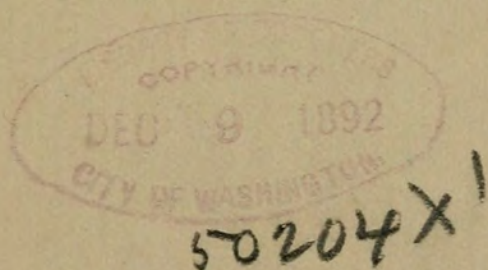


❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ NINETEENTH  
CENTURY SENSE: ❧ ❧

BEING THE PARADOX OF SPIR-  
ITUS SANCTUS AND OF ROSI-  
CRUCIANISM. ❧ ❧ BY J. E.  
✓ GARRETSON, M.D. (JOHN DARBY).

*SECOND EDITION.*



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“A man that looks on glass  
On it may stay his eye,  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And the heavens espy.”





## PARADOXES.

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Mention of paradoxes affords both definition of the book and idea of its contents.

*Judgment and Understanding existing with Nineteenth-Century Sense are entirely one with inductions reached by Rosicrucian speculations.*

*Freedom from doubt is one with Spiritus Sanctus.*

*Nothing is what it seems to be.*

*Common Sense is little better than No Sense.*

*Now is one with Eternity.*

*To-day is identical with all days.*

*Supernatural is not different from natural.*

*Heaven and hell are a common location.*

*"Hic jacet" is not fact.*

*A buried man is an unburied one.*

*Death is the same as life.*

*The Soul of man is one with God.*

*Man is girl, boy, bush, bird, and fish, yet is neither of these.*

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Dedication is to the Garretsonian Society.





# SPIRITUS SANCTUS.

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## I.

"Men do not know themselves, and therefore they do not understand the things that are in their inner world. Each man has the essence of God, and all the wisdom and power of the world (germinally) in himself; he possesses one kind of knowledge as much as another, and he who does not find that which is in him cannot truly say that he does not possess it, but only that he was not capable of successfully seeking it."

SIGHT of ships by him who cultivates ships, sight of poems by him who cultivates poetry, sight of scores by him who cultivates music, sight of the Divinity by him who cultivates the divine,—sight of none of these by him who cultivates none of them.

Striving after understanding of the universal and of man's relation with it.—Seeking a sanctuary where higher dominates lower.—Reaching comprehension that for a beast, whether man or brute, there is the grass under its nose, nothing else; that for an "alchemist" there is gold; that for the "immortal" there are cosmetics, if not indeed a liquor adolescentiæ and



an elixir vitæ; that an "Illuminate" may reach and eat of the fruit that grows in the "midst of the garden;" eating of this fruit, and growing through the eating, until growth reaches whither growth leads.

Recognizing, with Paracelsus, that *the beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power*; and with Ovid, that things alter, that nothing dies; and with Empedocles, that man is in truth one with bird, beast, and fish; and with Plato, that he is one with none of these things. Able to read the paradox of "hic jacet" in understanding that here he who lies is not he who lies but he who lies not.

Above all things recognizing oneness in Now and Eternity.

Freed of all confusion in understanding that duty and responsibility rest and relate with the Now, and with the Now alone.

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

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

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

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

Being brought into a state of profound content,



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

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

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

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

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

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

Coming, in highest wisdom, to care for nothing or



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



## II.

ABOUT SPIRITUS SANCTUS AND THE  
ROSICRUCIANS.

"The philosophy of one generation becomes the common sense of the next."

A ROSICRUCIAN is nothing more uncommon than that the word Inquirer stands as his synonyme.

Spiritus Sanctus means to a Rosicrucian Refuge from Doubt as refuge lies with understanding. It means also to him Sacred Spirit as final refuge.

Using the word Rosicrucian, a word somewhat unfamiliar to modern ears, instead of philosopher, or inquirer, in connection with the dissections and examinations of the present pages is assumed as justified and commendable in introduction afforded by it to a class of thinkers who evolved clearness out of obscurity and highest out of lowest. Any name implying people that think for themselves and who want to find out about things may be put, if preferred, in the place of Rosicrucian; the name is to imply, however, a closer than the ordinary observer.

*History.*—Appreciation of Rosicrucianism is entrance, and the only entrance, upon the way of development; this is one with saying that cultivation of what a man finds to be his capability constitutes the glory and success of the man.

Rosicrucianism is questioning life. Christian Ro-



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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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



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

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



agree in proposing the most crude and incomprehensible notions and ideas in the most obscure, quaint, and unusual expressions." Let this criticism be measured by the language of the present chemistry when compared with names and terms familiar to the popular ear. A chemist prefers request to fellow-chemist for  $\text{HNO}_3$  or  $\text{HSO}_4$ , meaning by these symbols to ask for nitric or sulphuric acid,—symbols full of meaning to the inquirer, empty entirely of sense to the unlearned.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Knowledge of Ego exists in understanding of hypostases.

Referring back to the opening suggestion of this chapter that "a synonyme of Rosicrucian is Inquirer," the reader will wisely pause to consider as to whither inquiry may or will lead. It certainly is agreed to by everybody that inquiry is a thing of many directions, and that men go according to a direction taken. Some go after gold, some after medicine, others after other things. The first correspond, as implied, with the alchemists, the second with the immortals. The others, being a limited number, a very limited number, go after Wisdom ; these correspond with the "illuminates ;" they live in the refuge.

Something is to be added. Reason for using the word Rosicrucian is not alone that introduction is afforded thinkers, but that unfamiliar may introduce unfamiliar, so many of the subjects considered not being germane to every-day common-sense living ; while to begin a book with what is to show itself as the text of this one—namely, "*Common sense is little better than no sense*"—is wisely to secure to one's support wisdom going before, which wisdom plainly enough is to show the superiority over common sense of educated sense, and the superiority over this latter of Egoistic



sense, and the superiority over this superior of soul sense.

To anticipate. The science of medicine begins its study of man at the dissecting-table; here, too, it ends. What is here defined as Rosicrucianism begins also with a scalpel, but difference lies with induction. A Rosicrucian quickly differentiates that what he cuts apart is not man but man's body. Induction discovers to him Ego. Further advance exposes to him soul.

Man discovered to be not one save as three are one, that is, not at all what common sense sees him to be, Rosicrucianism gets its understanding of the nothingness of common sense, and goes on with little regard to it.

#### HYPOSTASES.

A Rosicrucian approaches the hypostases with full appreciation that here and only here is understanding of man and of man's relation with the universal; having, as his clear proof of this, that requirements are ever in accord with capability. Understanding hypostases, he knows that he knows as to capability. Knowing that he knows as to capability, induction solves for him everything else as to what is below, above, and around men. He attains certitude.

Seeking, not the familiar lower, but the unfamiliar higher, constitutes searches which an interested reader is here invited to pursue with a doctor.\*

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\* Books leading up to the present one are "Odd Hours of a Physician," "Hours with John Darby," "Thinkers and Thinking," "Brushland," and "Man and his World."



## III.

UNDERSTANDING OF HYPOSTASES  
THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

"The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man, and the man said, 'Am I your debtor?' And the Lord said, 'Not yet; but make the house as clean as you can, and then I will let you a better.'"

"The savage, which is the animal, must be coerced and disciplined in order that the man be developed, and the man must be patiently cultivated in order to make a wise man, and the wise man must be tested and tried if he is to become righteous, and the righteous man must have substituted for the animal will the will of God if he is to become a saint."

THE quotations find likeness in the mind of a thinker with the rounds of a ladder; lower leading to higher. First the house of the brute, then possibility of a better house; the savage an animal, disciplinary coercion for the development of a man out of the savage; later the philosopher; still later the saint.

Illustrative lines, most expressive and suggestive, are as follows:

"I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the  
Past,  
Where I sank with the body at times in the slough of a low  
desire,  
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet at last,  
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height  
that is higher."



The chapter here before the reader being foundational to all that follows, an absolute understanding of its subjects is a necessity if interest and profit are to carry forward. It is one with definition. Let it not be unread or unstudied because of an uninviting aspect.

With comprehension of Hypostases is ground of Certitude; meaning by hypostases simply the component parts of which anything consists, and meaning by certitude that which is irrefutable truth. Hypostases introduces, among other things, Holy Ghost. This latter term, in its obscurity, repels. It savors of the dull sermon. Not, however, does it so savor to a Rosicrucian's understanding of it. To him it is known as Summum Bonum. In it he recognizes the meaning of that name given by Christians as one with Salvation. He comprehends that refusal as to understanding it is one with refusal to advance on brute life; and, on the other hand, that with understanding of it is initiation.

Rosicrucianism, finding itself advanced by reason of chemical and general philosophical analyses to understanding, accepts, out of the inductions of such initiation, that the beginning of that higher knowledge, which, once come to, takes of itself hold of the human and carries him forward until everything is apprehended which relates man with highest and as well Universal, lies with recognition of the third of the principles of the Greek hypostases,—namely, recognition of the Holy Ghost of the Trinity; denial of the existence of which, as later on is to be shown, is possible alone to beasts, whether these be of shape like men or like brutes. Denial of it is also necessary commission of the unpar-



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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\* See "Man and his World."



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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



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

SYNOPSIS.—Man is not a simple single being, but consists of a possible conjunction of parts, which parts are the sole common constituents of the world. These things, or parts, are: 1. A selfhood, which is the meaning of his individuality. 2. Matter, which is one with his body. 3. God, which is one with his soul. Cultivation of Ego, or selfhood, grows the personal. Cultivation of matter grows body. Cultivation of God grows soul. Man is of earth earthy or of heaven heavenly, according to which of the associate hypostases he cultivates.



## IV.

## CONCERNING MATTER OR BODY.

*What shows itself not one thing or another to the process of Exclusion, that is nothing.*

The analysis passed over is analysis after a general manner. To refine on such analysis observation is to advance to detail. Man not knowing himself knows to advantage nothing outside of himself. Matter, the subject of the present chapter, offers study of that part of the hypostases of a man understood as body. Ultimate of body being reached, induction discovers Ego. Ultimate of Ego reached, difference between man and brute is found to be with soul. Definition of difference between comprehension and apprehension is practically introductory of hypostases.

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

But man eternally holds his head upward. He finds



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

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

This presence of Holy Ghost is nothing at all different from what men call Soul; and here it is, and here it is only, that distinction is to be found between



men and brutes. Soul is the Divinity as it may or does reside with men. Soul is not Ego. Soulistic knowledge is knowledge existing in that which is Knowledge itself.\*

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

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

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

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

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\* Refer to chapter on Hypostases.

† See "Man and his World."



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

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

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

He who would comprehend for himself as to every-



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

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

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

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



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

Can we understand?

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

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

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\* From class lectures.



plies the almshouse and that the almshouse furnishes skeletons.

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

"One more unfortunate  
Gone to her home."

Whence? Whither?

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

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

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



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

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

"What is the femur?"

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

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

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

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

"Form shows itself as one with constituents."

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

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

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

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

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

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



"A thing, then, is its constituents?"

"It is this or it is nothing."

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

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

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

"Undoubtedly, seeing that it is a femur."

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

"Undoubtedly."

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

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

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

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

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

"It seems proven that figure is the real and persistent."



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

"It is demonstrated that neither substance nor form is essence."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

“ Everything that is is Matter.”

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

Agnosticism is a department of scientific evolution

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\* See “ Thinkers and Thinking.”



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Understanding of self begins with inquiry into what is known as Anthropology, meaning by this an inlook at man's efforts to find out who he is, what he is, where he



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

“Everything that is is Matter.”

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

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

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



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

He goes on,—

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

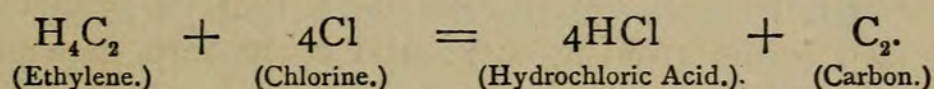
Two terms growing more and more into general understanding are Exoteric and Esoteric. The students of ancient philosophic systems found themselves divided into classes under these two heads. This division is not at all an arbitrary one, but is a necessary condition of what Porphyry and Jamblichus speak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

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



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

The following is the chemical equation ;



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

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

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

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



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



## V.

## CONCERNING I, OR EGO.

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

SOCRATES, *in the Phædo.*

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

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



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

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



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

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

Brain is mind-instrument. Mind is instrumentation.

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

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



What is the I, and where is it?

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

MATTER,                      EGO,                      GOD.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

The Ego put forth by Descartes as the foundational

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\* See "Man and his World."



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

But as to origin of Ego?

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

# I.

From I is departure,  
To I is return.

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\* See "Thinkers and Thinking."



## MIND.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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\* The sympathetic system is allowed to go with simple mention, that confusion may be avoided, as unprofessional readers are concerned. See "Man and his World."



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

God is good! The dream-state affords Ego the secret of its relation with the Universal.

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## VI.

## CONCERNING SOUL.

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

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



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

Let the hypostases of man be repeated.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

God is identical with creative power.

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

### SOUL.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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\* See "Man and his World."



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Here we start in a demonstration of Soul.



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

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

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

Between five and six hundred years before the birth



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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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\* The illustration is worked out in the book "Odd Hours of a Physician."



## VII.

CONCERNING PLANE OF RELATION,  
SENSITIVITY, AND SUBJECTIVITY.

"A man that looks on glass  
On it may stay his eye,  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And the heavens espy."

ADVANCE is here made to consideration of capability. Man, as to hypostases, is assumed as fairly understood. The chapter is to consider Egoistic attributes. Why, to make question, is one man possessed of genius and others not? What and who are the mediums and sensitives? What as to professed inspirations of these people? of their lessons taught in dreams and visions? of their walks with the God as declared by both prophets and heathens? What as to their mysterious world which seems to be a world within a world? What as to difference in their eyes and the eyes of other persons, and their ears that hear what other ears do not hear?

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



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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

What as to diseased conditions hinted at in a succeeding chapter on Disillusions?

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Visions are seen and are seeable. That a multitude of visions are deceptions practised on the senses, and that another multitude are resultant of disease lying with the self-same senses, is not to be gainsaid by any one who will advance his studies to a succeeding chapter. It is the object of the recitals to make this very plain.

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



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

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

To say nothing as to any supernatural relation, concentration is a matter of great scientific interest, nor is it possible to indulge in it without finding brought to our knowledge things which serve to astonish and overwhelm. What is to be described is to be understood as Subjectivism. The measure of things to be seen is one with the measure of the meaning and purpose of a percipient.

