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Bodily Immortality

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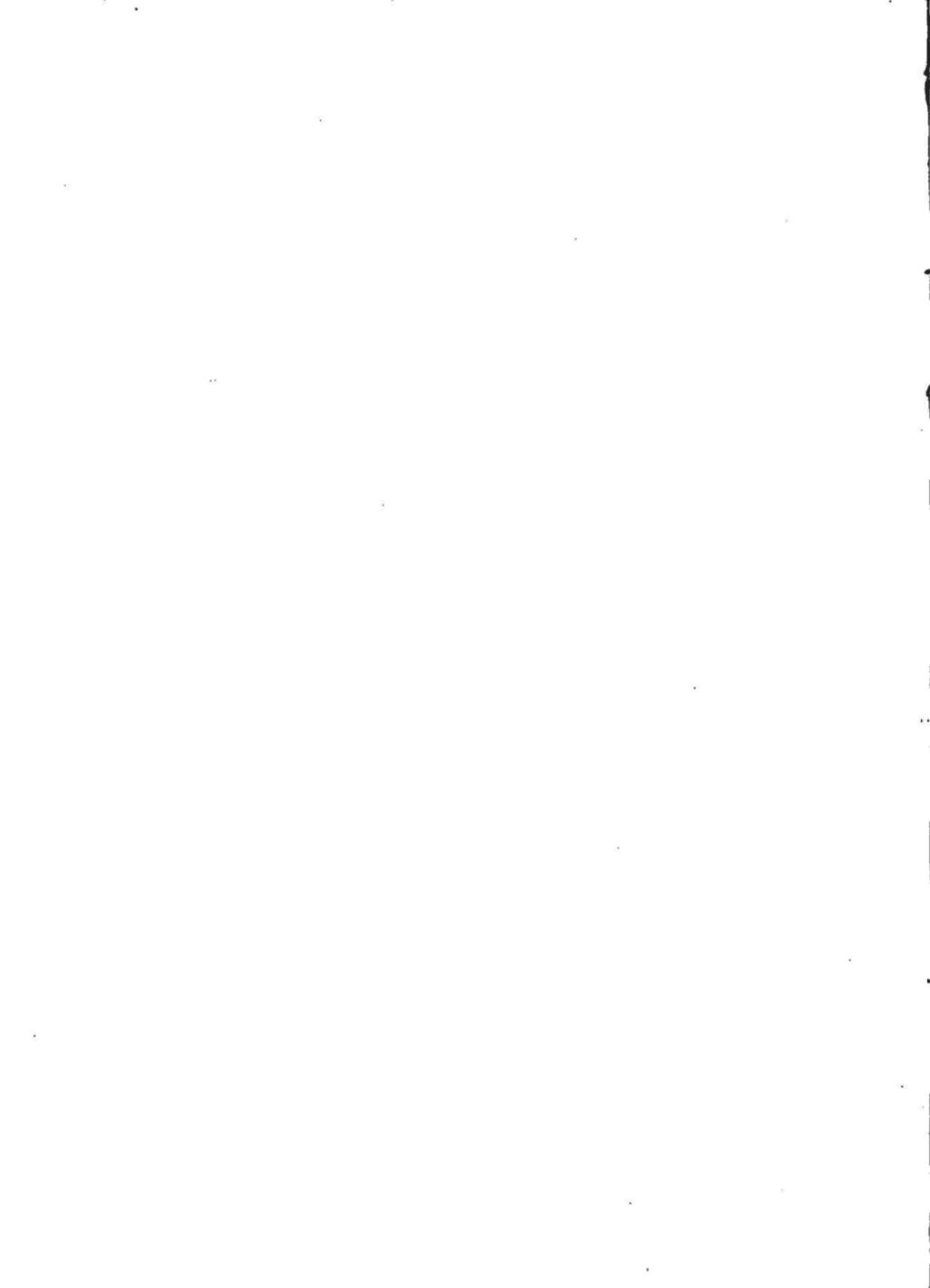
BY PAUL TYNER

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BODILY IMMORTALITY.

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BODILY IMMORTALITY.*

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness;—"

—Robert Browning.

TURN with me, if you will, to this "inmost center in us all;" let me ask you to lay aside, for this hour, all prejudices and preconceptions formed in your minds by the traditions and teachings that lead men to live so largely in outwardness, rather than inwardness, in form rather than substance, in letter and not in spirit. Whether your materialism be secular or theological; however sufficient or conclusive may seem to you the knowledge or belief

*—An address delivered before the Congress of Truth, Unity Church, Denver, Colorado, June 1, 1896.

that for the moment limits your horizon and so colors your attitude towards every new presentation of truth, the fullness and clearness of the word I have to give you to-day will be helped in the giving and in the receiving, if at the start our minds are joined in the single thought of desiring only truth, whatever form it may take.

An innermost implies an outermost; and inner and outer, center and circumference, are *one*. If I take you, first of all, into your inner selves, it is only that you may the better understand the outer self and that this *oneness* of inner and outer may be emphasized.

Man is enabled to look inward because he can look outward. The spiritual vision is developed with the physical vision. Imagination would be impossible in a blind race. What we call the two worlds are only two sides of the one world. The curtain that divides the visible from the invisible is lowered by the imagination; it may be raised by the same power. Every

spiritual truth grasped by the spiritual vision exists in outwardness, as well as inwardness, and its material manifestation to the physical perception only awaits *recognition* on the physical plane. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you,"—but when you have found it nothing is without you. There is heaven everywhere.

If it be true that "Man is a spiritual being and the spirit is the man," then *all* the man, outer and inner, is spirit. The real must be real on both planes. Whatever is true in the great is true in the little. That which we call the finite is an expression of the infinite; none the less, the infinite dwells in every atom of this "finite." God's expression must be as infinite as is his essence. The limitations of form are not fixed, but expansive and expanding ever. Time and space are pushed constantly into the unending and limitless. Man's only true relation to God—God's absolute relation to man—is *oneness*. An *infinite* God outside of His expression in

man and man's world, would mean a God outside of Himself—that is to say, a God that is inconceivable. "God is everywhere," says the Church catechism, recognizing the logical necessity of omnipresence in deity; "God knows all things, sees all things, can do all things, is without beginning and without end." Does it not follow that wherever in this "everywhere" that God is, *there* is omniscience and omnipotence? Once man comes into consciousness of his oneness with Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent God, what can he lack to exercise and express the God in him? If God is immortal, man is immortal; and if man is immortal in spirit, and spirit is all, the man is immortal, and may—nay, he *must*, express his immortality in all his being,—in his outerness as well as in his inwardness, or rather, in *both* his outerness and his innerness made one.

Realities are both subjective and objective. The spiritualist who deems the material universe as less real than

the spiritual world, makes the same mistake as does the materialist to whom the outer appearance only is real, all else unreal. Both spiritual and material advance have for centuries been hampered and hindered by this error which we owe, in great degree, to the religious teaching that still gives it large, though rapidly lessening, place. We are learning that dogmatism is as much a mistake in science as in religion.

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
He must upward still and onward,
Who would be abreast of truth."

Between Spirit and Matter there is no real barrier. The biological phenomena, which so perplex our modern scientists, are explicable on the comparatively simple hypothesis of controlling mind. The Kabbalistic theory that "Spirit informs all matter," finds implication, if not acceptance, in Bishop Berkeley's teaching that: "There is only one substance and that substance is spirit." It is not the less implied in

modern physical philosophy. Prof. Winchell, in his "World Life," boldly declares:

"But one system of matter pervades the immense spaces of the visible universe, and all the recognized chemical elements will one day be found but modifications of a single material element."

Dr. Crookes' remarkable experiments on so-called "radiant matter" and the more recent marvels of Dr. Roentgen's X-rays, are best understood on the hypothesis of the *homogeneity* of matter and the *continuity* of the states of matter.

Manifestly any rational conclusion as to the homogeneity of the primal substance must involve the *spirituality* of that substance. Matter which thinks is clearly *not* the matter of the dualists. The contention that life and thought are merely properties of matter presupposes a matter differing only in name from what we call "spirit." All forms of matter, are but bound up energy. That form of energy we call "thought" is a universal solvent. Thought, consciously or unconsciously exercised, is

constantly changing the condition and the form of the human body. Control of this thought-force thus means the power at every moment to determine whether the body shall show forth life in fuller or in lesser degree. It rests with man to say whether his soul shall be housed in a stately mansion of ever-growing splendor and beauty, or in a hovel of his own building—a hovel at last ruined and abandoned to decay.

Knowledge, according to Plato, is gained by three means: by *Perception*, whence is derived the knowledge of physical facts and happenings, which when classified, constitutes our Science; *Reason*, arising from the comparison of known facts, the inductive apprehension of causes in relation thereto, and the conception of laws inclusive of these, whence Philosophy; and *Intuition*, a direct cognition of spiritual things by the inversion or turning in of the mind, followed by the presentation of such spiritual facts in terms of our normal consciousness under figures or "corres-

pendences" of the external world, and the application of these truths to the life of man, whence Religion.

To these three means of obtaining knowledge, we have, in our day, added a fourth; which finds large place in the best modern schemes or systems of education, and which we may call *Expression*—Art's larger name. Seeking, through art, to express or externalize in form and color, in sound or action, the world of effects, the world of causes and the world of principles, as they are imaged in our minds, we find ourselves—at every stroke of the brush, every touch on keys of piano-forte or organ, every chip of chisel or blow of hammer,—coming into clearer and surer perception of truth. The best of all ways to learn to swim is to—swim. The advice of every really great teacher in art to the aspiring student is: "*Paint, paint, paint!*" All that masters in literature can tell beginners with the pen, is: "*Write!*" No amount of reading or theoretical instruction can make an

orator of the man who does not speak. And it seems to me that the best way to learn a thing is to do it; simply because, in the doing and the result of our doing, we are compelled to unite all other modes of learning: to perceive, to reason, to feel. "He who *doeth* the will of the Father, shall know the doctrine."

It will help us, I think, to recognize that "perception," Plato's first means of knowledge, really covers all methods of obtaining knowledge. It is perception, after all, that is enlarged, deepened, clarified and verified by Reason, Intuition and Expression. True religion is identical in scope with true philosophy, and both should be based on *Knowledge*—on knowledge gained not through any one mode of perception alone; but on knowledge verified through all modes of perception. The mental arrogance of the Rationalist, who refuses to consider as facts any phenomena not accounted for (as he imagines) by the known laws of the natural world, is

hardly less reasonable than the arrogance of the Religionist, who refuses to admit the demonstrated facts of physical science into any relation with the facts of the spiritual world,—as *he* imagines them.

The development on the intuitional side of the perception of an ideal Christ and the imaging of that ideal, led the author, in course of time, into the perception, through the physical senses, of a concrete, personified embodiment of that ideal, in a living man of flesh and blood! Not only does this perception make his ideal a larger, grander, more beautiful and more vivid reality, in the opening and illumination of consciousness as to the *meaning* for all mankind of this fact; it also forces him to recognize that every truth evidenced in an individual is writ large in nations, in humanity,—in Nature herself.

The resurrection of Jesus, the Christed or spirit-baptized and anointed man, in the body of flesh and blood, and his continued personal existence in

that living body of flesh and blood, among men on earth—this is the basic fact on which rests the truth of bodily immortality. And this fact has been made known to the author by perception on the outer and on the inner planes. Because the Christ lives in the body, he does not live less but more in the spirit generated in and radiating from that personality to all men—through all the world and through all worlds. Yet, this truth is perhaps not readily nor easily reconciled with what, to many of us, is a high and holy conception of the nature of God and man. Here we have the result of the repetition, through so many ages, of the manifestation of *Death* in the body—the great error, the great negation the great lie!

Death in the personal body of so many of earth's greatest and wisest seems to us to make greatness and wisdom impossible in living persons. Because Plato and Shakespeare and Dante and Virgil live in their works so largely,

and because they have not remained with us in the bodies of flesh associated with their personalities—in which and by which, and through which, they gave us their works—the very thought of their *living* spirits seems to suggest their *dead* bodies. To a large extent we make of these living works mausoleums, sepulchres, monuments, to mark and memorialize not the life, but the death, of our great. The world goes forth in brave panoply, with blare of trumpet and beat of drum, in a Holy Crusade, to rescue from the Infidel—the empty tomb of the Saviour!

As well separate the light of the sun from the sun itself, as separate the life of a man from that man's embodied personality in flesh and blood. If the concrete, material structure and the distinct form, life and motion of the great orb of day should cease, the *energy* that lights and warms and vitalizes the earth would cease very soon also.

Jesus in his personal body of flesh

and blood, is the "Sun of God," the center generating and radiating God's essence, God's spirit, the light of truth and warmth of love, to all men. He is also, in spirit and flesh, the "Sun of Man," receiving, focusing and reflecting back to God, in reciprocal vibration, all the light and love generated by humanity's evolution—its movement upward and forward through all the ages.

Here, may be briefly stated the conception of the nature of God and of Man, which conscious knowledge of Jesus, the Christ's, personal existence in flesh and blood, here and now, brings to the author. The old "ashes to ashes" idea of the body, which dooms all flesh to the grave, was for years as dear to the author as it could be to any one. His present idea seems to him a larger and grander one. Whether or not it will seem so to others, he cannot tell.

GOD is universal and infinite spirit, essence or energy without beginning and without end. Because God is this,

by the law of His being, the transmutation of this energy into work, *i. e.*: His *expression* or manifestation, is *equally* without beginning and without end, because only *infinite progression*, in finite expression (all expression being in a sense finite) can manifest infinite perfection in essence.

MAN, in the large sense, includes the universe. Nature is man writ large, as the history of nations is the history of individuals writ large. Man *is* the universe; it is of him as he is of it. *Man* is the universe, and the universe is man; as much in outerness as in innerness; on the visible, no less than on the invisible side. Man's *physical body* is the microcosm of the visible universe, (of all he senses consciously or unconsciously), as his *soul* is the macrocosm of that visible universe, in that it *is* itself the invisible universe, of which the visible universe is but the microcosm. Man, as the latest and highest, the most perfectly organized manifestation of that infinite and eternal energy from

which all things proceed, contains and sums up in himself all the lesser manifestations that preceded his appearance. In his bodily substance and organization—that is in his body of flesh and bones—he represents that *combination* of elements which, as familiar experiments in chemistry show us, holds all the qualities and powers of every element it contains, and holds also an *added* and superior—a dominating—quality and power, not contained in any one element in itself, but arising from their combination. This added and superior quality and power it is which we recognize distinctively as *Man*. By reason of this, by reason of what he is, man dominates all; is given dominion over earth, sun, moon and stars; over seas and mountains, winds and waves; over every green thing that grows, over all the beasts of the field, all creeping things, all living things that swim in the sea, or fly in the air. This man is, just to start with, in the primitive savage, the first Adam. In the second Adam,

the Divine Man, the Christ, he is the still higher development of a new combination: that of men—mankind—he is now racially and individually that Christ—that manifestation of the divine, in the human, of which Jesus is the tree and we are the branches.

Daily and hourly the meaning which the recognition of this fact of Christ's living presence on earth has for all men expands in my view. In the immortal God manifested in *immortal man*, we have at last the long sought basis for a perfect union of all the various branches of the Universal Church. In his embodiment of all that is highest and best in the teachings and aspirations of all religions, Christ furnishes common meeting ground for Buddhist and Brahman, Moslem and Jew. In the added truth, the crowning truth, which his continuous life in the flesh now gives to the race we have substantial reason for the preaching of his gospel "to all nations," and especially to those whose own great teachers have given them

ethical codes and ideals to which Christianity, *minus the living Christ*, could really add nothing.

In the *visible manifestation* of his oneness with God, *through* oneness with man, in absolute love—"other-worldliness" will be banished and all the grand forces of religion will be directed to lifting this life and this world into what they should be and what they will be;—to bringing the kingdom of heaven on earth, to giving the City of God, descending out of Heaven, earthly place and power. Coming not to destroy, but to fulfill the law (the measure of truth) given before his coming not only to the Jews, but also to all the other great races of men, he has no quarrel with any existing religion, on its positive side, only fulfillment, only realization, only love!

In philosophy, by the supreme test of his own personal life and its influence upon the welfare of the race, he brings reconciliation between Idealism and Utilitarianism. He brings peace and

order into our social conflict and unrest, by his personal demonstration of the truth of social solidarity in a more literal and absolute sense than most socialists dream of. His life affords irrefutable evidence that, for weal or woe, for better or worse, human society is absolutely one grand living organism, with closely interrelated structure and function, as actually as is the body of the individual man. He shows us that the health and happiness of every unit of society, (which means above all the healthy, constant and harmonious *activity* of each unit in its relation to every other unit in its proper place in the organism), are vitally concerned in the health and happiness of society as a whole. Or rather, since the whole comes before the part, that the health and happiness,—which means the integrity, the beauty, the freedom, the vigor and the power,—of the collectivity, is vitally essential to the health and happiness of every individual composing it.

Christ meant what he said ever and

always; not allegorically nor figuratively, nor fancifully,—but actually and truly, and literally, in the plain, everyday meaning of the words, as a child would understand them. When he spoke figuratively or in parables, he took particular care to say so. He took pains to avoid misleading his hearers. When, for one thing, he said “Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these, ye have not done it unto me,” he meant that oneness with God required a recognition of the fact that while a single child remains neglected; while she or he lacks all of opportunity, nurture, care, comfort, training and education, that the largest love commanding the largest resources can give,—then is Christ neglected and the Father who sent him neglected, the God in us denied, the Christ in us crucified—and that whatever it is that we do give these little ones, and so to God, denying this, is less, much less, than that LOVE which is the essence of all real religion. As Ruskin well says:

“Anything which makes religion its second object, makes religion no object. He who offers to God a second place, offers Him no place.”

The LIVING CHRIST,—living the highest, holiest, happiest and most sublime life that mind of man has been able to conceive, here and now on this mundane sphere, and in the same body of flesh that was nailed to the cross nearly nineteen centuries ago;—the *same* in as true a sense as that intended when we speak of the body that was crucified as the same in which the boy Jesus disputed with the doctors in the Temple;—this living Christ must bring Christendom to a clearer and livelier recognition of the truth that the body in a real and literal sense is “the temple of the living God.” This living Christ, in glorified body points plainly to the recognition in every state or national system of education, of the immense importance of giving the fullest consideration to the needs of the body, beginning with the babe before and after

birth (so ordering our social life that to be "born without sin" shall be the rule and not the exception), and emphasizing clearly and unmistakably the right and justice, as well as the wise politics and economics, of the demand, that, not in the rich man's home alone, but in the homes of *all* the people, the body must have fullest and freest nurture and development—be well and regularly fed, bathed, trained and exercised in all wise ways. In other words, He brings home to us, to every people in their corporate, communal and national capacity, the truth that Life in any large and true sense, for nation or individual, requires first of all that every boy and girl, every man and woman, in that nation, must share equally and fully in all opportunity for knowing the joys of perception and creation, impression and expression; that if any of us would follow Christ and have eternal life, we must consider the bringing about of an order and arrangement in government and society which will

secure this equality of opportunity, as the most important and immediate thing in the world to be done; as the thing God wants us to do **FIRST**.

So, in short space, we shall attain, among other things, to that beauty of the ancient Greeks, which, beginning with recognition and appreciation of the flowing lines of the human body, has left us beauty in architecture and sculpture that has been the inspiration and delight of succeeding ages.

From our living Christ, we shall learn the truth of all this as shown in *his* life, —we shall learn how to come to that higher beauty which answering Socrates prayer “to Pan and all the other gods,” shall fill the inward soul and “make the inward and the outward man at one.” We shall have outward as well as inward beauty that is true and enduring, when we have attained the power to manifest Eternal Life, as Christ has attained it—through oneness with man in all-embracing *love*.

It is true that we have very generally

acknowledged *in words*,—the power and the wisdom and the beauty of Christ's summary of the law and the prophets. In countless sermons and many hymns, the "new commandment" that he gave us, "That ye love one another," has been held up to the admiration of mankind. But we do not love one another in any true or large sense,—at least we do not show our love. If we *did* love one another, we should not lie to one another, nor swindle one another, calling it "business;" nor would any sane man or woman find enjoyment in possessions and pleasures purchased at the expense of misery, deprivation and suffering to thousands of those "others," whom we are adjured to love. When we do *love one another*, the security of society will be obtained without the terror of the gallows and the guillotine, without the maintenance of standing armies of fighting men to restrain the famishing, and without the condemnation of thousands of those "others" whom we should love, to degradation, to dehu-

manization—to a living death within prison walls. As Tolstoi puts it:

“I will be certain that my piece of bread belongs to me only when I know that everyone else has a share, and that no one starves while I eat.”

Other-world religion and the saving of the soul *beyond* the grave have had their day. It is time that we should have a this-world, and this-life, a this-body and this-time—a here-and-now religion.

Through the mistaken belief in Christ's death, or rather through the failure of men to believe in his triumph over death in the resurrection, we have somehow *made*, falsely made, a wide separation between the life here and what men call “the life beyond;” between the soul and the body, between heaven and earth, between time and eternity, between God and Man! In this error we may find, I think, one great cause for the pre-eminent weakness which distinguishes the Christianity of our time from other of the great religions of the world. Brahman and Buddhist, Jew

and Mahomedan, Parsee and Confucian are all at least *consistent* and sincere in their endeavor to *practice* the teachings of *their* great teachers. "Christians" alone protest that, however beautiful as abstract ideals may be the precepts of Jesus, they are impossible.

The crucified saviour, the entombed saviour, means that in following him we are to expect only sacrifice and loss, persecution, suffering, death: a cross here, a crown in the next world. To preach Christ crucified and not Christ risen is to exalt death over life. It is to ignore the triumph of Christ over Death,—to picture him as vanquished instead of victor.

Of course, the soul of the developed man has instinctively rejected this so-called "religion." Man would not be man, the highest manifestation of God's life, ever advancing, ever rising,—if he did not *prefer* gain to loss, joy to sorrow, pleasure to pain, life to death,—and if he did not want all possible goodness and sweetness and strength, and

power and glory and happiness, here and now in the life and in the world in which he finds himself, by God's wise plan,—rather than in some life to come, in some other world! Whatever that after life in that other world may be, man is compelled by reason and instinct to insist that it be founded on and developed from, made in and out of this life in this world. Progress is the eternal and immutable law. Men may die; civilizations may decay; races may fade out and all memory of them pass into oblivion; but MAN lives on,—man is immortal—and by reason of his inherent immortality and in spite of his failure to recognize it, the world is more and more.

. . . . "Forevermore,
With grander resurrection than was feigned
Of Attila's fierce Huns, the soul of Greece
Conquers the bulk of Persia."

In a full recognition and more perfectly balanced expression of the complementary principles in humanity, typified in the masculine and the feminine elements throughout nature, and in the

supreme development of sex in humanity, must be found, I think, the key to immortality in *expression*, as well as immortality in essence; to undying life *in the flesh*, as in the spirit; in *art*, as in the idea it seeks to embody; in the *form*, as in the substance.

Beginning among the ancient Egyptians with a rapturous worship of the feminine principle in Mother Isis as so far beyond all external nature that it was impossible to express her glorious perfection wholly, and worse than useless to express it in any degree, we find Woman—for a while women,—venerated, hailed ruler by divine right, consecrated as inviolate priestess in the Temple, embodied in the Sphinx as incomprehensible but worshipful mystery. A little later, we find women shut up in convents and in harems. She was robbed by degrees, first of her humanness, and, at last, in the Ottoman empire of to-day, as in varying degree throughout the East, she is *denied a soul*; degraded spiritually, *because* degraded

humanly! God requires not merely *a man*, or some men; but Man, male and female, in largest and best development, for the fuller expression of His thought; that thought which is of His very nature and which when manifested, becomes the God-Man. This divine unfoldment we see perfected, first in the individual, and next in the social organism. Humanity to-day, more than ever before in the world's history, (as a result of social evolution marching with accelerated and ever-lengthening strides since the industrial revolution which ushered in our century), consists not of mere aggregations of individuals; but of organized political units, of men living in orderly relation. Because of the very increase in complexity of structure and function, which distinguishes the higher organism from the lower throughout nature, we find this orderly relation developing greater and greater *interdependence* among nations and societies of men, as between the members of these nations and societies.

Out of the very heterogeneity that is part of our development, and out of the necessary complexity of any arrangement in right relations of the parts to the whole and of the whole to all the parts, we are evolving a homogeneity of feeling greater in intensity and extensity than was ever before known; that is, a need and a capacity for "loving one another" in larger and deeper ways than were possible in the primitive organizations of men. The life of the hermit or recluse—the life of any isolated community, city, village or nation—cannot, in our day, possibly be *human life*, in any true sense of the word. And I think you will agree with me that, not being human, it certainly is not Christian, is not spiritual, is not religious. "If a man loveth not his brother whom he may see, how can he love God whom he does not see?"—that is does not see otherwise than as he sees God in man. The essence of religion is *love*—love in its finest, fullest, largest, truest develop-

ment. "Love to God and love to man" is to be realized practically only by *Love of God in Man*. "Love one another!" is not the command of Jesus merely, not the mandate of an awful Jehovah from a burning bush; it is not the injunction, simply, of ancient or modern prophet or law-giver. It is the immutable law of all life throughout the universe; the law inscribed upon the open scroll of the heavens, and written on sea and land, ages ere man had hewn tables of stone from the mountain side, or traced his thought in books. It is the law that holds seas and mountains in their places; the law that builds suns and planets and that governs their marvelous order and procession. The moment we obey this simple commandment, that we "love one another," that moment will usher in the millenium. That moment will begin a reign of health and harmony, of peace and progress: not only in the social organism, which represents humanity in the large, but also and equally in the individual

organism,—in the body of flesh and blood of each and every one of us. And surely that time is at hand.

For nearly two thousand years, we have, blindly and foolishly, darkly and dogmatically, in sorrow and suffering, and with cruelty and bloodshed, been trying to lift up the Christ, to lift up the glorious personality of Jesus of Nazareth, and the principle of Truth embodied in that personality, by SEPARATING him from Man; by debasing and degrading man. At last, we are learning that he can not be truly lifted up, until ALL MEN are lifted with him. We are beginning to understand that, however great and good Jesus was and is; however resplendent and noble, however worshipful and divine, he is all this by reason of *what we are*. Jesus owed the manifestation of divinity in his personality to the divinity contained in the whole race, as truly as the energy manifested in the highest wave of the ocean is the energy derived from all the ocean's mass, to its widest reaches and

its profoundest depths. The "glorious orb of day" is glorious, not in itself alone, but because of the reciprocal and related motion, vibration, of all the planets in our solar system, and of all solar systems; of all the sixty millions of stars revealed to us through the telescope, and of the unknown millions yet to be revealed. The height of a mountain is the height of its topmost peak, whether the stones about the base are conscious of the fact or not. You cannot lower the base without lowering the summit. If oneness with God means anything, it means oneness with man! If oneness with man means anything, it means that wherever a man, woman or child is burdened or oppressed, I am burdened and oppressed. It means that while a single human soul is starved physically, mentally or spiritually, I am starved. It means the suffering of the poor is my suffering; the blindness of the blind my blindness; the wrongs of the worker my wrongs; the grief of the broken-hearted my grief; the bonds of

the slave my bonds. Oneness with God and Man means all this, and, BECAUSE it means all this, it means much more. It means oneness with *humanity's power of conquest* over all conditions negative to perpetual growth in strength and power, beauty and happiness. It means command of unlimited supply for every need. It means oneness with the Christ who shall give sight to my eyes, heal my sickness, cleanse me of my leprosy, feed my hunger, clothe my nakedness, loose my bonds, comfort my broken heart, heal my wounds, and raise me from the dead, triumphant over the last enemy and so triumphant over ALL.

I AM that which I see in my brother;
that which I love in him.

"Whate'er thou lovest, man, that too become thou
must;

God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust!"

GOD'S oneness is manifest most perfectly in the ONENESS OF MAN; and His true worship consists in the WORK which testifies to recognition of that oneness. It is not the SEPARATION of the outer

from the inner; of form from substance; sense from soul; man from woman; the "practical" life from the "spiritual" life; the concrete from the abstract; the actual from the ideal; God from our neighbor, that is to be emphasized in true religion, in true philosophy, in true politics and economics. It is not their separation from each other, but their RELATION to each other,—their unity. It is their *equal holiness in equal recognition*, that is to be emphasized. "The life is more than the meat and the body than raiment"—but that is only a reason for constantly larger, clearer, purer manifestation in "meat and raiment" (as in "the body"), of that LIFE which, in itself, being always MORE, (not different or a thing apart), always requires ever finer and finer food for its nutrition; ever more and more beautiful vesture for its outer adornment. The *profession* and preaching of Righteousness, Justice, Love, is of no avail, if our practice, collectively,—that is HUMANLY—be allowed to fall behind

our profession and preaching. To praise God with both hands and lips is the need of our time; the only HONEST praise.

