and we are daily receiving most urgent calls for the means of encouraging such growth in the home. " Pearls " is the result of our efforts to meet this growing want, and its editor and publishers intend that it shall not be found wanting. " Pearls " will be a companion in Metaphysics, dealing with subjects near to the home and dear to the hearts of all who love the light of truth and recognize its universal radiance.

Many sides, but one Truth—is the keynote of all metaphysical teaching. The simplicity, purity, and perfection of the Gem will be found throughout the pages of this new messenger of love, while its teachings may be relied upon as correct in principle and sound in law. The laws of human life are the blossom of the divine. The poetry of Law is harmony, and the " harmony " of life is love.

We believe that our interested readers will find both these true-hearted productions indispensable in the home. In the two, the entire range of experience will be covered in all its phases of truth and reality and in every dress of enjoyment. The mental and spiritual forces of the world are combining for this work, and the publishers hope to hear from all who feel an interest in the progress of the human race out of the bondage of incorrect views and into the freedom of true understanding.

With the establishing of " Pearls " the present work of " Intelligence " will be divided between the two, Pearls taking the lighter material. This

practically obviates the difficulties met with in the use of our original name; and with the April number we shall return to our "first love," "The Metaphysical Magazine," which will hereafter be the name of this periodical.

FRONTISPIECE.

We present to our readers this month an exceedingly good likeness of the Swâmi Abhedânanda, who brings to the Western world the good tidings of the Eastern teaching of true metaphysical principles. A more clear-cut type of the union of both heart and intellect is seldom seen in a human face, especially in this hard practical Western-world life.

An essay by the Swâmi, which opens this number, shows this strength combined with simplicity in a marked way. His thought, while deep and true to the inexorable logic of reality, is yet so simple, so plain, so comprehensible, and so beautiful withal, that it carries no evidence of the "inexorable"—which seems to trouble the minds of some, who have so strong a desire to be independent that the idea of logical exactness seems burdensome. The teachings of this article are plain metaphysical truth, and well understood here by those who have studied Eastern lore, but the Western mind is apt to labor more in expressing its thought; and, as is always the case in mental action, the putting forth of laborious effort clouds the intellect and smothers the spiritual faculties.

Spirit moves as the light shines—in silence; and the great things of life always operate quietly. Calmness is the first requisite of mental force. The Swâmi's valuable contribution verifies all of these thoughts.

LA GRIPPE AND INFLUENZA.

The prevalence of the disease known from Maine to California as "la grippe" illustrates the remarkable avidity with which Americans seize upon a new word. Worcester says that influenza is called "la grippe" in France. Webster says that "grippe" is the French word for influenza. Through some kind of jugglery, however, Americans seem always to have the French disease, and the Frenchmen the American disease. Dispatches from Paris announce the spread of influenza, while dispatches from towns about New York tell of the spread of "la grippe." Cardinal

Sineoni died at Rome from influenza, but Professor Aiken died at Princeton from "la grippe." Will some coming lexicographer gravely announce that "grippe" is the English for influenza, and that influenza is the French for "grippe"?—*New York Tribune*.

METAPHYSICAL HEALING.

*THEORY AND GENERAL STRUCTURE.**

The Science of Metaphysical Healing presents a reliable method of acquiring and retaining health without the use of drugs or material remedies, or the employment of any injurious process.

It is based upon certain fundamental truths of Being which show that the mental and spiritual faculties are higher in nature, more powerful in action, and therefore greater in importance than the physical, alone, and that they govern or control the physical at all times, under all circumstances, whether so recognized or not.

An intelligent understanding of the laws through which the mind is constantly influencing the body, consciously, sub-consciously, or super-consciously, for either good or ill, enables one to operate upon the mind of another in such a manner as to remove a condition of sickness and re-establish the normal state of health; to release from the bondage of dependence upon a drug, whether stimulant or opiate, and to remove injurious habit either of thought or act. In fact, it gives power to heal and restore to the normal condition, either the body or mind, when suffering from any element of discord.