Does Rosicrucianism, not to specify him who holds the present pen, believe in the honesty, the sanity, and the truthfulness of people who tell of visions? To doubt or deny is to doubt or deny what is being advanced and explained in these pages. Assuredly, what is told by the people referred to may be true,—true to them; not true, however, to other people. Mistake on the part of sensitives seeing apparitions lies with non-comprehension on their part as to difference between subjective and objective, or, to put this in other



language, not comprehending as to difference between ideal and corporeal. Here is great paradox to understand. Let the reader stop and think. A Fulton tries and tries and succeeds eventually in materializing a steamboat. A Stephenson tries and tries and succeeds at last in materializing a locomotive. Now, it is the case that what is seen by a sensitive of the spiritual type is precisely one in principle with what is seen by a Fulton or a Stephenson. If it is to be admitted that the one can materialize, similar capability is not too hastily to be denied the other.

The subject of the assumption of material attributes by a dematerialized Ego is inviting attention from the people learned in a psychical direction. Accepting as undeniable the persistence of Ego after loss of its ordinary material environment, and accepting of oneness as to the Universal and oneness as to the Now and eternity, and accepting, further, the many illustrations in such direction vouched for in the Bible as to such character of materializations, there are certainly sufficient excuses for examination and inquiry.

Here ground is approached which is dangerous, inasmuch as what is to be said furnishes certain endorsement of unconscionable impostors who fatten on the credulity of the ignorant. It is familiar to almost every one that a Pythoness, of Delphia, was not in any sense supposed to speak of herself, that her spirit of divination lay in use made of her materialization by an Ego, existing apart from her own, which Ego dispossessed, as to the body, her particular self, using the organ of voice for its oracular utterances, which utterances were accepted as highest truths and wisdom by the Greeks.



It being not possible to exclude from associations here arrived at the vulgarisms of modern spiritism and confusions of a more serious nature which exist to the confounding of men, attempt is to be made, not only as to the conclusions of the present chapter, but in others that are to succeed, to lead away from, or through, the mire.

Denial as to possibilities is not to run too fast nor too uncharitably. There is a story, believed by millions of people who are not at all disposed to credulity, that tells of an ass which opened its mouth and spake to Balaam.

It is an exhibition to astonish "common sense" to behold grouped about a materializing medium a number of people who affirm to the recognition of husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, brothers of great proportions, and sisters long ago passed away in the stature of infantile years, all of which people are without doubt as to the truthfulness of the manifestations beheld, even though in the moment of presentment the hand of an unbeliever holds and shows the personality in the shape, form, and individuality of a disguised medium. "It is," say the sensitives, "exactly as shown. The body held in the grasp is a body of flesh; but at the moment of touch an aura which occupied it took flight." Ridiculous, supremely ridiculous this, to "common sense." Yet a little educated sense perceives that the claim differs not a jot from the biblical one concerning Balaam's ass.

Digression might be made here recalling to the individual reader what, at one time or another, has been seen by himself, or, more particularly, by herself,



women being the greater sensitives. A gentleman of legal education, and at the same time of a sensitivity that has made him a poet, tells the holder of the pen the following incident: A short time back, lying upon a rug in his room, he was startled to see the door open and his father, who was then a thousand miles distant on a journey, enter, walk round the apartment to a sofa, where he seated himself. The reciter jumped up, ran toward the image with outstretched hand, having at the moment not the slightest doubt as to the reality of the appearance, finding the vision disappear as it was about to be touched. Persons at large, recalling such experiences, are to know themselves sensitives according to the number and clearness of the beholdings. The incident related as occurring with the lawyer is appreciated as existing purely in the subjective; what was seen was wholly within, not without. The matter, however, is not so much here as with what is referred to as Objective Materializations; that is, intangible Ego assuming form by occupying temporarily other bodies. Common sense repeats as to the absurdity of all such things; but, in doing this, "common sense" denies and derides necessarily the Christian's Bible. Deuteronomy xxxi. 15 recites as follows: "And the Lord appeared in the tabernacle in a pillar of a cloud: and the pillar of the cloud stood over the door of the tabernacle."

Another passage looking toward the same meaning is to be read in Genesis, chapter iii. 4, 5: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as



gods, knowing good and evil." Here, if the passage means anything *outside of reference to a purely subjective voice*, such voice as is heard often enough in dreams, or even by ears in the wakeful state, such voice as is familiar to perhaps every person of sensitive organization living, it means the aura, or possession, claimed by modern spiritists as witnessed in the instances of materialization seances; the recital means nothing at all or it means that an Ego took possession of and occupied the materiality of a serpent.

A gentleman who at the time of the occurrence of the incident was a surgeon in the navy, now a prominent professor in a medical school of Philadelphia, relates to the writer that during a yellow fever epidemic he was taken sick with the disease, and passed, in its progress, to what was esteemed by his attendants the death-point. He relates vividly the story of a wonder that overwhelmed him as he found himself standing looking down on an inanimate body which was recognized as his own.

To see in one's self, as do the sensitives, is in no sense the same as seeing with another. This former aspect of spiritualism is the only one of which the holder of the pen has real knowledge. Confusion, however, need not exist even in relation with the latter. A professed embodiment may always be measured after the manner of taking a thing for what it shows itself to be worth. What a Pythoness tells is the matter for consideration, not the manner of telling. Should a donkey that might happen to belong to the holder of the pen suddenly open its mouth and give utterance to pearls of thought, it would not unwisely be accepted



that voice had driven out and replaced bray; the holder of the pen would assuredly accept this. Should the holder of the pen be brought in any future relation with wisdom or experience above the lore of surroundings and possibilities of an occasion where a professed materialization should be before him, his judgment would be made up precisely as in the case of the donkey. Standing where he now stands, the judgment could be made up after no other manner.

The manner of communication of *like with like* is one that appeals not less to common than to educated sense; milk mingles itself in the oneness of milk, water in the oneness of water, oil in the oneness of oil. Ego, continuously looking away from body toward soul will assuredly, sooner or later, catch sight of the God. Sounds are best heard by one who is alert as to ears. The inner eyes keeping themselves inward come to increasing acquaintance with what is internal. This is subjectivism; it is subjectivism which develops as the man refines; which is understandable in proportion as man understands himself.

It is, however, not at all strange that with internal are confusions and deceptions; these are certainly met with as to externals. Worldly wise means to act with worldly judgment. It is assuredly the case that worldly judgments have the single simple meaning of acting in the light of experiences and comparisons.

Sensitives, as a rule,—here we dismiss the cabinet pictures,—are unconscious as to the existence of such antagonizing conditions as mental myopia, hypermetropia, presbyopia, astigmatism. Instruments, as the rule rather than as the exception, are faulty; they turn, twist,



and bend even light-rays in wrong directions. The grammar of a poem is seldom according to the rules of a sphere on which the poetry is to be read. Designs have to be touched here, there, and all around in order to show harmony. One looking into the apparent mystery of clairvoyance or of clairaudience differentiates according as he is able to differentiate.

What follows as to the next two chapters contains the proposition that a thing corresponds with what is found in it.



## VIII.

## DETAILS.

TREATING of the nearness of the Ridiculous to the Sublime, and the danger of losing the latter by not separating it from the former.

Concerning certain once curious things now become common, illustrating that the philosophy of one generation becomes the common sense of the next.

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

Neither denying nor accepting, but looking without prejudice into a matter that is presented, is a proper manner of reception. Having in mind things that have preceded the present page and others which are to follow, reference is to be made to the chapter treating of Sensitivity and Mediumism; with that chapter lying the opening of the analysis of SUBJECTIVITY. Subjectivity is a Rosicrucian's word for the familiar one of every-day speech, IMAGINATION. An imagination is the first beholding by an inventor of what he is said to invent. It is also one with numberless apparently silly things talked about and dreamed about by people at large. With inventor and people, however, there is difference without difference. Here a great paradox. Understanding of this paradox is a Rosicrucian's key to the Arcanum.

A few years back the multitude were agog on the subject of seeing spirits; at the present time the tide runs the other way. Changing the word Spiritualism for its equivalent Subjectivism, and assuming a reader fully possessed of the width of definition of the latter term, spirits and no spirits are found alike realities, and so with the runners either way is like justification. Objec-



tive and Subjective are the common distinctions of the day, signifying real and unreal. Error is with the "common distinctions." Real and unreal are one. Objective things are phenomenal; so also are subjective things. Nothing is otherwise than as it is to a sense that uses it. The seeing of spirits drops its mystery in presence of this wholly undeniable fact, and attests its truth. Here, however, is confusion to all who do not know that what are called Imaginations are of nearer approach, if possible, to the so-esteemed real than are such handleable things as pages of poetry, scores of music, steamboats, and locomotives. Nobody can understand invention who does not understand subjectivism. Invention is identical with revelation. An inventor is inventor by reason of being a sensitive. A sensitive, as understood, is an impressionable person.

Copying, in place of inventing, is the manner in which invention is to be looked at if subjectivism is to be analyzed. Everything that is, or that is to be, has awaited or awaits a sensitivity refined enough for the perception. An illustration exists in original as contrasted with present perception of things lying with electricity. Certainly the wonderful capability as now employed lying with electricity was with it at beginning. What was not at beginning were the electrical sensitives or geniuses.

What immediately follows is much more likely to prove introductory to an arcanum than what has preceded. The haven is worthy the voyage, however accomplished.

The pages treat of tricks and, possibly, of hallucinations not understood by him who writes about them; certainly little understood by people who look with staring eyes one day and with mocking lips on another day. Question is not with legerdemain or with pathological optic lobes, but with lesson. What is a suggestion residing with a trick? What as to a sight beheld by an eye, whether diseased or otherwise? Most practically expressed, is an invention that had its vision in a something most dissimilar to itself a reality or a myth?—for example, steam emerging from the spout of a kettle turning itself into a mighty steam-ship.



Recitals here given are descriptive of meetings between a Dr. W. and the doctor who writes, in a common search made by the two into the claims of modern spiritism.

It was accepted as start that, as unsensitized people are concerned, the occult is without way of making its existence recognized save by manifestations to the common five senses. Shall a man not believe that he sees what he sees, or may he doubt that he has heard what he has heard? It is to be accepted that the records here made have been put down with regard to closeness and accuracy of detail after the most careful manner at the command of the writer. It is also desired to lay emphasis on the fact that common sense, or, to better express this, the common senses, were exercised to the utmost extent of their vigilance to detect and explain the presence and nature of the mysterious agency at work in the manifestations described.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

"Entirely so," he replied.

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Some wonderful exhibitions were given, in which was answered



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

The communication was signed with a very familiar name.

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



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

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

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IX.

PSYCHICS.

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

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

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

"Yes."



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

"This is always its position."

"What shape does it take?"

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

"Facial features indistinct?" was suggested.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

The reading is as given.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



## X.

## DISILLUSIONS.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Who will follow closely in what is now written?

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



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

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

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



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

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

Here we recur in few and simple words to conditions referred to as Objective and Subjective.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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## XI.

### NINETEENTH-CENTURY SENSE.

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

Here another paradox. A little multitude of deceptions explained as lying with unreliability of the senses. As contrast to this, things defined as lying with the senses and being never else than what the senses make them to be. Let then a putting be after this manner. *A thing amounts to its lesson or result.*

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

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## XII.

### CONFUSIONS.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



## XIII.

## PRESTIGIATION.

As one in reading sometimes lays down his book with view to collateral yet relevant thought, so the three succeeding chapters are here introduced by reason of connection with other three going before; they are steps in a way leading to the Spiritus Sanctus.

A circle has its commencement alike anywhere. Prestigation is to be commended as being quite as good a beginning of the Rosicrucian way as any other; the Rosicrucian way being a circle. Referring to the spiritistic excitement of a few years back, recognition is had that as people at large are concerned, lessons lie with Objective and not with Subjective. Spiritism contrasts with Spiritualism as does Objectivity with Subjectivity, both being one while seeming contraries. The tipping of a table, whether effected by the clumsiest of trickeries, by a utilized employment of magnetism or electricity, or by the hand of the God himself, has common significance in that the movement lies with a law that is universal. The law of voice, for example, is one, with difference. The squeak of Catiline just born is the oration of Catiline grown and perfected.

A boy whose attention could not be attracted by the intangible of gravitation has his interest alive instantly in the presence of an overturned barrow with its load spilled upon the ground. A miller uses for the purposes of his wheel a down-running stream, but concerns



himself little or not at all as to that getting back of the water which keeps his stream a circle.

The lack of seeing gravitation in overturned wheelbarrows and evaporation in down-running streams is the lack of others besides boys and millers.

It is known to more than a little multitude of people that a fund was left, several years back, to the University of Pennsylvania, in trust, to be employed in examination of the so-called "spiritistic" phenomena of the times. The gentleman leaving this fund had implicit faith in the reality of such manifestations, and it was his intention, as is well known to the writer, to secure influential means, first, as to endorsement, which he never doubted would be the result of an examination, and, second, as to extension of a good enjoyed by himself. This trust being accepted, a committee was appointed to carry out its intentions.

The *personnel* of this committee impressed the community as being exceptionally good. The result of the work of the committee impressed the community as being exceptionally nothing. "Looking on glass but not through it," was the attitude of the committee. An only thing seen was surface. "Not deceived," comprised the substance of the report made. A Rosicrucian would look on such a committee of men as deceived beyond the credulity of a thinker to comprehend. Nothing seen where there was so much to see! A committee led on for weeks and months by tricksters, seeing in all this time, even at the very end, not even so much as a first letter of a great alphabet lying with tricks,—lying with any trick.

Prestigation as commencement of exploration among



the fields of Spiritus Sanctus has to its advantage that it attracts equally the cultivated and the uncultivated. The latter illustrates sitters at a circus overawed by tricks of agility and strength. The former illustrates the physicist who approaches the gymnasts and feels their muscles.