There is a reason for everything, and I think we may find the sufficient reason for the failure of our present day conception of practical religion (which I may be permitted to point out parenthetically, finds perhaps its best exposition in the activities of the Salvation Army at one end and those of the Society for Ethical Culture at the other),—we may find this failure accounted for in the illusory, I may even say, unreasonable, limits placed on the personal, individual life in the flesh.

Surely it is but a half-hearted allegiance that a man gives to the demands of THIS life in THIS world, if he regards it as only a "fleeting show" a passage to another life in another world, more real and more enduring! Works without faith are little better than faith without works. And what faith, what importance, can a man yield to the service of a country in which he regards

himself not as a citizen, not even a sojourner, but simply a flying traveler? How can he put his whole heart and soul, (without which success in any work is impossible) into living, and doing and being *HERE*, if all the time his eyes are fixed on an infinitely happier *hereafter*? My *dreaming* may be very beautiful, if it paints the eternal glories of a far-off heavenly state, seen in beatific vision. What must my *doing* be, if it is in accord with the belief that this beautiful world of God's is but a "vale of tears," in which I am "a miserable worm of the dust," doomed to return to the dust and be eaten by other worms?

To this separation of the ideal from the practical in religion, more than to any other cause, in my opinion, do we owe the separation in our modern life between thinking and working; and so between thinkers and workers; a distinction which robs all labor of its rightful honor and dignity. "The Father worketh hitherto and I work,"

said Jesus. Much of our doing is without thought and much of our thinking without doing to-day. What we want is more thought among our workers and more work among our thinkers,—more of the poet in the street-sweeper, and more of the street-sweeper in the poet, will give us better poets as well as better street sweepers, and in both better MEN. God's lines are not vertical alone; they are also and equally horizontal. They meet at the center at the heart,—and the boundless circumference is their only limit. The immortality of the soul of man, individually, as racially, can only find expression in the unending growth, the perpetual progression, of the body of man, accompanying his soul and one with it in its splendid upward passage from glory unto glory. In the coming *renaissance*, in the millennial Easter morn, whose dawning is already upon us, a larger and livelier faith, based on larger knowledge, fuller light, penetrating humanity in all its members, will find expression

in works that shall truly manifest the faith that is in us.

Every true religious movement must be a social, an economic, movement, and every genuine social movement a religious movement. A bond of union between the economic and the religious advance movements of our day is offered in the truth I preach. When men grasp the truth of IMMORTALITY and make it their own, here and now, to be realized on earth and in the flesh, as well as in "Heaven" and in the spirit, they will put their best selves and their whole selves into the work of the world; not, as now, only at infrequent intervals and in widely separated individual instances,—but always and everywhere and all together,—helped, strengthened, cheered and gladdened by true and full recognition of God in man, of eternity here and now, of divinity and immortality in flesh and blood, of conscious recognition and expression of the oneness of God and Man in the universal religion of a brotherhood of

humanity! In this *racial* recognition and manifestation of the Christ, incarnated in humanity, we shall find fulfillment of that prophecy and promise contained in the recognition and manifestation of Christ's incarnation in the individual man Jesus,—without which fuller incarnation the life of Jesus would be meaningless. We shall realize, in that day, the glory to which men have so long looked forward with undying hope:

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A Study of Spiritual Self-Consciousness

BY PAUL TYNER

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“KNOW THYSELF!”

*An address delivered before the Fourth
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“KNOW THYSELF!” •

“**K**NOW THYSELF!” the message of the Delphic oracle, is the ever-sounding call to the soul of man. It is the divine command, in obedience to which Life pushes onward through ever ascending forms into ever-expanding consciousness. It is a command and a promise,—an invitation to be partaker with Christ of the blessings and the glories prepared for us by the Father from the foundation of the world. Knowledge is power; but it must be self-knowledge before it becomes that knowledge of the Real, which is the only power for good.

“Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers”

the poet tells us. Is not the crying

need of our day a reform in educational methods by which the knowledge that is void of wisdom and of love,—the learning that is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal,—shall be given a soul of purpose and of use, substituting the living thought of living men for the dry bones and musty lore of the dead? We have learned professors in our colleges and scholarly preachers in our pulpits,—men who know so much that there is no room left in their brains for thought. Our children, for the most part, are taught a jumble of unrelated, disjointed facts made meaningless by lack of connection with anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. They are put through a tedious and painful process of memory cramming,—but neither mind nor body is trained to think and act with promptness, accuracy and certainty. The pseudo knowledge which this so-called education furnishes becomes weariness instead of refreshment, weakness instead of power. We begin

with analysis, instead of with synthesis. The meat is made more than the life, and the body is lost sight of in raiment.

To know oneself is to know all that may be known. More, it is to *be* all that we may desire to be; to do, and to do perfectly, all that we want to do. A knowledge of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, for it means a realization of the One Reality, the One Life, within. Such realization should be made the beginning and the end of any rational system of education. What is more pathetic than the child's question: "What good is it?" She naturally demands that study shall have *good* for its motive, purpose and end; and that the good shall be apparent now, not in the dim and distant future. The child's question must be answered. It will only be answered honestly when we can make her feel that her studies are related at every step to good, to the All Good. With this knowledge of self for essential and primary motive man

would study man with new and eager interest, with unflagging devotion, with richest results, with ever increasing joy. That there are some signs of change in this direction in what is called the "New Education," is indeed cause for thankfulness.

Man is primarily and ultimately a conscious being. His state of consciousness at any time is an infallible index of his stage of development. Racial advance ever keeps pace with the expansion of consciousness in humanity as a whole. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so *is* he." We cannot, individually or socially, be more than that conception of self which we know, recognize and realize. We cannot be less. The mental science movement means an expansion of consciousness in the individual and in the mass—an expansion unexampled in human history, either in the rapidity of its growth, or in the far reaching importance of its effects on human life in every department. This is why the mental science

movement is significant; this is why it is one of transcendent importance.

The genius is he who reduces the ideal to the actual, who gives birth to the abstract dream in forms of concrete reality. Until now, nothing has been rarer than genius. Millions of men and women have lived and died on this earth in the last two thousand years, but the geniuses among them may be counted on one's fingers. Jesus, Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Goethe, Napoleon, Emerson, Hugo and Whitman—do not these names exhaust the list? While worshipping the genius, we have somehow regarded his development as abnormal, miraculous, "akin to madness." The Archetypal Man has been held up to view, not as illustration, promise and prophecy of human development; but as an eccentric departure from the law of human development, an example of splendor forever denied and impossible to the rest of humanity. Now, we are at last learning the law of genius and of power,

and so opening our minds and bodies to all its glorious possibilities.

Spiritual self-consciousness may be compared to the ocean and all lesser forms of consciousness to the streams and rivers ever-flowing into it. Not that vastness, extension, space are the only qualities of spirit or of spiritual consciousness. The infinite is in the infinitely little, as in the infinitely large. It depends neither on size nor lack of size. The kingdom of heaven is within you and the kingdom of heaven is likened to a mustard seed. Does this not mean that the essential element of the universe, the Reality of the All,—the One Life which is more than all form, and, therefore, contains all,—may be found in the least atom, as in the solar system? Still, the human mind grows, as all else in nature grows, from the little into the large. No very clear or satisfactory conception of the inner soul can be gained if we ignore its outer manifestation. Side by side with the expansion of man's conscious knowledge,

—and helping in that expansion,—we find the One Life pushing for expression through ever varying forms on an infinitely ascending scale. All forms in nature are surely modes of motion. If motion, then life. And if *modes* of motion then conscious life. Everywhere we find Intelligence manifesting itself,—thought, purpose, design making itself known. What thought? Shall we not answer: the Thought inclusive of all other thoughts, the One Thought which finds expression in forms innumerable, the One Theme so rich and full that it permits of endless variations? Is not “the one clear harp” to which Nature sings in divers tones, the harp of Love?

Although consciousness,—even the universal consciousness of universal love,—is present in every form of life, self-consciousness is not found in any of these forms below man. Looking back, it is plain to us that self-consciousness must be the inevitable development of what is called the process of

individualization in nature. Being the natural consequence of this process, it must have been the purpose,—constant, active and marching steadily to its goal in the differentiation of species, and in the individualization within the species, in all life, through all time.

"First comes that which is natural, and then that which is spiritual," as the apostle tells us. Man is first Adam, and second, Christ. This order, of course, is the reverse of that by which the spiritual reality of Being takes outward form in matter. But it correctly describes the process of our development in consciousness. Self-consciousness is the natural fruit of this natural process of individualization through differentiation of form. Individuality is impressed more distinctly and emphatically on the ego at every step of its upward progress. So, it is only natural that the first stage of self-consciousness should be that in which the self is regarded as *separate* from all else. The utmost diversity in material forms having reached a culmination and

a unity in the human form, man's consciousness had still to pass through a similar evolution.

The sense of selfness expressed in the declaration "I am" is at first a purely material one. It has reference to outer appearances rather than to inner reality. The outer appearances are the only reality it recognizes. The "I" contemplated is simply the personal self and, more particularly, the physical body, which is regarded as simply physical. By an easy gradation, this conception of the I as the person was extended to personal possessions. That which was peculiarly mine became part of me, of the I, so to speak. The whole body of our civil and criminal law and the principles and practice of political administration in all countries are to this day, largely pervaded by this idea. Not only material possessions, but peculiarities of action and thought, personal and family history, class, station, rank, etc., are still not only connected with the man, but identified with him. You will

remember Buffon's apothegm: "The style is the man." Still every expansion of the thought of personality called forth by the increasing complexity of associative life and effort modifies the sense of separateness, of isolation and exclusiveness in the idea of self. The *unity* of the family, the tribe, the clan, the nation, even the creed,—although limited,—was still unity—a development in enlarging degree of that sense of oneness with all, in which the spiritually self-conscious man at last finds his real self.

Man's conquest of consciousness finds instructive analogy in his conquest of the earth's surface. He changes the map of self, as he changes the map of the world, with extending knowledge. This exploration and conquest in both cases is full of surprises. The spiritual world has its Columbuses, its Cabots, its Hudsons, its Stanleys and its Nansens. The spiritual explorer, tireless in the search for Truth, when at last he comes, through steadily enlarging vision, into

the realization of spiritual self-consciousness, stands, like Pizarro,

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

As there is a consciousness before self-consciousness on the material plane, so there is a spiritual consciousness before spiritual self-consciousness. The thought "God is," follows closely on that of "I am." Man's first conception of God is that of a power outside of man, because his first sense of the "I" is of something apart from all other men and from God's world. The recognition of God through this "sense of separateness" leads naturally enough to a contemplation of all spiritual powers and principalities as forces or beings outside of man, powers with passions like his own, acting upon him, often at enmity with him, and to be placated by sacrifice and self humiliation. So we have superstition and priestcraft and, through their excesses, a revolt of human reason against any and every authority that would shackle the human mind.

Out of this new freedom a new and stronger faith is born. Man rises to a larger sense of his inherent dignity. He finds a self that must be related closely to something more than personality. There are many stages still to be passed through, but the mind of man finds no stopping place short of the absolute recognition and realization of the Creator in his Creation, and the identification of the I which reaches this conscious realization with the God of which it is conscious.

Quite apart from the idea of a Supreme Being outside of man, spiritual consciousness is also a product of the ethical evolution which must begin with self-consciousness, even on the material plane. A sense of moral responsibility is almost inseparable from the self-identification of self-consciousness. The fact that "I am," means choice of conduct, and consequent responsibility for the results of such choice. There can be no right or wrong for a being without freedom of will. The responsibility

attaching to a state of self-consciousness is in nowise dependent on the prescription and enforcement of laws by an outside authority, ecclesiastical or political. As Aristotle said, "The good man needs no laws to compel virtuous action." In fact, there is grave danger in any substitution of other authority for that of conscience, individual or collective,—for the self-conscious man's own Director and Critic in his own soul. It is the danger of giving more heed to the letter than to the spirit of the law. This is the tendency Jesus denounced in the Pharisees, and which is illustrated in our own day by the conscienceless dishonesty so common in business, professional and social life, among people who yet stick closely to the letter of the law,—who "pray thrice a day and give alms to the poor." Even the fool who saith in his heart there is no God,—even the atheist at all sensible of the responsibility to self attached to self-consciousness,—is apt to have a surer and sounder standard of morals than is

the man in whom this consciousness is clouded by forms legal or religious. He is truthful and honest, because to be otherwise would be to be unworthy his manhood—an abdication of the prerogatives conferred by self-consciousness.

Step by step, we learn that the deepest self is not simply physical, not even intellectual. We see through the physical and the intellectual, as through a glass darkly, that the real self is spiritual. True, what we call the physical and the intellectual lead to the spiritual and in a sense *are* spiritual. But they do not become so consciously until man reaches the plane of spiritual self-consciousness. Struggling ever upwards to completion, the soul at last learns the meaning of the divine trend in all life and, ceasing to resist this God movement, moves consciously with it. A readjustment to life bringing more freedom and power to soul and body is the first result of this larger consciousness. For man's soul finds

better expression through the body here and now when he finds himself. As the illumined author of "The Power of Silence" says: "Experiences in the flesh are soul experiences and demand, not punishment in the flesh [or in the spirit] at some distant time, but better and truer conduct in the eternal now."

"No man saveth his life unless he lose it." The meaning of this seeming paradox is made clear in the development of spiritual self-consciousness. Edward Carpenter, the English poet and mystic, tells us how his illumination and its splendid outworking in "Chants Towards Democracy" and "Love's Coming of Age," began in a sense of absolute oneness with nature. He felt himself in every growing and living thing. An absolute community of sensation with light of sun and stars, with the wash of the waves on the shore and the song of the nightingale in the moonlight, was the experience that made him conscious in every nerve and fiber of his oneness

with Universal Consciousness. Horatio Dresser describes this state of spiritual self-consciousness, in so far as it can be described, in words which it may be helpful to quote here:

"One's personal thought is lost in contemplation of the Universal. One is lifted above the present, above the world of human life, into the life of worlds, of the universe,—yes, the very life of God, of which one seems to contemplate but one of its infinite phases. . . . One communes with the Essence itself, the All-thing, the Spirit, the Love. Matter seems like a mere symbol as compared with this, its real meaning. The Life which manifested itself so long ago in the primeval history of the earth returns to consciousness in man, and recognizes through him its own transcendent source. The soul knows the great Unity henceforth, whatever be the phase of it contemplated. It habitually turns from the universe to God and from God to his great world of manifestation."

Pythagoras long ago demonstrated for the few what this new thought of our's is demonstrating for the many, *i. e.* that the objective and the subjective are evolved *together*. "That soul is Form and doth the Body make." We are learning that we cannot grow in

knowledge of the real self, without expressing that knowledge in the more perfect growth, nurture and training of all the powers of all the man—soul and body. We are finding, and we are showing the world, that man cannot be led of the spirit to know himself without coming into constantly increasing enjoyment of more life, more light more strength, more beauty of body quite as much as of soul, and of beautiful expression of soul and body made one. Pythagoras talked with the birds and the trees, we are told,—understood their speech and was understood by them. I once knew an illiterate old Bavarian gardener who communed with birds and bees as easily and as naturally as he communed with his own children. Yet Pythagoras and the gardener were at almost opposite poles of consciousness. Wagner, the greatest of musical composers, listened to the running brooks and the rustling leaves, the birds' warbling and the wind in the forest, for the themes of his wonderful

operas. And so it is always with poet, painter, musician, or actor. Only by a surrender of the personal self,—only by the swallowing up of the personal self in the All Self,—is the power and the glory of the real self recognized and realized.

Self-consciousness means realization. As the world-system is God's realization of Himself, so the ideals of the spiritually self-conscious man push forward through him for actualization. But this, I am convinced, does not always mean an instantaneous process. Self-assertion plainly defeats one's object. Realization is born out of poise,—spiritual poise, the peace that passeth all understanding. This poise, obviously, cannot come through effort or striving. It can only come in the silence, in quiet, in the rest that means "resting in God;" the stillness in which we know that we are God. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." We need not reach out after the ideal, as though it were far off. We may wait

and let it come to us. Let us understand that it is sure to come; that the ideal is always *immanent in the real*.

"Consciousness is concentrated wherever we send our thought," Mr. Dresser tells us, "and if we reach out or pray to God as a distant Being, the thought is sent away from its proper sphere. It were better not to have ideals than to strain after them, and assert that they shall become facts at once."

The realization which always follows self-consciousness is a natural process. And all nature's processes are gradual, measured and evolutionary. We shall find wisdom and health in recognizing this law.

The natural is divine,—just as divine as the spiritual. This is the burden of all Walt Whitman's soul-illumined songs for the America of the nineteenth century, as it was of the Greek nature-worship and of those glories of Greek art and literature that grew out of it.

To properly relate the natural and the spiritual in men's minds,—I might

say to identify the natural with the spiritual,—is, I take it, the mission of this mental science movement. Perception and recognition of the truths of the spiritual world mean for us the possibility and the power to translate these truths into the facts of life here and now in the natural world. More than this, it means a demand upon us for the demonstration of these truths in dominion over all conscious or unconscious denial of them—over any and every condition negative to Eternal Life—even to the destruction of the last enemy, which is Death. If Freedom is the law, then Fear has no foundation! If love is the fulfilling of the law, then it is Lord of Life! In the realization of Love's lordship, avarice and anger, suffering and sorrow, with all their hosts, must flee and fade away as darkness disappears before the light. Man is endowed with dominion over all things. "All things are yours." All things that are true, that are lovely and of good report wait upon your command.

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COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER

The Rosy Cross

BY ROSICRUCIÆ

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JULY 1897



THE ROSY CROSS.

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THE ROSY CROSS.

THE origin of the Rosy Cross is known only to the oldest initiates of the order. Its symbols are as ancient as the Egyptian Mysteries and its principles underlie all religions, ancient and modern. In modern times the names of Christian Rosenkrutz, Robert Fludd and Francis Bacon have figured prominently in its literature; but historically, there are few exoteric landmarks of the Order.

Rosicruciaë is spiritual, not material; a Fraternity rather than an Order. Its members are gathered from the East and the West, from among the lofty and the lowly, the learned and the unlearned, wherever there are free souls, and sympathetic and aspiring natures. It embraces all ages, races

and climes, and reaches from the visible far into invisible realms of being. Silence, secrecy and unpretending good works are its characteristics, and one member may pass his life next door to another and neither be aware of the bond between them unless some stress of need draw the curtain aside. The law of Silence is particularly emphasized, obedience to the injunction to "enter into the closet and shut the door" being imperative on all who would have access to the sources of power.

Each age calls for restatements of truth, specially adapted to its understanding and use, and the present age is no exception. That which was hidden from the ignorant and vicious under symbols and figures in the past is emerging from its outgrown shell so that he who runs may read. The veil of Isis has become a misty cloud, destined to disappear in the broader light of the coming century, and while the Rosy Cross has its lodges, passwords and signs, these external forms are regarded with indifference

by the genuine Rosicrucian, who is aware that he can become a complete epitome of the Order only through development of its principles within himself.

While the Rosy Cross has no creeds or dogmas to which the initiate must subscribe, there are certain principles which all true Rosicrucians accept. Among them is belief in the impartial Fatherhood of God and the universal Brotherhood of Man, thus recognizing the Unity of Spirit in all manifestations of Life.

Reincarnation is generally accepted as a truth, and salvation is the freedom of the soul from successive embodiments in earthy forms, wherein pain and pleasure alternate; where the glow of genius is dimmed by the darkened understanding of age, and the flame of passion is quenched by the chill of disease and death.

Humanity desires happiness, but none ever fully attains it, because it is sought in individual conditions and possessions, while it can be gained only through the uplifting of all souls every-

where. Life is homogeneous, and perfect rest will come to the individual soul only when the soul of the race is at rest. Therefore, whatever makes for the kingdom of heaven among men is the way to happiness for the individual. Men and women are born free and equal, but each one comes immediately into conditions destructive of freedom and equality,—conditions which man himself has created in the evolutionary processes of thought and life. He binds himself with creeds, forms and codes of action which divide man from man, create the iron bondage of caste, and limit freedom of thought by fear.

The recognition of universal brotherhood, and of the truth that all are entitled to equal rights and privileges in the house of the Common Father and Mother is an important step in the path the soul must travel toward the perfected life.

The cult of the Rosy Cross embraces the culture of the whole man, and this is carried on through vibrations set up in the emotional or soul

nature by the Will. These vibrations exalt and expand the energies of the soul, and this culture is the *work of salvation*, which is not freedom from consequences, but deliverance from evil desires and tendencies. That which is recorded cannot be erased, but a new record may be made which will cast the old into the limbo of forgotten things.

The past belongs to God, with all its failures and sins; but the future is man's to mould and fashion as he will, for himself and for the race.

Vibrations may be indefinitely transferred by oral, or mental suggestion, and the instructed soul consciously arouses, excites and directs the thoughtless and ignorant through vibrations. Ignorance unguards the soul, furnishing conditions of receptivity to good and evil suggestions, which uplift or degrade. Mind responds to mind, soul to soul, spirit to spirit, through vibrations in the ether.

The invisible world of spirit is drawing near to the earth-plane, and the souls of men respond wherever they

are sensitive to etheric vibrations. The Rosy Cross has long sensed this incoming spiritual tide and confidently expects the breaking away of the clouds of ignorance which have long obscured the light of the inner heavens. The pyramids, the buried cities, the tombs and mountain retreats of the old world are giving up their long hoarded secrets to the push and enterprise of the age; but their wealth of knowledge and wisdom, though grand and wonderful, sinks into insignificance when compared with the treasures of the kingdom concealed in the soul of man ready to be revealed for *use*. This is the Kingdom of Heaven which is taken by force, the force of persistent desire and effort.

Thoughts are not things,—they are greater than things. Thought is the energy, the inherent force of things, and comes from the Primal Intelligence which is above and beyond all things. The mind is an instrument manipulated by unseen, but not altogether unknown forces. Its energies do not belong to us; they are lent

for use, and the only merit which we can claim because of superior adaptability of the instruments is in the quality of their use.

The power to project this force or energy of the soul is inherent in human nature, and our department of the Rosy Cross culture is devoted to instruction and training in its use. To vibrate the etheric atoms of the body is to set in motion the ether of space; to exercise the Will in breathing is to connect with the space of Will, charging the body with electricity, power and life; but the fervent *desire* to attain to any condition sets in vibration the finer essences of spirit that connect with the love-soul of the universe, the Infinite Love. Every aspiring soul reaches some plane in spirit that corresponds to itself, and which it can absorb and use.

There are Seven Spaces of Spirit corresponding to the Seven Great Powers,—four Mundane and three Spiritual, or psychic. Those corresponding to the Mundane Powers are,—Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, Human; the

Spiritual Spaces are,—Faith, Will and Love. All the spaces are filled with Societies, Orders, Associations, Brotherhoods, which correspond to every condition possible to man. Connection with the beings inhabiting these spaces may be attained by systematic training and effort. This is not mediumship, so called, but the entering into and possession of the knowledge and power of the space contacted. Man, body and soul, is the Temple of the Infinite Spirit, and in him are etheric atoms belonging to all spiritual states and spaces; some active, some latent. Those which are active connect the individual with the space with which he has the closest affinity, and the influx from it is largely unconscious. To illustrate: Beethoven was by nature affiliated with the Musical Societies and, being a fine instrument attuned to the inspirations of that space, he holds the world entranced by superhuman melodies. Socrates contacted the Philosophical space, Napoleon, the Strategic; but the full soul of the Prophet of Galilee came forth from and breathed the

inspiration of the most interior space, the space of Love.

To aspire is to become, in time and in eternity; for aspiration connects the soul with the spaces of spirit vibrating with immortal energies. Man makes and unmakes himself; "He fails, sickens and dies through feebleness of will." Physical life is only a series of vibrations whose intensity may be greatly increased by persistent use of spiritual forces.

Degrees of soul-force depend on the rapidity of the vibrations of the flame uniting the three powers which constitute the human ego. This trinity of Intelligence, Will and Love is a manifestation of the Divine Trinity in Unity, making of man a microcosmic God.

The soul is a glowing spark in an Infinite Flame.

The vibrations of these triune forces develop heat, which is generally diffused throughout the body as a gentle warmth. This heat may be powerfully increased and drawn to a center in the breast, where it burns with a pure and conscious flame. This is the baptism

with fire and the Holy Ghost (*Geist*, Spirit) and is typified by the fire kept burning on the altars of the ancient temples. It is also the transmuting fire of the Rosicrucians, which certain of the old alchemists misunderstood and materialized to mean the transmutation of the baser metals into gold.

This flame in the breast is an evidence of the Christ-union, the seal of immortality, and is possible only to the pure in heart. To the impure and unholy, the increase of spirit vibrations fills the soul with an unquenchable thirst and an insatiable hunger, which destroy soul and body by a slow combustion of unrest, impure desires, disease and death. This flame is the point of contact with the source of all power and knowledge, and sometimes it finds a voice. With Moses it objectified in the form of a burning bush, and the "still small voice" of spirit became audible to the external ear.

Referring to this flame the great Persian sage, Zoroaster, says, "When you *see* the fire, listen for the *voice* of the fire."

This inner fire burned with conscious power when the disciples walked with the risen Jesus on the way to Emmaus. "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he spake to us on the way?"

It has well-nigh ceased to burn on the altars of human hearts, but the *Rosy Cross* has preserved a spark of it and now calls to the wise virgins, whose lamps are trimmed and burning, to unveil the light for the illumination of the world.

Love is the only antidote for Evil; force will suppress, but will not prevent it. The peaceful, gentle, forgiving vibrations of love open the invisible spaces from which descends purifying and regenerative power. Through the vibrations of love, war will cease, crime and its vindictive punishment will pass away, and practical help will supersede sermons, prayers and the legal restraints with which society now ignorantly strives to protect itself. Crime should be prevented rather than punished, criminal tendencies detected, undermined and destroyed, and the transmission of criminal in-

instincts rendered impossible. All this may be done through spiritual vibrations, and this is one of the fields of work which specially engages the attention and efforts of the Rosy Cross.

The concentration of effort and the union of many *minds* in one vibration creates societies, sects, governments, on the plane of its action; in the same way spirit, by *projection*, creates and destroys. Spirit individualized in a human body is no less spirit than when disrobed. There are conclaves in the spaces of spirit in which the souls of men and women who are still of the mundane world take part, equally with those who have cast off the body. Convocations are held when the interests of earth-life are represented by those in earth-bodies who, in soul projection, are in the spiritual spaces, and questions touching human interests most nearly are considered. Such a convention, giving exclusive attention to the application of the great principles of sex, has long been in session. It has removed the ban of silence from woman, and caused her equality with

man to be recognized in many ways; but the projection of this truth into the external world has been difficult, owing to the prejudices and superstitions of men.

ROSICRUCIÆ invites woman's co-operation and has made her eligible to its councils and helpful influences on the same terms as her brothers; it now boldly proclaims the feminine principle as embodied in woman to be the Saviour of the Race. Being the most spiritual, she is the vibratory center between God and man. Through her elevation in the thought, will and love of man, the influx of crime, lust, and disease from the lowest hells will be checked, and the incarnation of lofty and pure souls will be facilitated. This can only be accomplished by the co-operation of the visible world of souls with the invisible.

Sex is of the body, soul and spirit, and is as eternal as is the Creative Power, for by and through its principles all things exist. Its activities are always creative, for generation on one plane creates another plane similar but

a little higher. Vibrations of the body are the result of vibrations of spirit, which they involve, and all vibrations are creative in accord with their plane of activity. Sound vibrations reach the ear, thought vibrations the mind; but the powerful and far-reaching vibrations of emotion move the soul, and the motion is infinitely sustained.

Love is the creative center and the vibrations that harmonize the conditions, interior or exterior, of each individual are generated at that center. It is the love of *one*, not of many; for all sincere and genuine Rosicrucians are monogamists.

Love in the physical has its correspondence in the spiritual nature,—it is one, for Love is Spirit, and all its vibrations are creative. What we name matter is an effect produced by spirit transforming itself through vibratory motion.