The reason for this power is found in the fact that comprehension of the vital principles involved in the philosophy, enables one to mentally form correct thought pictures with regard to life. Through the operation of the reflective action of mind—now known as thought-transference—these correct pictures may then be directly transferred to other minds, as a good influence. When such influence is received by any mind, the corresponding activity will be generated in its own body, through natural laws, and

* This is Lesson I. in the System of Instruction given by The American School of Metaphysics, New York. It is given in connection with the Introduction, which appeared in these columns last month—the two comprising the first lesson in Course I.—Philosophy.

in a perfectly natural manner. This regeneration must necessarily result in renewed health, vigor, and happiness.

Through knowledge of the laws of Mental Imagery (the picturing of ideas in mind), and Mental Photography (the transference of those pictures of ideas to other minds), together with the reflected physical copy of the thought-picture on the body, the conscious or sub-conscious generation of a diseased condition is made clear.

The body is always a correct copy of the mind, and accurately registers every thought-picture formed through the imaging faculty, whether right or wrong—the right for permanent good, the wrong for a seeming bodily harm. Recognition of these facts leads to the conclusion that by replacing incorrect mental pictures with correct ones, a cure of any form of disease may be possible.

These principles, whenever applied under such exact conditions as are necessary for any test or demonstration in Science, invariably produce exact results which prove the truth of the theories. These results may be obtained and the facts demonstrated by any member of the human family who will sufficiently inform himself and so conduct his habits and powers of thought as to conform to the fixed laws of the universe in which he dwells, and of which he is a living part. This clearly suggests the real nature of the theory, which, being capable of universal application, invariably with good results, must be true, therefore scientific.

In this age of materiality and scepticism we frequently hear the remark that mental methods have no claim to the term Science, but are distinctly unscientific. Let us examine this statement in the light of the true meaning of words—the only way in which they can be used understandingly for scientific purposes.

Each word in a language stands for an Idea which the word was originally coined to represent. Frequently, in the English language, the same word is used to express different ideas, sometimes with exactly opposite meanings. In the description of ideas this is confusing to the student unless the fact be borne in mind that in most instances there is but one strictly true meaning for the word; *i.e.*, the root or derivative meaning. All other so-called definitions are simply *common usages*, which have grown around the word from careless habit or custom, and are finally adopted as definitions because of the frequency of that use. But these usages are not

correct, and, if words are employed in the wrong way in philosophical or scientific literature, entirely wrong ideas are conveyed, and much harm is done, through the misleading of the mind.

In the earlier days, when the most of our philosophies and sciences were determined and defined, these usages were not known; therefore, to employ them now is, in many instances, to render entirely erroneous meanings, because the truth as taught by the writer who used the words with the pure meaning, is either clouded or entirely lost.

With every idea, there was a time when it existed with no word in the English language to express it. A word was then coined for that purpose. At this time the purpose was *clear* and *single*. Nearly all English words were produced by combining words from older languages. These foreign words then stood for the same ideas for which English words were desired; therefore, if we consider the meanings of these *roots*, we shall invariably find the original and *right* meaning of the English word. For a long time this was the *only* meaning borne by that word, and it is the only definition that can be safely employed in scientific and philosophical matters.

The word Science is derived from the Latin. The original English word was *Scient*, which meant knowing, skilful; now obsolete. The Latin of *Scient* is *Sciens*: p. pr. of *Scire*, to know. The Latin word for Science is *Scientia*. The definitions of the word Science, according to Webster, are:

1st. "Knowledge; penetrating and comprehensive information; as *e.g.*, 'Shakespeare's deep and accurate *science* in mental philosophy.'—*Coleridge*."

2d. "The comprehension and understanding of truth or facts; investigation of truth for its own sake; pursuit of pure knowledge."

3d. "Truth ascertained; that which is known. Hence, specifically, knowledge duly arranged; philosophical knowledge; profound knowledge; complete knowledge; true knowledge. 'Science is . . . a complement of cognitions, having, in point of form, the character of logical perfection, and, in point of matter, the character of real truth.'—*Sir Wm. Hamilton*."

