

The Throne of Eden

A PSYCHICAL ROMANCE

BY

W. J. COLVILLE

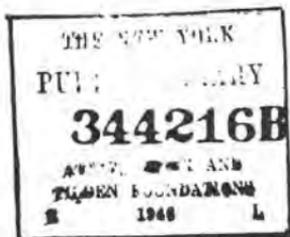
*Author of "Old and New Psychology," "Studies in Theosophy,"
"Dashed Against the Rock," "Spiritual Therapeutics"
and numerous other Works on the Psychological
Problems of the Ages*

Ch. C

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INTRODUCTION

THE following pages are written with two-fold object; first, to introduce in as compendious and costless a form as possible some highly important teaching entrusted to the writer's charge by a highly eminent author of great standard works on Anatomy and Hygiene, and, secondly, to compile a record of extensive travel in the Southern Hemisphere whither but few of our English or American friends are likely to have journeyed. A third consideration which has led to the production of this volume is the writer's intense conviction that the time has fully arrived for setting forth a rational system of *preventing* as well as *healing* disorders, a system which shall give due place to acknowledged rational sanitary science while not for an instant disparaging or undervaluing the mighty truth embodied (though variously expressed) in the many phases of mental, psychical or spiritual healing, the claims of which are now everywhere being put forward. There is certainly a pressing need in many places for a clear setting forth of health directions which will not unduly startle the masses by their seeming extravagance and will at the same time eloquently plead the cause of what may be righteously designated "Psycho-Therapeutics." Whenever exact quotations have been made from the works of any author full credit has been given to the source whence paragraphs were taken, and this has been done not alone to comply with the sacred demands of literary honesty, but also to enable those readers who may wish to pursue

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certain branches of the general subject much further than the narrow limits of these pages can permit to gain ready access to authoritative literature containing detailed information on the lines indicated. Standard guidebooks have been referred to whenever strictly geographical information has been introduced, to ensure strict accuracy as far as possible in all matters where precise statements concerning local matters have been needed to give full authenticity to the narrative. In these busy days condensation and compilation are greatly called for, and in answer to numerous inquiries raised on innumerable occasions during the writer's world-wide travellings as lecturer and press correspondent, this somewhat unusual story has been prepared for publication. This writing was chiefly accomplished in that great city of the Southern Hemisphere, SYDNEY, New South Wales, during the Australian winter of 1901 (June, July and August). Though this book will be classed as a romance by the general public, it is but fair to all readers to inform them that the fictitious element in the story consists only in occasional concealings of personal identities by changing names and places. It may be a source of honest regret to many ardent searchers after truth that anonymity should prevail or pseudonyms be employed when startling facts are related, but so far it has been found impossible to entirely vanquish the deep-rooted objection most widely prevalent on the part of sensitive individuals in private life to see their names and addresses figuring prominently on book stands or in any form of current literature.

Though fully aware that any author who resorts to any semblance of fiction in even the least degree is apt to be regarded as a romancist rather than a historian and is consequently liable to be ranked among writers of purely imaginative treatises, notwithstanding the naturalness of such a conclusion, it is but fair to state that insuperable barriers are often placed in the path of any who seek to rend the veil of privacy

and compel the light of public scrutiny to shine in upon the home life of men and women whose position in the communities of which they form an influential part renders them perhaps hypersensitive when the question of publishing their names is broached. Without violating sacred promises to respect the privacy insisted upon by valued and confiding friends, the writer of the following narrative has been as outspoken as possible, but in the telepathic incidents relating to the history of people prominent in Australia and New Zealand, names and addresses have been so far disguised as to afford no encouragement to any who might wish to interview the real actors in the marvellous drama herewith represented. Australasia is a veritable hot-bed of Spiritualism and Occultism, though many of the most prominent people who are deeply versed in occult matters, and to whom Spirit-Communion is a well-attested fact of more than daily occurrence, remain silent on all such questions except to such inquirers as present credentials entitling them to intimacy with the inner life of those good people not vouchsafed to the bulk of their acquaintances. Having enjoyed exceptional opportunities for investigating marvellous psychic phenomena entirely at first hand, the writer of these pages does not hesitate to vouch for the substantial accuracy of the whole of the following narrative, barring the admitted fact that names have been purposely altered and addresses disguised. Readers of the present volume are specially invited to discriminate between the different methods of healing mentioned and advocated in its pages. The writer has drawn material from two distinct sources and has endeavored to give full credit to both for contributions respectively received. The plain, practical directions for health given by "Dr. Lemoyne" to his students and patients, in the course of his lectures in different cities of America and England, are compiled from a fine large work entitled "Etiopathy," by Dr. George Dutton, of Chicago.