Nature makes no mistakes; she is the word of God to which nothing can be added or taken away by man, except to his own hurt. The separation of the masculine and feminine in

thought, emotion, or physical life, is destructive, not constructive. In their perfect blending on all planes, lies the secret of power, and the Lost Word is unity—*one*.

The natural use of the organs of the body, as of the faculties of the mind and powers of the soul, is an imperative duty to all who would perfect the human nature. The orderly exercise of mind and will is required to preserve the harmonious balance of being, so that life on all planes shall march together in orderly sequence.

To be self-poised and perfect in rhythmic motion, like the worlds swinging in space, is the prerogative of every human being; but only those who have *found the center*, and lighted the flame on that altar, approach that condition. It is not attained by ignoring the selfhood or in disuse of the functions of body or mind.

The ROSY CROSS makes no noise; it loves the Infinite Silence, and works through vibrations of Thought, Will and Love. It is ready to point out the path and to clasp hands with any who

desire to work for the advent of the new civilization. To this end, the fraternity desires *souls* rather than money; earnest, active, sincere students and workers. Not all who knock can enter. Before one can become a member of the visible Fraternity, he or she is already enrolled among the Invisibles.

“Not everyone who saith Lord, Lord, can enter into the kingdom,” saith the Christ, and one before Him affirmed “Many are the wand-bearers, but few are the true Bacchanals.”

Those who can recall the conditions of life fifty years ago will appreciate the gigantic strides man has made along the lines of progress. The twilight of the stage-coach has broadened into the noonday of steam and electricity; the inspiration of books has largely given place to scientific certainties, to ascertained truths and facts of things, thus widening and deepening the scope of free thought.

Dr. Franklin ushered in a new age, the age of electricity, when he called forth a message from the shadow of

God which pronounced the death sentence on the limitations of matter, annihilating time and space by putting "a girdle around the earth in forty minutes," as prophesied by Shakspeare's tricky sprite. As the age of crude force merged into the electrical age, bringing with it everything worth preserving, so the wires and dynamos and circuits, which now witness to the external activities of man's restless intelligence, will give place to the simpler methods of the mental age, when the possibilities of mind will become manifest. The present laborious processes of education will become obsolete, and telepathy will take the place of the old, cumbrous methods of instruction in the imparting of knowledge.

Daguerre pictured the *outside* of things fifty years ago; modern photography reproduces the *inside*, and it is only a question of a little more time and a few more experiments when mental states will be photographed and man's nature will be mapped out, as physical geography maps the surface of the planet. The swamps and

lagoons in human nature which send up the malaria that generates crime, disease, death, will be located, as will the life-giving seas and breezy, moral mountain tops. Mind will be generated, rather than adipose tissue, and God will be enthroned in the heart of the world, rather than in some far-off anachronistic City of Gold.

Speed characterizes the electrical age; let us move quickly to help God save the world. He demands only the sacrifice of meanness, of enmity to our brother man; and this is the only bar to infinite progress.

No one can borrow the light of the Spirit. Each virginal lamp must shine by its own light, and each man stands or falls alone. "God helps those who help themselves." His tables are laden with flowers and fruits which are not *forced* on anyone; the command is, "*Help yourself.*"

Recognizing the value of organization for certain work which is before us, the Western Cult of the Rosy Cross has established a bureau of instruction,

where those who desire to learn and work with the Fraternity may apply.

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NOTE.—*All inquiries from readers of THE TEMPLE interested in the Order of the Rosy Cross, and who are sincerely desirous of further information in regard to its aims and objects, or who desire to apply for membership in the Order, will be promptly transmitted to the proper hands, if addressed to the care of the Editor of THE TEMPLE.*—[Editor of THE TEMPLE.]

(Metaphysical Publishing Company,
New York; The Temple Publishing
Company, Denver.)



“THE Library of Health” is the title of a monthly series edited by Charles Brodie Patterson. The first number, which appeared in May, deals with “The Spiritual Science of Life,” and the June number with “Self-Control.” Both are models of clear teaching from a high plane of understanding. “True self-control,” Mr. Patterson says, “is the will of the Divine, the God-will reigning supreme in the souls of men. It is the will of all power. It is the only real will of the universe, and must become manifest in every soul. * * * * The true self, to unfold the possibilities that are within, must express perfect control in accord with unchanging law.” He emphasizes the necessity of understanding our relations one to another, abandoning the old thought of personal self as separate and distinct, and seeing that every soul is related to every other

soul. (The Alliance Publishing Company, New York; The Temple Publishing Company, Denver.)



WHEN Mrs. Clara H. Scott published her collection of hymns entitled "Truth in Song," it was soon recognized that she had rendered the cause of the New Christianity a distinct service of the utmost importance. Herself a fine and noble soul, deeply imbued with the spirit of the truth that maketh free in our later and fuller interpretation of Christ's gospel, she brought to the execution of her labor of love highly trained musical taste and skill. Words and music in these songs are fitted together by a true artist mind. Their influence is wonderfully uplifting and all scientists should learn and sing them. Friends of this gifted composer were recently much grieved by the news that she was killed in a runaway accident, June 21st last, at Dubuque, Iowa. Yet, while lamenting the sudden and shocking passing away from the personal form, we know that the real

woman cannot die. She will live in her work with undimmed power—the work into which she put so much of her life and love. THE TEMPLE, desiring that this excellent song collection shall have the widest possible circulation, now offers a copy free to everyone sending us one dollar for a year's subscription.



THE present issue of THE TEMPLE becomes the chosen vehicle for an official manifesto of what is generally conceded to be the most ancient and advanced order of Initiates in the world today. For the first time in a hundred years, the order, through the revered master, who signs himself "Rosicruciaë," breaks the silence which is a distinguishing characteristic of Rosicrucian work. There are special reasons for the publication to the world at this time of this remarkable declaration. One is found in the recent marked development of psychic and physical science; another in the establishment in so large a degree in our own

country of the equality of the sexes with woman's assumption of her rightful place by the side of her brother. This Rosicrucian manifesto is, indeed, a message from the Masters to all men and women of aspiring soul and expanding mind. To some, the message will doubtless be meaningless, but those for whom it is intended will hear and recognize the voice that calls. We have here, in brief space, an account of the Rosicrucians, their spirit and purpose, which is not alone authoritative, but also admirable in its clearness and simplicity of presentation. Those interested in the study of spiritual science, occultism, mysticism, metaphysics and philosophy cannot fail to welcome "The Rosy Cross" as an important addition to our literature.



"THE NEW TIME" is the happily chosen title of a new monthly review for the people, edited by B. O. Flower, the founder of the Arena, and Frederick Upham Adams, the editor of New Occasions, which has been merged in the new monthly. The pub-

lication of "The New Time" is in strong and sympathetic hands. Charles H. Kerr has a well-earned reputation as an energetic and successful publisher of works identified with progressive thought. The first number of the new review will appear early in July and will be notable in many respects. There will probably be a very large demand for it, advance orders from all parts of the country having already been received by the publishers. A score of the most able and vigorous writers, whose names have been familiar to readers of the "Arena," have rallied around Mr. Flower in his new enterprise and promise hearty cooperation. It will be strange, indeed, if the large army of readers, whose devotion to the popular cause has been inspired and strengthened by Mr. Flower's work in the "Arena," shall not also come forward and show their appreciation of his efforts and those of his colleagues in "The New Time," especially as the price of this review has been placed at ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year, thus bring-

ing it within the reach of all. The Temple Publishing Company has been appointed Colorado Agent for "The New Time," and our readers in the Rocky Mountain region are invited to send their subscriptions through THE TEMPLE. Those who are already on THE TEMPLE subscription list may avail themselves of the clubbing arrangement with "The New Time," by sending in the additional fifty cents at once.



THE newspaper reports of the death of Francis Schlatter, the healer, are closely followed by the appearance of a book entitled "The Life of the Harp in the Hands of the Harper." This is the healer's story of his own life, edited and published by Mrs. Ada M. Morley, at whose ranch, in New Mexico, Schlatter lived during the winter and spring of 1895-6, and where he wrote the record of his journeyings, which form the larger part of the present volume. This record is supplemented by several chapters chronicling conversations between Schlatter and Mrs. Morley, in

which the healer expresses his social and religious views in an original and interesting manner. Two important epochs in the healer's public career, not covered by his own MS., or these conversations and essential to the complete and connected narrative are furnished in the chapters on "The Fast in Albuquerque," by "Fitz Mac," and "The Healer in Denver," by Joseph Wolf. The spirit in which the work of the editor has been done is shown in the Introduction, in which she declares her belief that "the closing years of this century and cycle seem both blessed and privileged by the presence of this great soul on our planet; his every breath is the inbreathing of the Lord's prayer, and his every thought of the time when the Father will bring him back to aid in the social reconstruction; to hearken to the Father in the Judgment Day and help to establish justice." Certainly, the Healer could not have chosen a more sympathetic editor. (Mrs. Ada M. Morley, P. O. Box, 398, Denver, Colo.)

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And How to Develop It

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THE SIXTH SENSE.

The following article appeared originally in the "Arena" for June, 1894, and is now republished in response to repeated requests.

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THE SIXTH SENSE:

AND HOW TO DEVELOP IT.

PRESENT-DAY forecasts of humanity's future, wrought out by strictly scientific methods, point to developments no less strange than are the prophetic dreams of the poet and the novelist. This is true in the domain of psychology as in that of sociology—sciences related much more closely than we are in the habit of considering them. Plato's vision in "The Republic," and Sir Thomas More's fanciful "Utopia," like William Morris' delightful picture of an ideal society in "News from Nowhere," are thrown into the shade by the unimaginative pictures of life in the twentieth century that have been built upon the logical development of the economic facts and tendencies set forth by Laurence Gronlund and other

exponents of the scientific school of socialism. M. Louis Figuier, in his "To-morrow of Death," and more recently in "Joys Beyond the Threshold," similarly evolves by irrefragable reasoning from absolutely scientific laws and phenomena, proof of the soul's existence after death, and evidence as to the probable nature of that existence, its occupations and pursuits, beside which such dreams of life beyond the grave as Mrs. Oliphant's "Old Lady Mary" and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Gates Ajar" seem realistic and prosaic.

Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, has recently given to us a forecast of the history of the world from the present day until the final catastrophe, based, like M. Figuier's deductions, on scientific facts, and proceeding by scientific methods.* Not the least interesting of the changes in the race which he traces is "the development of psychic faculties dormant

* In "The End of the World," *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, May-July, 1893.

for, perhaps, millions of years," and especially an "electric sense." M. Flammarion's prophecy is doubtless suggested by the fact that many individuals have already developed in some degree a "sixth sense," known variously as "clairvoyance," "clairaudience," and "psychometry." Except in confidence and among intimate friends, the individual in whom this sense has been developed is apt to be reticent regarding the fact, and is generally averse to any allusions to his powers in this direction in mixed assemblages. Still it may be asserted that there is hardly a reader of this page who is not himself or herself developed in this way in some degree, or who does not number among his or her friends, one who "sees" or "hears" or "feels" things that are ordinarily beyond the so-called physical senses.

If we are to get substantial results from the investigation of this class of phenomena, the conclusions of one accustomed to analyze emotion and experience, on whatever plane it presents

itself, and who brings this habit to bear on his own psychical experiences, should be taken into consideration. Many very worthy people, to be sure, insist that development of the psychic sense is an unconscious process and one that cannot be helped, though it may be hindered, by thinking or reasoning about it—that its processes are, in fact, unknowable and past finding out. Michelet well says, “No consecrated absurdity would have stood its ground in this world, if the man had not silenced the objection of the child.” In theology, in government, and in society, more than one iniquity has been perpetuated by this custom, now fast becoming antiquated, of smothering questions with the objection that a thing is “an incomprehensible mystery, reserved from man’s knowledge, and beyond the finite understanding,”—simply because the thing is not at once apparent. We should not hesitate to ask questions, if we are to get answers. The *desire* to know the nature and the laws of phenomena, nat-

ural or supranatural, is evidence that such knowledge is obtainable. We shall develop the psychic sense most rapidly, in individuals and in the race, by asking questions about it. The development of this faculty, as of all other faculties—beyond a certain initial, crude and uncertain stage—must be conscious, and be thought about.

What are called psychometry, clairvoyance, and clairaudience, may be classed together as one faculty, because, for reasons which will appear in another part of this paper, it is believed all these phenomena are the manifestations of one and the same sense in various stages of development. It is more than possible that the phenomena of hypnotism, telepathy, and the projection of the astral belong also to this sixth sense, and with other "phases," as the Spiritualists call them, are combined in its fuller development.

If the writer may be permitted to speak from his own experience, under certain unusually favorable psychic conditions, a sensitiveness of the psychic

perception to objective thought-images or pictures, sometimes taking the form of flowers or other symbols, then of places—cities, houses, landscapes, is first developed. Then follows the seeing of faces and forms—of those aggregations of thought and feeling we call persons. Seeing these things, conveys to the mind distinct and intelligent messages, much as did picture-writing among the Aztecs. Describing as simply as possible what is thus seen, one seems to be thrown upon his own mental processes to interpret in words the meaning of these pictures.

Soon it occurred to the writer that the persons who thus talked in symbols and pictures, must be quite capable of addressing him more easily and directly by speech, if he could only hear them. Why had he not heard them? Why is it that we often do not hear words distinctly addressed to us on the physical plane, from stage, platform, or pulpit, or in private conversation? It is because we do not listen. *Attention* is called for in the conscious reception of thought-

images. To hear the words spoken "in the astral light," to adopt the convenient Theosophical phraseology, listening with concentration is required. Listening so, the words must come with illumination and recognition to the brain. This was proved in repeated experiments. Sitting quietly alone, or with one or two sympathetic friends, the writer's attention would suddenly be caught by hearing a new voice announcing an unseen visitor, or joining in the conversation. The words seemed to arouse the psychic sense more fully; the sense of presence would be followed by visual illumination, out of which appeared, vividly as in the flesh, the form and features of the ethereal visitor. Seeing, hearing, and "sensing" (if the word may be used to indicate a mode of perception for which we have no name, but which many people mean to express when they say they "feel it all over"), seemed to be combined in the marvellously rapid and easy interchange of thought which followed. Often words from the astral visitor

would come quickly in response to uttered or unuttered questions. At times, these words reached the writer audibly, although their full meaning seemed to come slowly, as he endeavored to repeat them. Later, this comparatively slow process was reversed, and the thought of the spirit would be flashed upon his brain and instantly grasped, only becoming audible as he heard his own voice expressing the spirit's thought—not in his own words, but in those of the spirit.

Here, certainly, there was spirit communion in which were combined what is called clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, telepathy, and hypnotic control, all merged in a single psychic sense, or rather sensitiveness, and all depending, evidently, on the degree of *rapport* established between the thought of individuals outside the writer's personality, and that identified with it. In all these experiences, consciousness on the psychic plane is added to consciousness on the physical plane, not substituted for it.

Experiences in regard to the development of the sixth sense, it is found, vary with differences of character and temperament. With some, hearing comes first and seeing only long afterward. Others, very delicately organized, are at first exceedingly sensitive to "impressions" or intuitions which plainly indicate the projection on their consciousness of thought from an intelligence quite outside their own, without coming through sight, touch, or hearing. Still others begin by acquiring remarkable sensitiveness to the psychical atmosphere of a room. For no apparent reason, their sleep is disturbed in one room, and all sorts of uncomfortable and disagreeable sensations are experienced; while in another room, perhaps in the same house, they will breathe freely and have a delightful feeling of serenity or cheerfulness. Still others begin by noticing peculiar sympathies with or antipathies to the touch of certain objects. Comparing these various instances with the writer's own experience, he cannot help thinking

that the development of the sixth sense depends very much upon the side on which it is first recognized, and consequently to some extent specialized by force of habit. Development comes more quickly to the "seeing" than to the "hearing" sensitive, if one may judge from familiar cases. Is it because form and color suggest sound more quickly than sound suggests form and color?

The key to the best development of the sixth sense is to be found in its "psychometric" side. "If walls could talk!" "If things could speak!" are exclamations often heard from people who would scout the idea, if told that walls and other things *do* talk, if we would only listen. Yet these same people would be puzzled to account for their strange inward sense of possibility, even while making a suggestion which they outwardly consider impossible.

Recently, the immense possibilities of the psychometric side of the sixth sense were suggested while witnessing a "reading" by a lady who enjoys a

national reputation as an art critic, but whose remarkable psychic powers are hardly known outside a small circle of intimate friends. A letter in a sealed envelope was put into her hands and she was asked to tell what she "saw." It was an ordinary letter accepting an invitation to dinner, from a person she had never seen or heard of in her life, and of whose very existence she was, up to that time, unconscious. The lady at once described the personal appearance of the writer of the letter exactly and in detail, outlined his character, and related many remarkable episodes in his life, bringing his history up to the thought which swayed him in writing the letter. It was proved subsequently that her description and relation were accurate in every particular.

Soon afterward an opportunity came to the writer to test, for the first time, his own development in this direction. A guest in the house in which he lived, of whose past personal history he knew absolutely nothing had mislaid a small gold watch, in searching for which she

manifested much anxiety, saying she would not lose it for the world, because she valued it as a keepsake. When the watch was found, he was suddenly impelled to request permission to hold it in his hands a moment. No sooner had his fingers closed upon the watch than he saw a man wearing a peculiar smoking cap, whose appearance was described in detail. Then the writer seemed to be taken into this individual's surroundings in the past, and described his habits, his circumstances, his manner of life, and even the furniture in his apartments, recounting a peculiar episode of his last illness. This was followed by distinct communication to the woman in the flesh from the man in the astral, with information as to his present condition, occupation, and opinions. The watch had been given to this lady by a near relative, whom she had nursed in his last illness ten years before, who was fond of wearing the peculiar cap described, and whose appearance and character, she said, had been accurately described.

This success, of course, led to further experiments in the same way. The results were varying, but sufficient to indicate that the personality, the thought and emotions of individuals remain in the *aura* of articles closely associated with them. This is particularly the case with handwriting, especially in letters of an emotional character. Going beyond the perception of what might be called these photographs in the astral light, it is evident that there is a close connection between this *aura*, impression, reflection, or whatever one may please to call it, and the living, intelligent entity of which it is an emanation, and that through perception of the *aura* is attained the power of establishing *rapport*—and consequent communication face to face—with that entity. The ego whose astral principle is thus projected upon the psychic perception of the sensitive may be still living in the flesh, or may have passed from the body a hundred or a thousand years before.

The important point in connection

with all this mode of perception, is a community of sensation between the perceived and the percipient. I have been able to describe with precision the emotions—whether of exaltation or depression, lightness or heaviness, health or disease—perceived by me, because I myself, in my own nervous and mental organization, *felt* those conditions. To illustrate more clearly: while recently sitting on a mountain-top veranda with a company of friends in the twilight, the writer saw, in the astral, a lady who was an entire stranger approach and, looking earnestly at one of the company, suddenly put a hand to her left eye, “What does she mean by that?” was asked mentally. Instantly the writer felt a dull pain in his own left eye, which was succeeded by a gradual going out of the sight until there was total blindness. This sensation was described to the company. One of them immediately recognized the lady as an old friend of her own, the wife of a United States senator, prominent in the history of the West, who had died

about fifteen years before. This lady had received an accidental injury to the left eye, which resulted in entire loss of sight. She came now to deliver to her friend an important message concerning that lady's future work in the West. The pain and blindness in the writers' eyes passed away in a few minutes, and have apparently left no unpleasant effects.

Anxious as the writer is to contribute what he can to the elucidation of this class of occult phenomena, he has been exceedingly reluctant to make his paper personal in so large a degree. But this is inevitable if he is to make it plain that he speaks from individual experience, and not from information obtained at second hand. Like Mrs. Underwood, whose interesting experiences in regard to her writing under the control of invisible intelligences were related in *The Arena* some time ago, the present writer had been for years as much an agnostic to all spiritualistic phenomena as might be expected of an orthodox churchman. So far from desiring noto-

riety in regard to his own psychic experiences, he has sedulously avoided mentioning them, and not half a dozen persons outside of his own family have hitherto known anything of them.

It has been said that psychometry is regarded as the key to the development, on rational lines, of the sixth sense. Psychometry itself seems to be a development on the psychic side of that physical sense, which is at once the finest, the most subtle, the most comprehensive, and the most neglected of all the five senses—the sense of *touch*. While distributed over the whole surface of the body, through the nervous system, this sense is more delicate and sensitive in some parts than in others. The marvellous possibilities of its development in the hands, are shown in the cases of expert silk buyers and of coin handlers. The first are enabled, merely by touch, to distinguish instantly variations of weight and fineness in each of a score of different pieces of cloth hardly distinguishable to the eye. Girls employed

in the mints, while counting gold and silver coins at an astonishingly rapid speed, detect at once the minutest divergence in weight of the coin passing through their hands. The remarkable sensitiveness developed by the blind in the tips of the fingers, under such scientific cultivation as that provided in the Perkins Institute, of which Laura Bridgman in the past and Helen Kellar in the present are such conspicuous examples, is familiar to most readers.

It may not be so generally known that recent *post-mortem* examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers, well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain. What does this show? If brain and nerves are practically identical, is it not plain that, instead of being confined to the cavity of the skull, there is not any part of the surface of the body that can be touched by a pin's point without pricking the

brain? Given proper development by recognition and use, may not a sensation including all the sensations generally received through the other physical organs of sense be received through the touch at the tips of the fingers? If this is so, a man can think at the tips of the fingers. The truth is that a man thinks not in his head alone; but all over his body, and especially in great nerve centres like the solar plexus, and in the nerve-ends on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part, from his head down to his feet. Need I suggest the importance of remembering, in this connection, how much in our modern life is conveyed by the hand-clasp, or the deep delight that comes to lovers in caressing touches. It is through the emotional life that consciousness is led from the physical to the psychic plane of sensation.

In psychometrizing, one is first brought, through the sense of physical touch, apparently, into a vivid percep-

tion of an aura or atmosphere surrounding the object. Every individual and every distinct object, animate or inanimate, is surrounded by an aura of its own, just as the earth and every other planet has its surrounding atmosphere. In this aura, as in a mirror, the sensitive sees reflected the history of the object, its significance in connection with the emotions, and such other associations with the personalities of its possessors—of the life and experience of which it formed a part—as he may bring himself *en rapport* with. As already noted, all this is not only perceived objectively, but is also “sensed” subjectively. The sensitive seems to merge his own personality in the aura of the object, and in his own person feels the pains and pleasures he describes.

The fact of this community of sensation, and its general recognition as a leading feature in the phenomena of psychometry, mind reading, thought transference and hypnotism, bring us to a consideration of that force or agent

surrounding and interpenetrating the physical body through which thought and sensation are transmitted. Nearly two years ago Dr. R. Osgood Mason published a suggestive study of a series of well authenticated hypnotic experiments in which he advanced the opinion that the chief agent in this, and in a large class of other occult phenomena, is a certain "vibratory medium." This hypothetical medium he compared to the atmosphere, in its quality as a transmitter of light, sound and smell, but far exceeding that medium in sensitiveness. He says:—

In its widest sense, this force, by whatever name it may be known, is the medium of influence, which manifests itself throughout the world of organic life, from the simple cell to reasoning man; from diatom to prince, philosopher, or poet; the medium through which qualities are perceived, opinions formed and loves established, independent of knowledge gained by ordinary sense perceptions, or any process of reasoning; the medium of intuition.

Dr. Mason, however, frankly confesses himself "unprepared to say whether this psychic medium is constant, existing in and pervading space, without special reference to its actual

use, or a rare effluence.....ether, vital force, or emanation—existing as an attribute of living, sentient beings, always in use to some degree, and, under favoring conditions, producing what seems to us marvelous phenomena.”

The writer's investigations lead him to believe that Dr. Mason's hypothesis, while exceedingly valuable and suggestive, falls short of accounting for the phenomena he describes. Neither a universal ether, constant and pervading all space, nor a rare effluence, existing as an attribute of living, sentient beings, will alone account for thought transference, clairvoyance, psychometry, or hypnotism—to use many names for the one process of psychic perception. As has been shown, this perception depends, more than aught else, on that degree of rapport which we can only designate by the entirely inadequate term, “community of sensation.” It is plain that these phenomena depend absolutely on both the universal ether, as a *medium*, and the emanation from sentient, living beings

as a *force*, working upon that medium—as the painter works in colors or the sculptor in stone. We have two good English and all-sufficient words for that personal force, and for its operation. These words are *mind* and *thought*.

It is impossible to conceive of a universe without mind, for no matter is so crude that it is not the expression of mind—the result of thought—in some degree. But we can imagine a universe void of man, void of living, sentient beings, just as we can imagine the desolation of the Desert of Sahara, and comprehend that, with no ear to hear, it must be soundless; or as we may imagine the depths of interstellar space, and know that, with no planetary atmosphere to refract the light of suns and stars, there must be blackest darkness. In an uninhabited universe—a universe filled simply with the primitive, universal ether—there would be mind, but it would be the expression of the negative thought of mind—the sculptor's stone waiting in the quarry,

the painter's pigment still on the palette. So for all purposes of demonstration we may be permitted to distinguish "mind" from "matter," as the force itself, distinct from the medium in and through which it operates.

The next question is, *how* does this individual thought operate on the universal ether? To answer this question completely will be to unlock the mystery of the ages. The mystery will be unlocked some day, as surely as the North Pole will be reached. Simply as the faintest suggestion, born out of the fleeting glimpses of illuminated teaching that have so far penetrated to the writer's consciousness, he ventures to present for the benefit of brother explorers some of the landmarks already noted in pursuing this line of investigation.

The facts cited in regard to psychical phenomena seem to indicate that there is a certain *quality* or condition in the universal ether, only to be perceived by the development of a conscious perception and sensation of *the*

same quality or condition in the constitution of the individual, of which constitution that universal ether must form the substance. That this quality is not discoverable by mechanical processes must be apparent, since in its very nature it transcends matter, in the ordinary sense of the word, and is beyond or outside the realm of physical perception.

It seems, therefore, that to perceive this quality of the ether or spirit filling all the universe, permeating all space, and pervading every particle of what we call matter—this substance whose universality, oneness, and constant vibration bring us into instant touch with the most distant stars—it is necessary that the percipient should be able to place himself *en rapport* with it. The clearness and fulness of his perception will be in exact proportion to the completeness with which he succeeds in attaining this state of consciousness.

In art, we already recognize the truth that the *quality* of the poem, the picture, the statue, or the musical com-

position—that is, its essential reality—is a thing beyond demonstration in terms of physical or material analysis. Like faith, it is “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.” It is sensed not by eyes, nor ears, nor hands; but by the sixth sense. We appreciate the beauty of a poem or a picture only in so far as we can place ourselves in sympathy with the thought or emotion of the poet or the painter—so far as we can think *the same thought*, or experience the same emotion, that is expressed in the poem or the picture. To a certain extent, this power may be attained by intellectual cultivation. It is oftener the result of a development of that more subtle spiritual faculty we call intuition. All the intellect and learning of Carlyle did not enable him to appreciate, much less to write, such a poem as Keats’ “Endymion,” nor to enjoy the melody of Mozart’s masses.

The question now arises: In what does this quality, so necessary to psychic perception, consist? By anal-

ogy with artistic powers and perceptions, and even more clearly, perhaps, with the familiar phenomena of chemistry, we may be justified in regarding this quality as *harmony*—harmony, in the first place, between the elements of one's own nature, and, in the next place, harmony of the individual nature with the thought or the person to be perceived psychically. And the thought which alone can create and sustain this harmony is *love*.

Science is constantly expanding our knowledge of the marvellous qualities of the universal ether. Professor Draper, in his work on "Light," avows the conclusion that the universal ether, through light, registers and retains photographs of persons, scenes, and actions, ordinarily invisible; but which under certain conditions may become visible. The walls of every room, he says, contain, and might, if we knew how, be made to show forth the pictures of every action that has taken place within them, stamped upon them by the light.

In the *Century*, recently, Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, described certain experiments which demonstrate that bodies thousands of times heavier than the air itself, may be sustained in the air and propelled in it at great speed—the greater the speed, the less the power required to sustain the travelling body.* Aside from Professor Langley's experiments in aerial navigation, we know that the ether sustains millions of planets in perfect equilibrium and moving in their orbits with almost inconceivable velocity. We know that it is capable of transmitting light, heat, and sound, and that it permeates every atom of the universe, even to the most infinitesimal molecules of the densest solids. We are beginning to learn that from this ether all the forms of the material universe are primarily evolved, and that into this ether the substance of all forms finally returns.