Science is either *applied* or *pure*. Continuing Webster's definitions, we find that "Applied science is a knowledge of facts, events, or phe-

nomena, as explained, accounted for, or produced by means of powers, causes, or laws. Pure science is the knowledge of these powers, causes, or laws, considered apart, or as pure from all applications."

Metaphysical Healing is an applied science, or knowledge of metaphysics, applied to the healing art.

Webster further says: "Science is literally knowledge; but more usually denotes a systematic arrangement of knowledge. The most perfect state of science, therefore, will be the most high and accurate inquiry."

Scientific means "Agreeing with or depending on the rules or principles of Science. Evincing profound and systematic knowledge."

A Scientist is "one learned in Science."

According to these definitions the term Science can be legitimately employed only to represent real truth, actual facts, or some exact arrangement of *actual knowledge* in regard to facts; hence, any theory based upon opinions which can be demonstrated to be untrue, is not scientific, therefore cannot stand for a Science, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding.

"True science has no belief. True science knows but three states of mind: denial, conviction, and the vast interval between these two, which is not belief, but the suspension of judgment.

Science in our modern times proceeds otherwise; it either denies point blank, without any investigation, or sits in the interim between denial and conviction, and, dictionary in hand, invents new Græco-Latin appellations for non-existing kinds of hysteria." *

The system of Metaphysical Healing, as now formulated, is claimed to be a Science because it is founded upon the most definite knowledge of the real facts in regard to both life and health. In its operative action it is accurately scientific in character, in construction, and in application to the vicissitudes of life.

The first question asked by the average inquirer is, "What is Metaphysical Healing?" This is usually supplemented by the interrogatories: Is it Mesmerism? Electricity? Faith Cure? Will power? etc. Does it employ remedies as aids? Does it require faith on the part of the patient?

In order to clear the atmosphere of erroneous opinions which seem to be commonly entertained with regard to the work, it may be well, in beginning, to first explain what it is not and what is not to be expected of it. This will leave the field clear for constructive operation.

* Bulwer Lytton.

First, then, it is not in any sense a Medical treatment; no remedies are required, as higher methods of accomplishing the required results are employed. Neither is it Massage; there is no physical manipulation or bodily contact of any kind in true "Metaphysical" healing.

It is not based upon Magnetism, and does not employ any form of animal influence, or deal in any manner whatsoever with the animal nature. Neither is it Electricity in any physical sense.

It is not Mesmerism, or Hypnotism. These are but the control of one mind by another, through exercises of the animal nature, and they belong entirely to the plane of Will, in the sense of brute force; but Metaphysical influence is not will power in the sense of selfish, or wilful determination; it appeals entirely to the spiritual nature, in a development of the faculties of pure being.

It is not "Faith Cure" in the sense of dependence upon prayer or supplication, which is necessarily based upon some form or degree of superstition; neither is it emotionalism, fanaticism, or supposition.

The foregoing are mostly names of healing methods which are based upon various opinions and theories about life and its laws. Each theory thus advanced is based upon Materialism, and the separateness of Personality. In each is contained grains of truth, usually hidden from view and weakened in power by the blind and sometimes fanatical determination of its founder or followers to materialize both the theory and its application, while to be fundamentally true both must necessarily be spiritual, in essence.

The founders of the most of these theories seem to have had a glimpse of the brightness and power of truth inherent in the spiritual nature of man, but being so wedded to material things and sense illusion, they have failed to follow through to the ultimate the element of truth thus partially discerned; the usual result has been an effort to explain the demonstrations of power obtained on a strictly material plane and in personal terms.

This is an utterly futile effort. The more they try to explain, the deeper they inevitably get in the mire of superstition and error, and the more blind they become to the only spark of truth that was ever contained in their theories, namely, that Spirit alone is the power which worketh all things, and that matter is only *worked upon* or acted upon by spirit, but never works of itself, or directly *upon* anything.