The marvellous accounts of healing attributed to the Greek Initiates are founded upon authentic records of esoteric fraternities whose public propagandist work is strictly confined to proclaiming truth and circulating doctrine without revealing the whereabouts of the lodges of the Order. As the question is constantly asked, why is there any seeming secrecy connected with works of such supreme beneficence as those attributed to hierophants in the Mysteries, two answers must necessarily be given: First, very particular conditions and a very special mode of life are positively necessary for the evolution and demonstration of the higher spiritual phenomena; second, no possible good end could be served by publishing in detail the outward ceremonies performed by unfolded adepts because none save adepts could accomplish anything like similar results were they to know and follow every detail of the ritual. The simple hygienic body of doctrine advocated throughout this volume may well prepare any who will carry it out in practice for drawing nearer to the state where mighty works can be accomplished, but to teach ceremonial Hypnotism and Magnetism to the multitude is worse than simply absurd, because incompetent persons are very apt to abuse a force which, though benignant in its essential nature, must be wisely directed and not perverted before it can possibly make manifest its latent ability to bless and heal the afflicted human race. A course of preparation is necessary for the neophyte who seeks to become a hierophant in the Mysteries, and as very few people are seemingly ready to follow the needed path of discipline, it remains possible only to make entirely public what may be aptly termed First Grade Instructions which everybody should follow, no matter whether adepthood is the goal in view or not. An increasing number of candidates are knocking at the doors of esoteric temples every year, but the great majority cannot be granted admittance until they have purified their lives by relinquishing all thoughts and affections which bring

forth strife and impurity. The way toward the highest attainment is more than hinted at in the following pages in many of the sayings attributed to "Sophocles" and "Anaxagoras," who faithfully depict those young Initiates who have given their lives unreservedly to the holy mission of blessing and healing the most afflicted members of the human family. If some mistaken ascetic or some well-meaning advocate of poverty as the necessary concomitant of holiness takes exception to the honest splendor surrounding the consecrated youths, it can only be because his views of life are too niggardly to enable him to grasp the truth of Nature's boundless opulence. Probably the average reader will find much practical instruction in the excellent passages from "Etiopathy" by which all humanity can largely profit, while the highly dramatic proceedings of the "Anastasian Occultists" will at least satisfy something of that yearning for the marvellous which we all possess and which is a necessary instinct of our being. This book has confessedly a mission; its aim is *sanitary* in the fullest sense of that word of mighty import, and it does unflinchingly uphold a path of sane and virtuous living in opposition to the false beliefs and revolting practices which are very frequently confounded with the truths of Sanitary Science. All this volume asks is a candid reading; it does not call for wholesale acceptance, nor is it afraid of unexamined rejection. It is written, published and circulated at as low a price as possible consistent with honest business dealings in all directions. With the unshakable conviction that it will gain a wide reading in many parts of the earth and find its true rank as one out of many modern records calculated to help the honest seeker after the Way of Life to draw nearer to the ideal pathway, it is launched upon the great literary ocean with unswerving faith by its author and compiler,

W. J. COLVILLE,

New York, January, 1902.

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THRONE OF EDEN

CHAPTER I

A GLIMPSE OF SYDNEY

MISS CYNTHIA CATTE, special correspondent in Sydney for nearly twenty English and American publications, had just finished a pile of correspondence amounting to nearly one hundred letters and postcards when she suddenly exclaimed to her confidential friend and boon companion, Miss Julia Panther, "Well! my nerves are just used up, no good talking! I require a change, and what is more, I must and will have one."

Whenever Miss Catte put her foot down and said she must and would obtain anything she usually got it, for she was one of those persistent hammer-away-until-you-gain-your-point individuals who believe in compelling circumstances to bend to them in place of their bending to circumstances. Miss Catte was no longer in her first youth, though she was still a youngish woman, juvenile in build, sprightly in manner and decidedly youthful in dress. A close inspection of her features soon conveyed to the keen observer that (to use her own particularly favorite simile) she was "A bear who had not

reached the bun at the top of the greasy pole," though she was steadily and courageously aiming and climbing toward the dizzy eminence.

Cosmopolitan in taste and Bohemian in general mode of existence, Miss Catte looked with no genial eye upon the doings of the great majority of her neighbors; she had plans and schemes innumerable perpetually hatching in her brain for the complete reconstruction of society, but, though she tirelessly advocated, both in and out of season, all her favorite hobbies, both by tongue and pen, she never quite succeeded in getting any one of her enterprises fairly launched upon the world. This fact, though it had by no means vanquished her enthusiasm, had contributed a slightly soured tone to many of the articles which she was continually producing at very high nervous pressure for the incessantly clamorous public press. In a word, Miss Catte was not altogether a contented woman, her ideals were largely unrealized and her nerves had apparently given way under the incessant strain of unremitting mental and physical activity conjoined with a good measure of that deferred hope which maketh the heart sick.

Miss Julia Panther was a totally different type of human being, entirely commercial, an excellent accountant as well as typist, and a stenographer of considerably higher than average attainment; she was also several years younger than Cynthia and had not seemingly experienced anything like so much of disappointment in her endeavors to get her schemes floated.

"Well, my dear," exclaimed the sprightly Julia, "if your poor nerves are really in such a desperately bad

way all I can advise you to do is to close with the offer made you last week by Moonington and Schackelford of Ludgate Circus, and embark for London by the earliest steamer."

"Easier said than done," retorted Cynthia sharply. "The firm you mention is one that exacts from all who work for it a maximum of work for a minimum of wage, and considering the frightful losses I have recently sustained by the total collapse of my Mexican securities, as you may well know, I am on my beam-ends financially. All very well for you, with your comfortable salary of two hundred pounds per annum paid to you regularly in quarterly instalments by Jacobs and Finkelstein, to talk of going to England for a trip. I have no four hundred pounds in the savings-bank and if I had I would be very chary about drawing out even one-quarter of it on an uncertainty. Show me a really good opening in London or anywhere else a few thousand miles away from Australia and I will soon let you see that I am ready to jump at it, but no more drudgery for me at semi-starvation wages. You don't know all the trains of thought you started when you handed me 'A Conquest of Poverty' by Helen Wilmans and urged me to read it thoughtfully before I criticised it."