A trick supposes something else than what the trick is, yet is a thing, anything, whatever it may be, not in itself but in something else. Everything is in something else than itself until the God is reached. Comprehension stops with the word God, as this is a name to which induction leads and at which it stays. Who God is, and what God is, as to origin, shows itself as none of a man's business; this for the reason that induction stops at such point. Whatever induction suggests, or leads to, this is man's concern. Where induction stops, here ceases man's concern. Induction stops with God as Noumenon,—not as Noumena, but as Noumenon. Noumenon is the word signifying **THAT** out of which all things come and back into which all things go; this forever and forever. It is not of the slightest importance to man that the Noumenon may not here be well named. The circle of man lies uncompleted only as new inductions are found to exist in and arise out of old ones. Noumenon ends induction. Matter associates with induction as related with it in question of origin. Ego likewise offers question of "whence." Beyond the God is the unthinkable. The unthinkable is one with a thing outside of man's circle.\*

Induction was apparently not used by the committee

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\* The subject is discussed in "Man and his World."



alluded to; certainly it had no part in the investigations. The idea was to find presence or absence of supernatural with things presented for observation. There is no supernatural this side of God; hence supernatural was not to be found. Had so massive a thing been found by the committee as a mountain suspended in the air, the phenomenon would not have lain with the mountain, but with gravitation. Had a tree been grown in their presence from seed to fruit in a single day, it would not have been supernatural, but simply unfamiliar. Difference between such a growth and that met with in field or garden is of degree and association. Myself having forced the growth of weeping willows twenty feet in a single season shows me that by knowing more than I do about the matter I might force them sixty feet; more than this, that I might break off a branch at night and have a sixty-foot tree in the morning.

Prestigation is legerdemain to the uninitiated only; know-how ends mystery. But exposure of one mystery is always offering of another. So on from mystery to mystery; so on from lesser to greater.

Study of growth leads to study of force. Sight of a feather floating in the air leads to sight of an invisible supporting atmosphere. Comprehension of atmosphere leads to appreciation of rarer things back of it as these exist in gases. To consider gravitation is to recognize invisible as stronger than visible; is to see sun, moon, and stars supported by an invisible that is stronger than visible.—Paracelsus is right, "The beginning of knowledge is beginning of understanding of the supernatural."

Let passage be made to dreams and visions.



## XIV.

## DREAMS.

*The highest wisdom is attainable only through direct revelation made to the individual.*

Leaving with a reader the confusions, or lessons, as it may be, of the recitals preceding, advance is to be made to a consideration of the nature of dreams and visions.

Dreams are of two kinds. Yet are the kinds related. Illustration of such difference and relation lies with the twitching of the limbs of a sleepy person contrasted with similar movements under direction of will. Both these kinds of movements lie with muscular action resultant of nerve impressions. The first is of strict association with automatic action, which action is independent of direction or Egoism, hence is meaningless; legs are thought of, not Ego. The latter directs attention to Ego, not to limbs.

An ordinary dream has its crudities explainable in imperfect instrumentation. A brain half asleep is likable to a piano out of tune. With neither instrument is capability to make proper immediate response. The thoughts of a page being read are thoughts by an Ego. As a pen splutters with its user or works easily, thus influencing the appearances of a writing, so expression given thoughts rests with the bad or good working condition of a brain. If attempt be made to write thoughts when a brain is half asleep,



result is akin with attempt to play music when a piano is out of tune.

Because few people are Egoistic to an extent of independency of ordinary means of instrumentation, the brain is always attempted to be used by Ego in its excursionizings during sleep-conditions, the sleep affecting the brain but not the Ego; hence confusion,—things being heard strangely and confusedly by the ears, seen strangely and confusedly by the eyes, touched, tasted, and smelled strangely and confusedly by the other half-asleep organs of sense. An ordinary, or confused, dream never occurs where perfect sleep exists. A brain put sound asleep dismisses instantly the hallucinations of a mania-a-potuist; this for the reason that Egoistic activity as here existing is at once rid of perversions lying with instrument. Sound sleep on the part of an ordinary man means stillness of Ego by reason of absence of organs: illustration lies with a broken-legged man who ceases to walk out of fault of his limbs.

Ego is assumed as never sleeping. Immortality is one with eternal consciousness. Consciousness, however, may be lacking as to means of expression: hence a tongue asleep Ego is temporarily without means for talking, a nose asleep Ego is without means for smelling; so alike as to seeing, hearing, touching, and tasting. But it is not Ego that is asleep.

Now, concerning the dreams of the sensitives,—the poets, the musicians, the communers with spirits, the architects.

Can a dream be independent? Putting this query in other language, Can Ego act disassociated from



its brain? If reference be here had to ordinary brain as familiar to the anatomist, the answer of Rosicrucianism is, Yes. Surely Ego loses its ordinary brain at the moment of so-called death! Not to reply with Rosicrucianism is to relegate man to oblivion. An acorn finds itself one with the massive trunk, the gnarled and wide-spreading limbs, and the countless leaves of the oak-tree. An acorn drops to the ground minus trunk, limbs, and leaves. A dropped acorn is found later one with hypostases of trunk, limbs, and leaves. As in an acorn are the hypostases of its needs, so with Ego are the hypostases of its needs.

Brain is indeed one with paradox. It is more than an arbitrary arrangement that divides the encephalic man into cerebrum, cerebellum, pons Varolii, and medulla oblongata. No part sleeps but cerebrum. A momentary forgetfulness by the other parts would mean bodily death to a sleeper. Cerebrum is the instrument of the Ego. The other parts are instruments of organic life; being never wholly, indeed but little, under direction of Ego. Distinction between man as Ego and his habitation, or environment, is so plain as to be without confusion to him who understands the distinction between the cerebro-spinal and sympathetic nervous systems.

Dreams that are one with communications made to a sleeping man by a something apart from himself, whatever the something may be, are independent of his cerebrum; for such dreams would not be the plain and perfect things they are if semi-consciousness of the anterior brain existed to confuse them. A dream of the purely inspirational class, that is, a dream which



is one with communication made to the Ego of a sleeping man by an intelligence apart from his own, is clear as to its character, whatever the character may be; the poet gets his lines, the musician his score, the architect his design, the philosopher his aphorism.

Soul, like to Ego, never sleeps, and is most alive to relationship with its divine source when eyes are closed in slumber and ears are shut against external sounds. After such manner of communication is much of what has been given and is being given by the God. The Christian Bible, where not simple story of history, is recital of dreams.

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XV.

VISIONS.

It is not thought wonderful that the face of a person or other apparently objective sight comes before a looker as he gazes on burning coals or at a cloud-spread sky. Everybody meets such sights occasionally. A Sensitive sees them let his eyes be turned where they may.

Sensitives, let it be recalled, are not sensitive alike to all things: hence reference again to the poet, the musician, the architect, and the philosopher. Things seen in glowing coals, in clouds, in the fields, in the waters of flowing streams, in up-turned clay-banks, accord with what is the sensitivity of a beholder.

Visions are not to be associated with communications of the God to men, save in the sense that in a



law perceivable and enjoyable by him who is able to perceive and enjoy lies such communication. Visions are within, never without. The sitter by one's side sees the picture in the coals only as it is pointed out by the more sensitive companion. A sitter by one's side, not being at all sensitive, sees nothing at the pointed-out place. The lines of a poet, the scores of a musician, the Vox Dei that arouses rapture, these are never elsewhere than internal. Inventions, scores, lines, designs, aphorisms, all are self-making. Internal is musician, internal is poet, internal is architect, internal is philosopher. Internal is what hypostasis is. Internal is external.

Here an important paradox propounds itself. Imaginary things, so called, are the real things, nor are those other things called by people at large real things anything but shadows. Question resolves itself into meaning.

Here is to be repeated the aphorism of explanation : *A thing is to a sense that uses it what to the sense it seems to be : it is never anything else.* Not to possess acceptancy of this aphorism by reason of an understanding of it that demonstrates its absolute truthfulness, thus affording knowledge of man's command of the Universal, is to have made no departure from the perception of uneducated animal senses.

Study and understanding of this aphorism impress the writer as being one with study and understanding of life.

Things imagined and things material are of similar import ; both existences being in the User, and being nowhere else. Tangible is imagination materialized.



Materialization is with him who can materialize. With man is power to make the kind of world in which he elects to live.

A star seen in the sky by an Umbratile was remarked by no one of hundreds who at the time walked upon the streets; the Umbratile, however, saw it. Once upon a time, now nearly nineteen hundred years ago, three Magi saw a star, and followed it to where a young child lay in a manger. A cross seen in the sky by Constantine was seen by no single one of legions led to victory by reason of the sign. Illustration, appreciable by the crudest, lies with a hint afforded by Paracelsus. A wood-carver sees, by reason of his imagination, a beautiful image imprisoned in a log of wood, which log has been sold him by a wood-chopper for a groat. Cutting into this log, a form is found liberated almost too costly for price to buy. Such an image, or other equally wonderful one, is discovered by a carver in any and every tree-trunk brought him by a chopper.—Cuttings made by choppers discover alone cord-wood and chips.

—Imaginations, when materialized, take the name of art; when remaining as pure idea, the name given them is inspirations.

. . . Analysis rests head upon hand, and inclines here to reconsider experiments made with the *confrère*,—experiments first wondered at, then laughed at.\* Were the wonder and the laughter all that was held by the experiments? There was, at any rate, added proof to the Aristotelian aphorism that “common sense is little

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\* Refer to preceding chapters.



better than no sense at all." There was proof of the oneness of ignorance and mystery. There was, undeniably, demonstration that blindness lies not alone with eyes. Holding, as do all things, what is found in the things, shall one not here be led to consider of capability? What is the *confrère* but another carver showing other kinds of images? An image liberated ceases to be a mystery. Mystery when opened is no longer occult; repetition this of the illustration of water as water, of water as the gases oxygen and hydrogen, of water as a world of microscopic life. Means to ends: this the law of the Universal; the prestigation of the *confrère*, exciting first the wonder, then the smiles, of the Umbratile; the visions of the Umbratile enlisting first the concern, later the ridicule, of the *confrère*.

—The dual of the Umbratile, oblivious for the time of means to ends, thinks to explain away visions by reference to vaso-constriction of the nerve-centres of equilibration, not seeing that similar reference to the eyes would equally apply to the explaining away of objects of ordinary sight. He attempts also to illustrate visions as resultant of optical defects, but is compelled, out of wider examination, to find his cases exceptional.\*

Every experiment practised and every vision beheld are equally realities. The thought here considers the world lying within a world as this relates with subjectivity. It considers demons seen by a mania-a-

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\* Sense-deception, alluded to at termination of preceding chapter xi., is antagonized by practice of the process of exclusion. Illustrations are afforded in the first four paragraphs of preceding chapter x.



potuist. It takes in, too, the candlesticks beheld at Patmos, and the part of a hand that was seen writing on the plaster of the wall at Babylon. It does not leave unconsidered a couplet and lily-sprays which later are to show as the inspiration of this book.

Nothing is but as something is found in it. Out of a couplet and three lily-sprays, understood to be seen subjectively, is gradually being evolved, as one person is concerned, entire indifference, if not, indeed, contempt, for what is commonly esteemed the meaning of success and prominence in life. Words on a wall proved a sword piercing to his death the heart of Belshazzar. Seven candlesticks constitute the Revelation.

It is true, as said by Paracelsus, "In knowledge is understanding of the supernatural."

Many years ago it happened the Umbratile to pursue a long and fruitless search after a certain mystical book. This search had been abandoned for some time, when accident discovered the volume one day upon the dust-covered shelves of a public library. It will not be difficult to appreciate an enthusiasm excited by sight of the long-coveted treasure, nor will it be doubted that few minutes were lost in securing measure of the contents. Opening the pages at random, a first thing meeting the eye was a picture of the signet-ring of the writer.\* This ring showed a dove half-emerged from a black cloud, holding in its beak a spray of lilies. At the time no particular impression seemed made by this ring and its sign; yet the reader

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\* Aurora. Jacob Behmen.



is dull indeed who perceives not that it was this apparently long-forgotten spray of flowers which converted itself after the many years into three sprays, seen in a dream shortly to be described, and made practical the meaning of the hypostases.

—Whence come candlesticks seen by saints, and words of fate encountered by tyrants, and couplets and lily-sprays beheld by an earnest seeker after truth, come also demons seen by a mania-a-potuiist, as well the ills and vexations met with everywhere by him who will not be an optimist. Truly, origin is one, as the Universal is one. Difference as to things seen lies never elsewhere than with a seer. Clouds are both black and golden. Poison and medicine are in the common plant. Taste is never but as tongue is. Odor is alone where there are noses. Nothing is anything else but what it is to the sense that uses it. Perception is eternally with the percipient.

Subjective and Objective! it is alone an illuminate who is able to comprehend the oneness. Sights beheld through the imagination and sights beheld through the eyes,—there is no difference as to the reality. Here highest and most beautiful wisdom and here the fulness of the universal to an initiate, albeit here foolishness and emptiness to the unspiritual.

Let a matter be here considered. Is it or is it not the case that "state of mind" constitutes a man's comfort or discomfort? Does a man suffer from fear who is not afraid? Can a man be made to feel the pangs of death who is knowing absolutely to the fact that there is no death? When fever attacks a man, and he is found overwhelmed by horrible nightmares,



could apparitions partake of aught but the beautiful if acquaintance had not been made with the ugly?

Imagination seeks according as it is sent on search by an Ego; it finds what it looks after; it never comes home empty-handed?

—Something to be added. Imagination is one with capability. Imagination may ascend or descend or go sideways. It is likable to a sun-ray, which, being thrown into a dark and apparently empty room, discovers millions of inhabitants floating in the line of its track.

Hail, Imagination! Thou which art the true philosopher's stone! Thou which art means of creation!

. . . Wonderful outlook! Wonderful inlook! Nothing pushing a man forward, nothing holding him back,—save himself. Man a god, a devil; high, low, coarse, fine; smelling, not smelling; tasting, not tasting; touching, not touching; hearing, not hearing; seeing, not seeing.

. . . Gifted with perception of the true reality, O Illuminate! with what associations shall a man elect to live? The Now an eternal Now. Space without centre or circumference. Poison and remedy in common plants. Drowning and refreshment in the same water. Clouds black or golden, according as looked at. Snow, a white sheet breeding shivering, or a wealth of crystals dropped down upon the fields. Nothing that is, but as the Is is made by him who uses it.

The holder of the pen, following the leading of an impulse, has wandered quite a thousand miles since



last he sat before these pages. Within the time of a single day during these wanderings he has had discovered to him the extreme poverty of his personal inspirations in having been a witness to more than three hundred thousand materializations of visions beheld at one time or another by fellow-countrymen, every one of which visions has had such demonstration made of its oneness with reality as to have become feelable and usable by the least sensitive among men. The visions alluded to relate with material things, being of strict likeness and relation, however, with couplet and lilies, with the great star seen by an Umbratile, and with sights beheld in glowing coals.