Harmony in color, in sound, or in

*See also Professor Langley's article on "The Flying Machine," in McClure's for June, 1897.

form, is a matter of proportion arrived at by the appropriations or attractions of affinities. A form is perfect to the sight, in so far as its relative proportions in line and dimension harmonize with each other. The perfection of every living organism depends on the harmony of its vibrations. We know that all consciousness on the physical plane comes to us in waves—vibrations, whether of sound or light, heat or cold. We know, too, that these vibrations vary almost infinitely in rapidity, and that, as a certain rapidity of vibration in the light-waves produces red and another green, yellow or other shades, so a greater or less rapidity of vibration, in the sound waves, causes the different notes in music. The same law in regard to vibrations acts in causing health or disease, joy or sorrow, life or death.

Fill a room with air in which there is a certain proportion of nitrogen to oxygen, and that air is healthy and vitalizing. Change the proportions, by increasing the nitrogen or by cut-

ting off the oxygen, and the air of that room becomes poisonous and deadly. In the same way, it is found that the body of a human being, in the last analysis of its material structure, is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. While a certain proportion of these elements is maintained, the body is in a healthy condition. Disease and death occur when this healthy equilibrium, or harmony of vibrations, is disturbed or destroyed by too great an increase of the proportion of nitrogen, or decrease of the proportion of oxygen.

The statement is made—and its suggestiveness is startling—that the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen, in the body of an individual, at any one time, are not only an absolute indication of his bodily condition, but will indicate his spiritual condition also. That is to say, the character and development of the ego itself determines the composition of the body, and the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen will be blended in exact relative proportions with the good and evil in

the man's nature. Every good thought increases the proportion of oxygen, as a deep breath does, and lessens that of nitrogen, making the body finer and more beautiful. Every evil thought or impulse that is indulged increases the nitrogen, and has the reverse effect on body and soul.

Every one knows how true it is that debauchery, sensuality, anger, and avarice leave their marks on the face and in the figure of man and woman, in a plainly perceptible coarsening of the outward appearance, making it accord with the true inner nature of the person. This coarsening of the form, the texture, and the color, are the indications of an actual change of material proportions in the system, corresponding to the changes in the spiritual or inner man. Yet, on reflection, it will seem as natural that the quality of the soul should determine the quality of the body, as that the thought of the painter, rather than the size of his canvas or the quantity of his colors, should determine the qual-

ity of his picture. Long ago Spenser, in his "Faery Queen," voiced this truth:—

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

It may seem unfair to adjudge as bad all who are uncomely or deformed, or to consider a handsome man or woman as necessarily good. It must be remembered that no form is final or fixed. Every form is subject constantly to the action of thought. The form of to-day may be the result of thought through a series of previous incarnations, working out slowly and gradually. The hunchback may be transformed into an Antinous, or the Antinous into a hunchback; but not suddenly. Nature makes no sudden leaps. The possibility of descent in the spiral progress of the soul continues even to the gates of paradise, as the possibility of ascent, through regeneration and reincarnation, is open, even to the soul that has sunk into the depths of hell.

Two facts of importance must be

kept in mind. First, that actual *quality*, susceptible of chemical analysis, is the test, and that this quality may be in part concealed by appearance. All is not gold that glitters. Second, the attainment of a perfectly spiritualized body, *i. e.*, of a body in which the chemical elements are blended in complete harmony, is in all probability the result of the garnered experiences of thousands, or hundreds of thousands of years, through repeated incarnations of the ego in a series of bodies. It is the fruit of *experience*—of countless errors of the persistent effort of the divine germ to express itself.

In this connection, it is exceedingly interesting to know that this law as to the relation between the spiritual development and the physical constitution of the body, may be carried to the logical conclusion that the quality of the body affords an infallible indication of the accomplishment of the object of reincarnation on this earth. Once the elements composing the body are combined in a certain proportion, necessity

ceases for further reincarnation, for further experiences on the material plane. The achievement of this goal can only be determined, probably, by the soul's expression of its quality, and by its attraction of embodied or disembodied spirits of the same quality and development. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The future life and growth of that ego must be on higher planes of existence, in embodiments of finer or more spiritual substance. Environment on the lower planes creates character; on the higher planes it is commanded and created by character.

From all this, is it not plain that investigation which is to increase our actual knowledge of the nature of the universal ether in its quality as a medium, and of the individual thought in its quality as a force, must leave the beaten track of mechanical tests and measures? Should we not seek the more spiritual, and more scientific, method of so analyzing and examining psychical phenomena, that

we may learn how man may consciously and intelligently establish the utmost harmony and correspondence between the nature of the spiritual man and the nature of the spiritual universe? By thus bringing the individual mind into at least an approach to complete sympathy and unison with the Universal Mind, of which it is a part, man will surely be enabled to lift the veil of sensory illusion in greater and greater degree.

If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.—John vii, 17.

EVA C. HULINGS AT REST.

On the morning of July 6th, last, Eva C. Hulings passed into the unseen. She was at the time spending a brief visit at Orchard Grove Fruit Farm, Boulder, the home of her old and well loved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wolff. Of this tireless and devoted worker in the Lord's vineyard, it may be well said that she gave her life for her friends. "Greater love than this no man hath known." Some one has said that the keynote of the universe may be found in the word *love*, Surely love was the keynote of the splendid soul that shone through the personality of Eva Hulings. Hers was the perfect love that casteth out fear, the love that envieth not and is kind.

She has left the world better than she found it. What we owe to her, we as yet only dimly realize. That she stood forth day after day, for years, in Denver, preaching the gospel of the New Christianity, declaring the Word of God, the glad tidings of great joy; that through her Truth was called into manifestation in the salvation of soul and body for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women,—all this is only part of our debt. Through coming years, we shall realize more and more the inspiration and influence of her example.

The power of a true soul can never die. This woman's absolute honesty, heroic devotion, entire consecration, divine compassion and noble self-sacrifice mean much more than a passing ripple on the stream of life. Her power for good was more than a personal power. Being of the life eternal, its influence will spread in ever-widening circles through all time. The leaves of the tree she planted and watered, are for the healing of all nations. To

her thought and labors, millions still unborn will owe larger life, liberty and joy. She has left us the priceless legacy of a genuine Christian character; for nothing is more certain than that her life was moulded on a high and broad conception of the life and teachings of Jesus. The common people heard her gladly, as they heard her Master. Great and lowly, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, alike shared her love. She was no respecter of persons. If she was partial at all, it was to those whose needs were greatest. In this, too, was the Christ-mind manifested. She had been a woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and she came into the light of Truth with rejoicing. To the sorrowful and afflicted her heart and her hands went out freely and quickly in tenderest compassion, in practical helpfulness and in divine healing.

Love, as has been said, was the keynote of her character, it was the source of her great power as a preacher and as a healer. Her love was very real and

very live. Without children "of her own," as we phrase it, she was given the hundred-fold blessing. "Little Mother" we called her, recognizing in the outpouring of her heart, the tenderness, the unselfishness, the self-sacrifice of that mother-love which sanctifies humanity,—which reveals the divinity of humanity.

She has given her life for her friends. The world is only slowly learning the wrong and injustice of crucifying its saviours. But every one who is crucified helps to bring nearer the greater wisdom and the greater love. In the joy of new found light and life which raised our sister from an invalid's couch and freed her mind from the darkness of materiality, she consecrated herself utterly and absolutely to the service of God and humanity. Obeying the call to spread the light she had received, she gave herself to that work with a zeal tireless in its devotion, fearless of consequences, reckless of cost. And she died in the harness—died as the willing horse that is driven to death.

We may blame ourselves that we have consumed the life of her flesh. God knows there is not one of us, now that realization of our loss is uppermost, who would not gladly have given ourselves to have lightened the burden she carried, to have eased her life and labor. Yet she died as she would probably have chosen to die,—if this lying down to rest can be called dying. Her death, as well as her life, has its lessons for us, and the sacrifice will not have been in vain if we learn its lesson. For a little while she will not be with us; yet a little while and we shall see her. We shall be prepared to know her when we meet again, if, in the meantime, we shall open our minds to the Comforter sent of the Christ—the Spirit of all Truth, of which Eva Hulings was the blessed mouth-piece. Freely hath she given. At last we know the time has come for her to as freely receive. “He giveth to His beloved in sleep.”

—P. T

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*An Address given on "Woman's Day"
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A WOMAN'S DAY of any order, most of all a centennial memorial day, is hardly counted true to its real meaning without some word as to woman's chief abiding place, the home. In fact, at any gathering where women predominate, to fall back upon this one perennially fascinating topic is always in order. There are two classes, it is asserted, to be reached. The new women, as to whose intentions there is gravest doubt, need much laboring with on this point, since there are suspicions that they fail in proper attention to it. For the old kind of women,—the women who it is taken for granted love home, and are home-makers naturally—

they need to be cheered up a little, since there seems to be a conviction that their business, like business in general, is just now a trifle shaky and uncertain, and needs ordering on a new basis.

Now I can by no means cover this ground with the fluency and certainty that possess the masculine orator on such an occasion. Women are the born home-makers, we know; yet it is always man who on commencement days in colleges and universities where co-education prevails; in girls' schools and seminaries of every degree up and down the land, lifts up the voice in ecstatic picturing of what home should be, — in impassioned exhortation to these new candidates for the old profession to see that their mission is fulfilled. Sweet girl graduates look up, as he looks down, gazing absorbedly at the orator, fluent, assured, and debonair, pointing out to them their natural path in life! Home, he assures them, is one

of the three words most vital to human kind. Mother, Home and Heaven,—these are the trinity whose unity is life here and life hereafter. The ideal home! What unction fills him as he recites its meaning! What a glow of devotion he imparts as the smooth phrases fall! Home is the bulwark of the nation; the sum of all that man desires, and works for. To preserve it intact no sacrifice can be too great; to defend it from assault or attempted destruction, no effort too steady or too strenuous. "The homes of the Nation, God bless them!" ends the orator in a burst of emotion. The band plays "Home Sweet Home," and the crowd disperses, once more convinced that another stay has been firmly adjusted about the underpinning of the social structure.

Do I question the truth, the genuineness of this feeling; its right to expression? Never. But there are certain fallacies, the existence of which is seldom admitted save in our secret souls.

These fallacies, if we would have home the thing it was meant to be, must be displaced by something nearer the truth. If home is this sum of all human comfort and happiness, why is it that the working man cannot be induced to stay in it; that the saloon is the correlative of the tenement house always and inevitably? What does it mean that in our insane asylums, the largest proportion of women patients are the wives of farmers? What does it mean that from Dan to Beersheba and back again, the "Woman's Column" in newspapers, womens' clubs, and the more special form of mothers' clubs, unanimously and incessantly ask "how to keep the boys at home?" So universal is this question, that one is compelled to infer the chief office of the present home to be a centrifugal one, perpetually sending off a stream of boys, who, later on, will wipe away a tear as "Home Sweet Home" is sung. The ideal and the

real seem wide asunder. How shall we make them one?

The home in poetry, in song, in fiction, in the hearts of all men, is one thing. The home as the social student sees it in the clear white light—the search-light of scientific observation,—is as far removed from the popular delusion regarding it as pole is from pole. Yet, as the ideal is the only real, this universal thought of home must have a meaning no less vital in its bearing on our future than that other word, “mother.” Often trodden in the mire,—by women themselves defiled and made to forego the maternal function, it is none the less the synonym for all tenderness and unchanging love and faith. The mother, better, wiser, stronger, nobler,—this is the demand before men can be made better, wiser, stronger, nobler. If this be true for women and for men, who together must make home, then for that home the same facts hold. Come, then—let us reason together—

let us find out what home means. Not a word to juggle with—to spend cheap feeling upon,—but the home a man would die for—a woman live or die for through all chances and changes of this mortal life.

Heaven, we have long been told and at last are learning, is not a place but a condition. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." So the spirit that makes home possible may exist at the bottom of a mine, or in the foulest tenement house, for its visible expression. But the evolution of a home was as strenuous and tremendous a business as was the evolution of a mother, and both mean some very serious study of biology. You all remember how Drummond put 'The Evolution of a Mother,' in that wonderful eighth chapter of "The Ascent of Man."

This was the most tremendous task Nature ever undertook. It began when the first bud burst from the first plant cell, and was only completed when the last and most elaborately wrought pinnacle of the temple of Nature crowned the animal creation.....

..... Is it too much to say that the one motive of organic Nature was to make mothers? It is at least certain that this is the chief thing she did. Ask the Zoologist what, judging from science alone, Nature aspired to from the first, he could but answer, Mammalia—Mothers. In as real a sense as a factory is meant to turn out locomotives or clocks, the machinery of Nature is designed in the last resort to turn out mothers. You will find mothers in lower nature at every stage of imperfection; you will see attempts being made to get at better types; you find old ideas abandoned and higher models coming to the front. And when you get to the top, you find the last grand act was but to present to the world a physiologically perfect type. It is a fact which no human mother can regard without awe, which no man can realize without a new reverence for woman, and a new belief in the higher meaning of nature, that the goal of the whole plant and animal kingdoms seems to have been the creation of a family, which the very naturalist has had to call Mammalia.

This was the final unfolding. The beginning of protective maternity was hardly more than a dumb instinct, feeling out toward the thing to come. The hunting savage, still more animal than human, stirred by the cry of the rain-pelted baby slug at her back sought some covert; a place wherein to make a nest for her young. Bare earth,—the shelter of tree or rock might suffice her own need, but the baby must have something better. So began the cave-dwelling era, the lake dwellers, the stone age;—all that marvellous story of time and the generations of time.

At last, out of cave and hut and every mere makeshift of habitation, grew bit by bit the wonder of comfort, of beauty and fitness, embodied to-day in the noblest form of human dwelling, the seal and token of the evolution of the family. This is the central fact of civilization. If the crowning work of organic evolution is the Mammalia, the consummation of the Mammalia is the Family. Physically, psychically, ethically, the family is the masterpiece of evolution. The creation of Evolution, it was destined to become the most active instrument and ally which Evolution has ever had. For what is its evolutionary significance? It is the generator and the repository of the forces which alone can carry out the social and moral progress of the world. There they rally when they become enfeebled, there their excesses are counter-balanced, and thence they radiate out, refined and reinforced, to do their holy work.

Looking at the mere dynamics of the question, the Family contains all the machinery, and nearly all the power, for the moral elevation of mankind. Feebly but adequately, in the early chapters of Man's history, it fulfilled its function of nursing love; the Mother of all Morality, and of Righteousness, the Father of all Morality, so preparing a parentage for all the beautiful spiritual children which in later years should spring from them. If life henceforth is to go on at all, it must be a better life, a more loving life, a more abundant life; and this premium upon Love means—if it means anything, that Evolution is taking us henceforth in an ethical direction.

Here then we have the masterpiece; the copy set for all mankind to follow, and in this generation, in which art and science are doing their utmost toward the betterment of men, one might fancy that the realization of the ideal was very near. But as we come closer, its lines are blurred until they become barely discernible. It is no fault of Love the master. It is because Love has so often been, so often is shut out, and tradition and custom, and fear, stand in his place, and make the model that is better known and more often seen than any handiwork of Love.

Here now come three points of which we must talk, each one a witness in the case: concerning old grave-yards; concerning farmers' wives; concerning the boys. And the first two are one.

First, then, concerning old grave-yards, and you shall not travel far. It is an old New England grave-yard deep in the Berkshires. There are numbers like it in New England, and when you have looked you will wonder as I did,

why so many men had so many wives. The oldest stones are, as age goes in America, very old; well nigh two hundred years, and they are in all stages of decay. In front are the first settlers, the skull and cross-bones typifying their summary of the meaning of life. Farther back, the cherub's head takes their place, the inadequate wings a symbol of the tardy nature of the process which made such change a possibility to the Puritan mind. And farther back still, come the tables of stone marking the governor's and the judge's resting places; the tombs made in the hillside, and the assortment of lambs broken columns and mammoth roses that bring one to the present time.

It is plain, after due investigation of these stones, that most men had many wives. They married early and they married often. "Mercy, wife of Aaron Small," dies at twenty-five, leaving six small children to mourn her loss. Phœbe follows, and comes to her rest at forty, leaving also six; and Mehita-

bel, who takes her turn, and manages to survive Aaron, finds the twelve olive branches so hard a task, that her own babies have no chance whatever, and they make a little row of graves near the other mothers, who, it is to be hoped, paid them proper attention on their arrival in that country from which they had so lately come.

Two, three, even four wives; one, the youngest of all, dying at eighteen. The men live long; seventy, eighty, even ninety, but each and all would seem to have planned for as speedy a filling of the family plot as could be brought about by any and all means save that of actual murder. How did they do it? Why did they do it? Was it all a providential dispensation, as they record on the stones, or did it dawn on any of them that under these pines was the sole resting place Mercy and Jane and many Marys had ever known.

It is at this point that speculation begins. We are told that the modern

woman is discontented, unruly, reckless; that the old days knew no such characteristics; that women who were our grandmothers went their quiet round, untroubled by the questions the woman of to-day persists in asking. In short, that content was the rule for those "good old times"—that filled the graveyard, and that America can know neither peace nor progress till her women return to the same mind. In the meantime, there they lie—those women who might tell us the truth—and never one comes back to make the why plainer for these "new women," fumbling out toward light, and dimly questioning if the grandmothers were not in the right in renouncing the struggle before it had well begun. Were they content? Had they right to be content? For an unquestioning submission to things as they are is a very different thing from the content born of the assurance that all has been made the best that conditions permit. The actual facts in the case we can gather only

inferentially. The diaries that remain to us of one and another distinguished Puritan woman, save in that of Abigail Adams, are small clue to the real feelings. Duty in its sternest aspect ruled, and the thing recorded was what one ought to feel; never what one really did feel. The only answer needed comes with the birth of the factory movement in New England and the rush of the farmers' daughters toward the mills, with their fourteen hours of work to the day. Lucy Larcom tells the story in "A New England Girlhood," and the life of the farmhouses of her time, the factory being ease compared with the homes from which they had fled.

For the colonial mothers there were harder days even than these. The colonial family was patriarchal in its nature --as to both numbers and necessities, and the industries of the patriarchal time were still retained under every roof. Even with servants, the mistress must rise by daylight and work well into the

night, if tasks were not to overlap. They did their work. They did it faultlessly well; so well that it is easy to see why each household in this old Linborough graveyard, the type of hundreds like it, had often three mistresses; two in the graveyard and one presiding in their place.

“Remember! I should think so!” said an energetic old lady of eighty-seven when asked the other day as to her opinion of conditions fifty years ago. “Why, yes, there were contented women, but I prefer the word resignation as closer to facts. My mother was happy, because my father worshiped her; yet in spite of this, the law made her only a chattel. She told me when I was grown,—I married at sixteen,—that she hoped I might live to see the time when a woman could have some share in what she earned, for, well as my father loved her, she had never had five dollars to spend as she pleased since she married him. Women loved her and told her their troubles,

this one of their moneyed helplessness, being one of many. To her, it seemed, those old times often held a despair that is seldom part of the case to-day, when everything is changing for the better and hope is in the air. Don't I remember, indeed! There was my beautiful aunt, whose husband kicked her out into the snow one winter's night in one of his periodical sprees. He had done it before, but this time she would not go back. Yet the law gave him the fortune she had brought him and the three children, and she ended her days in an insane asylum because she could not get them. No, my dear! Thank God you live to-day and not a hundred, much less two hundred years ago, and every day will give you more cause for being thankful. It is a better time for every soul on earth, and this thing you call the "good old times," is a dreary humbug that might better be buried and done with. Give me the new times, and the new man too, for he is coming along, side by side with what

they call the new woman, God bless her! He doesn't know it, this thick-headed male thing, whom we taught how to lay burdens upon us. Why should we rail at him, when it is all the work of our own hands? But he is being made over, no less than the rest of us, and all at once there will be a reconstruction of the world, and oh, my dear, what good times there are going to be!"

This is the testimony of the old graveyard, or a line or two of it, the farmer's wife being an integral part of the whole. Let us see if fate is kinder to her to-day than in that remote one in which modern improvements had not dawned. It has been my fortune to know her and know her well, under all aspects, from Maine to California. And on one memorable day I saw her by hundreds at once, and this is how:

There was a monster picnic, a picnic of some three thousand men—the "Modern Woodmen of America," National Association; for short, the "M. W. of A."—who on a June morning marched through the tree-shadowed

streets of a most lovely Wisconsin city. I had watched for this picnic. It seemed to me a token that for the over-taxed farmer whose working day must be ten, twelve, fourteen hours, had come a hint of something better, with Robin Hood as its direct ancestor.

"In summer-time when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both large and long,"

these serious-faced men had suddenly come to some sense of what the deep woods and the life of the woods might mean, and banded together to seek a holiday of the olden time. And if they stood as successors to Robin Hood, no less must there be successors to Maid Marian. At last the farmer's wife was to have her chance, and turn her back on cook stove and wash tub and hie her, too, to the woods—babies and all.

I watched the march of three thousand, some of them the stalwart men our Maine and Minnesota and Wisconsin regiments showed in the war, the woodmen whose business is with the giant pines of those regions, not to save but to destroy. Their symbol

was the axe, and they bore it, as the destroyer would naturally bear it, edge forward, half defiantly, half as a burden laid upon them by a fate mysterious and inescapable. For most of them was that steady, capable American countenance, or its counterpart in the long-assimilated northern men of all that Scandinavian country which pours itself into ours. But there were hundreds on hundreds in that long procession, neither very big nor very well fed, leathery skinned, bowed shouldered, rounded backed, stiff jointed; all the tokens of that grinding toil no man so well knows as the Western farmer, struggling between the upper and the nether millstone of grasshoppers and mortgages. But among them all there was no token, not one faintest one, that the word happiness had meaning for them. The brass bands played; the great guns fired; the bells rang. All the signs of joy were there, save in the faces of the men for whom they sounded. Their leaders had called them together to consider the means of undoing their life-long

work, of replanting waste places, conserving such forests as remained, and otherwise reproducing most of the conditions the generations had labored hard to destroy. But none of these facts altered that major one that in the joy of the woods they had no share.

The line of march led back to the Park surrounding the Capitol, where the stands for speakers had been placed, and where crowds of wives and children had ranged themselves on the ground for the picnic dinner most had provided. Mothers were there as well as wives of a younger generation, for hundreds of tired old faces, a little stirred by the thrill of excitement, but always and unvaryingly tired, looked out on the crowd with a sort of dull and passive curiosity. Maid Marian, indeed! Was there one face there that showed capacity for letting go one minute of the burden of that treadmill from which they came? One that carried with it the peace, the power, the beauty of the deep woods and all that they may mean?

What was there? Resignation, sub-

mission, patience, all those negative virtues supposed to be peculiarly feminine and made so by the discipline of the ages. But from oldest mother to youngest wife, the one certain expression was tiredness, and the children from their teens down, showed the result; not as the slum child shows it, and yet with a hint of the same phrase we apply to them---"ill-nurtured." Why not, when the mother worked almost up to the hour that gave them birth, and took up the task again with a steadily decreasing portion of energy for transmission to the next comer? As for the training of any of the comers, it fares as it can in the unending succession of tasks that make up the life of the larger part of our population. Work on Continental soil may be as hard, or harder, but it has the alleviation of beautiful surroundings, of holidays and of minds which grasp at every hint of a holiday. But our Puritan inheritance tinges life for us all, and Americans no less than English, "take their pleasure sadly as their manner is."

Toil, care, worry; these are some of the reasons for those forlorn faces, and now comes another. On the day of this monster and rather joyless picnic, had any statistician sought the chief characteristic of the picnic dinner he would have entered ninety per cent as lemon pie. Why this choice I do not know. It is hard to carry; it runs out on the hard boiled eggs and sandwiches, and it is destructive to front breadths and all the portions of children's clothes which they succeed in using as napkins. But all this and the resulting stickiness is accepted without a murmur from the apparently deep seated conviction that only lemon pie can do justice to such an occasion.

Far be it from me, to declaim against the national institution of pie—a dish which from the old English, stalwart form of venison pastry, down to this latest production known as lemon meringue, has through many generations charmed the children of men. Pie has its own place, its own mission, even its own rights, but these cannot be expounded here. It is the woman

who makes it, whose case is up for consideration, and whose lack-lustre eyes and sodden complexion, are one of the fruits of an overdose of the article. New England, once under the rule of the three-times-a-day pie habit, is learning slowly that fruit outside a pie may be eaten with advantage. But New England convictions and habits travel with her pioneers, and as the West is simply New England turned inside out, it follows that for the West, especially the great Northwest, the pie habit has as yet no abatement, and the farmer's wife knows that each week must see a given number.

It was a victim of this order who told me that with her own hands she had, in one year, made twelve hundred and seventy-two pies. I believed her. In her house pie was, as it were, on tap. I saw the children run about with fragments of it in their hands. I saw the "men folks" go at will to the pantry shelves, on one of which, in significant nearness, stood always a box of Blank's Pills, renewed as soon as emptied. The patient, overworked author of this ser-

ies was only one of the army of which Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz has taken a clairvoyant view.

“It was Saturday morning and baking day,” she writes, “I looked through the roofs of the houses and saw in every kitchen a weary woman, standing on her feet, rolling, rolling, rolling!” And she rolls to such purpose that husbands and children alike think they cannot do without mother’s pies, and she spends on them the time that might have been given to acquiring some of the knowledge of other and better forms of food. What happens to her? Overworked, ill-nourished, her teeth fall out, her hair falls out, her skin grows sodden and leathery, her shoulders bow. Nine times out of ten she has never heard of a salad and is incapable of a soup, and she and her family subsist on fried meat—chiefly pork—and on pie and cake three times a day. As to the time it takes, let a woman who knows tell us:

Six hours a day the woman spends on food!—

Six mortal hours a day.

With fire and water toiling, heat and cold—

Struggling with laws she does not understand,
Of chemistry and physics, and the weight
Of poverty and ignorance beside.
Toiling for those she loves, the added strain
Of tense emotion on her humble skill,
The sensitiveness born of love and fear
Making it harder to do even work.
Toiling without release, no hope ahead
Of taking up another business soon,
Of varying the task she finds too hard—
This, her career, so closely interknit
With holier demands as deep as life,
That to refuse to cook is held the same
As to refuse her wife and motherhood;
Six mortal hours a day to handle food—
Prepare it, serve it, clear it all away—
With allied labors of the stove and tub,
The pan, the dishcloth and the scrubbing brush.
Developing forever in her brain
The power to do this work in which she lives.
While the slow finger of heredity
Writes on the forehead of each living man,
Strive as he may, "His mother was a cook!"

In and about the great cities, where physical culture and better standards of health and living are steadily increasing, the American woman shows a physique that means great hope for the future. But for the majority, after a girlhood, which for most American girls is certain to hold elements of

prettiness if not actual beauty, the large majority falls into the thin, eager, worried type or that other one which through chronic inability to meet the demands of life, passes through dejection and depression into melancholia and ends in the asylum. For them the pie is but one phase of the dreary monotony that makes their days. These women who, at that monster picnic of the Modern Woodmen, sat in clusters, the isolation of prairie farmhouse seeming still to make a wall about them, and give a sense of loneliness even in the throng that crowded the Park,—these women had small share in the larger meaning of the day and its purpose. They were too tired to care; too inert to ask what the bearing of the thing might be, and the listless faces, the elder ones with a look of hopeless endurance, made shadow in the sunshine of that perfect June day, and filled the beholder with a yearning desire that change might come.

The isolation, the lack of human sympathy, human cooperation, the

ceaseless and most often unintelligent toil; the *lovelessness* of it all; is not this the story for the farmer's wife with its reaction on the farmer himself, all over this America of ours?