"Well, well," replied Miss Panther, "you are right enough on the 'Conquest of Poverty' question, but I cannot see what you have against the offer made to you by Moonington and Schackelford, as both my brothers speak well of the firm, and you know Harry and Charley are not the sort of fellows who allow wool to be pulled over their eyes."

"Your brothers are smart enough when their own

bread and butter is concerned, but when it comes to the milk some one else stands in need of I have had no such evidence of their shrewdness," retorted Miss Catte snappishly. "Your brothers don't guarantee my passage to England, nor do they furnish me with home comforts when I get there. But here is a bargain; one of you three get me a position in London, where I am assured two hundred pounds a year at the lowest, and present me, from the firm engaging my services, with enough extra for a first-class return ticket to Sydney, and I'll use the money for the one first-class ticket in the purchase of two second-class tickets and pay out of my own pocket whatever may be the difference and take you with me. You are declaring you *must* see London, and nothing will induce you to disturb your four hundred pounds in the Post Office Savings-Bank, so here is your opportunity. My nerves must and shall have a change; a sea voyage is for me an absolute necessity in my present run-down condition, and as you declare you can always accomplish whatever you seriously attempt, you can do us both a good turn in this emergency."

"All right, Cynthia," responded Julia; "I'm going out to Watson's Bay to the Fitz-Munckeighs' this evening and I really do believe I can arrange something with Colonel Desmond Fitz-Munckeigh which will prove an excellent windfall for both of us; but look here, Cynthia three hundred pounds (fifteen hundred dollars) is the least I'll agree to let you go for; and we can both live on that amount if need be without any very pitiable scrimping. I shall consider two hundred pounds your share and one hundred pounds

my share for getting you the situation and looking after you."

"Go ahead, Julia," exclaimed Cynthia, "luck go with you, or I suppose I ought to say, in the light of our new higher thought philosophy, luck goes in you."

"That it does you may depend for all you're worth," declared Miss Panther as the clock on the tower of the magnificent General Post-Office struck the hour of five and imperatively reminded Miss Panther that the boat for Watson's Bay which she must catch in order to arrive in time for the Fitz-Munckeighs' dinner was due to depart from Circular Quay in fifteen minutes.

The above conversation took place in a very stylish boarding house on Macquarie Street toward the close of the exceptionally brilliant fashionable season of 1901 which commenced on the first day of January which inaugurated the twentieth century, and reached its culminating apex in the memorable June which witnessed the triumphal progress of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York through Victoria and Queensland and New South Wales prior to their never-to-be-forgotten visit to beautiful New Zealand.

Sydney had never been so full and never so gay before; Grand Opera had never been given on so superb and lavish a scale; fine concerts had never been so numerous or of such high degrees of excellence; popular lecturers had never before been greeted with such large and enthusiastic audiences; and general trade had never been so brisk; in a word, Sydney had never

been so thoroughly *en fête*, nor had its half million inhabitants ever had such superabundant excuse for both public and private jubilation.

Miss Cynthia Catte as a popular journalist and public entertainer, alike on concert stage and platform, had received her full share of the universal benediction, but added work, even though accompanied by added glory, meant a severe strain on a nervous system already strung, before the commencement of the royal season, to the highest possible pitch compatible with safety. July was now nearing its close; it was already the twenty-seventh, and business gave unmistakable signs of slightly slackening, therefore the prospect of nearing departure from Australia did not mean anything like so great a sacrifice of prospects and prestige as it would have meant a few months earlier.

Miss Panther had rushed out of the house to catch the boat to Watson's Bay, and Miss Catte, before dressing for dinner, took a good half hour to review the situation in which she actually found herself.

"Nerves, nothing but nerves, that's all that ails me," she repeated to herself, incessantly. "I can eat well and sleep well enough six days out of every seven, but that seventh is a terror; for then I simply cannot collect my thoughts or settle down to anything; no matter what is on the table before me, all food is alike tasteless and it seems to choke me. Then if I sleep I am not in the least rested; my dreams, though by no means bad, are terribly confusing; I seem to be in fifty places at once and in no one of them do I seem to accomplish anything. I want a change, and I will have it, that's the long and the short of it, and Miss Panther, whom I

have helped so long and so often, can well afford to do me a good turn on this occasion, especially when she will be feathering her own nest, and that pretty snugly, at the same instant."

The dressing bell rang and what Miss Catte was pleased to term "the imperative claims of the imperious chignon" quickly absorbed her attention. While dressing she passed herself in review much as an outsider might have done, appraising her strong points at their full value, but by no means refusing to acknowledge certain palpable infirmities.