Foolishness, indeed, to an unvisionary man, are visions seen in red coals, and visionary great stars; foolishness, however, because the man is unapt. To say that things imagined and things real are of common import, and to propose that both are alike practically usable, is to invite from the unapt man criticism not at all complimentary to what is esteemed common sense. Here lies with the critic misconception which it is not at all likely he is able to correct. A critic plausibly questions if a meal imagined be one with a meal eaten. The fault of the critic rests with his plane of looking at a matter. Assuredly it is neither a written nor printed line which is the poem of a poet. A score is not the sonnet; drawings are not designs. As assuredly, however, is it the case that lines, scores, and drawings are the only poems, music, and designs that "common sense" is able to conceive or to take hold of. Planes relate



variously with necessities of the body and capabilities of the Ego. Body requires meat for its sustenance; Ego is not a thing having a mouth. There is an appetite of taste and another appetite of smell. The first is satisfied only with bread, which is a material that is to be handled and bit into; the latter has its necessity filled alone by odor, which is a material that is subservient to the use of neither fingers nor teeth.

The materializations witnessed by the holder of the pen are to be seen by any person who will visit a patent-office. Multitudinous show-cases at Washington hold the many seen by the writer. To understand the material things seen as being wholly and purely materializations of imaginations this patent-office will be wisely entered through the statuery-room of the capitol, where, to the left of the door, is the carved image of Robert Fulton, portrayed as he struggles for means to materialize, or show, a steam-boat to the eyes and uses of ordinary people. A critic, seeing, yet seeing nothing, still decrying the oneness of imagination and reality, repeats his question as to the meal imagined and the meal eaten. Answer is both no and yes. No, certainly, to the critic, as his query relates with bodily wants and takes no account of the spiritual; yes, as assuredly, to a questioner who differentiates between Ego and environment, and who has taken in the difference as to the senses of taste and smell.

The things seen in a patent-office are never the things themselves, but representations of them. Because the things seen are crude approximations effected by use of crude materials, the representations



are seldom found to work with a perfectness of an original as this exists in the ideal. Poems are never upon paper as they are in the imagination. Notes are not found distinctive enough to express shades of melody. Drawings are lacking as difference contrasts with mental architectural designs.

A steamboat existing with the imagination of Robert Fulton, and in which he could travel the world over, requires a union of wood and iron and the hand-work of a hundred men before the boxes and bales of commerce can be transported by it from wharf to neighboring wharf. Difference here is with what is to be carried. Intangible relates with intangible; tangible associates with tangible. For a hungry body meat is a necessity. Where hunger is with soul a spread table is an offence.

Passing from Fulton and the form-makers, the eye of one who continues leftward from the great door will find itself quickly attracted to an upturned face looking at imaginations without apparent thought as to any environing of them by material. The face is that of Roger Williams, the Puritan. As this face shows from the marble, it expresses a life for which no Fulton had occasion to materialize a steamboat, nor any Stephenson reason to build a locomotive. What a delight and an illumination is it to gaze into this upturned face, catching out of the reflection faint semblance of what is to be seen by one of spiritual development; this lessening not at all admiration for the materializations of the steamboat-maker, but opening conception as to conveyances which carry without the aid either of wheels or material motive-power. Cir-



cumstances alter cases. Roger Williams, left to himself, would have lived in as close alliance with the spiritual, remaining in Wales, as when, banished from his colony of Massachusetts, he turned for company to the inhabitants of a world unseeable by common eyes.\*

Considering that the multitudinous things seen in a patent-office are simply representations of ideas or imaginations, and that an equal reality is found to exist with both, it becomes impressed that what is easiest of attainment offers most to the philosopher; for, as it is with things living in an inventor's imagination and things seen materialized upon the shelves of show-cases, so it is with all things, nothing in reality being anywhere or being anything save as the anywhere and the anything are to the wants of a user.

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XVI.

"SEEING WHAT?"

Concerning a Vision and a Dream and what has been found in them.

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

THE page being turned back to the concluding paragraph of the chapter on Psychics, text is found for the present one.

Seeing what? Seeing what one sees. Nothing less, nothing more. Seeing according to fitness or unfitness

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\* Where the word spirit or spiritual is used in these pages relation is always with Ego and not with Soul.



as this resides with education and cultivation. Seeing instantly or seeing only after a long time, according to sensitivity. Seeing finally what is found or what is not found to be with a thing seen. Here import of lines with which the pages begin. "Sight of ships by him who cultivates ships, sight of poems by him who cultivates poetry, sight of scores by him who cultivates music, sight of designs by him who cultivates architecture, sight of the Divinity by him who cultivates the divine."

A modern scientist, of large renown, possessed of great sensitivity, natural and cultivated, gives out that new things or combinations of things are continually offering themselves to his view ; these things are one with visions.

Just how a day referred to—a 28th of December—was spent, the holder of the pen is unable to say, by reason of length of time intervening between the date and the present one, and the further fact that nothing concerning the matter is found set down. If the day happened to be the first one of the week, or if it was one of rare idle days found at times at the service of the most busy, there is little doubt but that it was consumed in watching the curling smoke of a hearth-fire rolling away through the throat of a chimney. Whether, however, the day was passed in meditative mood or in getting through the anxious details of a doctor's life, it was the case that a Rosicrucian dual which the holder of the pen will now assume to separate from its practical double, and to individualize as the favored one gifted with the enjoyment of a beautiful life (being the "Umbratile, or Doppel-



gaenger," of him who presents this other him), this Umbratile went to bed, where he had not lain long before he was startled by a projection in staring white letters out of the blackness of the room, of the couplet heading the paragraph. There was no deception. He rubbed his eyes, to assure himself of not being asleep; he sat up in bed, scanning eagerly the strange sight; he got up and lighted the gas, writing the lines down, that morning should not argue for a dream.\*

But what as to the import of the lines? To the Umbratile they meant nothing but a subjective ghost, which his science was actively proceeding to lay when the thought or word or idea, "write," came over him with an impulse quite confounding the intention of analysis, the place of which it took. The Umbratile is not without a facetious aspect; not immaterial enough is, perhaps, the better putting of it; certainly it is the case that he is too closely identified with his fellow-double to be sufficiently clear of the earthy for full suitability for high purposes. Be this as it may, a

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



response made seemed not in spiritual correspondence. "Good Lord," he said, "or thou, Mephistopheles, or thou, the other thou, the subjective Satan, what is there to write, seeing that what has appeared is already written?" In place of an impression dwindling away, other words joined themselves to the first, "Certitude. Summum bonum." The matter was growing in curious interest. Here were a couplet and words placed in juxtaposition, all coming out of darkness, and neither lines nor words showing to the beholder a shade of relation or sense.

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

Naturally there came to mind remembrance of writing seen upon the plaster of the wall by the king of Babylon,\*—the fatal pronouncement, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,"—as well memory of words heard by him of Tarsus, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou

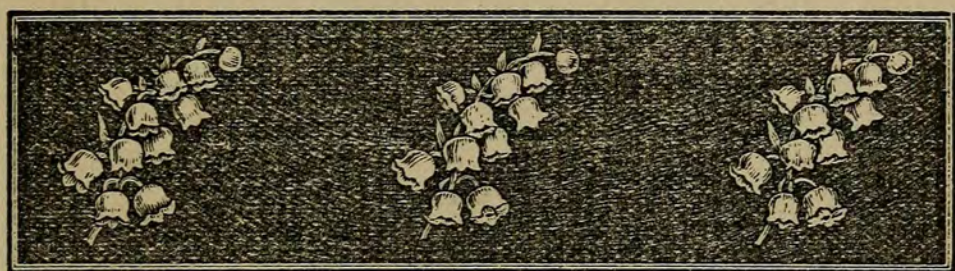
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\* "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."



me?" Neither did the moment fail in bringing to mind that declaration by Alexandrians, that on three different occasions Plotinus found himself in company with the God. Still other things came to the Umbratile in shape of passing visions to be secured through hashish eating, through the use of opium, and concerning that less agreeable class of unreal realities familiar to a mania-a-potuist.

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



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



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

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

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

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## XVII.

### THE WRITING UPON THE WALL.

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

—BUT when a year had passed the same something that had brought the couplet brought explanation. The manner of the bringing was possessed here, as in the preceding illustration, of suddenness and fulness. This time the form was that of a syllogism,—a syllogism so absolutely undeniable and irrefutable in



premises and conclusion as it is accepted by the Umbratile, that, if it be broken or breakable, one life at least will give itself up as deadness and failure.

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

The syllogism :

That which is perpetual is Eternal.

Now, is perpetual.

Conclusion :

Eternal and Now are one.

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

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

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

—The Now being what it is. Being exactly what a man makes it ! Degraded senses seeing, tasting,



smelling the cess-pools. Senses lifted up, feeling the touch of celestials; hearing the music of Elysium.

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

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

Just here news of the “death” of a near relative. What a misnomer to call that death which is simply metamorphosis! Is the Umbratile to darken his shade into black by the putting on of crape? Is he to bewail a worm passed into a butterfly? Is he to be oblivious when he looks on a locust-shell with a rent down its back? Rather let him put on white. Rather let him rejoice in presence of an invisible materialization that has made crooked fingers straight and has smoothed out a wrinkled skin. Who can fly when the means of movement lie with feet? Who can sing the songs of the spheres when the voice lies in a rough windpipe? Who can commune with angels when the stature holds on a level with men?

—Has that which has been so long expected come at this particular time to an end of furnishing vivid illustration? An hour ago the Umbratile and his dual stood looking down on a body that once was rounded and warm and full of motion; now it is shrunken and



cold and empty of vitality. Remembrance carries back when there were beautiful white teeth, and eyelids that never opened but to disclose love and smiles. There were refined dressings of the body, and there were dainty steps deficient in no figure of the dance.

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

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

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

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

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

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



SEEING WHAT?—Seeing the practical application of the hypostases as it is to be trusted the reader sees it.

First as to the dream.

Difference between the muscles of a prize-fighter and the God in Christ distinguished as residing solely with cultivation of different parts of a common hypostases ; all mystery taken away from religion ; cultivation of the religious as easy as the cultivation of muscle.

Second, as to the vision.

Here a culmination, an ending, that carries back to an unappreciated long-ago beginning as found in an old diary.

Alas ! for much of what there is between ;

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

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

Alas !

Let a copy of the diary be made exactly as it is found written : “ To-day is a birthday ; fifteen years



old. Going aimlessly about a marsh which borders the \* \* \* \* just outside the low wall of the Swedes' burying-ground, nobody being in sight, I heard distinctly a voice directly at my ear say,—here the common individuality grasps the pen; it is not self-respecting nor independent enough to have repeated what was said at the marsh. . . ."

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

". . . What a curious story is that I read last night about the old German Rosenkreuz! I take to it. It is exactly the kind of thing that seems to fit me. Let me see: it was night before last, and not last night, that I read the story. Wonder if it could have anything to do with the voice? Why not this a ghost-voice, having something to say to me? It is said—



everybody says—that spirits are to be met by dozens in the church-lane about midnight. I never met one myself; but why not?

\* \* \* \* \*

“I have gone over again, crudely, however, I imagine, that story of the Rosicrucians, and I have determined to be one myself. It is not making money out of lead, which I find to be the meaning of the Philosopher’s stone, that I care about, but these people seem to me to have got hold of some high thing which nobody that I know knows anything about. Here everybody is at work all the time, ship-building, or fitting out the whalers, or in the foundries, or upon the farms around the town. My own way of wandering about, shirking the dulness of school, sleeping on the shady side of walls, fishing the ditches, or helping, without pay, at willow-stripping in the season,—well, I like it, and I don’t care. I guess it’s a kind of natural start in this Rosicrucianism. The old graveyard is crowded with dead people. Some of the tombstones must have cost a thousand dollars, and some of the old sunk-in graves are not worth more than about ten cents, yet the bodies seem to lie as comfortably with the one kind as with the other. I think there must be something better for some people, anyhow, than foundries and whalers and stone-quarrying, and all that kind of thing, and I am going to look into the matter.

“I like, too, to pray. I am praying all the time. I pray lying under the walls, and by the side of the tree-roots, and the livelong day when fishing the ditches. Yet I don’t like the praying at the meeting-houses; there’s too much begging about it. I wonder if a boy



couldn't make a Spiritus Sanctus for himself. I know every cave and rock and deep place among the trees about the \* \* \* for five miles beyond where its waters join the \* \* \* near the old church. Maybe place is no matter, however. I feel myself full to the lips and running over with a glory that seems not more inside than outside of me. I bubble over with the happiness of living. I wish that I could spend the whole of a very long life dreaming by the side of the walls, fishing the ditches, and peeling willow wands."

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The next extract to be made that relates with the present epistle is dated ten years later. The interim is remembered by the now Umbratile dual as a disagreeable nightmare. Every opportunity permitted to become classical in learning; no teacher found powerful or enthused enough to compel or to invite to a life outside of self; a nightmare only, however, because of missed advantages. Fool things permitted to delay progress. The coming to consciousness of indwelling devils, yet not strangling them while they were little. Shifting from meditation to trade, and from trade back to meditation. Dazed by the glamour of dollars. Like unto a fly, getting one's legs caught in molasses. Making scars which show more and more with age, and which are apt to break out. Going not at all straightforward, but scenting about the fleshpots.

Not all contrariwise, however. A profession secured which marks the beginning of a new start; a new start never interfered with save as delays are compelled by breaking out of the scars, and as obstacles are found



put in the way by devils grown big. Not, however, become oblivious to the glory that the world puts on. Still a constant utterer of prayers. Still a tryer of wings,—which do not bear up, however, as once they did.

The extract is exactly as follows: “I am writing this in a country inn, where I am staying for the night. On the afternoon of this day I had stolen away from the disquieting influences of the town, being weary, discomforted, and restless; and was lying, after the fashion of boy-times, stretched full-length upon the sands of a cove bordering the \* \* \* River, the place being not very far from \* \* \* on the opposite side, when suddenly I was startled into rapturous ecstasy by hearing such music as I did not imagine could exist for the entrancing of human ears. The song, while familiar, was at the same time wondrously new, and seemed to be sung by a choir of voices somersaulting in the air. Before me was a wide and long stretch of the stream, free from boat or sight of life of any kind; while behind and below and above unshaded fields were witness to the absence of human beings. Full fifteen minutes the song went on in the air. Full fifteen minutes lay I captivated, straining now the sense of hearing to catch a faint sound losing itself in an illimitable distance, a moment later crowding with open palms the ear-drums to keep a mighty roll and swell of volume from crushing them in.

“The day has been as a revelation and a revolution. Let me put down, for sweet remembrance and for delectation, what to-night I am thinking and feeling. The voice of the marsh is back in my ears. Portals



have been again opened. Ah, sharpened ears and sharpening eyes ! Is it any wonder that I cannot keep still?—that I am turning hastily and continuously, expecting strange sights? What unwisdom is it to confound essence with instrument ! How different, as this day I have been permitted to see, are environment and a thing environed ! Hereafter can harp and soft viol be to me nothing apart from media of materialization, affording to unspiritualized ears relation with spiritualized belongings. I distinguish, never to forget, melody from instrument.