The individual may not know a word of the theory of any of the above-mentioned methods of cure, yet he may be the means of healing not only all that such methods can help, but also the many that through all of these methods combined have failed to cure and have been obliged to leave to their suffering, if he rightly understand the laws of his own being, knowing how mind acts upon mind and controls the body, at all times, in both health and sickness. This fact has been thoroughly proved and thousands are to-day demonstrating the power.

The healing of disease without the use of drugs, manipulation, or material remedies, is generally spoken of as Mental Healing. By a careless-speaking public, it is commonly termed Mind Cure, and it is variously known by the sects who have adopted mental methods, as

Mind Cure,	Mental Science,
Mental Cure,	Spiritual Science,
Mind Healing,	Divine Science,
Mental Healing,	Christian Science,
Spiritual Healing,	Christian Metaphysics,
Divine Healing,	Psychology,
Christian Healing,	Psychopathy,
Psychic Healing,	Old Theology,
Psychopathic Healing,	Ontology,
Psychological Healing,	Pneumatopathy,
Mind Science,	Pneumatology.

It is strictly the Philosophy of Metaphysics—the Science of Being; and as a scientific system it is rightly named Metaphysical Healing.

All of these are names employed by people who are engaged either in the work of healing without the agency of material remedies, or in theorizing about work performed by others. They are attempts to name a force newly recognized, but which as yet is almost beyond human comprehension. The same principles and laws are dealt with by all, though in different degrees of understanding and methods of application. Some seem to find the man in the WILL, either upon the animal or the divine plane, according to the development of the thinker; others think they find him in the emotional nature, still others in the psychic nature; while some recognize him as a spiritual being but see no way of reaching him save through the emotions. There are, however, others who recognize

him as pure spiritual being, to be found and reached through familiarity with the real spiritual laws of his nature. All are by different paths seeking the same goal. But Man, like God, has his source in SPIRIT, and must be found amidst spiritual activities. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE.

MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

Here is a psychological experience of a remarkable kind. A day or two before Christmas a lady was coming out of Park Square, across Boylston Street, to the Common. The crossings were muddy and very slippery. She had been dodging wagons and cars, and was picking her way across the muddy street, when she saw, coming down the Boylston Street incline, a double team attached to a heavy express wagon, with a projecting pole in front. She slipped on the wet crossing, and the little accident so delayed her movement that the team was upon her almost before she knew it. The speed of the horses was so great that the driver could not have checked them or diverted them in time to save her. She made a desperate struggle to get away and slipped again, and at this instant the pole of the rushing wagon grazed so closely to her cheek that she felt its rushing movement. It was here that the psychological phenomenon referred to occurred. The lady distinctly heard and felt the cracking and crunching of her own bones under the wheels of the wagon; she was, in her own consciousness, completely under the wheels of the vehicle, where she was being fatally run over. At the same instant this thought flashed through her mind: "There is no means of identifying me except a railroad commutation ticket in my bag, which has my husband's address written on the cover. How dreadful for him to hear of this in this way." Then there came to her senses a sort of panoramic picture of her husband and children at home, with no way to find the Christmas presents, which she had hidden away in various places about the house! Her imagination recalled every separate spot, with all the details of its surroundings, in which these presents were located—some in the attic, some in closets, some in bureaus, etc.

By this time the lady had reached the curbstone, and had not been run over at all! The whole affair had taken place within three feet of the curb, and had, of course, occupied only the merest instant of time. The impression of the breaking bones, the wheels going over her, and all

the rest, had been pure imagination, and had come to her at the very instant when the pole of the wagon brushed so closely to her face. Nevertheless, she carried away an ache in every bone, and could not, for some time, disabuse her mind of the sensation of having been actually run over.—*The Transcript, Boston.*