"I have a good voice, a fluent tongue and a good figure, a ready pen and a very decent stage presence; I am a good conversationalist and I know how to make my way in the world as well as most people and far better than many," she ruminated; "but I'm not a *complete* success. I'm too nervous, too quickly agitated and I'm not satisfied with my position. Useless to disguise the facts of the situation, I'm not where I wish to be. My readings are well patronized; my songs are almost always encored; my articles for the press are always printed, and I'm a much talked-about individual; but though I've been received in the best society, dined with the nobility on many occasions and even appeared before royalty, I'm only a semi-success, and why? All on account of those uncertain nerves of mine which never know when to jump and when to keep quiet. Another sea voyage of at least a month's duration will set me up wonderfully, and then my poor mother in London really does want me to live with her. She will be seventy-one years of age next birthday; I'm the youngest of eight children (our mother didn't marry

early), so I really think I can plead filial duty as well as concern for my own health and pleasure if I resign my present arduous employment and seek another, and I hope a less exacting, field in which to exercise my versatility."

The dinner bell rang, and Miss Catte, by no means enraptured with her silent soliloquy, descended to the spacious dining room where dinner was served elaborately every evening at a quarter past six to the minute. The Saturday dinner was not usually the fullest of the week, but covers were laid for twenty-three boarders, nearly all of whom swept in to their places within five minutes of the sounding of the second gong, which always rang imperiously, as though to remind all who heard it that the aristocratic landlady knew how to serve tongue to her boarders when necessity required, hot, cold, or with sauce piquante.

Miss Catte, who never, as she expressed it, "took a seat behind any one," was fully a match for the slightly pompous Mrs. Boneswell, who never forgot that, though at present she was slightly reduced in circumstances, she was the widow of a celebrated professor of anatomy who had once occupied a chair in Sydney University.

"As my dear husband used to say," was always Mrs. Boneswell's introduction to any declaration of opinion she might be called upon to give forth during the progress of the long ceremonial dinner, which was one of the chief attractions of her professedly select and exclusive private boarding establishment. Christian Science and Mental Science were two distinct "fads" in which some of her "paying guests" indulged, and, on one occasion when Lady Alexia Wytche had sat at her

table for nearly seven weeks, Mrs. Boneswell had almost lost her usually excellent appetite, so enthusiastic had she become in defending conservative medical practice against the "specious sophistries" of modern metaphysical practitioners.

Miss Catte and Miss Panther had remained largely non-committal during those celebrated dialogues, not because they had no opinions to ventilate, but because they learnt more and got more "copy" for the periodicals which employed their services by listening than they could have gained by talking on such occasions.

Lady Wytche had entrance to the Vice-Regal circle; she had more than once been invited to dinner at Government House and had frequently introduced her particular friends Lady Clifton and Lady Seven Oaks to dinner, tea, lunch, and other functions at Mrs. Boneswell's. Need it then be wondered at that "poor dear Mrs. Boneswell," as her intimate friends were wont to call her, was painfully conscious of sitting perpetually between two fires; for, on the one hand, she was in honor bound to defend the tenets of her "dear departed," and, on the other hand, she must be extremely careful to say nothing that could needlessly offend so important a boarder as her ladyship.

Lady Wytche had gone to Melbourne, but Sir Julian Toggietoff remained in Sydney and sat at Mrs. Boneswell's table as an ardent champion of the theories expounded by Lady Wytche. Conversation, therefore, still continued to run in the self-same groove, but the boarders had by this time ranged themselves pretty decidedly under three banners, viz., Advocates, Opponents, and Inquirers.

Mr. and Mrs. Polthurst, Miss Edith Gresham and Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Hunter led the advocacy of mental healing in full sympathy with Sir Julian. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner Toothdrawn headed the opposition; while Miss Catte, Miss Panther and at least fifty per cent. of the remaining boarders declined to take sides definitely, though they occasionally expressed themselves pretty strongly on either side of the controversy if they felt that one controversialist was taking an unfair advantage of another.

When she was feeling well and things were going briskly with her, Miss Catte was a decided optimist; on such occasions she could digest whole pages of Helen Wilmans's "Lessons for Home Study," which Lady Rhoda Stacey (who resided in the immediate neighborhood) was always glad to lend her, but when the weather was wet and her nerves were jumping, pessimism was not far distant from her expressed philosophy.

Miss Panther was less subject to varying moods, as her disposition was far more calculating and her temperament more equable than that of her co-worker, and as she prided herself upon the possession of an unusually large amount of good, sterling practical intelligence, which she always declared she shared with her brothers, who in her eyes were the two most successful young business men in Sydney, she was chary of advocating at any great length a scheme of doctrine that might land her in extravagancies of speech and action.

Miss Catte never let herself out quite so freely when Miss Panther was beside her at the table as when she felt that water as well as land divided her from her

somewhat dogmatic companion, but on this particular Saturday evening during Miss Panther's absence she allowed herself to be completely convinced by an argument logically carried from premise to conclusion by Sir Julian Toggietoff, who in perfect evening dress and without an eyeglass appeared to great advantage as an exponent of mental healing.

"Look at my eyes," he had commenced. "I was nearly blind before Lady Wytche came to Sydney, and now I have said good-bye forever to all my former eyeglasses."

"Your eyes have certainly improved of late," admitted Mrs. Boneswell, though it must be confessed somewhat reluctantly; "but then, as I have often told you, my dear husband used frequently to say that nervous disorders constantly yield to suggestive hallucination, and I'm sure our famous Dr. Angel Money will quite agree with him."