And the boys? Concerning the boys. It may be well for the city that streams of this young, eager expectant, robust life, comes pouring in, but how for the forsaken farms? Wise boys, knowing well that under all present conception of living, the farm is prison house and who make for the wide world and all its beckoning, alluring possibilities of something better than they have known. Wise boys, dropping from Puritan woodshed chamber windows, or, in this bolder generation, calmly facing grieving or furious elders with the announcement that they are going to make their fortunes. How shall they be kept at home? Friends, no man shall keep them there, no man *can* keep them there, till there dawns a new conception of life and of home. How shall the boy learn the lesson of manhood when the father has no time to teach

his own thought of what it may have seemed to him in the day when he led his young wife home and first began the home that now stands for a little more than mortgage, and the heavy struggle to lift it and get from life something of what he once hoped for from it? And for women; what does the boy know of women, save as too often mere providers of food, menders of clothes, toilers always, but speechless when larger issues are involved. The boy seldom has provision beyond subsistence. Anything is good enough for the boys. His own room, some sense of order and sweetness; how many farmer's boys have this or any other appreciable right in the home from which they flee? What even does the school teach of the union of home and the larger life of state or country? The salute to the flag is almost the first definite attempt to give our children the true thought of country and that is but the first letter of the alphabet. Beyond it lies the great book of life whose pages the boy and girl alike would turn, for it is

not alone the boys whose hearts are sick within them in the places we call home. There is no home that owns power strong enough to keep them there, either boy or girl.

And for the world to which they go, what have they for it, save the youth that will be spilled, the courage that will die as that great maelstrom, the modern city, sucks them in? Some there be that escape it, but for the most, do not the faces we meet in city streets tell their own story? For all of them is the same longing; they are working for a home, and into some future they project the strength, the love, the desire that might be the portion of today, and for today remains nothing but the dead grind.

How shall we make it different? How shall the country, the village, the town, own a life so full, so happy, so satisfying, that men will know that their deepest thought of the word is not a lie; that in a home into which has been brought every help to intelligent work, every aid that modern science can give, every joy that belongs

to art, to literature, to beauty, that might be all about us and is not, because we are blind and have not learned beauty. A man, a woman, will gladly live and work, knowing that this world has nothing better. For lack of such knowledge as makes such homes possible, our women send out from them sons, ignorant as Hottentots of the bond between home and State. For lack of such knowledge the State is devastated by hordes of hungry politicians, who having never at their mothers' knees been taught the meaning of noble politics, of noble statesmanship, are of all men most ignoble. Their mothers did not know nor think nor care, and in the sons is the fruit of this ignorance, the curse as curses will, coming home to roost.

That I, a woman, standing here to-day, tell you this, is token that the time nears when change is certain. Into these barren, desolate lives, too starved to have themselves anything to give, must come the awakening that is part of the new century so close upon us. Hour by hour grows the

knowledge that the thing that harms one must harm all; that mankind is one in its pain or in its joy; that a new life waits us when once this is realized and we work together toward common ends.

"There is only one real want in life and that is comradeship—comradeship with the divine, and that we call religion; with the human, and that we call love."
—*Camelia Pratt in "A Consuming Fire."*

A stronger home! That is what we want. That is what we must have. There are hundreds of homes where love is law and wisdom chief ruler, and the child born into them is sure of all that the highest thought can secure for him in the education of body, soul and spirit. But Oh, Friends, for the unnumbered thousands, where love is not, and wisdom has never entered! What shall we do with them?

Is this a question hopeless of reply? Never. Yet the reply I could wish to make would mean a treatise on education. Let us sum it up then in brief. Plainly it is education for all concerned. A new education—Industrial training for rich and poor alike,

and the interests which such training bring into life will go far toward keeping the boys at home.

For the home itself a new thought. As the body in which we live is the temple of the Holy Ghost, often defiled but none the less temple, so is it also true that the same power dwells with us "in so literal a fashion, that every stone and rafter, every table, spoon, and paper scrap, bears stamp and signature to eyes that read aright; 'The house in which we live is a building of God, a house not made with hands.'"

This is the stronger home and in that home may and must be seen, all the kindnesses, all the graces, all gentleness in tone and thought that "make the happy illumination, which on the inside of the house corresponds to morning sunlight outside, falling on quiet dewy fields." Read M. William Gannett's "The House Beautiful," and you will know better what I mean. Out of such homes, neither knaves in politics, nor tyrants and schemers in business competition,

can ever come. With such homes, the golden age already dawning as the new century opens, hastens its steps, and out of heaven—the heaven within us—appears the new city, the city of our God. The Stronger Home is here!

And for the woman in that home?
What is the final word for her?

A woman—"in so far as she beholdeth
Her one beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the Race:
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use is built thereof:
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love.
A self-poised, royal *soul*, brave, wise and tender,
No longer blind and dumb:
A Human Being of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!"

—*Helen Campbell.*

Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer (N. Y.): THE TEMPLE, the little Denver periodical devoted to unfolding the divinity of man contains a singularly graceful and lucid call to work, purporting to emanate from a Rosicrucian, and which the editor says is the first official manifesto that has been issued in a hundred years. The keynote is a lofty transcendentalism, with all that that means, of incentive to effort to secure purer and better lives for the brotherhood of man.

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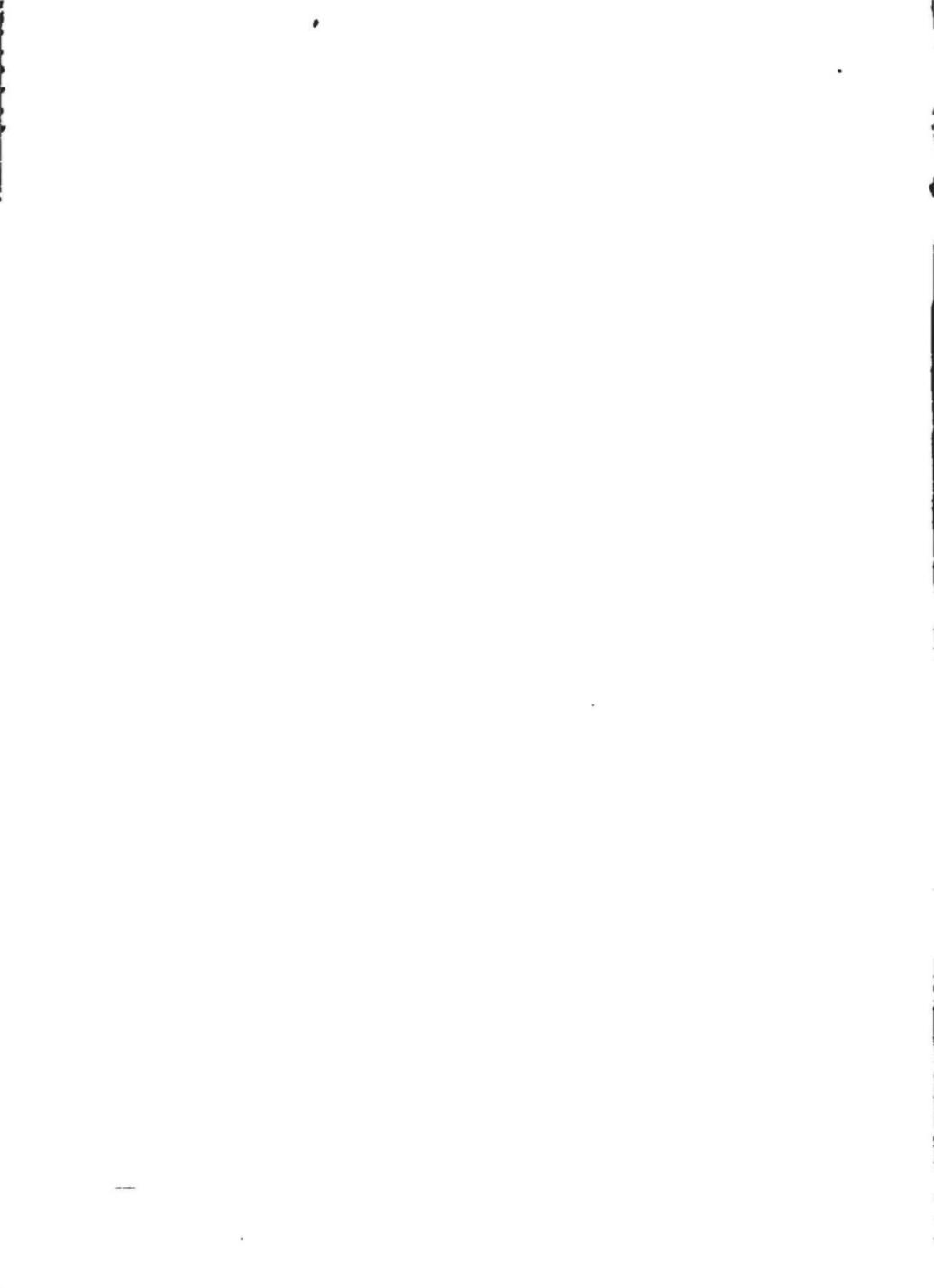
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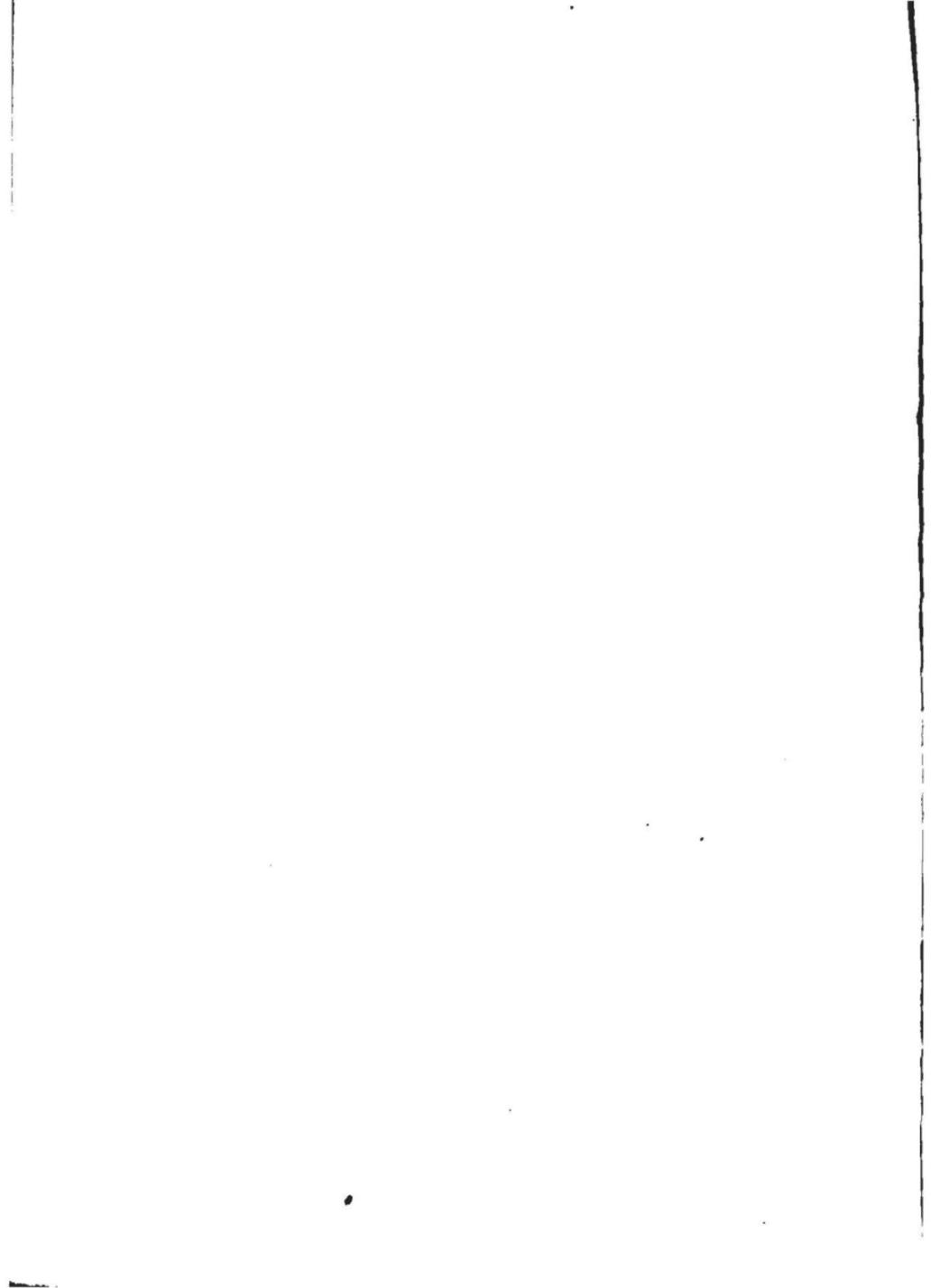
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THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.



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THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM

BY PAUL TYNER

THIS story was told by the man who had lived it—told one evening after dinner, in the smoking room of a Pacific Mail steamer, between Panama and San Francisco. We were then ten days out and it was about ten days more to port. No one expected a story from the Captain. Not that he was unsociable. But he certainly had about him an indefinable air of reserve that bordered on the mysterious and somehow set him apart from ordinary people. He might have been an Eastern prince traveling in mufti, yet he

listened amiably enough to the chatter at table and to the smoking-room discussion of people and places, or of the comparative merits of various brands of claret or cigars. He even occasionally put in a quiet word or two of appreciation that flattered the talker of the hour into thinking himself a really deep and clever fellow.

No longer young and yet not old, the Captain was easily on a sympathetic footing both with the youngsters and with the old fellows,—otherwise divided into separate camps, holding each other in affectionate contempt. He played chess occasionally with the ubiquitous Englishman. More than that, he did not disdain an occasional hand at draw with the Americans. Nothing could be more amiable than the smiling good humor with which he always lost the ten-dollar gold piece he invested in chips, and which was his invariable limit. It endeared him to even the inveterate "poker fiends." He was always on deck at sunrise, and an old lady, who had secretly followed him one morning, spread the report

that he was a sun-worshiper. Between breakfast and lunch, he lounged in his chair on deck, reading with an air of luxurious enjoyment—mostly paper covered novels, French, Spanish or English—for he seemed as much at home in one of these languages as in the others. These novels he read when he was not silently gazing out to sea with an expression of perfect peace on his handsome bronzed and bearded face.

A quiet, thoughtful man was the Captain, clearly with a mind of his own and one rich in resources that freed him from dependence on any other companionship than that of his own thoughts, however he might choose to trifle with the various expedients to which the average traveler turns for time-killing on ship-board. He never spoke to any one after sunset,—that is to say he had not spoken in the evening until the particular evening of this story.

We had been steaming three days through a dead calm accompanied by intense heat, which was beginning to tell on the spirits of the passengers.

It was very evident that the little smoking-room company was suffering from dullness. Not a man had a yarn left unspun. No one had energy enough to propose a game of any kind. Reading was out of the question. It was unanimously agreed that there was nothing for it but to drink brandy and soda, while muttering maledictions on the weather or complaining of the pernicious effect of sea air on good tobacco.

“Such is life,” drawled a little Frenchman in his most pessimistic tone. “We start out on the great voyage buoyant with hope. Everything goes swimmingly for a while and we seem born to have what you Americans call a good time. Soon the day arrives when we have exhausted the limited possibilities of any real enjoyment in life—when we find that there is really nothing new under the sun. A dead calm succeeds, in which we vainly seek to find renewal of old illusions in one youthful folly or another. But life has lost its savor. Nothing tastes good. Existence is spelled en-

durance, until death, at last, mercifully ends all."

Parisian of the Parisians, the speaker was a clever and charming man of the world,—traveled, well read,—a physician who had dabbled in politics, a soldier who had had his baptism of blood in China or Africa, it doesn't matter which; a connoisseur who was also something of a painter and musician; a scholar not without pretensions to familiarity with jurisprudence and philosophy.

"May be there are some possibilities you have not yet exhausted." The speaker was an Englishman, and there was just the suspicion of a sneer in his tone. "Suppose," he went on with Anglican superiority, "suppose you try a yachting expedition to the North pole, or riding to hounds, or tiger shooting in India, or have a go after the big game of the Rockies. These are things that are more apt to stir the blood than baccarat at the club, or your little suppers with ballet girls after the opera."

"English blood, perhaps," rejoined

the Frenchman. "We Latins passed through that stage ages ago. Besides, I *have* hunted men in Africa and Tsin Tsin—and there's no fiercer or more treacherous game in jungle or mountain wild, I assure you. No, the modern man who lives up to his opportunities soon reaches the end of the story, and, with it, of all zest in life. It's awful, I know; but it's true. I'd give the world for a new sensation,—but after a man's forty there isn't any."

It was at this point that the Captain broke into the conversation, to our general astonishment, as may be imagined. Looking steadily into the Frenchman's eyes with a curious expression, he said very slowly:

"If I should tell you of a sensation that came to me quite fresh when I was past forty, it might do you some good. I had an experience once, or rather dreamed I had an experience, which has always seemed very remarkable to me. It may interest you to hear it."

The Captain paused and resumed his cigar, while his eyes half closed as

if to gather his thoughts. He had addressed himself especially to the Frenchman. But, the ice having been broken, we brightened at the prospect of an unveiling of the "mystery" we had agreed must surround our strange fellow passenger. Now all turned to him eagerly.

"A story! And of direful dreams and gruesome ghosts; by all means let us have it," exclaimed one.

"A tale of the deep sea and ships in the night," cried a second voice.

"Ten to one it's a love story with a duel in it," whispered one betting man to another.

"A story without a moral, let us hope," chipped in the Frenchman in his dry, hard manner.

"That's as you take it," replied the Captain promptly. "It is simply the story of a dream, and such stuff as dreams are made of."

Without other preliminary than a few puffs at his cigar, he went on, still addressing himself to the Frenchman and apparently ignoring his other auditors.

“I was born at sea, of a race of sailors and with a passionate love for the sea in my blood. My father was a wealthy merchant in the South American and Californian trade, and was good enough to help me gratify my desire for a sea-faring career. When little more than a boy, I had sailed from New York 'round the Horn to San Francisco and back, before the mast, on one of my father's ships. I was determined to learn all the ropes, from the bottom round up. At twenty, I was first mate of an A. No. 1 clipper-built ship, one of the finest and swiftest in the trade. At twenty-two, I succeeded to its command and was besides given a considerable interest in the business, which my father, retiring, had turned over to two home-staying brothers and myself. In those days there was brisk competition between the various packet lines. Fortunes often depended on the difference of a day, sometimes of an hour, in reaching port. So there was some excitement in the business, and no small call for the development of skill and

judgment on the part of the skipper who would hold his own. Well, at twenty-five, when my first great misfortune came, I was happy, rich, living the life I loved, and at the head of my chosen profession. Then I—I lost my ship.”

There was a perceptible break in the Captain's voice as he uttered the last three words. A few vigorous puffs at his cigar helped to recover his self-possession and he continued.

“We were struck by a furious gale that came up suddenly in the Caribbean, on the voyage homeward bound from Rio with coffee. The masts went by the board in no time, her timbers were sprung amidships and she settled so rapidly that we had barely time to take to the boats before she went down. The first boat launched was swamped by a heavy sea and all on board drowned. I got off in the second boat with eight of my crew and reached the Honduras coast more dead than alive, after three days of battling with wind and wave, hunger and thirst.

“I wonder if you understand what the loss of my ship meant to me and why it nearly broke my heart and made me wish for death? You may not have experienced the exact sensation, but perhaps one like it. The failure or mistake of the successful man is the unforgivable sin. It is fatal. Bacon knew its bitterness, as did Wolsey on his downfall; Napoleon knew what it meant after Waterloo, and Warren Hastings on his impeachment. It is understood by every statesman who has risen and fallen on the tide of popular favor; by the speculator who had always been on the right side of the market until the market fell on him and crushed him; by the author whose last book falls flat, after he has been hailed a genius; by the singer whose voice breaks while singing his favorite aria before a crowded house at the zenith of his career; by the artist when the picture on which he counted to gain the gold medal is damned with the faint praise of an honorable mention; by the jockey who had ‘never lost a race’ when he, at last, loses the

race of his life. But why multiply instances?"

"Yes; I know," assented the Frenchman reflectively.

The Captain's cigar had almost gone out and required his particular attention. At the same time, he eyed his chosen auditor curiously out of the corner of one eye. His teeth gritted as he went on, with an effort at deliberation.

"There are some failures which a man, and even his friends, may be deluded into the hope of wiping out. But the man who loses his ship is spared any such illusion. He knows, and the world knows, at once that his failure is final, hopeless, irrevocable. His professional career, (and there is no other career that takes such a hold on the heart), is utterly and instantly blasted forever. Call it superstition, if you will; but no owner would trust his ship, no merchant his cargo, no passenger his life, to the commander who has once lost a ship. So I gave up sailing, drew out my share of the business in money and went abroad.

I was young and would try to interest myself in travel and in science, for which I had some taste. Five years I spent in study and journeyings in Europe and the East. Denied to me as a career, the sea still holds my heart. I am never unhappy now; but I am most happy when I am on ship-board. It was during a voyage home from India that I fell in love——”

Here the big cigar claimed the narrator's exclusive attention for a moment.

“But I need say nothing more about that,” he went on hastily. “It is a sensation you also know very well, I presume.”

“Um,” said the Frenchman.

“On another trip,” proceeded the Captain,—“it was on this very steamer, going south—I made the acquaintance of an old California miner and prospector and was able to be of some service to him. He put me in the way of acquiring and developing the gold mines in Costa Rica from which we are now shipping about two thousand ounces per month. The ore was con-

sidered so refractory as to be impossible of reduction, but my studies at Freiburg helped me, in time, to work out a new and very satisfactory method of treatment. That was a sensation worth having, quite aside from the monetary value of the discovery."

"The elation of the discoverer is happiness while it lasts," admitted the Frenchman.

"Costa Rica brings me to the remarkable experience I referred to, and I have only inflicted so much of my previous personal history on you because I believe it necessary to a proper understanding of what follows. During my second year at the mines, I came down with a fever which threatened to end in congestion of the brain. We had a sensible young doctor in camp,—the company surgeon. From the start, he declared that my recovery depended more on care than on doctoring. Luckily he knew a young woman, then in San Jose, only a few hours ride from our place. A remarkable young woman! I certainly owe very much to her. Born in Costa Rica, of an English

father and Spanish mother, she was educated in New York and after leaving school, made up her mind to adopt the profession of a nurse, fitting herself by a course of training at the Bellevue school. The doctor had met her while she was engaged in the hospital, during his student days, and insisted that she had always exhibited an extraordinary influence over her patients. When I fell ill, she happened to be on a vacation visit to her family and we were fortunate enough to secure her services.

“Trained nurses are not easily obtained in Costa Rica. Quick, tireless, thoughtful and attentive—all these she was in an unusual degree. But there was something more. It must have been her eyes, I now think. Large, soft, dark and lustrous eyes they were, with a compelling faith in their expression—a restful certainty and decision in their quiet depths. She took me in hand as completely as if I had been a baby, and I resigned myself to her charge with an immense sense of trust.

“On the ninth day of the fever—a critical period in the disorder—I had

been very restless and had suffered acutely from a persistent attack of headache. As evening came on, the fever increased and with it my restlessness. In this pain and fever, a passionate longing for the sea took possession of me. For hours the patient nurse had been bathing my face and hands and moistening my parched lips. But it seemed as if nothing but the ocean would quench the burning fires that consumed me. Finally, she sat down near the head of the bed and said in a quiet, firm voice: 'You are now going to sleep and will wake free from pain.' Then, fixing those large dark eyes on mine the while, she began stroking my head. There was steady assurance in her concentrated, but smiling and easy, gaze; quiet and healing in the touch of her long white hands. Soon I ceased struggling. In utter exhaustion, my eyes closed and I fell into a deep sleep.

"I woke in the gray dawn to find the nurse still watching beside me. She smiled as she rose and placed a glass of water to my lips.

“ ‘You have slept,’ she said.

“It was the first time in more than a week that I had slept through the night. I was very weak, but the sense of freedom from pain and of a strange, moist coolness in all my body was delightful. With an answering smile, I said, ‘Yes, I have slept as sleep the happy dead and dreamed a happy dream; I have come from Davy Jones’ locker.’

“She laughed. My pillows had been smoothed as only she could smooth them and her hand rested lightly on my brow. ‘You have no fever,’ she announced. And this pleasing verdict was at once confirmed by the thermometer. From that moment, I began to mend and soon was my old self—or rather my new self. I have always had a curious feeling as of having been reborn that night.

“When the doctor came he was much surprised by the nurse’s report. ‘This is very strange,’ he said. ‘I did not expect to see you free from fever for four days yet, at the best. And your condition last night did not lead

me to look for the best. It must be that girl.'

" 'That girl' came into the room as he spoke and both blushed. To cover his confusion, he congratulated her warmly on my improvement. She turned his compliments aside, declaring that it was my dream that brought me around.

" 'You must tell us the dream as soon as you are stronger,' he declared. The doctor and his wife are my dear friends, but I have never felt any impulse to tell the dream to any one until now."

Here the Captain again looked curiously at the Frenchman and blew wreaths of smoke towards the ceiling.

II.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

From this point on, the Captain spoke in a changed voice, indeed, as if in a dream,—the words seeming to come from a distance, although his utterance was perfectly clear and distinct, so that not a syllable was lost

by his hearers, who were now all drawn into a closeness of attention and interest, strongly in contrast with the listlessness that marked their faces earlier in the evening.

“I did not know if I had died,” said the Captain, “or if I had ever lived before or in any other element. All I knew was that I was very much alive in that moment of coming to consciousness in the depths of the sea. There are single moments in every man’s life when he lives more than in all the years beside. This was such a moment in my life. It marked a turning point,—yet not so much an ending as a beginning. An instant realization of the meaning of all the past came to me in the emotion of this moment, in which was concentrated an eternity of experience. For these great moments are always moments of emotion; often of intense emotion, interpreted to the consciousness by distinct and definite sensation. Sometimes it is pain,—as often it is pleasure. The feeling may find little or no outward expression, yet be deep and in-

tense inwardly,—a sensation more of the soul than of the body. I knew I lived in the first moment of this birth of mine deep down in the sea, because I sensed life as I had never sensed it before,—I who had been so tired of life! Now it was good to be alive. Life was indeed sweet. Ah, the unutterable rapture of this great stillness and coolness! How grateful to every sense the moisture that flowed above and beneath me in silent caress! How delicious the wetness that lovingly laved my limbs! A conscious, living thing it was, surely,—holding me in its embrace with such wealth of tenderness.

“For a long time, as it seemed, I hardly moved, remembering nothing, regretting nothing,—fearing nothing,—simply pervaded in every atom of being by the sweetness of these still waters. I rested like a tired infant on its mother’s breast—rested in the babe’s perfect confidence in perfect love.

“O, Venus Aphrodite! O, Mary Queen of the Sea, Mother of Heaven

and Earth, Mother of Stars and Men. O, Universal Mother, unfailing fountain of all love and beauty, human and divine,—Source of all strength, all sweetness, all quietness and all patient sureness of Woman!

“Some such form as this my thought took, worshiping that which I felt in intensest realization.

“With this deep peacefulness and rest, a sense of growing strength soon stole into every nerve and muscle. Siezed with something of the swimmer's passionate delight in the most graceful of motions, I moved through the waters with easy stroke and swift, now swimming boldly on side or breast, then floating idly on my back, or turning over and over with all the abandon of a frolicsome boy. Occasionally I plunged into the ocean's further depths. Down, down, I dived, for miles, as it seemed. In this shoreless, soundless sea, no bottom, no top, no barriers nor limits on any side hemmed me in or barred my progress. Only my own free will halted my advance in any direction.

“There was no other than I in all this watery world; yet, I did not feel lonesome or afraid. Presently it was borne in upon my consciousness that I was really not alone. For I knew that all the coolness and sweetness and rest, all the vastness and power of the mighty deep,—all its completeness,—pervaded my being, was mine, was me! I knew also that my conscious enjoyment of this great ocean pervaded every drop of its waters; that I flowed through all its vastness. I was not separated by a hair's breadth from my own, nor my own from me.

“Something of this feeling of perfect freedom and confidence doubtless arose from a vivid realization that I was entirely at home in these silent depths. Had I not lived here aeons upon aeons? Before and after birth into form and personality, these great waters in all their fullness, as in every drop, had been my habitation,—the body of my spirit. Here had been my home for a period of time so long that my absence appeared but as a day in a million years,—brief and vague as the fleeting

impression of a dream in the night. Back to Chaos and Old Night I had come; to the waters over and under the earth, without form, and void. Yet, out of that vague, brief, dreamy absence, I seemed to bring back conscious recognition of infinite diversity in this infinite unity; of an absolute and unerring order ever being drawn out of this chaos; of unending progression of life-forms ever contained in this Formless Life, and which it is ever bringing forth—itsself the One Life ever flowing into and through all forms.