DREAMS AND THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Some years since I met with a railroad accident on the Northern Pacific in Montana. Shortly before midnight, the sleeper in which I occupied a berth broke from the train, caused by spreading of the rails, and tumbled down an embankment into the Yellowstone River. I dove through the car window without clothing and saved myself by swimming to the shore and creeping up the steep bank. I had cut my hands, feet, and side by breaking the jagged pieces of glass left in the frames of the window when broken, to enable me to escape. Besmeared with mud and blood, I was taken into the train, which still stood on the track, while a fierce thunderstorm was raging and the rain came down in torrents. Four weeks before this happened, my mother, living on a farm near Geneva Lake, Wis., saw me in a dream standing pale-faced, naked, and covered with mud and blood on a stage in a theatre; she noted the play, which she saw (in the dream) before I appeared on the stage in the midst of a storm. About one week before my accident, my parents were invited to visit a friend, Mr. A. C. Hesing, the president of the Illinois Staats-Zeitung Co. of Chicago. After visiting more friends in the city, Mr. Hesing invited my mother to witness a performance in a theatre (the Auditorium) in which she had never been before. As soon as she entered, she recognized the same drapery and furnishings which she had seen in her dream; also the same equipment and acting on the stage, after the performance began. Alarmed, she insisted on returning home next morning, fearing that something dreadful might have happened on the farm, for she was certain that the last part of the dream, concerning myself, would come true, as the first part had done. Arriving at the farm, she found everything in good order and no bad news had been received from me. Several days after her return an assistant editor, and a friend of my parents and Mr. Hesing, came to the farm to spend a vacation and remarked at the dinner-table, incidentally: "Your son was very lucky, after all, to escape as he did, in that dreadful accident, wasn't he?" My mother was speechless for a minute, and the editor, being surprised that she knew nothing of it, told her all the details,

which I had written to Mr. Hesing, asking him to inform my parents. He also had published an account of it in his paper (in July, 1891). So this dream proved true like many others. From my own experience and that of others, I should conclude that it is a mistake to assume that a danger or a misfortune can be avoided, if the dream which mirrors them be heeded as a warning. It seems that the more vivid the dream, the more certain are the foreboded things to happen. Isn't the strong mental picture proof positive of its realization? Isn't the present pregnant with the future and really no such thing as "time" in the realm of Spirit? So the very occurrence of the vivid, startling dream would seem to guarantee its realization, and the not heeding of the warnings of the dream might be taken as such. I could bring more proof, if you care to have it, to sustain this argument.

Now, a few words about transference of thoughts and pictures. I have an uncle, only brother of my mother, who builds and superintends powder and dynamite factories for Noble & Co., of Paris, France. As he travels very much, we often do not hear from him for a long time and are anxious at times, fearing that something serious has happened to him. One night in February, 1897, I was dreaming an ordinary, trivial dream in Omaha, Neb., when suddenly I heard a fearful detonation, saw green and blue fire spurt in all directions like lightning, and felt myself as if I had been annihilated. It required a few minutes till I realized that I was not dead and that all had been a dream. I thought at once of my uncle and that one of the factories had exploded. In the morning, at the breakfast-table, I told my brother of the vivid dream, which had not the least connection with the trivial dream, and I said that I was certain that one of uncle's factories was blown up. Two days after a cable dispatch appeared in the morning paper, saying that Noble's dynamite factory near Ayrshire, Scotland, had exploded, killing half a dozen men and breaking window-panes for forty miles around. Upon investigation the fact developed that the factory blew up at the same time I had the dream, considering the difference in time between Nebraska and Scotland. My uncle was not near the factory at the time, but in France.

My mother tells me that about forty years ago, on a Fourth of July, the date on which people celebrated "Kirmes" in the village of Rhenish-Prussia, where her parents resided, her father was to accompany her to a ball. He was always of a jolly disposition, but on that particular day, as, also, on the day before, he appeared to be unusually grave and averse to merriment. He himself said it seemed strange, but he could not help

it. He finally said he did not feel inclined to go with his daughter and make merry, but was persuaded to go, by his wife, to please the only daughter. On the way to the ball he grew more sad, and said he had his father constantly on his mind and was certain that something bad had happened to him. His father was living in Pennsylvania, having emigrated to the United States. When my mother had reached hearing distance of the merry music, her father, who had always been one of the merriest at the festivities, shook with emotion and began to weep, saying that he could not bear the music, nor the "Kirmes"; that the thought of his father was so intense that it would not leave him. He turned back with her and went home, denying himself to all callers. Just twenty-eight days afterward he received a letter from Pennsylvania, saying that his father had died on July 5th from the effects of eating poisonous ice-cream on July 4th, which had been prepared in a copper vessel. Here you have the transmission of a woebegone feeling across the ocean, from the Alleghany Mountains to the shores of the Rhine! A telegraphy without wire!