"For my own part," exclaimed Miss Catte, "I should consider nerves to be at the root of ninety or perhaps ninety-five per cent. of all the maladies which now afflict us. This twentieth century has been conceived and born neurotically; our nerves are like quivering jelly, our hearts palpitate every time the door-bell rings or a German band starts playing suddenly in the neighboring street. For my own part, I'm determined to investigate what some of my friends tell me is a new, simple and very effective system of healing. It is called Etiopathy and hails from Chicago. Dr. Dutton, President of the Order of Eden, is the author of a massive book bearing the attractive title 'Etiopathy, the Way of Life,' and as it has just been handed to me for review I must

read a work of that kind pretty thoroughly before I notice it. I am just now deep in its mysteries, which are not, in my opinion, too profound for the general reader."

"I wish you would read some of it to us this evening. Saturday night is the leisure time for some of us, and you do make your readings so vital, we never get enough of them," said Mrs. Pelham Hunter, between whom and Miss Catte a warm friendship was rapidly springing up.

"All right; as soon as dinner is entirely cleared away and those who are intending to go out have gone, I'll read to you for an hour from the volume of your choice and, to further quote from Longfellow, I'll do my best to add to the charm of the writer the beauty of my voice," assented Miss Catte willingly, for she was a good reader and knew it, and moreover it always helped her to get a clear idea of a topic for a newspaper article to read it up aloud to a company.

On this occasion, as soon as complete tranquillity reigned in the dining room, Miss Catte prefaced her reading by informing her audience that Dr. Dutton, whose views she was about to ventilate, was President of the Order of Eden, a society whose headquarters were in Chicago, a city with which she was by no means unfamiliar. Opening her special extract book very leisurely and satisfying herself that all present were prepared to give undivided attention to her reading, Miss Catte selected the following essay as an introduction to the main subject, giving due credit to *Progressive Thought*, a very popular monthly magazine edited for the past many years by Henry Cardew, who always

selects for its pages the most curious and interesting contributions he can secure from local and distant contributors. In the issue dated September, 1900, appeared the following, to which the assembled company in Mrs. Boneswell's dining room listened with rapt attention :

Eden is in the Human Heart.

A new cult has recently established headquarters in Chicago, but it claims to have enthusiastic devotees as far from home as Persia. This cult has for its foundation healthy bodies and healthy minds for all peoples, and its argument that it is to be mighty for good is that it has discovered that the Garden of Eden of Scripture is nothing more nor less than the human body, and that Eden is in reality the human heart. The claim for all this is curiously worked out of Genesis and to the entire satisfaction of the members of the Order of Eden, that being the name of the cult's organization, which has a membership in Chicago of over forty men and women, many of whom are university graduates and members of the medical and divine fraternities.

The founder of this cult is Geo. Dutton, A.B., M.D. Dr. Dutton is a ripe scholar and the author of several standard medical works. So the society was at least founded by a man of intellectual parts and wide study of the human form more or less divine. Branch orders are being formed in America and in Persia. Curiously enough, the University of El Kharman, Persia, is so much in harmony with the philosophy of the order that it has conferred its most honorable degree upon Dr.

Dutton, and Rev. Dr. Hannish, one of the twelve governors of El Kharman, will deliver a course of lectures before the order in Chicago.

It will be interesting to examine the argument of the Order for holding that the Eden of the Bible is none other than the human heart. In Genesis ii, 10, it is declared that "a river went out of Eden to water the garden and from thence it parted and became into four heads." This declaration is the corner stone of the Order of Eden, and it is based upon the interpretation of the founder of the Order. The Bible names of the four heads of the river are Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. Anatomically they stand for and mean the innominate artery, the left common carotid, the left subclavian, and the descending aorta. The analogy runs this way, as the founder understands the meaning of the text: The four branches, or "heads of the river," nourish the body. The first branch, the innominate, is the common trunk of the right subclavian and right common carotid arteries that together supply the right arm and right side of the head. The Hebrew of the first head, Pison, is Ehhadh, which means "joined together as one." The innominate artery — the first branch of the aorta after it leaves the heart — is joined by the blood which flows through the right subclavian and right common carotid arteries.

The Bible says the first head — that is, Pison — "compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium and the onyx stone." Dr. Dutton holds that the "land of Havilah" means the right arm, brain and head, which are fed by Pison, or the innominate artery. The appli-

cation is this: Havilah signifies "to bring forth, to feel pain, to create, form, supply strength," which meaning the founder thinks vividly portrays the offices of the brain, right arm, and hand, which are appropriately represented by gold and precious stones.

The name of the second river is Gihon, which signifies "to run out or burst forth into instant activity — into thought" — and applies to the second great artery at the arch of the aorta — the left common carotid — that feeds the left side of the head and brain, and through the "circle of Willis" can supply also the right side of the brain. Thus is the power of thought supplied.

The third river, Hiddekel, signifies action — constantly moving — and it supplies the left upper extremity of the left hand, which typifies industry.

The fourth river is Euphrates, and means "generation, to increase, the creative power." This branch is called the "great river," and is the descending aorta. It supplies the lungs and all the organs below the lungs, including most of the organs of the chest and stomach.

The founder holds that his is the only rational interpretation that can be given to the text; he claims that the best authorities admit that no spot answering to the Garden of Eden, as described in Genesis, has ever been found upon the earth. The fact that the rivers are made to run up stream, the founder thinks, is quite sufficient to prove that it is all symbolical. Hence he argues that only in the human body can anything be found to which the language of the text can be made to apply. The conclusion is that, as the arterial blood which, as a full stream, leaves the left side of the heart,

nourishes the entire body, that is, "waters the garden," it is clear that the human heart and body is what is meant. That is to say, the human heart is the Eden and the human body the Garden of Eden of the Bible.