“Thinking of this absence, which now seemed as a dream in the night, I remembered that I had been troubled by a foolish sense of separation from the living waters of the great sea. I remembered and laughed at my folly. Separation from that which filled the universe in every atom! From this boundless ocean! As well suppose a man separated from the blood that flowed through all his veins, from his own heart, from his very soul! To be so separated, surely, would mean not to be,—and so without cause or capacity

for consciousness, either of pain or pleasure. Such sense of separateness, I was now convinced, could not be the sense of a reality, but only the vain imagining of man's heart,—a temporary forgetfulness of the all-encompassing waters so filled with life, and joy and peace beyond all understanding. Foolish fancy! Yet, what other or better cause can there be for anguish of soul and weariness of the flesh than even a momentary and mistaken sense of separateness, when the full and bounding sense of closeness, of oneness, I now enjoyed, held such completeness of strength and happiness? Never again should I forget this glorious presence. However far I might travel, and in whatever direction, sleeping or waking, I should always hold to the great fact that this sea of life enfolded me always and everywhere—that Man cannot be where the Sea is not.

“Even while these thoughts passed through my mind, I was rising rapidly into thinner, warmer waters. It was as if the joy of rest had given birth to a

new joy in activity. Presently, I came to the surface—to the meeting place of air and ocean that marked the separation, or rather the union, of the world's upper and under waters.

“It was night,—a beautiful night. Hardly a ripple stirred the surface of the sea. Brightly burning constellations shone through the still, balmy air, and gave me my bearings. How often had I sailed those very seas! Far above my head flamed the Southern Cross. It was on just such a night, years ago, that a great gladness had come into my heart,—a gladness only too soon turned to hopeless despair more bitter than death. Yet, now I thought of her without a shade of reproach; not as in the old days before she turned from me, yet with nothing of the dull heartache that had so long been part of my life. It was strange to realize that it was so no longer. Had I left that heartache in the depths of the sea? Love her still? Yes, with all my heart,—but not in the old way, somehow. Now, I was content in lov-

ing—content that her love was another's as I should be were it mine.

“Suddenly a ship loomed out of the darkness. At the same moment the sweetest sound in all the world broke on my ears. The vessel came nearer. I could see the smoke pouring from her funnels and streaming behind her like a great black plume. Through the open hatchway glared her furnace fires. The lights that gleamed from her portholes were broken into myriad reflections in the dancing waters of this night sea. Now the voice rose clearer. Yes, it was indeed the voice of my early love, my lost love. For a moment I grew heartsick with longing. She was singing and singing the same old song, in the same rich contralto and with the same sympathetic tenderness of expression that had first won my heart. No one had ever heard her sing thus without being deeply touched,—yet no two hearers were affected in precisely the same way. What a world of soul she threw into the simple words and simpler melody of the ballad! To me, when I first heard her sing, it

brought a sense of melting sweetness, but with this a strange sharp pain at the heart—premonition perhaps of sorrow to come. He—he had been my friend and is now her husband—he said the song brought before his eyes a spring landscape, whose tender green of grass and foliage showed faintly through the mysterious, thickening shadows of the half light; a landscape already still and cold in the foreground, but warmed towards the horizon by the last crimson rays of the setting sun. He afterwards painted the picture for her, and people said it was a canvas that sang to the soul of heaven's glories; a picture that lifted the mind from the passing things of earth to the eternal realities of spirit; a vision filled with mystic inspiration. He refused to exhibit the painting, although urged to do so by his brother artists. I saw it once, over my sweetheart's piano,—and it hurt me. The artist had put himself into his picture, as the singer had put herself in the song. Nay, more, it seemed to my jealous eyes as if the souls of singer and painter had

been blended in his colors. Soon after this it was that we parted.

“So close was I to the steamer now, that I could hear other voices—the voices of two men on the bridge. The captain and his second officer were conversing in low tones. A note of anxiety in the Captain’s voice caught my attention and I listened.

“‘Yes,’ he was saying, evidently in answer to the mate’s congratulations on the favoring weather thus far encountered, ‘yes, we are lucky to get out of the Carribean without meeting a squall; but there is another danger.’ Here his voice sank still lower. ‘Keep a sharp lookout for a floating wreck. A big hull floating bottom upward, only a mile or two off our course, has been reported several times in the last six months. That big steam yacht, the *Arethusa*, must have struck this wreck. You remember several of her people were picked up and brought to New York by the *Para* when we were last in port. They said she struck a rock which stove a hole in her bottom, sinking her inside of ten minutes. Well,

there's no such rock on the charts, and I feel damned sure she struck that half-sunken wreck. So ring the engineer to slow down after the moon goes. If we *do* hit this wreck, let us hit her easy. I shall turn in now, but call me anything is sighted. I'll take the next watch.'

“Danger! Yes, I knew it, for I had passed this very wreck on my way to the steamer, and was even then struck momentarily by the thought of the menace it meant to passing vessels. Straight away, and less than three knots ahead, right in the steamer's course, my eyes, sharper now than those of the lookout, spied a long black mass floating in the water. The gentle roll of the sea would hide it at night from ordinary eyes, even when close upon it. Ten minutes more, and, if nothing intervened, the steamer would strike this death trap. Sould she come upon it under full head of steam, as she was now sailing, the doom of all on board would be certain. There would be no time to take to the boats.

“Again the voice of the singer rang out on the still air :

“‘It were best that I should leave you ;
Best for you and best for me.’

“She was only a few steps away, there in the saloon of the steamer, singing to her own accompaniment. Again I was seized by that heartsick longing. Again that summer night in the southern sea so long ago rose up before me. The sweet delicate scent of lavender filled my nostrils ; her hair brushed my face ; my soul thrilled at the touch of her lips. I would have moved in the direction of the saloon, meaning to get just one glimpse of her, —a last glimpse. In the same instant another thought turned me back. The Captain's words again smote my ears with terrible meaning : ‘Stove a hole in her bottom and sunk within ten minutes.’

“And no one but I in all the world to save her ! I must save her ; I should save her ! For that I had come from the ends of the earth, from the depths of the sea, from the mouth of hell, from the gates of death. Away !

Before the ship's prow I darted with lightning speed. In a moment more I had reached the wreck—a great liner, floating bottom upward. Back I dived into the ocean's depths. This massive dead hulk, scarce stirring in the calm waters that played over her so serenely, must be moved—moved to a safe distance out of the coming vessel's course. And there were only fast lessening minutes for the task. Now I was alive, indeed! Quickly, silently, surely, I reached the deck, mounted the bridge, and had my hands on the wheel. What though the vessel and all about her seemed to have fallen into a deep, death-like sleep? All should waken instantly, now I was in command. *God had given me another ship!* And this ship should be manned, if its ghostly crew must be summoned from the ocean's deeps, from the centre of the earth, or from the most distant star! Already fires glowed under the boilers. Never before was steam gotten up so quickly. The screw was revolving as if with throbbing consciousness of all that depended on its speed. From

deck and engine room an instant 'Aye, aye, Sir' echoed to the orders that rang from my lips. Aloft and below, fore and aft, every man was doing his duty; every signal bell was answered; all hands were at attention. Silent, swift-moving, vaporous phantoms they seemed; but there was a grim reality in the purposeful determination that animated each and spoke the oneness of crew with commander.

"I had found the old ship's stem pointing directly towards the coming steamer. With the first revolutions of the propeller, I had veered her head about a dozen points to port, intending to pass the other steamer a safe hundred yards to starboard. About half this course had been covered, when I heard the swish of the other steamer's bows cutting the water beneath us and not more than two hundred yards away. For one awful moment, I was shaken by an anxious, a terribly anxious question.

"In the five minutes since I had left her, might not the other steamer also have veered,—and to starboard?"

“Merciful heaven! Were we to collide? Instead of saving the steamer and all on board,—instead of saving the woman I loved,—was I to be the means of sending them to destruction? I nerved myself to meet the worst. But this suspense only lasted a moment. It was broken by the husky voice of the lookout on our bows singing out: ‘Ship on the weather bow! Well to starboard! Ship sailing bottom upward!’

“Thank God! She had, then, kept on her course, straight as an arrow. Now we were passing at a safe distance. The woman I loved was saved!

“And again I saw the steamer’s lights and heard voices.

“‘What’s that big black thing churning the sea to starboard?’ called the officer on the bridge to the lookout.

“‘Only porpoises, sir,’ was the confident reply.

“‘Gad; it’s lucky we didn’t strike that porpoise,’ muttered the second officer to himself with unction.

“Once more, and for the last time, the music of that one voice in all the world came to me through the still waters, as

we passed each other,—the ship of the living in the moonlight, and the ship of the dead in the darkness. Surely, I may feel that, unconsciously to herself perhaps, the song was fraught with a message of hope and comfort to my heart. It was Tosti's 'Good Night,' sung O, so tenderly and sweetly! There was something in the vibration of her voice, too, which told me all was well with her, that she was happy. And since all was well with her, all was surely well with me. I was glad that she lived, and happy that she was happy.

“‘Good night, Beloved,’ was my answering thought; ‘good night and God bless you!’

“‘Good night and God bless you,’ was echoed in a sort of whispering chorus from my loyal crew, now filing past me in ghostly procession and disappearing below. I had let go of the wheel automatically when the danger was passed. At the same moment the fires went out in the engine room and the screw was once more still. The attention of all on board had relaxed.

Ship and crew seemed to be melting into thin water.

“At the last moment, an odd thing happened. Odd things happen in dreams,—real dreams,—things inconsistent and absurd and altogether calculated to mar the artistic harmonies of a story, when you come to tell the dream. But it must not be left out, if you are to have the dream as it occurred.

“Just as the last of the men had passed me, I heard one, a big and jolly old tar say with a chuckle :

“‘It’s not for nothing we’re piped on deck from Davy Jones’ locker; eh, Bill?’ And he nudged Bill in the ribs knowingly, while a powerful wink suggested much interior meaning of some sort in the remark.

“But his mate, a surly old sea dog, not given to joking, growled back with an unmistakable air of annoyance :

“‘Wot I wants to know is whether things have come to such a purty pass that dead men must get out of the way for living men, instead of letting the living get out of the way of the dead?’

“‘Guess it depends on wot the Cap'n wants,’ replied the jovial tar, scratching his head; ‘Orders is orders.’

* * * * *

“And that is why I told the nurse I had come from Davy Jones' locker,” concluded the Captain with an odd smile.”

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed
is death."—I. Cor. xv., 26.

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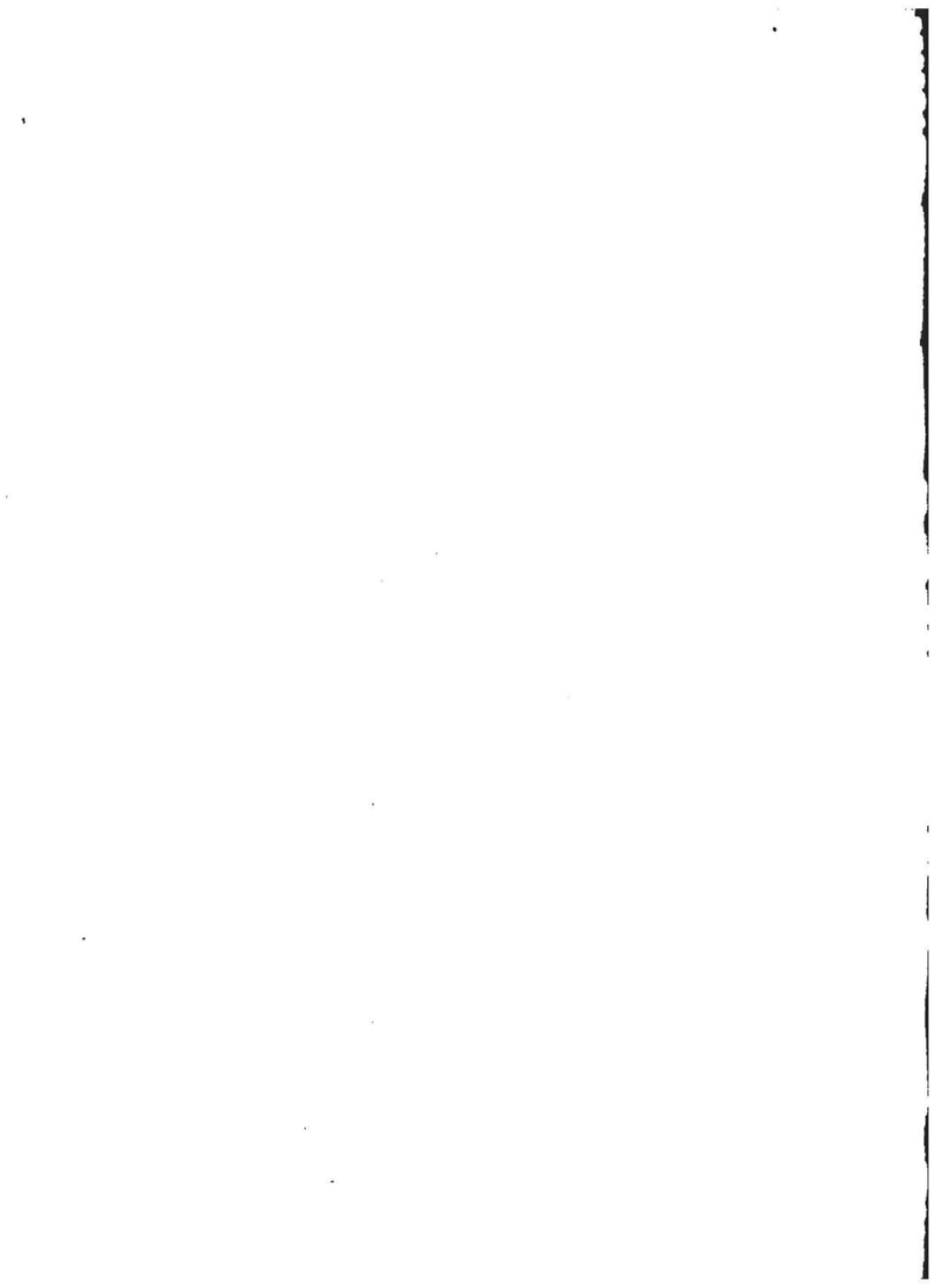
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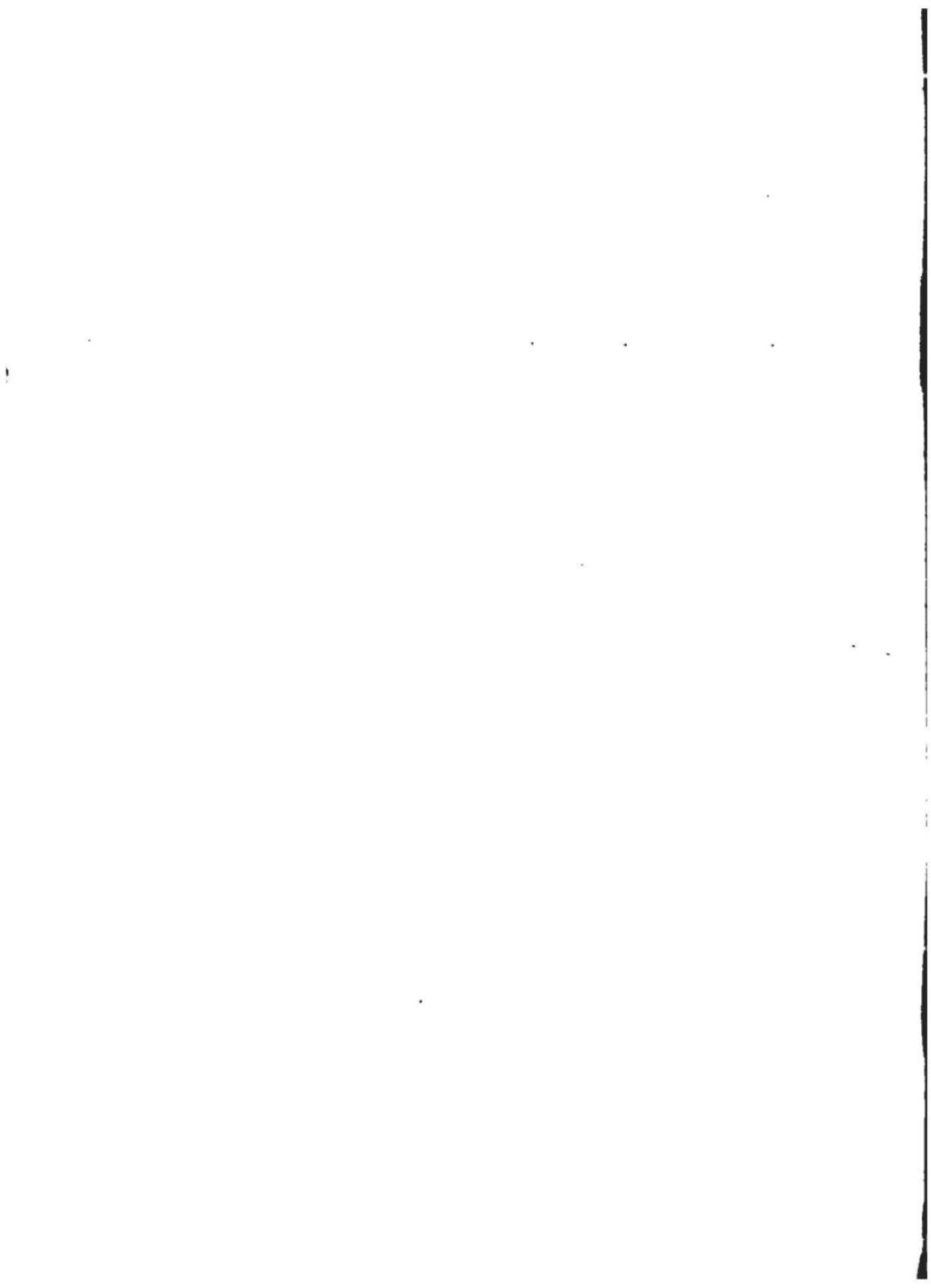
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THINKING ALL OVER.

Ye are the temple of God.—*I Cor. iii., 16.*

Man being a creature of five senses, it has been well said that he who lacks one of these senses is only four-fifths of a man, and if he lacks two he is only three-fifths of a man. This is certainly true in regard to thinking. Man is a thinking animal. "As a man thinketh so is he." The coming man, the complete man to-day, thinks all over; thinks down to his feet, and very particularly in his feet and in his hands. The great trouble at the base of most of the diseases, moral, mental and physical, that prey on humanity, in the individual and in the social organism, is unbalanced thinking; too much concen-

tration of thought in the head, or in the breast, or in the stomach, or in the emotional centers, and consequent neglect of the other centres and of the whole, retarding proper development of the power of thinking all over.

The whole body it is that is the temple of the living God; not the garret alone, nor the basement, nor any of the many stories that lie between. All are intimately related, marvelously interdependent; no member or function of the body can be entirely healthy while another is diseased. This is a familiar fact of every-day life, yet the average man persists in regarding the organs and members of the body as distinct and separate in the individual organism, as the anarchist seems to regard the various parts in the social organism.

“Specialization” is credited with much of the glory of recent advance, especially in the domain of the physical sciences. We even hear it said that whatever may have been the loss to the individual whose life has been given, say, to the thorough dis-

section of a frog's leg, humanity has gained more than would otherwise be possible. Is this not a fallacy? Does it not seem, rather, that the highest attainment of the specialist in any branch of knowledge but marks the advance in every branch of knowledge attainable by every human being, given equal opportunity for the fullest culture of all the faculties?

The beginning of Napoleon's downfall may be said to date from the hour when he accepted and uttered the aphorism that, "It is not the heart, but the pit of the stomach that moves the world." The saying unfortunately embodies that most dangerous of all lies, a half truth. Powerless as the heart and the head may be without the support of the stomach, the stomach is as certainly powerless without health of head and heart to sustain it, and all three are powerful precisely in the degree in which they are working together in harmonious co-ordination.

Why is the poet—the genuine poet—always far more cultured than the pedant? Can there be any doubt that a

Burns, or a Shelley, or a Keats, or a Wordsworth was much richer in the truest, deepest knowledge and culture than was ever a college professor whose life was given over to the study of books? Of course, this is not to say that the poet has no need of "book learning." Our own Longfellow and Lowell, and England's lamented laureate, were certainly all the greater poets for having had the advantage of university training. The lack of it did not prevent Poe from being a poet—with it he might have been a greater poet; possibly it would have saved him from being one of the most wretched of mortals. Lowell himself felt that the importance to an author of the college course of to-day is greatly over-rated. He told Howells, when the novelist once bewailed his lack of academic training, that he was probably better off without it—that the originality which constitutes the chief charm and power of Howells' work might have been spoiled had his mind been pressed in the college mould. All through Lowell's recently published letters runs a

pathetic protest against the fate which compelled him, for so many years of his life, to earn his bread as a Harvard professor. And in a properly regulated social system such an atrocious sacrifice of the individual, and of all that the individual's full and free development means for society, would have been impossible.

We are coming to recognize the fact that without travel and observation and experience, no amount of mere reading, or even reading combined with laboratory analysis and experiment, can make an educated man. Let us go a little further and recognize in our educational systems that to derive the fullest benefit from books, travel, observation and experience, we must first have the *man*—not three-fifths, nor four-fifths of a man, but a whole man; breathing, living, thinking all over, inside and out, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; not in unequal sections, but in one grand whole; not with discordant notes, but in one sublime harmony. To have a clear and perfect photograph it is not enough

to have a plate and expose it to a sun picture. It must first be "sensitized," and a period of "exposure" must be followed by a period of "development." True education, as the etymology of the word implies, is a "drawing out." A drawing out of what? Why, of the manifestation in greater or less degree of that universal consciousness which dwells in the soul of man and makes him a true son of God and one with the Father. It is in this sense that all learning is a process of remembering—a bringing into objective recognition of some part of that *truth* which has always existed in the subjective consciousness; which is, indeed, part and parcel of that consciousness—of the soul itself.

The man who does not think does not live, in any large sense of living. So the man who thinks altogether in his head, and not at all in his feet, is not fully alive. He cheats not only his feet, but also his head and every other organ and function of the body; every fibre of nerve and muscle, every atom of bone and sinew, every drop of the

life currents—all are defrauded of their right to full development, are prevented from reaching their greatest capacity for use and enjoyment. He cheats the whole man, and in so much as his capacity for human service is thereby lessened, he cheats humanity. In so much as he thereby fails to glorify God, and instead mars God's temple, he cheats his Creator!

“We know all this,” I hear some reader exclaim; “but what can we do; we who are living in an age when humanity is rent and tortured by diseases and disorders of ever increasing complexity; when the moral perceptions are so clouded that men are honored for successful thievery and the poor are pushed into ever increasing depths of poverty and crime, while the rich abandon themselves to insane and suicidal sensual indulgence?”

One thing that is decidedly *not* the thing to do is to suddenly and absolutely stop living in the head or the heart, or wherever it is that you have been living too much. That remedy has been tried in the past by individu-

als and by societies of men, and it has not proven successful. This danger of flying to extremes is the one to be avoided at all hazards, if we would not find our last state worse than our first. It is not less life but more life,—life fuller and more abundant,—that is wanted in the individual and in the state; but we must not “rob Peter to pay Paul.” Let us live just enough less in the brain and the heart to allow us to live more in the hands and the feet—those of us who are neglecting the hands and the feet. And those of us who are living in the hands and the feet at the expense of the heart and the head, may live more in heart and head and less in hands and feet, if we would live in all more perfectly. In this way, ere long, we shall find ourselves enjoying a fullness of life in head and heart in their true relation to the rest of the man, far beyond that which was possible in the old way.

The brain, according to a popular, although unscientific notion, is peculiarly the “thinking machine.” And this popular notion probably accounts,

in large degree, for the prevalence of inordinate head thinking. It may be worth while, therefore, to remind the reader of the fact that the brain is not the originator of perceptions, impressions or thoughts; but a receptive and reactive agent, or rather one of several centres (and not necessarily the most important) of a great receptive and reactive agent, so completely enveloping the human anatomy that nowhere on the surface of the body can so much as the point of a pin be placed without coming in contact with it. This is, of course, the nervous system, of which the brain is simply a great ganglion. All impressions of the exterior world, *all consciousness*, come first through the sense organs, and by the impact on these of etheric vibrations. *Touch* is at once the most universal, the subtlest and the most accurate of the senses. Ancient oriental writers anticipated modern science when they declared that touch was the first sense developed by man on the physical plane, and that it contains in potentiality all the other senses that have

been developed by man, and that are yet to be developed.

As has elsewhere been pointed out by the present writer,¹ there is striking confirmation of the theory that the sense of touch furnishes the key to the development of a sixth sense, uniting all the modes of perception of the ordinary five physical senses, with an added quality more distinctly spiritual in that it is not bounded by material conditions, by time or space, light or darkness, sound or silence, form or color, texture or odor; but which acts independently of all these conditions and appearances and yet takes cognizance of them all and of the inner and under quality, essence, meaning, *spirit*, at once hidden and displayed by forms and appearances. This confirmation consists on the one hand of the relations between sound and light shown by Tyndall's experiments, and on the other, in the remarkable development of the sense of touch among

1. See "The Sixth Sense and Its Development," in THE TEMPLE, for August, 1897.

the blind, as instanced by the girl, Helen Kellar, who, although deprived of sight, hearing and speech, has under the training of the Perkins Institute in Boston, attained such an intelligence, fineness and accuracy of perception through the development of the sense of touch, that her performances would do credit to any girl of her age supposed to be in full possession of all her senses.¹

It was also pointed out in the article referred to, that in post-mortem dissections of the blind the nerve-cells at the tips of the fingers had been found to be identical in formation with the gray matter of the brain. It is very likely that the same would be found true in the case of the artist whose creations require skill and delicacy of touch; in the pianist and the violinist, the painter and the sculptor; as also in the wood carver, the artificer in metals, the potter, the porcelain maker the embroid-

¹ Perhaps a more remarkable instance is that of Dr. James R. Cocke, of Boston, blind from infancy, who not only distinguishes colors by the touch, but performs difficult and delicate surgical operations.

erer, and the lace maker. We all have 'brains in our fingers,' if we would only use them.

It should be borne in mind that the exercise of the sense of touch does not depend upon actual physical contact with the person or thing touched. The difference between consciousness of a blow from a bludgeon and of an inharmonious thought-vibration is only one of degree. The exquisite joy caused by the presence of a beloved one is not a matter of seeing or hearing, as much as it is of *touch*, and in finely sensitive natures this touch is felt *before* there is physical contact.

In this connection, quotation may be permitted from Dr. J. Luys, Physician to the Hospital of Salpetriere in Paris, and probably the first of living authorities on the brain and nervous system. By photo-microscopic and chemical analyses of the nervous elements, he has been able to throw much fresh light on the intricate structure of the nerve-cell and on the organization of its protoplasm. In his work on the brain, he points out the close relations

existing between the cerebral cortex, "the true sphere of psycho-intellectual activity," and the central ganglions. He finds, in the first place, in the anatomical arrangement of the cerebral cortex, a clear relationship to a similar disposition in the gray axis of the spinal cord. Next, he demonstrates that "in the very structure of the cerebral cortex, among the thousands of elements of which it is composed, there is an entire series of special nerve cells, intimately connected one with another, constituting perfectly defined zones, anatomically appreciable, and serving as a common reservoir for *all the diffuse sensibilities of the organism*, which, as they are successively absorbed in these tissues, produce in this region of the *commun sensorium* that series of impressions which brings with it movement and life."

After a survey of the properties of the nervous elements in their origin, their evolution throughout the organism, their normal manifestation and pathological deviation, Dr. Luys arrives at the demonstration that it is by

means of their combination, and by the harmonious co-ordination of all their truly specific energies, that the brain *feels*, remembers and reacts; that "without the presence of these living forces, that admirable and complex apparatus, the brain, would be as absolutely without life and without movement as the earth would be without the sun."

Without going too deeply into the discussion concerning the structure of the nerve centres, which has been going on for centuries, and in which every succeeding anatomist has left much for his successor to do, let us keep in mind that *sensibility* is always the primary motor agent; that it originates all movement. The external world penetrates and becomes incarnate in us through the terminal nervous expansions spread out into a net-work, open, in a manner, to all that comes to impress it. As a fundamental and indispensable condition for the phenomena of this receptivity and reaction—for the manufacture of thought, so to speak,—the nervous element must be in a

condition of impressability. At the moment the sensorial net-work receives the vibratory excitation, it is necessary that it shall directly participate in the act which takes place within it. It must become active; acquiesce—become erect, so to speak. It must, by a species of vital assimilation, convert the purely physical into a physiological excitation the luminous vibration, for instance, into a nervous one.