ERNST BENNINGHOVEN.

RESPONSIVE READING AND MEDITATION.*

RESPONSIVE READING.

MINISTER.—On that effulgent power which is God himself, and is called the Light of the Radiant Sun, do I meditate; governed by the mysterious light which resides in me.

CONGREGATION.—I myself am an irradiated manifestation of the Supreme Being.

MINISTER.—There is only one Deity, the great Soul. He is called the Sun, for he is the Soul of all beings.

CONGREGATION.—That which is One, the wise call it in divers manners.

MINISTER.—Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One.—*Rig Veda*, 1500 B.C., and Bible.

MEDITATION.

Man is not content within narrow limitations. The earth cannot contain him. He defies the confines of the body. He breaks his prison bars. He aspires. He soars. He is conscious of that which is not fed by bread alone. He must have soul-food; else he shrivels and decays. He seeks within himself that which is higher than himself. Anon he learns that higher self is still himself. Seeking this, he seeks the divine. Here

* From the services of The Metropolitan Independent Church. Rev. Henry Frank, Minister. Berkeley Lyceum, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

he holds communion—here he prays. He who knows himself, ever dwells in aspirations—his prayer is ceaseless. As the flower drinks the sunlight—his being absorbs the light divine. Here he aspires toward purity, love, gentleness, kindness, peace, truth, and goodness. He dwells on these powers. He holds their image in his mind. He sees. His mind is clothed anew. *He is transformed.* Such is true prayer. So let us ever pray. Amen.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

WHOSE SOUL HAVE I NOW? A Novel. By Mary Clay Knapp. Cloth, 240 pp., 75 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., New York & Chicago.

There are many eager minds turning hopefully toward the realm of spirit, seeking in its mysteries a solution of the perplexing problems that confront us on every side. To such, this attractive book will appeal with absorbing interest. The author, with rare skill, weaves her story in simple narrative around the central figure, a woman with a highly spiritual nature, who is made a living sacrifice to duty (?) because of the conventionalities of social life. Thought and soul-transference are treated as facts, and love as the dominating element in life. Writings of this class cannot fail to advance the higher thought, in this materialistic age.

IN SEARCH OF A SOUL. By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 273 pp. The Philosophical Publishing Co., 19 Blagden Street, Boston, Mass.

This volume is a collection of papers read before various societies in Boston and other cities. The chapters group themselves about one central theme—the search after the soul, and, to quote, “so far as this book inculcates a method of development, it emphasizes the natural principle of attainment as exemplified in our daily human social life at its best.” If it succeeds in bringing struggling souls into harmonious relationship with the Universal Spirit, it will have won its right to live.

HEILBROUN : OR DROPS FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH. By Fanny M. Harley. Paper, 133 pp., 50 cents. The F. M. Harley Publishing Co. 87 Washington Street, Chicago.

This is a series of articles from Mrs. Harley's pen, published in "Universal Truth" from month to month, now collected and put into book form. The teaching is especially that of self-healing for soul and body, and full of wholesome and practical thought.

THE NEW PURITANISM. Papers by Lyman Abbott, Amory H. Bradford, Charles A. Berry, George H. Gordon, Washington Gladden, Wm. J. Tucker. With an introduction by Rossiter W. Raymond. Cloth, 175 pp., \$1.25. Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, New York.