The founder of the Order of Eden insists that no Hebrew scholar, himself being an acknowledged master of that language, who understands anatomy, or even the circulation of the blood, can fail to see the close analogy, when once pointed out, between the arterial circulation and the river that went out of Eden to water the garden. But he carries the analogy still farther in this wise: The body is the place where not only woman, the mother of the race, but man also is tempted through the senses. The forbidden fruit is self-will that is set up in opposition to the Divine will.

The ethics of the allegory is that it is the duty of man, as a gardener, to take the most perfect care of his body that it may administer to his needs. The conclusion of the whole matter is that in the midst of the garden, *i. e.*, interiorly, is planted the tree of life — the soul — and also the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The tree of knowledge is the human intellect, which gathers and bears the fruit of good and evil alike, since children learn what is called evil almost as readily as that which is called good. Hence, riper judgment and more perfect guidance will enable humanity to reject the forbidden fruit.

The real or ultimate object of the Order of Eden is to persuade men and women everywhere to lead wholesome lives in mind and body by careful study of their own nature, their relation to God and to one another.

The immortality of the soul is affirmed, and the continuity of all life, and the ministry of spirits devoutly believed. The motto of the Order is, "Know for Thyself."

After the reading, as may be easily supposed, there was an animated discussion, which lasted till Miss Panther's return shortly after eleven.

CHAPTER II

AN AUSTRALIAN SUNDAY

THE day following being Sunday, and visitors feeling anxious to view as much as possible of Sydney Harbor, Miss Catte, after accompanying some new arrivals from America to the Unitarian Church which they desired to attend in the morning, suggested that the afternoon should be spent in viewing the beautiful suburb of Manly, which is reached in forty minutes by a delightful ferry. Dinner was served at half-past one on Sundays at Mrs. Boneswell's, and as that meal always occupied an hour, Mrs. and the Misses Ventura and Sierra Clickington were just able to comfortably reach the boat which left Circular Quay at three precisely.

Miss Catte, who had known the Clickingtons in New York several years previously and had found them kindly as well as honorable people, was very glad to introduce them to one of the most lovely places of resort in the Southern Hemisphere. The day was perfect, though it was properly midwinter in Australia (July 28th); the sea was calm, the air was balmy, and the sun shone bright and warm, though not with the torrid radiance which it displays during the greater part of the Australian summer.

Sydney Harbor is truly one of the finest in the world, and, except for Vesuvius smoldering in the near distance, there is no more reason for the saying, "See

Naples and die," than there would be for a new saying, "See Sydney and die." The numerous brilliant sky-tints which gorgeously combine with magnificent inland scenes, comprising a bewildering contrast of hill and dale, jutting promontories, bald, steep cliffs and terrace upon terrace of sheer rock covered with humble cottages and palatial mansions, all serve to make the brief time occupied on the deck of a ferry steamer on a cloudless day a scene never to be forgotten by even the most experienced of travellers. Nature has surrounded Sydney with beauties denied to almost every other great city of the world, but art has not kept pace with Nature; therefore those who approach the city for the first time by water are struck by its thousand charms and amazing picturesqueness, but when they enter its interior they find it very like Naples in manifold particulars, for though it boasts of many really fine public edifices and splendid parks and gardens, the general features presented to the eye of the expectant visitor are not at all on a level with the boundless anticipations conjured up by the first impression gained while on the ocean.

Manly is not a disappointment; it is a distinct success, for though only a small village in dimensions, it is beautiful in all its parts and extremely sanitary in all its arrangements. The splendid Roman Catholic Training College looks down upon the busy little town just as ecclesiastical institutions are wont to look down upon villages in Europe. The sea, sometimes a deep blue, at other times an intense green, presents a boundless outlook on the one hand, while a small sheltered bay skirted with a beautiful promenade, always thronged with

pedestrians and donkey-riders on fine Sundays and holiday afternoons, is an exhaustless source of rest and gladness to the thousands of toilers who resort thither for a true airing amid scenes of mingled rest and action indescribably attractive.

"We've nothing just like this in America, at least so far as I know," exclaimed Mrs. Sophronia Clickington, a portly matron in advancing middle life. "There's something so unmistakably English about Australia even in its seaside resorts; there must be a psychic reason for such strangely vivid resemblances to England twelve thousand miles away from the mother island."

"I've often thought," pursued Miss Catte, "that places grow like people even more than people grow like places; it's a strange theory, of that I'm well aware, and I don't quite know how to explain it to myself, but it's an unmistakable phenomenon; we certainly stamp our impress on our surroundings till seemingly rigid but really plastic material substance becomes inevitably colored by the psychic impressions it receives from our mentalities."

"How much you remind me of Mrs. Parrot," remarked Mrs. Clickington, "that extremely eloquent speaker, who used to crowd the largest halls in San Francisco a few years ago and then was spirited away to India at the bidding of some occult fraternity whose doings are, I believe, always Chaldaic to the uninitiated."