The sensitive plexii of our whole organism are all either isolated or thrown into simultaneous vibration, when acted on by thought, according to their various tonalities. They thus become like vast vibratory services, of which the oscillations, registered as they arrive, are incessantly transmitted to the other parts of the system and felt in the sensorium. Luys holds that this uninterrupted appeal from the external world is so much the obligatory condition of all cerebral activity that such activity ceases at once when its means of alimentation from without are cut off; just as we see the phenomena of hæmotosis cease when the atmospheric

air suddenly ceases to enter the recesses of the respiratory channels.

It is well, however, to keep in mind an important distinction between thinking and the more essentially physical processes. Close as are the relations between thinking and cerebral activity on the physical plane ordinarily, it can hardly be doubted that thought is, first and most of all, a spiritual faculty, always commanding its manifestation, although in turn influenced by that manifestation. Thought is before and behind brain and body, creates brain and body, and, generally speaking, survives brain and body. If thought were not, there would be neither brain nor body.

The thinking machine may be destroyed, but the thinking principle which made the machine possible lives on eternally. Man is a spiritual being, "and the spirit is the man." It is not necessary to pass through the portals of physical death to verify this fact. Do we not all know that in states of physical unconsciousness, sleep or lethargy, thinking, perception and reaction,

feeling and expression, emotion and reasoning—in a word, living—go on in a sphere, or on a plane, of existence entirely distinct from the physical, but hardly less real? None the less, function needs, for its own fullest development, the organ which it calls into existence. And it is not the brain, or the nervous system alone, which is to be considered in the fullest development and exercise of the function of thinking; *it is the whole body*. This highest function of manifested life requires not merely an organ, but an *organism* of the most highly organized and complex structure, every part of which must be kept in perfect health in order to serve the purpose that called it into existence. To this end, all the organs, all the muscles, all the tissues, all the cells, in the human body must have nutrition and use, and neither too much nor too little of either. The body, with all its parts and processes, is but the organ of thought, and so of the human spirit; but it is through the body that the soul gradually acquires that ideal spiritual self-conscious-

ness which, here and hereafter, enables it to recognize its true nature and to "see God."

Through the awakening of sensibility is engendered that consciousness of individual personality which distinguishes man from the lower animals. Man is the only created being who can say or think, "I know that I am." And this is the indispensable step to the knowledge that "God is," and to such deliberate, conscious control and direction of thought, word and deed as will manifest the spirit's recognition of herself as a child of God, made in the image of her Father.

By virtue of its sensibility, the cerebral cell enters into relation with the surrounding medium; its organic phosphorescence confers upon it the property of storing up in itself and retaining the sensorial vibrations which have previously excited it. Automatism of the nervous elements is merely the aptitude which the nerve-cell possesses for reacting in presence of the surrounding medium, when once it has been impressed by it. "All modes of sen-

sibility, whatever their origin," says Luys, "are physiologically transported into the sensorium. From fibre to fibre, from sensitive element to sensitive element, *our whole organism is sensitive*; our whole sentient personality, in fact, is conducted just as it exists, into the plexuses of the *sensorium commune*."

Curiously enough, those we commonly call the "thinking classes" are most guilty of ignoring and neglecting the laws which plainly require for the fullest and most wholesome thinking the whole man, and not the brain alone; which demand that *right* thinking should be thinking all over. About sixty per centum of the whole number of professional men who offered themselves for enlistment during the civil war were rejected on account of physical unfitness for military service. Thanks to the increased attention now paid to athletic training in our colleges (although "athletics" are far from meeting the requirements of natural and rational physical training), this proportion would probably be de-

creased to-day. Yet it is unfortunately true, in very large degree, that our professional classes have so far neglected the proper training and development of their bodies that the average teacher, college professor, lawyer, physician or preacher furnishes in face and figure such a travesty on the human form divine that he is fair game for the caricaturist. A notable exception must be made in the case of the priests of the Roman and Greek churches; a wise rule requiring that he who would serve at the altar must be as free from physical blemish or defect as the State requires the soldier to be.

In many instances, this college training in athletics comes later than it should. At a recent competition in New York of picked public school boys between fifteen and eighteen years of age for a cadetship at West Point, only two out of ten passed the physical examination. And if there has been some slight increase in the number of professional men available for military duty, this increase has been more than counterbalanced by the ef-

fects of improved machinery, and the consequent intenser subdivision of labor, on the classes engaged in manufacturing industries. The man who made a whole shoe; or a whole watch, was apt to have a fair amount of "all around" development bodily and mentally. The man whose days (and often his nights) are spent in making a seventh or a seventieth part of one of these articles, is sure to be lopsided in brain and body. I recently watched, in a western city, a procession of about twenty thousand men belonging to a fraternal order. They were fairly representative of the men employed in the various factory trades and vocations, with a sprinkling of farmers and small tradesmen. Not more than one in a hundred carried himself properly, or was straight, symmetrical and strong. Less than ten in the hundred, it seemed to me, were free from defects which would cause their instant rejection by the recruiting sergeant.

Nearly one-third (15,000 out of 50,000) of the men who wanted to enter the British army during the year 1896

were rejected on account of defective eyesight, bad teeth, or flat feet.

So, as one result of unbalanced thinking and consequent unbalanced doing, if the nation, to-morrow, had to summon her sons to her defense, it would be found impossible to muster into service as "able-bodied men" more than one-fifth of those who should be available, and who would be available if, as a nation, we recognized the plain fact, that the life which we demand of the citizen in time of need will not be forthcoming unless the nation first gives life to that citizen. Although the population of the United States has about doubled since the close of the war for the Union, it is extremely doubtful if half the number of men fit for fighting that were then enrolled could be enrolled to-day. In changed conditions of industry, or rather the failure of men to change with the times, will be found the cause, not only for this serious showing in the direct effects on the men employed in the various industries, but also for an indirect effect of even more far-reaching importance,

through the sacrifice of the mothers of the nation in mill, factory and shop.

Ruskin, in the following forceful passages, calls attention to some of the consequences of our boasted division of labor:

We want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one annoying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. * * * All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement. * * * It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the time, is leading the mass everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive, struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth is not forced from them either by pressure of famine or the sting of mortified pride. * * * The foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill fed, but that *they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread*, and, therefore, look to wealth as the only means of pleasure.

The popular mind has misconceived a separation that does not exist in

nature between thinking and doing. The Great Source of All Thought is continually *manifesting* that thought in His works. With every form of organized life, except man, to think is to do. Man alone imagines that the thinker is necessarily an "impracticable" person; that thinking is one thing and doing quite another. As a consequence, much of our thinking is fruitless, and much of our doing is thoughtless.

Religion, it seems to me, has a large and hitherto untilled field in this direction. One of the greatest discoveries of the age is the fact that physical and moral education are synonymous terms, and that an abounding physical life is not only a priceless possession in itself, but also the surest foundation and security for the fullest spiritual life. The temple that is allowed to go to ruin and decay through disuse is as much profaned and defiled by such neglect as it would be by any wanton acts of violation and pollution.

Paracelsus tells us, "There is no death to be feared except that which results from becoming unconscious of

the presence of God." This is precisely the danger and the death which is incurred by the average man who, by wrong habits of breathing, standing, sitting and walking, habitually uses only about one-half the quantity of air and one-half the number of muscles he should use—thus allowing the chest to contract, the circulation to become clogged, the blood to deteriorate in quality and quantity, the lungs, heart and stomach to be injured, the nerves to be disordered and the brain weakened. Sins of omission of this order are not less serious in their effects than the sins of commission which enjoy such a monopoly of the moralist's attention.

We are in this world to ACT—not to sleep or to dream. Morality consists in right action, above all else. It is only through action that man can be reunited to God, and the words *re ligere*, from which we get our word "religion," mean a rebinding of the soul (*and the body*) with its source.

Obedience to the will of God alone will bring about the re-establishment of

the harmony which originally existed between man and the divine state. By learning to know the will of God, and by obedience to it, man may bring the will of God to more and more perfect expression in his own nature—in human nature.

To act, it is necessary to feel—and to feel it is not only necessary to *be*, but also to *recognize* being. Man's soul, like his brain, is not confined to any single place in his anatomy, to his head, or his heart, or his back-bone. It is diffused through every atom of him. Yet it is but a sleeping soul until aroused and called forth by *use*. If we would have fuller life, enduring strength and beauty, it is not enough to cultivate the physical body as *flesh*, to develop and enjoy it on the merely material side, sinking the mind in sensual pleasure. Let us keep it, and dress it, and live in it—in every part of it—as a veritable Garden of Eden given by God to the soul for its dwelling-place and its delight, remembering always that its beauty, its strength and its powers are desirable only as they be-

come the conscious expression and manifestation of that soul, and of its purity, strength and beauty.

An instrument for Divine power, this physical body is also the soil from which the immortal in man receives sustenance and strength. As the seed takes from the earth the elements necessary to its growth, so the spirit of man can only unfold and grow in the soil of the physical body with its marvelous combination of elementary forces. Would it not, therefore, be well for us to beware lest, in losing ourselves in dreams about the "mysteries of religion," we forget God in His temple, and, neglecting this most sacred and valuable thing, the physical body, reject the stone which must become the corner-stone of the Temple?

In religion, in education, in science, in politics—in the social as in the individual life—there is need, and crying need, of fuller and more vivid realization of the fact that the brain, although an important center of the thinking and feeling mechanism, is *not* the whole of it; that the life and vigor of the brain

are even more dependent on the life and vigor of muscles and nerves, blood and lungs, than are these upon the brain. We are called upon by the dangers and errors of the times, no less than by the compulsion of progress, to prove the faith that is in us; to realize vividly that if it is true that "as a man thinketh so is he," it is even more true that as a man *doeth* so is he, and that, after all, it is our *doing* and that makes further thinking and further progress possible. It is only by doing always and everywhere the best we know that such doing becomes the natural, easy and pleasant habit, and *character* is formed.

Every experience, every impulse, every emotion leaves a physical record and tendency in the brain and nervous system as a whole—that is to say, in the man. The different parts or areas of the brain are thus developed, and what was potential becomes real. Each part, once made alive by use, and made to work in harmony with all the other parts, continues to act and re-act automatically upon the slightest stimulation. Herein is a fact which points to

enormous possibilities for increased economy and effectiveness in education, a fact that demands serious consideration. If, as ascertained phenomena in physiology and psychology, the child's character and power, his tastes, his sense of beauty, his love of truth, his hatred of wrong, his habits of industry, his intelligent skill in any occupation—if all these become part of his very being, dependent for their expression on the regular action of physical forces, then surely it is of the very first importance that every child in the land should have those influences and opportunities, and that actual enjoyment of impression and expression in sight and sound,—in the use and exercise of all the faculties of mind and body, which will show him to be really a child of God. Only when the republic gives to the citizen this life, and receives from him fuller life in return, will it shine forth in that glory of righteousness which is a nation's true splendor.

The physiological doctrine of emotion has large claims on our attention in this connection. Some idea of the

interdependence between emotion and physical organization was faintly grasped by the more advanced thinkers of the last century. For anything like full and precise statement and demonstration, it has had to wait for the delicate investigations carried on during recent years, with the aid of various ingenious instruments, by the Italian physiologist, Angelo Mosso, of Turin, and by the great American explorer in this field, Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington.¹ The doctrine is affirmed with great fullness and assurance by William James, the distinguished professor of Psychology at Harvard.² While not yet universally accepted, the theory is certainly not opposed by any psychologist or physiologist of standing.

In the light of the demonstrations of Mosso and Gates, the old idea that emotion is a purely mental phenome-

1. See Professor Mosso's book, "La Peur," and "The Art of Mind Building," by Elmer Gates.

2. In the article, "What Is an Emotion?" in *Mind*, for April, 1884, and more recently in his "Principles of Psychology," Vol. II, Chapters 23-5.

non, falls to the ground. We have long known that the emotions, say of anger and love, in their more emphatic forms, are plainly accompanied by varying changes of the heart and blood vessels, the viscera and muscles. The recent advances in physiology, here referred to, indicate that these physical changes, so far from being mere accidental consequences of the emotion, in themselves constitute the emotion, and in their absence no emotion is felt. Experiments on the lower animals show that all the manifestations of emotion may be called forth in the absence of the cerebral hemispheres which we have hitherto considered the basis of consciousness. Emotion is registered in the brain; it is not necessarily created there. Until the impression which occurs in the nervous system has passed into the body and becomes mixed with a convulsion of blood and muscle in the heart and other organs,—according to the nature of the impression,—it cannot return to the brain as an emotion. Mosso's experiments show conclusively that the whole organism—especially

the vaso-motor vascular system—responds at every psychic or physical stimulus, at a word or at a touch. Every intellectual effort and every muscular movement produce an entire redistribution of blood in the body, so that, as it has been said, the heart, the circulatory system and all the viscera and glands form a kind of sounding board, against which every change in consciousness, however slight, at once reverberates. Professor James reaches the conclusion that “the bodily changes follow directly the *perception* of the emotion-exciting fact, and that our feeling of these changes, as they occur, *is* the emotion. As Havelock Ellis puts it: “No muscle, no emotion; no emotion, no muscle.” The importance to the physician of a clear understanding of emotion is pointed out in a recent work by Dr. C. Lange, an eminent physician of Copenhagen, in the following passage quoted by Mr. Ellis:¹

“It is to the vaso-motor system that

1. See “Man and Woman,” by Havelock Ellis, pp. 298 et seq., in which recent advances in physiology are admirably summed up and set forth.

we owe the whole emotional side of our soul life, our joys and our sorrows, our happy and unhappy hours. If the impressions that strike our senses had not the strength to set that system into action, we should wander through life disinterested and passionless; impressions from the outer world would enrich our experience and increase our knowledge; but they would wake in us neither joy nor anger, and could not move us either to grief or to fear."

Mental therapeutics as a science is a natural development from this new knowledge of the susceptibility of our physiological conditions to psychological influences. However much the earlier systems of "mind cure" may have been open to the criticism that their advocates claimed for the theory the designation of a "science" in advance of the demonstration of any satisfactory warrant for that title, we now know that they only anticipated by a few years the place which has been won by closer study and fuller experiment in actual practice. Metaphysical laws are fast finding practical application and ac-

ceptance in the work of the medical practitioner. The conceptions of cause and cure in disease which have so long looked chiefly to the action of matter on mind, are giving way to conceptions concerned largely with the action of mind on matter—in fact, on the development in physician and patient alike of a consciousness of mind's *mastery* over matter. Dyspepsia, so long the worst bane of Americans, has been very generally relegated, by rational practitioners, to the class of diseases already recognized as having their seat in the head rather than the stomach. Overwhelming evidence on this point was cited by a clever and captivating writer on "Our National Disease" in *The National Popular Review* a few years ago. Brief quotation from this article seems entirely worth while just here:

The numbers of so-called dyspepsiæ that are cured by the disappearance of business, domestic, or social annoyance are nearly unlimited. An overdue note in the possession of a bottle-nosed and beetle-eyed creditor is more productive of dyspepsia than a meal of second-hand carpet tacks.

A cheerful soul that believes in the wisdom of the Creator, and is not at every turn thinking how much

better he might have made the world, who, now and then, churns up the regions below the diaphragm with a hearty laugh or sends a cheerful message to the solar plexus, denoting that he is in harmony with God and nature; living in peace and good will with the rest of mankind; who is, in fact, an optimist and a practical philanthropic Christian - can never become a dyspeptic.

Flexibility is the essence of form. The power and charm of such singers as Adelina Patti and Emma Calve are found in bodies trained to easy and instant vibration. For the portrayal with effect of human character and emotion on stage or platform, the vibrant physique, responding to and reflecting trained thought and will, is an absolute necessity. Huxley, indeed, described this harmonious training of mind and body as the highest aim and ideal of true education. But it is an ideal that is sadly neglected in the educational systems of to-day. Shall we not find light by which the defect may be remedied in the experience of the actor and the singer? In school and college there is, for the most part, a distinct line of separation between mental and bodily training, between class room and field

or gymnasium. Yet we have an art in the proper study of which mind and body,—aye, soul and body, and all the body, with all the soul one can get hold of,—are fully and harmoniously exercised and trained together. I refer, of course, to the art of vocal expression taught with such splendid results in the past by Professor Lewis Monroe, of the Boston School of Oratory, and at the present day by his eminent pupil, Mrs. Katharine Westendorf, lately of Cincinnati, but now of Denver.

Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the great English specialist, in a recent article, makes an eloquent plea for the universal training of the speaking voice, as the best and most natural means of all-round mental and bodily development, citing the fact that the ancients rightly attached the greatest importance to the training of the organs of speech. This eminent authority on the voice goes so far as to contend that *every child should be taught to sing*.

The sound mind in a sound body, which we must have, if we are to come into fuller and fuller sense of the joy

and power of "thinking all over," depends more than aught else on a freeing of the body from the congestive effects of ages of fear and concealment, a breaking of old bonds in habits of thought and action. Then the body will fulfill its proper function as the soul's instrument,—open, flexible, responsive and true. All this the newer and higher training in the art of vocal expression will do. It is by these large and high requirements that any system of voice training pretending to philosophical and scientific development must now be tested.

Splendid as the potency of such training plainly appears on the more obvious side, this itself is but hint of a still grander development sure to follow, although for the present to be considered as occult in its nature. The ordinary development of the senses under ordinary conditions cannot be considered the *limit* of their powers. The harmony in form or color, sound or motion, which thrills the very soul of the cultivated man, is to the uncultivated simply indistinguishable

from the crude and glaring discords that torture and disgust the more sensitive.

A question of a few vibrations of ether, more or less, makes for us all the difference between perception and non-perception. Colors, odors and sounds imperceptible to the civilized man are often sensed distinctly by the savage, and even by the dog and the horse. And this is as true on the subjective as on the objective side. There can be no perception—no seeing or feeling, no giving or receiving, where there is not harmonic,—that is, *sympathetic*, vibration. In the higher music, man will be trained to induce, control and command absolute responsiveness in his own organism to the vibration of any sound or color, any form or motion of form in nature; to any odor or flavor, and to any and all combinations of these.

Increased sensitiveness means increased power, as finer perception implies finer execution, or expression, of the thing perceived. Such are the glorious vistas opened up to us through

fuller realization of the body as the temple of God.

"Nothing makes the soul so pure," says Michael Angelo, "as the endeavor to create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it, strives for something that is Godlike. True painting is only an image of God's perfection—a shadow of the pencil with which he paints, a melody, a striving after harmony." Genius and the works of genius go hand in hand. The late Sir Andrew Clark overcame the feeble constitution of his inheritance, and lived to a good old age, an indefatigable worker and student to the last. In one of his clinical lectures, the secret of this mastery is told. "Labor is life," he said, "but worry is killing. It is bad management that kills people. Nature will let no man overwork himself, unless he plays her false—takes stimulants at irregular times, smokes too much, or takes opium."

Development in any direction is conditioned only on use, on action.

The muscle that is not exercised becomes atrophied. Genius deprived of labor, its natural stimulus, as inevitably dies, for it is as dependent on use for its unfolding, as the arms of the smith on the hammer, or the tint of the rose on the sunbeam. Many of us imagine that the special mental or bodily defects we may be laboring under are insuperable and we allow this thought to discourage and deter. To such Dr. David Allyn Gorton addresses these cheering words: "Find out your defects and work them into fruition. Give the weak faculty something to do, that indolence may be helped into activity; poverty into plenty. The weakest faculty in us may thus be developed into respectable proportions." This is nature's law. "The kingdom is given to him that overcometh." On every plane, we come face to face with the necessity of manifesting in *action* the indwelling truth of man's oneness with God—and with the Divine perfection in all things.

———PAUL TYNER.

APPLIED METAPHYSICS.

To understand the Law is to be master of conditions. Our age is scientific in its tendencies; it requires clearness, certainty and exactness in methods, for perfect manifestation. Life holds for each of us health, wealth, wisdom and success in all our undertakings. These may be realized by an understanding and use of the science of *thought vibration*, as certainly as the trained musician produces the desired harmony by touching the strings of the harp. Being at one with the perfectly vibrating life forces always results in perfect expression. We shall be what we desire to be. The translation of the ideal into the real is exact and certain in methods and in results. Mastery on the material side of being, control and command of the bodily forces, of environment, and of all the accessories to noblest living, are attained only through obedience to the law of *thought vibration*. It is this all important knowledge and its application in daily life that the New Metaphysics proposes to impart. Certitude of realization is required to express the ideal, in detail as well as in its wholeness. The undersigned have decided to enter this field of public work only after evolving from years of thought, study and experience, guided and filled by spiritual illumination and impulsion, radically new methods in healing and teaching, the simplicity, clearness and completeness of which must appeal to many minds.

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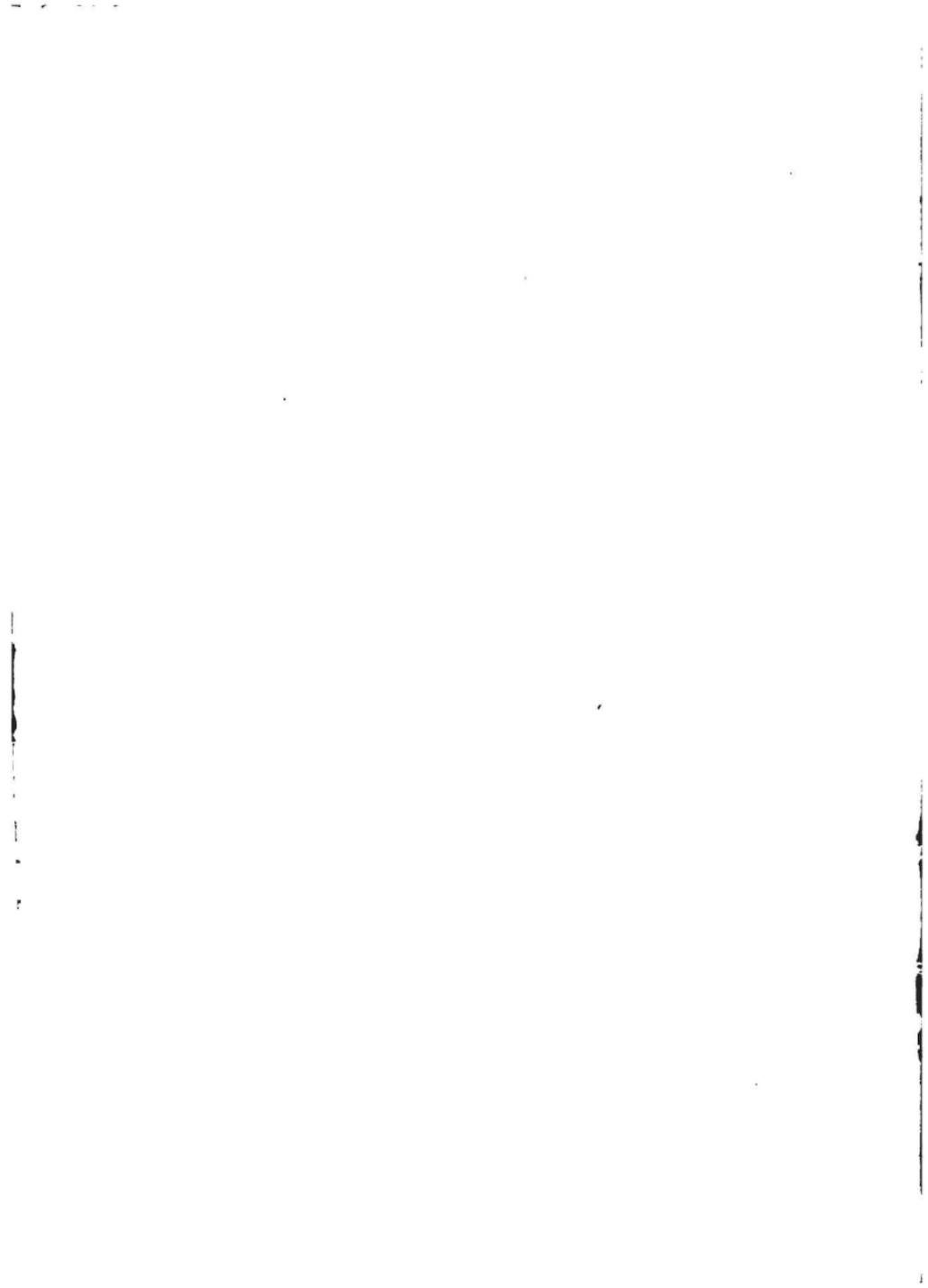
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An article by the present author, on Reincarnation, under the head of "One Man in Many Bodies," appeared in the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette" in July, 1891. Although parts of that article are again used here in a new connection, the article has been entirely rewritten and in its present form is virtually a new presentation of the subject.



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REINCARNATION AND MENTAL SCIENCE.

Immense have been the preparations for me . . .
All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me.

Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

—*Walt Whitman.*

IF REINCARNATION means anything, it means realization. The time has come when the esoteric doctrine of re-birth shall be made exoteric. This means that it must be firmly grasped and brought down from the clouds into concrete and practical shape. Reincarnation has been dreamed about, speculated about and argued about long enough. It is time that the truth should be declared. If reincarnation means that he who believeth shall live, even though he be dead—that is, that he shall be made to see

nate in a new body. We may take that method, if we please, and must, if we make it necessary; but is it the best way?

As a matter of fact, every human being does reincarnate, or is reincarnated, yearly, daily, hourly, without dying. The body in which you are now functioning, as you read these lines, is not the same as that in which you were born, nor is it the body you enjoyed as a child or a youth, if it be that you are a person grown to maturity; it is not the same body you had last year, nor yesterday, nor an hour ago. All that is the same in the body now clothing you and the body of yesterday, or the body you will have to-morrow, is the One Life; and this much sameness not only exists in regard to all the bodies you have ever had, or will have, but also in regard to all the bodies of all the people now living, or who have ever lived. The one life is in many lives. This is true, not merely in reference to successive reincarnations, as the term is ordinarily understood, but also in regard to each

single incarnation. There is no dead matter anywhere in the universe, least of all in the human body. What we call flesh and bones, blood and muscle, nerve tissue and brain tissue, are living entities, aggregated and organized in groups of millions and thousands of millions. We all know that the human body is constantly undergoing a process of decay and reconstruction, as to its form and composition. With every moment, tiny molecules are passing away from it; with every moment tiny molecules are streaming into it. The outgoing stream is scattered broadcast, and helps to rebuild other bodies of all kinds, in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms,—the physical basis of all these being, as Professor Huxley has so beautifully told us, one and the same.

A clear putting of what these molecules really are, is found in this passage from the first volume of "The Secret Doctrine," (pages 260-261), in which the author predicted in 1886 certain

discoveries in regard to the universality of life, and of consciousness in all forms of life, which were actually brought forward by men of science within the last two years, and which are cited at some length in another place by the present author.¹

The idea that the human tabernacle is built by countless *lives*, just in the same way as the rocky crust of our earth was, has nothing repulsive in it for the true mystic . . . Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organisms of both man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds; that from without we are threatened with the invasion of microbes with every breath we draw, and from within by leucomaines, ærobes, anærobes, and what not. But science never yet went so far as to assert with the Occult Doctrine that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants and stones, are themselves altogether built up of such beings which, except larger species, no microscope can detect. So far as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and physiology are the two great magicians of the future, who are destined to open the eyes of mankind to the great physical truths. With every day, the identity between the animal and physical man, between the

1. See "The Living Christ," by Paul Tyner, Chapters XI-XIII; The Temple Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

plant and man, and even between the reptile and its nest, the rock and man, is more and more clearly shown. The physical and chemical constituents of all being found to be identical, chemical science may well say that there is no difference between the matter which composes the ox and that which forms the man. But the Occult Doctrine is far more explicit. It says: Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal invisible lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant, and of the tree which shelters him from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—is *a life*

The form assumed results from the organization of these myriad lives, and is therefore determined by the degree of consciousness. In the body of man we have millions of conscious living entities marshalled in trained and ready obedience to the Will, to the Thought, consciously or unconsciously dominant and in command. The real individual is in all the lives that make up his body, but he is more than they. He is their captain, their general; they are the troops, gathered in such force and order as he desires, and subject always to his command. His conscious control is the condition of their orderly coördination.