With such names on the title page, this book insures an interest and gives guarantee of a force and vitality of thought, which is fulfilled upon reading the first article by Dr. Abbott. He gives the name, "The New Puritanism," to the present aspect of theological thinking among a large proportion of the Protestant churches. The occasion of delivering the addresses contained in the present volume was the semi-centennial anniversary celebration of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn (1847-1897), the speakers, men of eminence, whose broad views cannot fail to attract and interest thinking people. The introduction by Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, gives a lucid account of the celebration and of the object sought in securing the presence of each one of the speakers.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By La Forest Potter, M.D. Cloth, 163 pp., \$1.00. Philosophical Publishing Co., 19 Blagden Street, Boston, Mass.

This book, with its suggestive title, marks a decided departure from the conventional orthodox treatment of disease, and has a significance not to be overlooked as coming from the pen of a physician in active practice. Dr. Potter discusses his subject rationally and broadly, and with a thorough appreciation of the influence of mind over matter, does justice to the mental method of healing. It is believed that this book will bridge over the chasm between the orthodox school of medicine and the mental school. It certainly is instructive, and will be helpful to the many people who are anxious to find a way out of the old ruts of tradition.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD. By Charles B. Newcomb. Cloth, 261 pp., \$1.50. The Philosophical Publishing Co., 19 Blagden Street, Boston, Mass.

This book adds one more to the list of publications whose aim is to point the way in the direction of Truth, for those who are too blinded by prejudice to find it unaided. It is written concisely and clearly and has its place among the exponents of the New Thought, which presses ever onward.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

CLAIRVOYANCE. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Cloth, 106 pp. Published for the Order of the White Rose, Chicago.

HOW WE MASTER OUR FATE. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth, 109 pp. Published originally in "The Exodus." The Gestefeld Publishing Co., New York.

- THE MYSTERY OF GOLD RUST. By Clarence Webster Holmes. Paper, 237 pp, 50 cents. The Coming Nation Print, Ruskin, Tenn.
- SCIENCE: THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By Frank Wood Haviland. Cloth, 186 pp. Published and sold by the author, 205 West 118th Street, New York.
- PARASITIC WEALTH. By John Brown. Cloth, 169 pp. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
- A CASE OF PARTIAL DEMATERIALIZATION. By Mons. A. Aksakoi. Translation by Tracy Gould, LL.B. Cloth, 179 pp. Banner of Light Publishing Co., 9 Bosworth Street, Boston, Mass.
- A SCIENTIFIC SKELETON. By Samuel Blodgett. Paper, 105 pp. Published by the author, at Grafton, N. D.
- THE THEORIES OF EVOLUTION AND MATERIALISM. By George Shelley Hughs. Paper, 32 pp., 5 cents. Published by the author, Des Moines, Ia.
- CHRIST UNVEILED. By Anna J. Johnson. Cloth, 105 pp., \$1.00. Press of Jas. N. Johnston, 22 Beekman Street, New York.
- LESSONS IN SCIENCE AND HEALING. By M. E. Cramer. Cloth, 258 pp., \$1.50. 324 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

- THE PHILISTINE. Monthly. \$1.00 per annum; single copy, 10 cents. Published by The Society of The Philistines, Aurora, N. Y.
- THE LABOUR ANNUAL. The Year-Book for Social and Political Reformers. Paper covers, one shilling. Editor and Publisher, Joseph Edwards, Wallasey, Liverpool, England.
- ANNALES DES SCIENCES PSYCHIQUES. Bi-monthly. Subscription, 12 fr. per annum, single copy, 2 fr. 50. M. Felix Alcan, 108 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, France.
- THE OPEN COURT. Monthly. \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.
- THE HUMANITARIAN. Monthly. \$1.50 per annum, single copy, 10 cents. London: Hutchinson & Co., 34 Paternoster Row, E. C.
- THE THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. \$5.00 per annum, single copy, 50 cents. Published at Adyar, India.
- MODERN ASTROLOGY. Monthly. 12 shillings per annum, single copy, one shilling. Published by Wm. Foulsham & Co., 4 Pilgrim Street, London. E. C., England.
- THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. \$2.75 per annum, single copy, 25 cents. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 26 Charing Cross, S. W. New York: 65 Fifth Avenue.
- UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly. \$1.00 per annum, single copy, 10 cents. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington Street, Chicago.

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