"Mrs. Parrot! Do you know her?" ejaculated Miss Catte, excitedly. "Why she's now in Sydney, but leaving very shortly for New Zealand. She lectures this evening in Leigh Hall, Castlereagh St., a splendidly

decorated dancing academy full of mirrors and artificial flowers suspended from the ceiling. Her subject to-night is MEMORY. I had thought of going to report her lecture for the *Telegraph*, and if you would like to go with me to hear her we can get some tea at our boarding place and reach the hall not much after seven. The musical exercises begin at seven to the instant, but her lecture does not commence till nearly half-past seven, so we needn't hurry ourselves unduly; but as her stay is now very limited, I expect there will be a tight squeeze for late arrivals, as she is creating quite a sensation both by her doctrines and her eloquence, and admission on Sundays is by freewill offerings, so the crowd takes advantage of the comparatively free opportunity of hearing her."

"Oh, do let's go by all means," shouted the three ladies in chorus, whom Miss Catte had addressed collectively.

"Memory's a delightful subject," exclaimed Miss Sierra Clickington, "and I do want to hear what that extraordinary woman has to say about it. I hear she's quite an Amazon, struts about the platform as if the whole earth belonged to her and lays down the law on all subjects as if she were divinely commissioned to reconstruct society."

"Well, she is not always mild in her utterances, I grant you; at least she was not when I heard her in California while you girls were at school in Oregon," continued Mrs. Clickington. "I daresay her Indian experiences have made her, if anything, still more imperious, but then again, they may have softened her. At any rate, let's take the next boat back to Sydney and judge for ourselves of her present status."

The trip back across the water was not quite so pleasant as the outward voyage, for the sun was setting and a chill wind had risen, but the sunset glory was a truly magnificent spectacle, presenting a combination of vivid colors never seen thus fantastically grouped on any of the far colder coasts of England.

After a simple and hasty tea the four ladies quickly wended their way to Leigh Hall, where they arrived five minutes after seven. The hall was crowded to the doors and a distinguished vocalist was rendering "The Holy City" as the first number on the program. At the close of the song, by dint of a little elbowing, pushing and jostling, the ladies managed to make their way to some comfortable seats in an alcove far away from the platform, but where they could see the entire audience as well as the speaker reflected in some of the many mirrors for which the hall is famous.

Mrs. Parrot, who appeared rather ponderous and stately, clad in black velvet relieved with an abundance of white lace and a good amount of jewellery, recited with much expression the following stanzas of the magnificent poem by the Persian poet Derhazan which has been translated into all languages and framed in the palaces of emperors:

ODE TO DEITY

O Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside,
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
 Being whom we call God and know no more.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command;
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss;
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light —
 A glorious company of golden streams —
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright —
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams!
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
 And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host
 Though multiplied by myriads and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against Thy greatness; is a cypher brought
 Against infinity! What am I, then? Naught!

Naught? but the effluence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
 Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Naught? but I live and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
 I live and breathe and dwell; aspiring high
 E'en to the throne of Thy divinity.
 I am, O God, and surely *Thou* must be.

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art;
 Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand.
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land;

The chain of being is complete in me,
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit, Deity.
 I can command the lightning and am dust;
 A monarch and a slave, a worm, a god;

Whence came I here, and how? So marvellously
 Constructed and conceived? Unknown, this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy;
 For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes; Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created *me*, Thou source of life and good;
 Thou spirit of my spirit and my Lord!
 Thy light, Thy love in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 E'en to its source — to Thee, its Author there.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest,
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek Thy presence, being wise and good;
 Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude. Amen.

After the above sublime poetical prayer, Mrs. Parrot announced a hymn for congregational singing:

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

The six verses of this stirring old hymn were heartily sung to a familiar tune by the vast audience, accompanied on a good American organ by an enthusiastic volunteer organist, who took great delight in assisting at any public gathering where he felt that truth was being promulgated and the public generally benefited.

After this hymn came the lecture, which Miss Catte stenographically reported. Though she was about as

far as she could be from the speaker, unless she had gone into the vestibule, she could follow distinctly every word of the impassioned speech, for not only was her hearing particularly acute, but Mrs. Parrot's delivery was extremely distinct; her articulation was almost perfect. There were times when her delivery became very torrid and impetuous, but her extremely rapid utterances were generally poured forth when she was vigorously combating what she conceived to be the cardinal errors of a false theological or sociological system, not when she was simply contenting herself, as on this occasion, with enunciating the principles of her own somewhat unique philosophy.

As several announcements were made previous to the stated lecture, the reporter had an opportunity for glancing over the audience before devoting herself to the somewhat arduous task of reporting the lecture *in extenso*. The large percentage of young men in the vast assembly particularly interested her, and the generally thoughtful and well-to-do appearance of the whole congregation quickly convinced her that the Sydney public must be taking a vital interest in such mental and spiritual problems as Mrs. Parrot was undertaking to attempt to solve in their hearing. On transcribing her notes subsequently (indeed that same night before retiring), Miss Catte found that Mrs. Parrot's lecture read as follows :

Memory — Its Rightful Government and Use.

The word memory is a good noun, but it is very often, most unfortunately, associated with such highly

objectionable adjectives as *bad*, *treacherous*, and others of similar import; therefore it may be fairly spoken of as an often much persecuted faculty. Memory is, moreover, so frequently confounded with *recollection* that it is often difficult to know exactly what is meant when people inquire how they may strengthen and discipline their memories. We have all, doubtless, had the annoying experience, many times repeated, of trying very hard to commit something to memory and failing utterly in the attempt, and what is still more trying, people think they have thoroughly succeeded in committing what they desire to memory, but, in the very moment when they are most in need of the committed information, they find themselves totally unable to recall it.