“No dream ! A watch looked at counting the passing time.—Yet what if it were a dream? What difference would this make, as separability of melody and instrument has been demonstrated? Was not music heard? Was not that character of instrument absent which is the ordinary means of relation with human ears? I know well that there are two sides to an inference. The happy side to me to-night is that my Ego has heard independent of its ordinary sense. If it be true that things exist in the universal independent of man’s senses, then it follows that these things are to remain forever hidden in the darkness, as man’s knowledge of them is concerned ; otherwise, Ego may receive independent of its ordinary senses as media. For the first time I comprehend that all music heard before this of the afternoon’s experience has been imitation effected by use of reeds, or wire, or other ingenious contrivance. Certainly, the experience renders irrefutable the fact that a state can exist, let it be called hallucination, aural derangement, or dream, or what else, in which a new world is opened within an old one and



music is recognized to be reality apart from the manner familiar to every-day life.

“Not unfamiliar with the ‘tinnitus aurium,’ I am unable to find here explanation of what has been heard. I seek freely and fully, but ‘tinnitus’ does not account for refinement in variations of notes, as has been enjoyed. I am the happier in that I find myself unable to approach an explanation. My state of mind for the hour is, that whatever this rapture mean, whether health, disease, illumination, darkness, the condition is heavenly, delicious, and I do not want the paradise disturbed. I assume that I have been favored to hear, through some uncommon accident, strains truly celestial, not earthly music, which is microscopically imitative, as pronounced by Rosicrucianism. There is certainly not less confusion in explaining this phenomenon through the ‘tinnitus’ than there is in recognizing it to have originated, as taught by learned masters of the Mystic sect, out of impact upon lines or tracks existing in relation with the transit of planetary bodies as these lines, or tracks, or chords have been crossed and acted on by sun-rays.

“This last, transcendently explanatory of the existence of music, propounded by the Illuminati as filling the world; hearable, however, by a dematerialized ear only, save in such rare instances as this recorded. Is it not told of John that he beheld seven candlesticks, and that he heard a voice, and is not the truthfulness of this accepted by a church that pronounces its judgments infallible? Are not all Christians bound to believe that Jeremiah was commanded by a mystical voice out of the silence, and is it not heresy to doubt



the reality of a voice which called Samuel? These things are to-day become perfectly plain to me. Do I need tradition or church or faith to verify or to confuse? Knowing is knowing. Whatever learning or enlarged experience shall have to teach in the future of such things, I accept that there is a relation of essence with essence which is not at all relation through intermediate matter.

“——Yet, even in this hour of ecstatic consolation, I may not be oblivious to thoughts that have often enough recurred as to a probable insanity, temporary or otherwise, of characters, be they biblical or others, who hear voices and see sights of occult character. To-night it is given me to see the matter in a different light. Ordinarily the strength and the sight and the perceptions of men pursue the course of a sluggish level: certain weights are liftable, certain adjacent things are seeable, certain character of thoughts are thinkable. Let anger arouse men, or let the stimulus of preliminary ether-anæsthesia be directed to the muscles, and weakness is seen possessed of reserved strength deemed of impossible existence by an observer. The lifting of an interposed cloud has shown often enough to a passing traveller scenes never before beheld or dreamed of as existing. It has been wisely taught by Neo-platonists, and is truth known to every godly human, that prayer, meditation, and harmony are means creative of higher and broader views than those associated with the grazing propensity. I am listening to a mental voice which is asking as to the meaning of the inspired hours of the poets, and as to unconstructed edifices beheld in the mirror of the



mind by the architects. I am recalling what myself have seen in sky-ascending smoke starting out of burning brush-heaps. There come back to me pictures beheld in glowing western clouds. I have in memory lessons pumped into my brain from plashing brooks and out of long-rolling sea-waves.

—I say to myself, in doubt as to being understood, What is for self let it remain with self; the veil of Isis down, the veil of Isis up. It is for him to comprehend who is able to apprehend.

AD INTERIM.—Handling maggots where pearls were to be strung! Life reached to the years of threescore in number showing body cultivated out of all contrast to Ego and Soul. Higher sacrificed to lower. Query? Things being different, would appreciation of contrast exist as it does to-day? Remembrance of words and songs heard forty years back,—words and songs holding themselves occult until education has revealed their meaning. Alas! for a teacher forty years back! Perhaps not! Count forty, or forty hundred, years in contrast with Eternity as existing with the Now. Every minute a beginning. Every minute an ending. Every minute the beginning of a new ending. Ending and beginning one. The Zuricher is right: “Men do not know themselves, and therefore they do not understand the things that are in their inner world.”

NOW ONE WITH PERPETUAL, PERPETUAL ONE WITH ETERNAL.—Truth being ever the same, it must be ever new. Reference is to be made to passages in the book



“Man and his World,” which book, being, so to speak, a first volume to the present one, invites relation.

Consider, Cebes ! Viewing the universe as a boundless circumference, which undoubtedly it is, how impossible is it that centre could be elsewhere than alike anywhere and everywhere, or, conversely, that it should be nowhere ! Again : Defining Eternity as representing absence of beginning or ending, is this else than deciding it an eternal Now ?

You mean, Protagoras, that if a thing have neither beginning nor ending it is necessarily without movement ?

Ask yourself, Cebes, if this be not its only possibility. I mean exactly what I say. There has not been, nor can there be, any term, period, or existence that is without a state that has no without, or that is not within a state where there is nothing but within. Consider : We have divisions or measurements which are called hours of the day, and others denominated weeks and months, and still others named years, but what are these save arbitrary distinctions, inherent in a common thing, made by men for sake of convenience ? A watch the hands of which do not move is equally right with a running one three times in twenty-four hours, and this it would continue to be so long as a single man might be upon the earth to look at its face.

I think I catch the idea ; you mean, Protagoras, that time being Now, eternity cannot be anywhere else, for the reason that there is no anywhere else ?

Look at it after still another manner, Cebes. Eternity having as its condition neither beginning nor ending, does it not necessarily follow that everything is within, or between, this no-beginning and no-ending ?



By the gods, Protagoras, you declare and show that we are now in eternity !

The thing declares and shows itself, Cebes. Assuredly we are now in eternity. Two thousand years ago we were in eternity. We shall be in eternity evermore, for the reason that there is nowhere else to be.

What strange, yet apparently irrefutable, thing is this you are propounding? Truly you do not fail to recognize in the showing of the argument life and living going on forever as these now are; that is, man changing into nothing else?

Whist, Cebes! he may have wings and fly, or he may be without legs and run. Does not a man retrograde or advance?

I mean that he does not, in any individual sense, turn into something else.

Into an Angel, would you say, Cebes? Why, Socrates, according to the telling, has shown how he may metamorphose into the God. For myself, I have seen beneficent seraphs and malignant devils sitting, in the shape of men, on the common seats of a circus.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE CORNER-STONE IS NOW.

To emphasize it, Cebes, let us imagine a pyramid millions of times broader and higher and older than that of Cheops, and let us imagine the stone-cutting instruments of all the earth made into one, and in turn let us imagine this instrument forever engaged in cutting and deepening a line reading

"AN ETERNAL NOW."

This, Cebes, may faintly express idea of the stupendous significance of the line as it relates with a man's under-



standing of himself, and of his relation with the Universal. In application of Oneness as to Now and Eternity is disappearance of confusions of all kinds, together with all mysteries. What could remain to confound, when highest height and lowest depth and greatest length and widest breadth are one with the man standing in their midst? \* Here is no to-morrow to consider, no yesterday to perplex. Here is Oracle with voice ever unmuffled. Here God and devil and heaven and hell are one with a man's self. Attained to understanding of this oneness of Now and Eternity, and of the oneness of man's hypostases with the hypostases of the Universal, how insignificant and unimportant become the disputes of philosophers and the diversities of systems! Does not even the simple man comprehend that an outside implies inside, or, in turn, inside may not exist separated from outside? Seeing Now to be one with Eternity, and the hypostases of man to be one with the hypostases of the Universal, is seeing the all.

Concerning this Eternal Now, Protagoras.

It, and its relations, alone remain to be considered. But how say you, Cebes? If a man is not in an Eternal Now, are we to declare that he is not in it?

It would not be easy to say anything else.

What as to Consciousness? Would you say that if a man is unconscious he is not conscious?

This, truly.

And would you say, reversing this, that a man being conscious he is not unconscious?

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\* See Idealism: "Man and his World."



Nothing else is to be said.

How as to oneness of Consciousness and Unconsciousness with being or not being?

Assuredly Consciousness is the same as "to be," while Unconsciousness is one with "not to be."

Such being the case, immortality is to be declared one with continuous consciousness?

Necessarily this.

And we may not say that Consciousness exists elsewhere than with Consciousness?

It would be impossible for it to exist save in itself.

How is it just now with Cebes? is he conscious?

We have agreed that Ego and Consciousness are identical, and certainly Cebes is Ego.

Then, if a consciousness which is one with Cebes is immortal, that is, if Cebes is immortal by reason of being a conscious existence, this consciousness is to continue unbroken?

Assuredly this.

What continues unbroken is That which Cebes knows as himself? in other words, what continues unbroken is a That which now is?

This, Protagoras, otherwise there is no present Cebes.

We are, then, agreed that unconsciousness is the reverse of consciousness, the one being identical with non-existence, the other identical with existence?

Quite agreed.

Turning this around, I am to say that we are one in a conclusion that Consciousness is immortal by reason of its being one with Ego, which Ego is an Entity, or simple, the entities, or simples, being pure existences, consequently immortal?



In truth, Protagoras, the argument must be held perfect, if doubt is entirely absent as regards the persistent nature of an entity.

Are we, then, to opine that doubt is not absent from Cebes?

Pardon, Protagoras, it is just away. I had momentarily overlooked the noumenal nature of the parts composing the hypostases.

To be wanting in appreciation and understanding of the noumena is indeed one with finding nothing in the argument of the hypostases.

But you esteem argument existing in the hypostases unbreakable?

To break it is one with denying hunger when one is hungry, consciousness when consciousness is present, and God when the construction and rhythm of the world are looked at.

Might it not indeed be said, Protagoras, that proof of it lies with the Self that finds itself asking after proof?

Put it as you please, Cebes, Yourself holds it all. Shall we go on?

I beg that unnecessary interruption be pardoned.

Let us, then, put the things together. Cebes exists. He exists now. Cebes is Ego. Ego is a simple. Simple is immortal. Cebes is immortal by reason of being a simple. Immortal is one with unbroken existence. Unbroken existence is not possibly else than continuous existence. Ergo, Now and Eternity are one.

I fear, Protagoras, you will scarcely excuse me, but question here offers. Eternity and Now accepted as one, what is gained in replacing a familiar with an unfamiliar term?



Your last more than excuses the questions put together. The word Eternity has been made the saddest misnomer of language. It is at one and the same time the bugaboo, the land of promise, the will-o'-the-wisp, and the cheat of mankind.

*"Man never is, but always to be blest."*

In like manner, he never is, but always to be curst. Now, there not being anything else, or time, or space, save what now is, man is to recognize that he joys or cheats himself always and forever as he relates with a Now that is with him. This he may not get away from. Heed, Cebes! Compelled to recognize the oneness of Eternity and Now, could it be otherwise than that heaven and hell are with That which alone is? Might it as well be otherwise than that heaven, or the absence of it, is anything or any place save as it is one with the presence or absence of God in the hypostases? for surely, as has been before considered, presence of God is identical with existence of heaven. The sprays, Cebes, are become my Zeus, my Christ, my Gautama, my Mencius, my Confucius, my Mahomet, my all of the philosophers and systems of philosophy, my entire and sole religion, my whole knowledge of pain and pleasure, my bad genius in times of temptation, and my good dæmon in hours of succor; in a word, this dream of a modern is become my sole lifter-up and puller-down. Heed closely, Cebes: temptation is with Matter; Salvation is with Soul. Ego is chooser. To yield to Matter is to descend; to cling by Soul is to ascend.



THINGS SAID OVER  
IN  
OTHER WORDS.







## A ROSICRUCIAN.

GETTING farther and farther away from water until one famishes is illustrative of getting farther and farther away from the God until practically he is lost to us.

A friend from whom I have just parted, and with whom the afternoon has been spent wandering by the side of a creek that is a favorite place of resort with both, is a Rosicrucian of the order known as Illuminates, or Illuminati. It is not, however, by the singular of such word that he names himself. Indeed, as just here the thought is in my mind, I am confident that in the course of our fairly long intercourse it has not been used between us. To himself he is simply a doctor out of harness; to me he is a man well advanced in years, who is known as having spent a life of large and prominent usefulness by giving the benefits existing with great learning to those found standing in need of them. As a practitioner and teacher of medicine, fifty years of his life belong to the history of his profession. The present time is his own—and, happily, mine.

I introduce my fellow-loiterer and dreamer of the creek-side as a Rosicrucian of the Illuminate order because of his being what he is, he being, in fact, about the only one comfortably known to me in this unrestful world who occupies such a plane.

With men of the two other orders of the Rosicrucians, the Alchemists and the Immortals, I possess large acquaintance. The first are the money-changers; among



these being at the lowest point of the scale the venial politician, and at the other the sturdy farmer who sees in his waving corn never anything but the price of its grains. The immortals find free representation among the professionals. Medicine holds a multitude; workers with crucibles and alembics not yet arrived at inductions led to by the hypostases.

The way from mine to the Illuminate's house is down a short and well-kept lane, the entrances of the two places so almost directly facing that in the fall and winter when the leaves are fallen it is no difficult matter to signal across the intervening distance invitation for a stroll, an invitation which, whether of the winter or the summer time, is commonly sure of a mutually acceptable response.

Considering my friend, I find familiar definition for an Illuminate in "*a man who lives in the light of Apprehension.*" He is in every way above a wheaten loaf, although, by reason of having begun life as a member of the alchemical class and continued it for many years as an immortal, some wealth, which is the common meaning of these two manners of living, has been brought out of the former condition.

In town the coat worn was of broadcloth; it was necessary to consider, in the wearing, storm and dust. "Toggery" is his word for the kind of dress in which he now goes about. Memory contrasts, much to a present credit, the broadcloth and the toggery. Here is never hesitation in pushing through a mass of brambles or fording the creek. Here is never a day that has too much of rain or too much of snow in it; dust is matter of microscopical interest.