When that is relaxed, they fall into disorder, disease and discord; when it is surrendered they revolt and fall apart; the organism is disintegrated, death ensues.

These thoughts of Mme. Blavatsky, therefore, are very close to the discovery of the missing link between Reincarnation and Mental Science. Again, it is almost touched, only to be quickly passed over, however, by Mrs. Annie Besant in the following statement:

What is man in the light of theosophic truth? He is a spiritual intelligence, eternal and uncreate, treading a vast cycle of human experiences, born and re-born on earth, millennium after millennium, evolving slowly into the Ideal Man. He is not the product of matter, but is incased in matter, and the forms of matter with which he clothes himself are of his own making, for the intelligence and the will of man are creative forces (not creative *ex nihilo*, but creative as is the brain of the painter), and these forces are exercised by man in every act and thought.¹

If Mrs. Besant had grasped the completeness of this statement as it stands

1. "Theosophy and the Law of Population," by Annie Besant; Lucifer, July, 1891.

and stopped there, her readers and followers could hardly fail to find in her words a very clear declaration of the basic principle of Mental Science. The grand truths the "new thought" is bringing home to humanity are just these: that "man is a spiritual intelligence"; that "the forms of matter with which he clothes himself are of his own making"; that the intelligence and the will of man "*are* creative forces," and that "these forces are exercised by man in every act and thought."

Mrs. Besant does not stop with the assertion just quoted, but goes on to say that the forms created by man's thought are forms visible only to the clairvoyant. Forms, that is to say, that are not physical, not material, in the ordinary sense of the word. And yet, these thought-forms created in the astral are stated to condition the ego's re-incarnation. They have reference not to his present every-day life in the world of matter and of men; but to his life after death and in re-birth fifteen

hundred years or so hence,—although, in the interval, he is said to work off in “Kama-loka” the earthy tendencies he had acquired in the physical life, and with them the “kama-rupa,” or body of desires, preparatory to a thousand-year slumber in Devachan.

One has only to analyze this view of the matter to see that it is incomplete. If man’s thoughts and acts during his physical life are creative forces, they create on the physical plane, just as much, at least, as on any other plane. If the forms of matter with which man clothes himself are of his own making from rebirth to rebirth, they are of his own making from hour to hour, from moment to moment. It needs no clairvoyant to find the proof of this in men’s faces and forms as we walk the streets of our great cities, and note the changes wrought by every passing thought and emotion. As the old church catechism has it, man shall give an account, on the judgment day, for every idle thought or deed. Every day is a judgment day,

and the account is written in man's face and form, in his atmosphere and environment, in his condition of power or weakness, of health or disease, joy or sorrow.

Let us not be slow to acknowledge our immense debt to the sublime philosophies and religions of the East, to Buddhism and Brahmanism, to the Vedantas and the Upanishads; but let us not forget that we, the "heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time,"—we Americans, in whom humanity's ripest fruit is reincarnated,—have something to add to the very best the Eastern philosophy can give us. We are thankful for all its inspiration and enlightenment; thankful, most of all, because this enlightenment enables us to increase and multiply the treasures of Eastern knowledge bequeathed to us, and pass them on, enlarged and enriched, to those who shall come after us. Let us add to reincarnation, *realization*. Nor does this mean any failure to appreciate the great gift which a re-

cognition of the law of reincarnation brings to us. The lamp of experience is indeed a light to our feet in the pathway we are treading. Realization depends more than aught else on relation. To realize the meaning of life, with any approach to completeness, we must take into account the various sides of life and the various stages—all the factors of those cumulative experiences which make up life. The one, constant prayer of the old Egyptian was for memory. Through memory, past incarnations make the meaning of the present incarnation clearer, and shed a light on future incarnations. Understanding the path we have traveled, we are helped to see the path that lies before us. Edmund Burke's saying, that the man who has no regard for his ancestors is not likely to have much regard for his posterity, may be applied in this connection to emphasize the importance of recognizing the present and the future possibilities, which a recognition of the truth of reincarnation holds for all.

Memory of past lives and the *relation* of these past lives to the present cannot fail to round out and complete man's present and future unfoldment.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that in calling attention thus distinctly and emphatically to the importance of reincarnation as a present reality, we are not minimizing its scope or importance. Reincarnation from day to day, and from hour to hour, does not mean recognition any the less of reincarnation from life to life, from century to century, from æon to æon.

Mental Science, it may be said, comes not to destroy, but to fulfill the law of reincarnation. On this account, it is well for us to get the meaning of this law as taught in the ancient wisdom religion quite clearly, remembering always, that no statement should limit or bind us; that every statement will help us, as it is found stimulating and suggestive, causing us to expand it, as nearly as may be, up to present demands. Such a clear statement from

Theosophical authority may be inserted here:

“The doctrine of reincarnation is the corner-stone of the esoteric philosophy, as of all archaic religions. It is founded on the natural fact that effects must be proportionate to causes. Energy stored up during a finite period of time can never produce effects stretching over an infinity of time. The thought energy represented by the unsatisfied physical inclinations of an ego, being in its nature indestructible, *requires physical existence* to work itself out; hence the necessity of reincarnations. If any human ego is entirely devoid of physical tendencies and inclinations, it will not be under the necessity of further births and deaths on the physical plane. In the mystical language of the East, such an ego is said to burst the wheel of births and re-births (samsara), and to attain Nirvana; when humanity collectively shall be perfected, and all physical possibilities realized, our earth itself, having completed its course, will pass into Nirvana.¹

By reincarnation is meant the re-embodiment of the *human* ego, the real man, in a progressive succession of *human* bodies, “physical” bodies, if you please (for after all the physical is but the necessary envelope of the spiritual, and not something different or op-

1. “Man: Fragments of Forgotten History,” by Two Chelas, London, 1885.

posed), until the distance has been traversed between primal man, or the lowest savage, and spiritual man, the Buddha or the Christ. This process is one in accordance with natural law on all planes of being. It proceeds in spite of "death" so-called, taking up and repairing death's breaks. Through its workings, death is at last overcome. This has been demonstrated by the few who have reached mastery through memory of the past, and whom we call saviours, mahatmas, or adepts. The time is near at hand when, thanks to the patient light and leading of these elder brothers of the race, unending life in the body is to be demonstrated by the many.

Reincarnation is as natural as evolution. It may be said to take up the theory of evolution where science leaves off; continuing it into the realm of spirit, explaining, rounding it out, and completing it. There is the same necessity for reincarnation as there is for evolution; the same reason for successive rebirths as there was for the first

embodiment of the soul, and for every forward effort in life, i. e., the struggle to attain the ideal. The real is the sequence of the ideal, as the abstract conception of the painter's mind is given concrete form on his canvas. In man, as in all things—only more intensely—there is felt a perpetual, inherent strain or tendency towards something which is dimly perceived to be possible in the future.

Our greatest geniuses, poets, painters, philosophers, are those who know they have but touched the border land of that in which they excel all who have gone before. Raphael died declaring that he wished to put on canvas a madonna more beautiful than any he had painted. The ideal is everywhere pressing in upon us. To grasp the ideal with so firm a hold that we can bring it down to the perception of our fellows in some concrete form is the highest service a man can render to humanity. Deeper knowledge, higher powers, grander and grander possi-

bilities await man when he shall have reached that state of consciousness which makes it possible for him to *ap-prehend* this knowledge, these powers and possibilities.

Throughout nature the purpose of the embodiment of soul in that form of spirit called "matter" is seen to be the unfoldment of consciousness by the development of the perceptive faculties and functions. From the lowest living organism up to the highly organized, complex and self-conscious structure of the human body, through an endless variety of progressive forms, the life principle pervading all nature is seen to be constantly expanding in a gradual extension of the boundaries of consciousness. Every expansion of consciousness means expansion of life. Man's powers and man's universe widen with his growth.

As consciousness transcends the material plane, science is agnostic in reference to it and regards it as inherent in our physiological functions; its in-

crease being the result simply of the development of these functions. It is held that consciousness has reached its highest perfection in man because he has the most highly organized body. In opposition to this view, which does not concede a previous existence, nor one outside of the physical organization, for that consciousness now centered in any human body, mental science teaches that the growth of consciousness is primarily the *cause* and only secondarily the *effect* of the evolution of more and more highly organized forms, and that this consciousness is the expression, or individualization in form, of that soul of man which is an emanation of the Universal Principle, or God. "Man grows as higher grow his aims."

Why are we born? Because the spirit must see itself reflected in matter, so as to attain to self-consciousness, just as the individual can only see his personality reflected in a mirror. It is often asked why the spirit, once

freed from the bonds of earth life and enjoying an existence in which, presumably, its activities are unfettered, its perceptions undimmed and its progressive development possible, should desire or be forced to seek reincarnation in material forms. As well ask why the soul of man takes on the human form for the *first* time. The soul is immortal; it existed previous to its birth on earth in the body and will live forever after leaving the body. Therefore, it must have abandoned all the attractions of existence in "heaven," or the spiritual spheres, when it was born on earth in human form the first time. Every Christian who believes this teaching of Christian theology should accept, without quibble, the logical consequence, that if man is born on earth once he may be born again any number of times. There is no escaping the conclusion that if the immortal soul "takes on mortality" for a single lifetime, it can do so again and again, and the undeniable inference is that it *will* do so.

We are born to unfold in consciousness, as has been said. We must be re-born again and again, so long as there is any further and larger consciousness to unfold. That means we are to live eternally. The lesson the West has for the East is that there is no finality, no Nirvana. What says that American of Americans, the good gray poet of Camden, who,—through the development of cosmic consciousness, surely,—understood and addressed the human soul as has no other poet of our time?

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and
looked at the crowded heaven.

And I said to my spirit—"When we become
the enfolders of those orbs and the pleasure
and knowledge of everything in them,
Shall we be filled and satisfied then?"

And my spirit said: "No; we level that lift to
pass and continue beyond."

The child holds in his nature all the elements, all the potentialities of the man. But it is necessary that he should live to and through manhood to *express* his nature, and by expressing, in a sense, create it. Just as the germ of the plant

in perfect miniature is contained in the seed, but requires life and growth in the earth to expand into the plant, so the human ego must be re-embodied to express itself. Re-incarnation is growth, just as surely as is the advance from childhood to manhood, or from shoot to tree.

Analogy, it has been well said by the author of "The Secret Doctrine," is the guiding law in nature, the only true Ariadne's thread that can lead us through the inextricable paths of her domain toward her primal and final mysteries. By its inductive methods, science shows us the unity of the cosmos, the operation of the same laws in both small and great, and the absolute unchangeableness and reliability of those laws. It is fundamental with science that not one atom in the universe exists except as an integral and necessary part of the whole, and not one form of life is manifested apart from that universal principle of life which permeates and animates all that moves and

has its being in nature. Re-incarnation is held to be a universal law of nature, strictly in accord with these teachings of science. The reincarnation in progressive forms of every organism, every atom of matter great and small in the world about us, is constantly going on and is plainly perceptible to the physical senses. It is by analogy with the physical phenomena of this process that the reason arrives at a clear comprehension of the spiritual phenomena of a re-embodiment of the human ego in a succession of human forms.

The real man, the ego, or individual monad, is not confined to the plane perceptible to the physical senses and so cannot be fully perceived by them. But there is a subtle attribute or quality of his individuality which we call "character." This trait of the real man is but imperfectly indicated, as a rule, in the physical formation of the body, the expression of the thoughts, or the outward action of that personality which represents but a passing phase in his

history. What we call a man's life is but a brief episode in his progress along the spiral path on which the spirit descends into matter only to re-ascend to the spiritual plane with added consciousness—repeating the experience until at last he has attained to that spiritual self-consciousness at one with God, when the necessity for further re-incarnations ceases. Thereafter, no break occurs in his constant consciousness of a present and unending re-incarnation, as the atoms of his body are momentarily consumed and renewed.

The problem of man's future life now, as at every critical period in our history, is stirring the thought of the world. From all sides resound the echoes of that clash of argument which, beginning in the theological conflict over the dogmas of heaven, hell and purgatory, has been taken up and carried forward in the fields of science and philosophy. As the smoke of battle clears, the doctrine of *Reincarnation* is seen to be com-

manding an attention that is strikingly significant. This is a practical age and we are learning that the chief value of any theory of the hereafter really lies in its effect upon us now. Man's present condition is always largely influenced by his conception of the future. What we are *now* is the product not only of what we have been, but also of what we expect to be.

From Professor Briggs' interpretation of the Calvinistic creed as teaching "a third state of progressive sanctification," it is but a step to the Buddhist doctrine of "progressive spiritual development" by re-birth in a successive series of personalities. So we may expect sooner or later to see this oriental idea of man's future enthroned by the advancing mind of the western world on the ruins of the demolished dogmas of foreordination and of divine election for salvation or damnation, without reference to faith or works.

No longer lightly passed over as a foolish fancy of the ancients, reincar-

nation demands serious consideration as a concept of man's nature and destiny that affords a just and reasonable explanation of a future state, and the only satisfactory solution of the problems presented by the inequalities in life observed everywhere around us.

Christians should be the last to question the truth of reincarnation, for the accepted interpretation of the text: "As in Adam all men die, so in Christ shall all be made alive," is the most extravagant kind of reincarnation. It is taught that upon conversion a man is at once really "born again," a new man. He is suddenly transformed from a sinner into a saint, without waiting for a new birth in the flesh; without working out the karma of a past life of evil; without in any way earning his salvation.

The Christian Church in America seems fair to be shaken to its foundations by the revolt of its best and brightest minds against the dogma that an all-wise and loving God has predestined

the majority of mankind to eternal flames. The protest against perverted reason and blind belief voiced by such pulpit leaders as Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, Dr. Heber Newton, Howard MacQueary, Dr. Bridgman, Professor Swing, Myron Reed, and Professor Briggs, has long been rumbling among the millions who fill the pews, and whose minds have already rejected the teaching of an unending hell of fire and brimstone for the punishment of sinners. With a hell of fire and brimstone, the majority of Christian communicants have thrown overboard the belief in a heaven of pearly gates and golden pavements. As John Hay, our present ambassador to England, puts it in his "Little Breeches," the white winged angels now have "a darned sight better business than loafing 'round the throne."

At this point of spiritual awakening, the doctrine of reincarnation is presented to the western mind with remarkable force by the leaders of the Inner

Brotherhood. It teaches that not one chance, but as many chances as may be required, will be given to every human soul to work out its redemption—the rational redemption of progressive development. It tells every human being that he shall have opportunity to realize all his highest aspirations, to attain to the highest possibilities of goodness, of greatness, of genius, of power, of spirituality. That instead of being irrevocably judged and condemned for his sins, his errors, his weaknesses, his faults, in the few fleeting years of one earthly life, he may rub out the “mistakes” on his slate, and, with the knowledge gained by his failures, try it all over again—and keep on trying until the lesson is perfectly learned—the object of existence accomplished.

Reincarnation, at first glance, seems to be a doctrine difficult of acceptance. Two reasons for this stand out clearly: in the first place, popular opinion has been much colored and clouded by misconceptions that stand in the way of

clear comprehension. There is, in the next place, a constitutional reluctance in the human mind to adopt any new idea which clearly calls for so radical a re-adjustment of our methods of thought and action as does that of reincarnation. Thought, like other forces, follows the line of least resistance. There is need, therefore, for a simple statement of the real nature of reincarnation.

An erroneous popular notion confuses reincarnation with metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. There are, among the ignorant in the East, those who believe that men are rewarded or punished for their acts in this life by passing after death into the bodies of various animals, according to the qualities exhibited in the human career. As a consequence, the killing of animals is regarded as sinful, and indeed is prohibited by law. The streets of Constantinople, Cairo, Alexandria, Bagdad, Peking, Calcutta and Bombay are over-run with miserable dogs,

which no one will kill, for fear of killing his grandfather, perhaps, or his mother. The white elephants of Siam are stabled in palaces, fed from golden troughs, attended by slaves, and worshipped by the people, all because they are supposed to be animated by the souls of departed kings. This idea of the transmigration of souls from human to brute forms probably arose from an ignorant perversion of the doctrine of reincarnation. In the true meaning of the doctrine, the human ego can no more retrograde by reincarnating in brute form than, according to the Darwinian theory, man can degenerate into a monkey, or a monkey into a mosquito.

The ascent from man up to God is as sure and as gradual as the ascent of everything on this globe from the mineral and the vegetable up to man. Science estimates that millions of years were required for the evolution, upon this earth, of the human organism, even of the savage type. This measures the

first long step in the evolution of the spirit. Yet the distance between the Digger Indian and the spiritual self-consciousness of a Christ is hardly less than that between the lowest animal and the lowest man. Indeed it may be said that the one great family of humanity, much as it has in common, is marked by as infinite a variety of nature and character as are all the species of all the animal kingdom below man. Still a human soul may ascend from the South Sea Islander's plane of consciousness to that of a Plato or a Shakespeare, by the ladder of reincarnation.

But, it has been asked, how can reincarnation be in accord with that progress which is the universal law, if it teaches that the oak can go back into the acorn, the sage into the suckling?

To this the answer is that the oak *does* go back into acorns and the sage into what we call "second childhood," as stages in the progressive development of tree and man. There may be apparent retrogression, as there often

is in the history of nations or of individuals; but it is only apparent. As the fruitage of a tree, according to its condition and cultivation, contains the seed from which, *in another tree*, greater and better fruitage shall spring, so the ripening of consciousness at the end of the sage's life becomes the seed of greater progress and wisdom in the suckling. Generally speaking, the sage in one incarnation does not manifest himself in the next incarnation until the period of childhood—of physical development—is past. Sometimes the latent accumulations of former lives flash out clearly before the physical growth is attained. We can hardly think of retrogression in the reincarnation of the human soul known as Mozart playing divine symphonies at seven, of Benjamin West painting babes and angels at six, or of Macaulay writing a history of the world at four. Reincarnation, of course, does not depend for its proof on such instances of precocious genius. They are cited simply as

vivid illustrations of the law that the garnered experiences of past lives are transmitted to and taken up by the ego in his present life, and so made the basis of still further development. Fortunately, this premature manifestation of power is the exception that proves the rule. The case of the poet Chatterton shows us in a marked manner at what sacrifice it is often made.

Another question often asked by those who "do not believe in reincarnation," only because they do not understand it, is: "How can it be true that a man lived on earth before, if he does not remember his previous life?"

A few moments' examination of the peculiarities of memory will suggest the answer to this objection. That we have forgotten the *incidents*, including the names, personalities and localities of past lives, is no proof that we have not lived before. Such lapse of memory is no bar to our knowing that we did live before. The faculty of forgetting has indeed been considered by philosophers

as not less important than that of remembering. We do not remember our latest birth nor any of the incidents of the first four or five years of life in our present incarnation. Yet we *know* that we were born and that we passed through the period of childhood. We know that the record of every event, every action, every perception, every little experience—all the thousand and one details that make up the life of our first few years, would fill a big book. But they are forgotten, although their effects remain. So unimportant in themselves that we do not even care to remember or record them, all these forgotten details are recognized only in their *results*, so far as we can trace to their influence what we now are, spiritually, mentally and physically.

Memory is but a suggestion by some sequence, or similarity in events; the association of ideas in recollection. Remembering implies forgetting. We had forgotten the thing, or we would not have to remember it—to trace its rec-

ord back from effect to cause, by an exercise of the reasoning faculties. How often we remember people, places and events of our youth that we supposed we had utterly forgotten, when reminded by a chance meeting with an old friend, or the finding of an old letter or photograph? It may be said that man normally remembers important things. Importance is a relative term, and what seems important now may be unimportant ten years hence. Economies essential in the life of a poor man are useless when he acquires wealth. We forget our friends' names and faces frequently. Most men forget much of what was learned in school or college. In many cases, a man has, through severe illness or an injury to the brain, forgotten even his own name and all the events of his previous life.

The truth of reincarnation, therefore, in nowise depends for its proof on the memory of previous incarnations. Still it is worth while, in this connection, to note that just as suggestion and reflec-

tion may revive the consciousness (or "memory") of something belonging to an early and forgotten period of our present life, so it sometimes revives the memory of something in a past life, or even its entire personality. Plutarch has told us the story of his twenty-four lives, Appolonius of Tyana remembered and related fully the events of his life in a previous incarnation. To the thoughtful reader, it must be plain that the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer are but recitals of heroic deeds in which the blind bard himself participated in a previous life. The story of the adventures of Ulysses, extending far beyond the confines of a single life and through realms of spirit, is incontestably the history of a series of reincarnations. And there is strong internal evidence that Homer, the poet was a later reincarnation of Ulysses the hero. Napoleon Bonaparte similarly remembered and carried forward the development of forces acquired in his previous incarnation as Julius Cæsar.

Coming down to our own time, we have positive evidence of a reincarnation in which memory of the life of over three thousand years before was revived in the person of Dr. Henry Schliemann, whose remarkable success in discovering the site of ancient Troy and resurrecting tangible archæological evidence of the historical reality of Homer's immortal epic is attributed to a recollection of his former existence as a Greek on the very scene of his explorations. Nearly forty years of his life had been passed in the prosaic occupation of a wholesale grocer, when his interest in Greek archæology was awakened and he went to Athens, where he met and married his affinity in the person of a beautiful Greek girl of great spiritual and intellectual development. In her, he recognized a reincarnation of the famous Helen of Troy, whom he had loved and lost three thousand years before. They remembered through love's recognition. Memory brought certain consciousness of the

historic reality of Homer's verse. Perhaps the most convincing proof of a revival of memory of previous lives is that afforded by the life and works of Shakespe are. His masterly power of portraying human nature in all its phases may not have needed the memory of previous incarnations, so so much as the results. But his vivid and (as we now know) accurate pictures in detail of life and character in the Rome of the Cæsars, in the Venice of the Doges, the Egypt of Cleopatra, the Athens of Timon, the England of Richard III., the Sweden of Hamlet, and the France of Henry the Fifth's warring and wooing, are explainable only by the fact of a vivid recollection of his own existence among these scenes and peoples in previous lives.

Learned critics and commentators have for centuries disputed as to Shakespeare's real character and personality. In our own day, a Chief Justice of England has written a book to prove that Shakespeare must have been a lawyer,

because of the intimate knowledge of law and lawyers shown in his plays. The same sort of evidence is adduced to show that he was a physician, a courtier, a priest, a soldier deeply versed in the military science of his day, a sailor, an antiquarian, a philosopher. He must have been all of these, just as truly as he was a poet and a playwright. But when? Not while he lived in the England of Elizabeth as William Shakespeare. *That* person we know went up to London from Stratford, a poor country boy. He began by holding horses in front of the theater of which he subsequently became an attache and manager. But he never traveled out of England; he never studied at the universities. He had no advantages of learning, and, if he had, the knowledge he evinced of other peoples and countries could not have been gained from books.

The power of memory, however, is rarely developed to such a degree as this. We remember the song but not

the words, the words but not the air. We remember the face, but not the name; the name but not the face; the event but not the date; the picture but not the painter's name; the story but not the title, or the author. In fact, we are seldom certain of the exact details of an event a year old. We recognize this by writing down a memorandum "to make sure of it." So much for the argument that reincarnation is not true because there is generally no memory of past lives. We remember, in regard to past lives, as of this life, just as much and just when there is occasion to remember.

Another question often asked is how it can have happened that the reappearance of any of the great characters in the world's history has not been recognized. Surely, it is urged, the world could not have failed to recognize in a later reincarnation such eminent personages as Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Cicero, Plato, Aristotle, Cleopatra, Shakespeare or George Washington.

The distinction between the "individual" and the "person" once understood, most of the objections to the doctrine of reincarnation vanish into thin air. Personality, having served its purpose, perishes; or rather it is merged in the individual, which living eternally, re-embodies itself, until it arrives at spiritual self-consciousness, and realizes its true nature as one with the Universal Spirit.

This perfection is only reached through a union of the spiritual and physical forces. It becomes necessary to repeat this union until the mission of the spirit in first uniting itself to the body is accomplished. That is to say, until the physical nature has been so spiritualized that the spiritual consciousness may continue its development infinitely, raising the vibrations of the physical at every step, so that it becomes, at last, the readily responsive instrument for the soul's expression.

Reincarnation is progress, not repetition. We do not recognize the reincar-

nation of Alexander the Great, nor that of Cicero, because the outward personality which the name represents to our minds is *not* the thing that is reincarnated. Not Elias, but "a greater than Elias," appeared in Jesus. Elias reincarnated must be greater than he was in that personality. The child grows into the man. It would be as unreasonable to expect to see in a reincarnation of Shakespeare the *man*, simply a later edition of Shakespeare the master dramatist of his age, as to expect him to be a re-embodiment of Shakespeare the poacher. Shakespeare in his last previous incarnation will be to Shakespeare in his next embodiment as the child is to the man. "The child is often father to the man"; but, even in one life, the personality of the child is, to the outward seeming, as distinct from that of the man as it is from that of another individual.

What is more evident than that the man or woman for whom life means development and a constantly enlarging

consciousness will, even in one brief span of earthly existence, pass through many distinct personalities? Truly "One man in his life plays many parts." Lincoln the rail splitter was a very different person from Lincoln the statesman,—as was Franklin the printer from Franklin the philosopher. What had Garfield on the tow-path to do with Garfield the educator? or Garfield the general? or Garfield the president? Was Johnson the tailor not a very different personality from that of Johnson the chief magistrate? Grant's individuality was expressed only temporarily in the personality of the tanner; it found fuller expression in the personality of the successful general; sought to manifest itself further in the person of the nation's chief executive; found new spiritual unfoldment in extended travels; suffered the disappointment and humiliation of failure in the business sphere, learning its lessons; was for a time only an invalid tortured by a painful malady; and at last found the highest expression for

his individuality during his latest incarnation in the authorship of what is probably the best book of memoirs written in the present generation.

In his next incarnation Grant may not be tanner, soldier, statesman or traveler. Whatever his personality may be, it will sum up all the experiences of his last incarnation, yet possibly with no memory of the unimportant details or incidents of his last incarnation. So the personality of George Washington in his last incarnation, and his memory of it, will have as little to do with his personality in his next incarnation as have his uniform, his sword and his small clothes now on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. Re-embodied now, or a thousand years hence, he would have no more need for his old name and fame than he would for his peruke and knee-breeches.

As examples of the reincarnation of one individual in many varying personalities during the term of one lifetime, the careers of Franklin, Lincoln, Gar-

field, Grant and Johnson are mentioned as most familiar to the minds of American readers. Even more striking illustrations will occur to students of biography in the life of Gæthe, the wild student, the romantic lover, the poet, historian, essayist, philosopher, jurist, physician, statesman, and scientist in succession. The same may be said of the evolution of Burns from ploughboy to poet; of Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd; of Gerald Massey, the errand boy. Indeed, the changes in personality from childhood to old age keep pace with those constant changes in the physical composition of the body, to which we have already referred.

As the plant attracts from the atmosphere and the earth the invisible life-germs needed for its growth, so, out of the great universal sea of spirit and matter, man attracts that grade of spirit to which his nature is attuned, and the quality and proportion of matter in harmony with his physical life. Every finer and grander thought is at once

the cause and the effect of increased spirituality in the organism. This process continues through life from birth to death, and through all lives from re-incarnation to reincarnation. Man is never really "disembodied"; he only exchanges a body of one order of density for that of another order.

The probabilities are that the period between re-births is, for the mass of mankind, comparatively short, being lengthened according to the degree of spiritual development attained. Advanced spiritualists and initiates in the Order of the Rosy Cross do not accept the theory brought forward by Mr. Sinnet in "Esoteric Buddhism," of thousand year sleeps in the spirit spheres. There as here, they say, the spirit passes the time in progressive thought, study and activity, alternating with such rest and recreation as it finds enjoyable and helpful. There is no such thing as spiritual unconsciousness. "Sleep" in the spirit world is a matter of conscious enjoyment in rest. It is the body, not

the spirit, that sleeps, even here on earth. Remembered dreams prove this. The reality of spirit return is regarded as proof that so far from being asleep, spirits, according to their natures, are deeply interested in the affairs of earth and, as in earth life, aid or oppose humanity in the eternal struggle between light and darkness.

In theosophical teaching, the doctrine of reincarnation depends upon and is interblended with the no less important doctrine of "Karma." This is simply the law of cause and effect, operating through the merit and demerit of a man's thoughts and deeds in one life so as to determine the nature and condition of his next reincarnation, if there should not be time and opportunity for a reaping of results in one incarnation. Karma is beautifully defined in Whittier's lines:

"The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

—PAUL TYNER.



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