My friend is a man holding so much in himself that without difficulty I find in him almost anything of which I stand in need : equally well does he fix a worn water-spigot or turn a telescope on Mars. Only the day before yesterday, walking with him through a strip of wood that borders one side of the village, my surgery might have been supplied for a full week at the simple cost of stooping.—Alas ! so much that is seeable remaining unseen ! One of my unspoken names for my friend is “*Emmetrope*,”—this in the sense that he sees so large meaning in things showing nothing to eyes in general. A leaf plucked from any of the many bushes of his garden he opens and turns to the extent of a volume.—“So much at hand,” says my friend to me without opening his lips. “So little at hand,” repeat I, when in the garden ; I telling I what a different thing a garden is to him who knows botany and to him who does not know it.

To-day, just returned from a trip to a distant part of the country, I am invited, in a call on my friend, to a seat in “*Boffin's bower*.” This bower is home-made, consisting of four unpainted posts supporting a grape-vine designed to shade a rustic seat, and as well an aquarium about two feet by four constructed out of bricks and cement upon the ground. *Boffin's bower* is my friend's pulpit. To-day his text was the aphis. “To tell a gardener,” said he, “that the devil goeth about like an eating aphid, is to get an idea into his head possessed of a much more practical significance than that which he would obtain from being told that the devil goeth about like a roaring lion.” The text is a sermon in itself. Lions in the localities of the gardens



are neither of trouble nor inconvenience, met with, as they are, only behind the bars of a menagerie-cage. An aphis, on the contrary, is one of millions. The growth of a summer is destroyed by him in the hours of a day. Watch and pray, the latter word meaning work, is the necessity when he is about. "Apropos," said my friend, "the cats have got at my frogs." (The tank is the home of his batrachians.) The incident aroused thoughts on the part of both of us as to the seeming mercilessness of Providence. "Seeming is the word," said my friend; "this not being the case, God would be devil. My happy frogs, whose croaks are music, singing me nightly to sleep, are left without protection either as to wit or eyes as defence is against cats." "And the cats," I suggested, "are without the shadow of a chance against the shot-gun of a boy." "True, true," was the rejoinder; "and the boy has no better show, outside the doctor, against diphtheria or scarlet fever than the cats have against his gun." "Your faith is not extensive," I queried, "as to a special Providence always about with open eyes and ears?" "Granted," he said, "as to the open eyes and ears; the heart is of stone." "Meaning by this," I proposed, "that little attention is given to what is seen or heard?" "Meaning," he replied, "that to talk of special Providence as special Providence is commonly understood in the way of enjoining dependence on it is not a whit more sensible than entreating a cat to show mercy to a bull-frog." "It would be better," I suggested, "to teach the frog, if that be possible, to sun himself mid-stream on a log, out of understanding that a cat would not wet its paws to get at him?" "It



would be best," he replied, "if it were not for the big bird overhead, watching its chance for a supper." "The frog might stay at the bottom of his ditch," I suggested. "If it were not," he rejoined, "for the eel concealed in the mud."

"Is it not unaccountable," continued my friend, "that a doctrine like this of special Providence, which is so exactly the opposite of fact as it exists, and as well so contrary to the dignity and good of man, can continue in the face of the God's practical denial of it on every side?"

"I am reminded," I replied, "of an incident occurring long ago, where I let a house and garden to an impoverished preacher with view to helping him along by boarding out the rent. It happened that I had bought the garden of a millionaire bank president, who himself, using wheelbarrow and spade, had produced such richness that slightest tillage of the ground met with response not unjustly to be likened to the famous draught of fishes where a net was put down at the right time and place. Before the tenant came I had ploughed and planted the garden, and it was turned over to him with the single requirement existing of keeping down weeds. That season my garden was a dead failure. Crisp radishes, always before so plentiful, were not found on the morning plates. There were no refreshing salads for dinner. Berries were wanting as absolutely as if the vines had taken up root and decamped. Even the tomato, that most persistent and overwhelming of vegetables, showed but an infrequent specimen. In short, there was nothing,—nothing but weeds. My tenant would not hoe, but he made up for



the shortcoming by invocations and supplications to Providence, with which he favored the sitters about the table. Words were his antitheses to weeds.

“One day, utterly weary of the man’s shiftlessness, I asked if the intention of the prayers was to wheedle the God into going to the barn for the hoe, as with lack of use of that instrument lay our default as to the things prayed for. The reply was a look absolutely vacant as to understanding. Not discouraged, I went on to say that as the garden had given overflowing to the bank president, who, so far as I knew, never prayed, and the same to me, whose prayers were prayers in the sense alone of thank-offerings for the abundant blessings found at command of a hoe, a conclusion forced itself that the God was against him.

“The preacher awakened to the situation. ‘Against me, his servant?’ he asked, with the largest of interrogation-marks.

“‘Against something, certainly,’ I replied, ‘since whereas formerly there were plenty of vegetables there are now none.’

“The word was taken up by a farmer who happened to be a diner at the table that day, and whose opinion of the preacher’s educated sense was not exalted. ‘You don’t have,’ he said, ‘if you don’t hoe: the something is with the hoe, I guess.’

“‘Do you mean,’ asked the preacher, ‘to imply that asking God for blessings is unprofitable?’

“‘Not exactly that,’ responded the farmer; ‘but my own prayers I keep for night, not wasting time on getting out of bed in the morning, having found out long ago that half an hour with a hoe while the dew is



on the ground is quite equal to a couple of hours after the sun is up.'

" 'And you trust in the arm of flesh?' asked the preacher.

" 'In that and the hoe,' said the farmer, 'for I find that if I don't get up and go at it no weeding gets done. I find, too, something else,' he said, 'and here my prayers come in. A radish-seed and a trifle of ground properly put together bring a radish. The thing is the same as to everything about my farm. Nothing lacks or lags. The matter seems to be for each thing to do its part: the seed to do its part, the ground to do its part, rain to do its part, sun to do its part, me to do my part. Seeing this as I am about the fields all day, I am so overwhelmed by the expressions of the goodness and presence of Providence that by the time night comes I have got beyond words. What! expect seed and ground and rain and sun to do their part, and I loaf. No, no! I don't come to that.'

" 'What do you mean by loafing?' asked the preacher, with an expression that implied dissatisfaction with the drift of the talk.

" 'To speak plainly and not mince the thing,' said the farmer, 'I mean praying over short commons.'

" The preacher was indignant, and expressed the indignation by rolling his eyes upward. What he said was, 'He letteth the tares grow up with the wheat.'

" 'He does, indeed,' said the farmer; 'but for myself, I don't save up for him the trouble of separating the two at harvest-time.'

" 'Be careful,' said the preacher, 'that you are not saving up damnation for the harvest-time.'



“ ‘What !’ replied the farmer, his face flushed with disgust or anger, as the case may have been, ‘damnation for understanding and obeying God as to his laws? damnation for not whining like a boy instead of working like a man? damnation for not begging when plenty needs alone the reaching out of a hand? All right ; let me be d——’ ”

There was just here quick interruption of the recital, as I was giving it to my Rosicrucian friend, by a woman who came rushing into the bower begging the doctor for God’s sake to come quick to her child, who had eaten belladonna berries.

“ Go back home, good woman,” said the doctor in the quietest tone of voice, “ and mix up and give your child a teaspoonful of mustard in a goblet of warm water. I will follow in good time.”

“ But, doctor, doctor !” cried the woman, “ for God’s sake, the child is poisoned !”

“ I will come right away,” said my friend.

Walking towards the woman’s house, the doctor said to me, “ The God hears, and comes right away.”

“ The woman would not understand this last,” I hinted.

“ In turn,” said my friend, “ we are not, as doctors, mindful of it as it becomes our office to be. What is a doctor but an almoner of the God? being the mercy of the God as he represents this mercy. The laudanum here carried is the certain salvation of the poisoned child.”

“ True,” I said, “ the doctor is here instrument of response by reason of a medicine furnished him by Providence.”



"Understanding of the medicine, to intervene," suggested my friend, "that the antidote shall not prove worse than the poison."

"No doctor being at hand," I replied, "or a doctor not knowing to the degree of antidotal significance between laudanum and belladonna, occasion would quickly exist in the present instance to arraign Providence as to a dispensation beyond finding out."

"The mother consoled on the funereal occasion," suggested my friend, "with the significance of a special mercy which Providence has gone out of his way to confer on her in taking the child up into heaven as inducement for her to follow."

"The whole thing lying with belladonna berries or too much laudanum?" I queried.

"With what else?" asked the doctor.

"How perfect the law!" I acquiesced. "Providence never deaf but as a human ear refuses to hear, but as a hand refuses to stretch itself out, or as looking into things and finding out about them are denied their meaning."

"Ears," soliloquized my friend, taking up unconsciously my thought, "that have come to understanding of the language of entreaty, and hands that know how to do what is required to be done."

"This, necessarily," I responded. "The child is to be restored to the mother's arms by reason of the God's prescience that provided against such emergencies before child or mother was born."

"Exactly," said the doctor: "the belladonna bush on one side of a piece of ground, and the opium plant on the other."



"To-night," I said, "as the mother cuddles the child safely to her breast her voice will go out in reverent prayer to the God for the preservation of her babe: there will be no thought of the doctor."

"And why should there be thought of the doctor?" asked he. "Is the doctor anything but a carrier? Did a doctor create the opium plant? Does a doctor knit the broken limb whose fragments he lays in apposition? The mother has her child by reason of the opium plant. Her reverence should indeed go out to him who put the virtue of a present salvation in the plant."

"The unthinking," I suggested, "would not unlikely fault the existence of belladonna."

"Unthinking indeed," responded the doctor, "for had the poisoning here been of opium it would have required the belladonna to antagonize it."

"Truly great and wonderful are the works of God," I quoted.

"So great and wonderful," responded my friend, "that induction demonstrates the absence of a single weak or imperfect factor in the whole of the Universal."

"But the way to salvation," I suggested, "is after its manner as the way to getting belladonna berries out of a stomach is after its manner."

"For ourselves," said the Rosicrucian, "we have no occasion to consider either."

The short distance between the bower and the woman's house had been passed over during the few moments of conversation. The door stood open, and we entered. "The God is within," said the doctor, as the door closed.



A very little while sufficed for the administration of the antidote. "Out of ignorance of law," continued the doctor, as coming out of the house he walked part way home with me, "the gracious God gets credited with the malignancy of Satan. You are right as to the unthinking. Had a funeral occurred by reason of our mutual absence from home, the sermon would have had as its text '*The ways of Providence are beyond finding out,*' whereas the mysterious way was nothing more than a stomach that needed to be relieved of a few belladonna berries."

"'Lead us not into temptation,' " I suggested, "is akin with the belladonna and opium. I should as soon think of the God scattering about the poisons belladonna and opium with view to trapping children and unwary adults, as associate with his unspeakable grandeur and mercy idea of a leader into temptation."

"The thing," said the doctor, "savors too much of the absurd to command attention. There is ignorance as to translation of a passage, or there was an ear that did not hear very well."

"Change of a few letters *in the light of the hypostases,*" I said, "is found to afford absolute correction:—leave, instead of lead; leave us not in temptation. Temptation is of matter, Salvation is of Soul. Such lesson cannot be too frequently scanned. Turning toward or turning from, is being led into temptation or being not left in temptation; the difference is great. Self is holder of an only ear that replies to prayer to be helped in temptation as in other trouble, self as to the individual or as to a fellow individual. Providence is stone-deaf taken out of his manner. *This manner is*



*with the hypostases.* It is a sad thing to find out, until it is fully found out, that the Providence of the Ignorant is dead ; more truly, that he never lived. This denies miracles. It denies everything but law. Providence being elsewhere than in law, Providence is without mercy. No special Providence exists upon earth. Law is one in its application everywhere and to every person. To do is to have. To leave undone is to lack. Not knowing how to do, or not having strength to do, furnishes no excuse to law ; the lacking one goes under ; this whether as to a poisoned child or as to a consumptive widow stitching out the remnant of a life. What also finds no excuse, as 'state of mind' is concerned, and this to its extent perhaps forever and forever, is for physician to hold back the opium from the poisoned child, or for Wealth to deny heed to the widow's need."

"Ah ! how we should sink to the earth in despair," interrupted my friend, "if you were not wrong just here ! Time that heals the broken bone effaces little by little the stains of offence, thus forever and forever restoring lost purity."

"Truly it is like the God, as the lesson lies with all nature," I agree.

"For all that," said the doctor, "how mean we are to keep on forever redirtying our faces and holding them up for fresh washing ! The stains of offence are not so much with doing as with not-doing. What are called the better classes seldom offend aggressively. It is not-doing that is offence. It is passing by on the other side. It is eating meat unmindful that another table is furnished only with leeks."



"But hoeing and having?" I queried.

"It is not easy," responded the doctor, "to know always just what is best to do. We are hardly to take our lesson from nature; for nature, unmindful of sick or strong, serves those only who serve themselves. If we say that 'Soul' is to be director, charity is found more often abused than made serviceable. One thing is sure," continued the Illuminate, "you cannot hold a man up that is without a backbone."

"It comes down to the fact," I suggested, "that a man stands upon his own feet or does not stand at all."

The thought passed to compensation,—thought about cripples, about the poor and outcast, about idiots, about differences between capitalist and laborer.

"The Now of an eternal now," I suggested, "is so inappreciable as to duration that it is lost as instantly as seized. Let the duration of matter in its relation with a human body be considered, and it is the same. What a man is as to body one moment, that is he strictly not as to any other moment: truly as to body, 'once a girl, once a boy, a bird, a bush, a fish which swims the sea;' to-day a cripple, to-day poor and outcast, to-day an idiot; compensation is with another day; this in the law that forever and forever turns Zenith into Nadir and Nadir into Zenith. Matter is eternal in its round of correlation. It is never at a stand-still. The globe itself is a round that is continuous. A man upon whom the sun shines at mid-day is carried by his globe to a midnight where he has no sun. On a morrow he is brought out of his darkness into light."

Everything is by turns down and up: water as the



stream, water as the cloud, gold as nugget, gold as ring, acorn as seed buried in the ground, acorn as tree waving in the free winds of the sky, man as body put into a coffin, man as Ego finding ethereal life in a transmigration.

An eternal Now! Doing ill and paying its price in suffering. Doing good and reaping its reward in rejoicing. Heaven and hell so entirely one as to location that the face is scorched by a hot blaze or fanned by a cool breeze as it happens to be turned. Suffering continuous or pleasure continuous; or these alternating. Continuous and alternating, and as well eternal, being neither strokes nor favors of the God, but strokes or favors done by men to themselves. Being one in meaning with an ever-existing stream, whose law allows of its use for irrigation or for drowning out.

"Perfect are the mercy and beauty of the God," said the doctor, as he started to go home. "And of Providence," he turned about to add.

It is not difficult to misunderstand a man like my friend. Yet alas that there are so few who have come to his appreciation of Providence! His prayers reach from morning unto evening and into the night.



## EXCURSIONS.

### SWARTHMORE.—CHANGES AS TO THINGS AND MEN.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

CHANGES AS TO THINGS AND MEN.\* Not so far away from Swarthmore but that an hour spent upon a car carries to where the Brandywine and Christiana mingle their streams, stands a rough stone church,

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\* See page 192. Also see Utopia, in "Odd Hours of a Physician."



little changed externally from what it was as left by its builders two hundred and nine years back. A retreat, this, for a truant school-boy whose delight was in watching willow-strippers and speculating on ghosts rather than on Latin verbs and the matters of fact of physics. A sanctuary now for an old man devoted to meditation, to retrospection and introspection.

How many the returns made after forty years to the lanes of the willow-strippers and the place of the ghosts,—lanes, alas! no longer; streets now, the willow fagots replaced by cobble-stones, the hawthorn hedges by brick-fronted houses.

To-day, old in years and in the world's experiences, I am back in the graveyard. I look with saddened spirit and listless eye on hot streets that have taken the place of cool lanes. Improvements! the new citizens exclaim energetically and enthusiastically. Perhaps!—The new citizens! What as to the old ones? Walking through the town, for nothing of the village remains, I see only unfamiliar signs and faces. New names! New faces! There is large increase in the grave-stones. I see! I see! Tired out, or driven out, my familiars have removed.

—Forty years are more than a generation; how easy to overlook this when one reckons his own years as a score beyond forty!—Or is it that a generation of years makes understandable that there are no generations, but that so-called end is one with beginning,—one end reached, beginning to a new end entered upon?

—The same old wall; not quite so good, however, as in the boy days. Along the east side, sepa-



rating ship-yard and church, the track of the railroad travelled over half a century back.—No sight of remains of old Fort Christiana existing in the other days, nor of a moat in which the boy sailed his miniature ships. In place of fort and moat a black and sooty mill.—Cinders and ashes where in the old time were grazing cows and leaning willows.—Streets on all sides of the graveyard now. Strange anomaly! these crowding and pushing for passage; streets and people and horses and carts held in check by scattered handfuls of motionless dust.

—The archways of the church covered with ivy vines, recognized by the gnarled trunks as being the acquaintances of fifty years back. The quaint cupola; the same covering of cedar shingles, nailed in place so long, so very long ago,—shingles lasting their purpose so much better than a multitude of bodies lying beneath.

—The grave-digger interrupting his work to congratulate himself on the easy spading of mould made up of decomposed human bones, muscles, and brains.

—Here a look into the interior of the church through the little panes of a window. A memorial window in old European style seen opposite. This is unfamiliar; an addition, however, well placed. Other changes felt as a loss. A board floor where in the olden days were rows of broad-faced slabs bearing strange-sounding Swedish names. Cold these marbles, no doubt, to the feet of modern worshippers; colder to a returned child of the soil this floor which has the seeming meaning of a final shutting out.

—Little alteration in the pulpit; the same circu-



lar, steep steps ; the same round sounding-board ; the same door leading into the chancel ; pews, however, in place of the familiar benches.

—The bell tolls : old bell ! old acquaintance ! this the same old bell that called to the boy when the vaults were to be opened. Some old trees, too ! Trees, good trees,—alike we are not to stand the heat and the sleet and the blowings and the freezings much longer ! —But what a multitude of graves we have alike seen opened and filled ! How I have slept in your shade and you have fanned me ! How I have climbed into your highest limbs and you have pointed out the distant valleys and streams ! How we are life-long friends, even though at one time years passed without a meeting ! How, old trees, I love you, and now kiss you !

—This a Jack-in-the-pulpit growing out of a well-remembered grave. Preach me, occupier of a pulpit from whom to expect a lesson is a right ! Tell of the spirit of the old friend out of whose body you grow,—if, indeed, you know anything more than he whose root is not yet in a grave. How well the name and the person are remembered ! A grand eulogy this borne by his marble ! There must have been some rich friend to rear such a stone. It was a derisive saying of the villagers that the man held the penny so near his eye as not to be able to see the dollar in the distance.—Wiser I now think him than his critics. Pennies satisfied him. His life was serenely slipshod.

—You direct attention to the mound across the path. You are right ! the occupant was indeed rich, powerful,—and a brute. I recall him fully : an old,



gray-haired, tottering man. It was here, was it, that he tumbled finally? Let me, preacher, of myself question. How was it, brute? How was it when the passions were replaced by compelled quiet existing in a palsy that came to you? How was it when were not to be remedied helplessness and hopelessness arising out of indiscretions? Before your body got into the grave, what was seen of the meaning of these mistakes? or did you drop into the pit without understanding of who and what dug the hole? I lay a sheet of paper, man, upon your slab. Here, ready, is pen filled with ink. Is there aught to say to a sinner like yourself in the way of consolation or extenuation, or—warning? anything but that a “dead past is to bury its dead”?

——Wonderful! wonderful! You have been here summer after summer, preacher. How deep was the body buried? Your earth must be porous, that I find so much of this man gotten out of the ground into myself!

——“Turn to the other path,” you say. Sadly pleasing indeed. Copy what is graven, pen. “John Stephens,”—whoever he was, or is.

“Delusive life, adieu, with all thy train  
Of folly, labor, care, regret, and pain;  
Existence but an animated clod,  
Death sinks the frame and mounts the soul to God.”

“And Rebecca his wife.

Dark, silent grave, low in thy narrow bed,  
Weeping, we lay the body of our dead:  
All that was mortal now hath ceased to live,  
And all that earth can claim to earth we give.”



Lines between lines here: preacher, Christian, or simple philosopher, alike may write and can use them.

Here by the church-door eight graves. Upright marbles tell the names of honest yeomen of the old school and of the honest yeomen's helpmates. One was well known. How often, preacher, have I clambered his fences, eaten of the fruits of his fields, and fished in streams running through his grounds! The gravestone tells of the burying as being in the year 1840. Why, preacher, I remember the funeral as if it had been an occurrence of but yesterday. Half a century ago! Preacher, preacher, there is not over-width of margin between the years of half a century and threescore and ten!

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From the grave of the farmer I start for a walk to his home of fifty years back, having keenly in memory a densely-shaded lane quite half a mile in length leading from the highway to the house; a double avenue of old and gnarled apple-trees, a carriage-house at one end and a great stone barn together with hay-ricks at the other; and, most vividly remembered of all, a watering-place where the horses were ridden bareback to drink. With what zest I am thinking of the watering-place; a fordable stream, clear as crystal, some twenty feet in breadth, a sandy shore on one side, on the other massive rocks smothered in vines which reach over them into the stream. Above, the great branches of lovingly embracing trees, their branchlets floated by the water; squirrel-holes in the trunks of the trees, where the boy risked the bite of snakes for the possible prize of a flying rodent.



The steps hasten as the sylvan scenes are recalled. How generous and profuse was the hospitality! How untrammelled was the freedom! How the horses, led from their stable unsaddled and unbridled, and often enough unmounted by boys too timid or not agile enough, are this moment in mind! Then the heir of the house! As full of hospitality as were the father and mother; full of pride and of the aspirations of youth; overflowing with desire to do; rich in the cherry-red blood of health; afraid of nothing; tender of the feelings of others as a woman; the admired and beloved of his neighborhood; a valued friend of early days.

. . . The lane! What is this? A railroad-track. A bank of clay in place of the shading trees. Half-rotten ties lying promiscuously about, occupying the places of long-ago-familiar moss-carpeted big stones. At the foot of a tree standing at junction of road and lane, whilom the gathering-place of cawing crows, now a caboose of a flagman; the top of the tree cut off, the trunk serving as a post to the cabin. A great square rock standing by the tree at the entrance of the lane and reaching beyond the fence into the wood,—a favorite rest of fifty years back. Not a sign of this remaining. Broken by the blasters, no doubt, and now lying in the mud under some road-bridge.

How profound a revulsion of feeling! Is change also with the old house and with the watering-place? Shall I go forward, or turn back?

. . . Not a vestige remaining of the apple trees; no single fence in place as it used to be. Another barn, facing in opposite direction from the old one. No



sign of hay-ricks. Streets making their way from every direction. No lane leading from barn-yard to watering-place.

. . . The watering-place found, after considerable search. Not an overhanging tree remaining. No sandy shore. No vine-covered rocks. Up and down everything of the old days found gone or going. The stream narrowed by the encroachments of the railroad to a ditch between clay banks only a few feet in width. The sun unobstructed glaring to-day on these clay banks. The beautiful stream of old nothing to-day but a run carrying sewage.

“Improvements”! The word has got here from the town. Things called “improvements” in proportion as they deform and destroy! Mud-covered railroad-ties in place of vine-bedecked rocks. Flat clay banks replacing arboring trees. Odor of the wild grape and honeysuckle driven away by smell of garbage.

. . . The house the home of a new race. The name of the farmer of fifty years ago unknown. Not the slightest memory of boys who belonged there as visitors half a century back. Not a black face where once were plenty. No wide-throated chimney holding benches of stone on either side of blazing logs. No brick-paved kitchen. No door going into a familiar pantry. No anything as it was.

. . . Building-lots now in place of arbored lane and the watering-place. Yard-palings, already breaking down, where in old days were stone fences under which the ground-squirrels lived and over which they ran. Houses of wood, flaring in white and green, where once waved corn-tassels and the heavy heads



of wheat-stalks. Strange people sauntering about, evidently at home, and looking on the walker as an intruder. Alas !

“ Places that knew us know us no more.”—And what if they do not ? I turn my steps toward what is of great contrast to the place of lanes and watering-place. The old house, whilom so inviting, is contracted and uncomfortable when compared with one that has its door standing open for me. In the olden time I knew nothing of the new home, nor dreamed even of its attractions ; the stone house at the end of the lane was a palace. The talks of willow-strippers, rude and low, as now recalled, were attractions stronger than the voices of teachers in the village school. Islanders, coming in with the whaling-ships, half savages as they were, made impressions something of which stays, no doubt, as remain India-ink stains pricked by them with needles into the skin of my hands. Negro fishermen ! How many could be named who were close friends in the olden times ! What wonderful springy poles and what unbreakable snoods were prepared by these for our days among the ditches ! Gone ! islanders and negroes ! Whaling-ships rotted to pieces ! Anchors seen by the creek-side so turned into rust as to be valueless even as iron ! The ditches gone !

. . . I sit down in the new home as I reach it and lose myself in confusion and wonderment at the self-gratulation felt that I am no longer of the old save as I choose to go back to it. I retrospect, finding it to be thus with all my experiences. New is found better



than old ; that is, as adaptation to wants relates ; houses for increase of people. Going forward is going onward ; unless, as I am compelled to see, one will insist on going backward. Both forward and backward in the Now, however ; nowhere else. The graveyard, and the farm, and the farmer, and the fisherman, and the boy, all here. New trees for the graveyard and farm, new bodies for the humans.

. . . If the All were understood ? Happiest of happy was the boy in the days of the willow-stripping and the ditch-fishing. To-day the strippers are without interest to the man. The ditches are distinguishable alone by lines of ashes with which they have been filled. But in the olden time little was seen of meanness living with the strippers, nor did doubt exist as to an eternal continuance lying with the ditches. In the olden time the mortal needed no better heaven than what he had.

Referring to differences between past and present, or (is it not better said ?) to successions in the Eternal Now, memory is had of hesitation and drawing back when a trip to a distant country was to be entered upon. Firmness as to land was not to be doubted. Instability as to water had its record of multitudinous misadventures. But—when the sea was reached ! when was heard the wild music of the wind screeching by the sailless masts ! when the up-liftings and the down tumblings of the driving waves were felt ! when the salt-laden air filled the lungs with life ! when that which was behind changed from immensity into a speck, and that which was before loomed up as a continent filled



with wonders! Ah! here glory lying with courage and vigor becomes understood.

—Memories of these things. Memories contrasted.

Memories of Heidelberg and its tun; of the Neckar running from the hill-land to the flat-land; of the watching of duels in the Angelplatz; of the pledging in great tankards the health of Kaiser and President. Memories of a Righi Culm and of its neighbor peaks encased in silver and gold. Memories of break-neck speed in the rolling of diligences as chains gave way in the declines of the Brünig. Memories of jerking, driving waves met at the exit from Dieppe. Memories of blinding sprays in the English Channel. Memories of evening sun-rays reddening the white cliffs of Albion. Memories of Brighton ablaze with excitement in the presence of royal personages, and memories of the spurring and prodding of racing horses at Lewes. Memories of Scotch hills and of mist-covered lochs. Memories of the Rhine as followed from the bleak North Sea to the dancing, leaping, laughing waters at Neuhausen. Memories of the ice-Alps as seen from the streets of sweltering Zurich. Memories of Lucerne and of long trout discovered in the crystal clearness of the Lake of the Four Cantons. Memories of Lausanne and of midnight moon-rays covering the face of Lemman. Memories of snow-garbed Jungfrau contrasting with the surrounding greenness of summer-time.

Thoughts aroused by these contrasts as to greater contrasts. A condition of environment considered where lighter mounts over heavier to a higher plane of equilibrium. Higher reached, higher seen still above.



From lower to higher forever and forever. Soon a plane reached where change is understood as one with freshness ; where change becomes courted as the scholar courts acquisitions to his treasures of knowledge. Sensible change understood as associated alone with body, and body understood as clothes,—heavy clothes for winter, light clothes for summer, intermediate clothes for intermediate seasons. Matter cloth, Nature a tailor.

BACK TO THE TOWN. Upon a luxurious lounge, pillows of embroidered silken cushions under and about her, lies, stricken by disease pronounced fatal, one upon whom Refinement is seen to have set its divinest mark and Beauty to have competed with Grace for her adornment. With beginning were lessons after the strictest rules of the sects. Later the earth was travelled almost all over. The foot of her camel imprinted its steps upon the desert-sand ; her dahabiyeh winged its way to old places where mystery had tarried along the banks of the Nile. India introduced her to Brahma. China brought her to acquaintance with Confucius. The shores of the Bosphorus gave her audience with Mahomet.

Bringing the new gods home with her, and their bibles, and finding still later gods and bibles wherever the good and beautiful were beholdable,—and, contrariwise, seeing perdition and devils wherever the bad and ugly were predominant,—Cordona found religion in losing sect.

Coming to her lounge-side to-night bringing with me the experiences and feelings of the day, I meet with



readiness and interest question propounded by her on the meaning of death; a word which she corrects, however, as quickly as uttered, by replacing it with the term "change."

I speak to her of the wanderings of the day, telling her that the things were once the very life of my life, but that they have dwindled and have waned to large divestment of the old-time charms, and that to-night I am rejoicing as one finding himself brought to higher possessions and pleasures through change.

"But," interrupts Cordona, "the old place knows you, and you know the old place."

"Put it after this manner," I suggest. "I know the old place, but the old place does not know me,—nor do I care about the old place knowing me. As for the willow-strippers and the fishermen, I am something so entirely different from their acquaintance of old that neither they nor I would any longer find congeniality as to the other's company; neither would have satisfaction or pleasure in a remeeting. The new people pass me as indifferently as I pass them. We are nothing at all to each other. Each, however, is much or all to the place of each and to the friends of each."

"Accepting immortality as a fact," asks Cordona, not fairly catching my idea, "what are your convictions regarding intercourse of the so-called newly dead with those that have passed along before? You are dead to the old place, but you are as well alive to it to live in it if you want to."

"Immortality and acceptance are words without association," I beg to correct. "Knowledge of exist-



ence in the Now is knowledge of existence forever. As I go back now to the old place, so forever and forever shall I go back to where I want to go back. The want changes, however. Little by little old enters into new. Little by little, out of such reason, are the attractions of the old changed and lost. Do I walk through my native village, what are the new signs over new shops, and the new keepers of the shops, to me? A door once open to me is now fast shut. Salutations, once warm and frequent, are now formal and infrequent, as to a stranger. There is no house across the lane that invites me. Though entertainment reside with every home, there is no invitation to me. Nor is there with me slightest desire for invitation or entertainment. I have all I want of this, and more to my taste, elsewhere."

"And you can make," asks Cordona, "such natural associations, confident that application is alike to spiritual matters?"

"If," I query, "natural and spiritual are found to be one, would the association apply?"

"Undoubtedly," answers Cordona.

"This, then," I reply, "is a oneness so absolutely self-proving that conclusion is reached as certainly as examination is made."\*

"You make it nothing at all to die?" says Cordona.

"Nothing at all is the word," I reply, "as there is no death."

A slight paleness passes over Cordona's face as she hints at the grave.

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\* See body of the book.



“What,” I ask, “if a body, out of which Ego has gone, be left lying upon a bed? What is the body to Ego? or what is Ego to the body?” I hint to her of the bodies seen in dissecting-rooms. “No one thinks of these,” I suggest, “but as something worn out and offensive that is to be got rid of. It would be interesting,” I add, “to note the effect made on an Ego come to a dissecting-room in search of an old body. Beholding self possessed of body, precisely as understood in the dream-state, the mass lying upon the slab would be to him, before all others, a thing to be buried out of sight; a greasy and worn thrown-off suit of clothes would not be less to him.” I remind Cordona of a locust gotten out of its old hull. “How curiously it must look at the shell!” I say.

“It certainly is the case,” replies Cordona, “that the hull has little interest for the locust, as hardly so much as a look is bestowed before the insect flies away.”

“It leaves its old body,” I suggest, “just as the body of the boy was unconcernedly—indeed, unknowingly—left with the stones of the old graveyard and with the ditches where himself and the blackamoors fished; two bodies, indeed, as for fourteen years he was among the gravestones and about the ditches.\* Seven bodies more, used and parted from,” I add. “A body for every seven years.”

“As to these nine bodies——?” queries Cordona.

“Not the expense of a single funeral gone to. Nature turned undertaker, plus excess of wit to make it understood that she was burying nothing, but help-

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\* See page 194.



ing kindly, on the contrary, her loves out of old dresses into new."

"Has a grave or a funeral nothing disagreeable about it to you?" asks the invalid.

"When I see either," I reply, "I am reminded of one who has removed and whose friends insist that the rubbish left shall be packed away in a storehouse."

"You are unqualifiedly without regard for body?" queries Cordona.

"Yes, and no," I answer. "While my hair is ornamental, I comb and care for it. When it grows over-long, I go to the barber, not concerned as to where he throws what he cuts off. My dentist showed me the other day a front tooth extracted years ago from my mouth and valued beyond price in the by-gone days. I looked on it with interest, but without slightest recognition of it as of concern to myself. I did think, however, as the man put the tooth back in a box filled with malodorous specimens of similar character, that while this being a first tooth which had been replaced by a better and bigger was without use to me, yet there was a kind of pity for the tooth that it should so long have been denied its right of transmigration by reason of being kept in a box instead of in the earth."

"Transmigration?" queries Cordona.

"Yes, transmigration. Put into the earth, the tooth would have been nothing different from a seed that lifts itself as the flower. Going back whence it came, a new tooth, or something as useful, would be found as result of a thing made over."

"Ego is not a thing of hair or teeth?" says Cor-



dona. "Nothing is more clearly demonstrable than this."

"A trap holds a mouse," I suggest, "so long as the door is shut. The door opened, the mouse is away. Body is a trap holding for its purpose the Ego until accident opens the door. Ego away, what is done with its trap is of as little concern to it as is the trap to a liberated mouse."

"What as to Ego?" queries Cordona.

"I think," I reply, "that the question finds its answer, as when asked of Ego residing with its trap. It does, or it goes, or it stays, as it finds itself able. Let it be put," I suggest, "somewhat differently,—after this manner, for example. To-night I am going to sleep. To-night I shall lie upon my bed, dead as to the uses of body. To-morrow, the body being refreshed sufficiently for fresh work, I shall take it up for the purpose of its intentions, going about as I like or doing whatever is found demanding doing. It will be exactly the same as to the going about and doing if body fails to wake up. I, which is no more the body that lies upon the bed than the body is I, would enter upon the occupancy of new body, and this so entirely without consciousness of change that dreaming is one with its accomplishment. Miscomprehension is with refusing the lesson of the dream-state. There is but one Matter. Body is Matter. A dream, and the capability associated with it as the uses of Ego are concerned, show body as Universal body in the sense that Matter is Universal matter. Matter is instantaneously and everlastingly, and after the manner needed, at the command of Ego as Ego requires it."



"A common seed," suggests Cordona, "has similar command of matter?"

"Similar precisely, even if the manner is slower. Intermediates between an acorn, which has about the slowest command, and a man, that has the highest, are to be instanced in the vines which sometimes draw upon matter for their use after such rapid manner that growth is to be measured by the hour."

"Bodies and graves and funerals are not the concern?" says Cordona.

"Only as is concerned making up a bank-account, as where one about to travel wishes to leave conveniences to those who may not be going, or settling what is to be done with a trap."

"Ah," interrupts Cordona, "here it is! this going away!"

"Going away," I reply, "or staying, as one feels like it. Nothing at all different from staying with or getting away from the people of the old farm. Ego goes away from his house with the funeral of thrown-off refuse which is without interest or concern to Ego, or stays at home and lets the funeral go."

"But not seen or heard by friends as they come back from the funeral," suggests Cordona.

"Seeing and hearing, however," I reply. "Others alone, not ourselves, conscious that things are anyway different from what they were. Something more. Different and not different. A gradual awakening to the possession of new capabilities. The coming, little by little, to something akin with that which has effected painless separation of the truant school-boy, the willow-strippers, and the fishermen; pleasurable separation."



"But how," queries Cordona, "as to again being seen and heard, as well as to seeing and hearing?"

"The law is with like knowing like. Like seeks its like. Unlike changes sooner or later into like. Nothing is done by nature abruptly. We do not know when we are born. We do not know when we are unborn."

"Unborn?" queries Cordona.

"Yes, unborn. Being unborn continuously. Yourself unborn as to several bodies and not able to say a word as to particulars related with the dates; knowing, indeed, nothing about the matter. Yourself to go on being unborn with view to being reborn so long as an Eternal Now shall last; consequently, forever and forever."

"Stature suited to condition," says Cordona.

"Exactly: stature suited to condition, and condition to circumstances."

"I am so much a citizen of the world," says Cordona, "that often enough, on return from trips abroad, the street and house where I now am have seemed gloomy and cheerless."

"And often enough you have run away from them for sake of still newer associations?"

"Often enough," replies Cordona.

"God is good. An indigent girl's dematerialization is one with your money; both alike carry where one may wish to go. Given time enough, one grows tired of a thing, of everything. Change is one with newness. Newness is winter made over into spring. Not to stay still, but to go on and on, is life."



"True," says Cordona; "moved into a new house, how often is it the case that a visit to the old one causes wonder that its inconveniences could have been endured!"

"I think that a locust must feel just that way," I say, "when he takes a look at his old house, the shell."

Cordona asks me to repeat an experience of a summer now some time ago, which I do, adding to it something she had not heard.

The place was Barnegat shore. The night was black and fitful, occasional flashes of lightning showing ghostly-looking hills of sand rising abruptly from the edge of the beating tide. Protected from the storm, I sat looking from the window of a lonely-situated house near by, the thought coming to me as to the utter dreariness of a burial that should leave a man in such a place. A horrible fascination held me in my seat until after midnight. To break away from the loneliness and dreariness seemed impossible. I pictured to myself a stranger, who had left the sweetest and fairest of associations on the other side of the great sea, coming to this side and being caught in the treacherous shoals, drowned and washed against one of these hills, and covered out of sight by the shifting sand: no answer left for the question, Where? I imagined this stranger lying in his wet bed night after night through the stormy seasons of countless winters. Before my eyes was a cenotaph in some Stoke Poges or other of the primrose-scented God's-acres of England. In my ears was the sound of crackling logs upon a home hearth,—his home hearth. About both, the unanswered question, Where?



Next night myself lay buried in the sand-hill. The fascination had been too powerful to be resisted. One of a number of self-burials was made. In a hole dug in the hill the next morning were deposited portions of all that a doctor knows of his bodily self; portions of hair, of nails, of skin, of spittle which is one with blood, of oil, lubricating the scalp, which a moment earlier was a gland, of sweat brought to the surface by other internal bodies; in short, a doctor getting himself from himself.

Next night was not, however, as last night. The moon was shining brilliantly. Sultriness was replaced by a cooling breeze. There were no lightning-flashes, nor storm, nor thud of merciless waves against the sand-hills. The looker sat again at the window, looking this time at his grave in the sand-hill; meditating, not on dreariness, but cognizant of two selves; indifferent, utterly, as to the grave in the sand-hill; indifferent as to whether it should wash away or remain; indifferent as to winter's thuds of waves and summer's flashes of lightning. The something in the sand-hill was something that could be got along without. The spell was broken in understanding that a sand-hill cannot bury a man.

What had not been told Cordona was that, going a week later to the grave, it was found filled with crickets and their progeny. Not a sign of what had been buried was there. In a single week a resurrection had taken place.

Writing out the incident brings to mind illustration of unconscious separation as to Ego and body, not



alone as this relates with the ordinary physiological change that is continuously going on, but as regard is with speedy disassociation.

The point is that so-called death relates with conscious loss of body by Ego only slowly and by degrees ; this, as change of stature from boy to man is slow and by degrees and unconsciously. The illustration is the familiar experience of surgery that amputation of a limb or limbs made when a patient is unconscious by reason of anæsthesia is without knowledge of the patient as to the loss when he awakens if he be denied sight of the stump or stumps. So long as the parts remain covered, the limb or limbs are felt in place as before their removal. Some people are years in getting clear of amputated limbs.

It is not different as to full dismemberment. Being unborn is, as to consciousness, one with being born. Infancy waxes to youth, youth to manhood. New takes the place of old so gradually and continuously that man has no date as to a metamorphosis into angel or devil. Death and resurrection are not two conditions, but one. Now is continuous. Life is continuous. Change is continuous.



## SPIRITUS SANCTUS.

"Whatsoe'er thou lovest, that become thou must;  
God if thou lovest God, dust if thou lovest dust."

The heights of some men are the depths of other men.

THE lines of the *Illuminate* epitomize the book here come of itself to a conclusion while the pages are as excursions on the lines of the philosopher: *Spiritus Sanctus* is before the reader.

The general and special analyses which signify the excursions making evident the indisputable truth that man by reason of his hypostases is of such relation with the Universal as to permit his being where and what he wants to be, the question of life shows itself as question of selection. Here other epitome offers itself in the injunction, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and in the added one, "Ye cannot serve two masters."

The God leaves no man without evidences. There is no mountain so high nor valley so deep but what voice is to be heard as one crying in the wilderness. The lines of the poet are not too familiar for place on wall of hovel or palace.

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones."

Here, to the *Illuminate*, as attempted to be portrayed in the pages, is the God's tryst;—not less nor



more, however, than found with the simple meeting-place of the Quaker, the synagogue of the Jew, the joss-house of the heathen, the ritualistic church of Episcopalianism, or the formalistic cathedral of Romanism.

Height and depth have no other measure than comparison ; this alike as to hills and men. Height as to men is not necessarily education, nor is depth absence of it. Distinction between wisdom and knowledge holds the measuring-rod. The front brain may be credited, if one pleases, with being a storehouse holding much or little of gatherings, and the back brain may be allowed its office of co-ordinator of organic relations, but wisdom, save as relation is with the lower planes of life, is with neither the details of storehouse nor the possibilities of cerebellum, but is, as illuminated men know, with Soul.

God is highest. To be God is to be highest. Water-drops being ocean by reason of being with ocean, men being God by reason of being with God.

—Oh ! the God ! the God ! Giver of everything. Withholder of nothing. God who will show himself face to face to men like Plotinus. God who opens a road of Induction that the Soul-lacking may not be without knowledge of him. Beheld as Giver after such simple and easily appreciated manner as shows hoeing to be one with having. Nothing complicated. Nothing mysterious. Nothing requiring grandeur or extent, as to external. Slaves the equals of kings. All and everything internal. Heaven, hell, and intermediate internal. Heaven, hell, or intermediate to



be lived in as man discovers or leaves undiscovered the meaning of heaven, hell, and intermediate. Oh, Being of beings, before whom the mouth seeks the dust in its despair of words to name him ! Entity too stupendous, too unthinkable as to personality, for a name !

The end of the intention of the book is reached.  
What the pages prove to a reader is with the reader.

Men, holders-on to brass where gold abounds ;  
Crawlers, refusing flight where wings are offered.

**THE END.**