First, let us define memory, and in the second place let us clearly understand what we mean by recollection. To memorize is to place something safely away for future use in one or other of the innumerable mental repositories or receptacles contained within the psychic brain, which retains its stores of knowledge and safely treasures all impressions made upon it or within it through years and decades of years continuously, despite the many complete transformations which have taken place in the entire physical mechanism (brain included) during every earthly lifetime of average duration. We commit to memory whatever interests us, whether the object of interest inspires us with satisfaction or displeasure; thus it is found that, regardless of our attitude toward a scene or circumstance, if it has proved of sufficient interest to us to really enchain our individual attention even for an instant, it has got itself

photographed somewhere within us. Persons who complain of defective or tricky memories are they who attend in a desultory manner to several things at once, and because they pay no strict regard to any one event they receive a jumbled mass of impressions entirely lacking in definite outline.

Troublesome dreams, which are simply wearying and worrying, are caused by the pernicious habit of receiving impressions in the daytime in confused masses instead of singly and distinctly. When we refer to the contents of our memories which most conspicuously assert themselves at frequent intervals and particularly when we note the clear outline of events which occurred long ago, the record of which seems positively ineffaceable, we are introduced to one of the most striking phenomena connected with memory, a phenomenon which, if duly considered, can prove of incalculable aid to the teacher who wishes to see the children whom he instructs develop what is commonly termed a highly retentive memory. Those impressions of ours which seem ineradicable have been made, for the most part, without our deliberate volition; scenes have imprinted their likenesses within our consciousness without our trying to imprint them, and as we are frequently more interested when we are children in trifles than in more serious concerns, elderly people often recall with remarkable ease and precision the furniture of an old nursery, the clothing they wore to a children's party, snatches of commonplace juvenile conversations, and many other unimportant details of sixty or more years ago, when much that they were ordered to learn by heart at school and college they seem to have entirely forgotten.

Memory can never be normally trained by any forcing process, and though the celebrated systems of Stokes and other distinguished professors of *mnemonics* in England and America, being founded upon the well-known law known as the *association of ideas*, have something to recommend them to the student who vainly wrestles with what he erroneously calls *a bad memory*, there is absolutely no need for systems of an arbitrary nature to develop memory among simple-minded, healthy children, whose memory functions as naturally and easily as all their other untutored faculties.

All who are seeking to improve their memories at any period in life do well to practise the art of concentration upon one thing at a time to the utter exclusion of all other considerations; this is really the essence of East Indian Yoga practice, in so far as it is beneficial for all races of mankind, other than those who are natives of India and surrounding territories. In childhood we are sufficiently unsophisticated, as a rule, to allow things to impress us without pausing to inquire into the how or the why of their so doing. "*Make me a child again just for to-night!*" is a very natural ejaculation, and we shall not do well to overlook the sage words of the Gospel, "Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." We hear very much of the innocence and docility of young children, but there is a third element in childish character which touches very closely our present subject, viz., *natural inquisitiveness*. The unspoiled child takes an interest in every new object presented to his gaze, and though he can readily turn to the newest which confronts his vision, he examines things thoroughly, one at a time, and does

not wish to go on to the next investigation until he has satisfactorily concluded the present one.

Things may seem small in themselves and yet be agents for developing the concentrative habit in very large degree, and though it is certainly preferable, when we have the option, to rivet attention on the most important objects within our reach, much can fairly be said in favor of forming a desirable mental habit regardless of the special instrumentalities employed in its formation. A course in Logic is of great use to many people who never seek to become professional lawyers or debaters, simply because it is a great help to everybody to become accustomed to the process of reasoning clearly and reaching conclusions by a distinct deductive process from an accepted premise. To spend a short time every day silently and intently contemplating a deliberately selected object is a great aid to many people who are seeking to gain better hold over their memories, because this practice accustoms them to orderly processes of thinking.

Loss of memory or lack of memory is a mental disease, as much so as any other aberration which calls for mental treatment. Having once gained a firm hold upon an idea, or clearly visualized an object mentally, the next point to consider is how to remember, recall or recollect what has been membered, called or collected. Every word commencing with *re* necessarily refers to doing something again which has been done before, it being strictly impossible to recall or recover what has never yet been a part of one's possessions. Recollection is greatly affected by the immediate state of the nervous system; and it often happens that one who is possessed

of an excellent, well-stored memory fails to remember at the right moment what it is very important he should recall exactly then and there, in consequence of temporary nervous perturbation. Intelligently administered suggestive treatment proves of incalculable value in all cases where lack of nervous equilibrium is the cause of breakdown in public life, or in any private situation where it is imperatively necessary to remember a given incident at a given moment.

There is a very great truth embodied in the old adage, "*Forgive and forget*," and though we know many well-meaning people who say they can do the former but cannot possibly accomplish the latter, we do not hesitate to say that forgiveness cannot be perfect unless forgetfulness also ensues. To forgive an injury; to pardon one who has done us a wrong, is to comply with a noble spiritual precept so far as our will is concerned; but if we retain in our intellects what we have banished from our affections, we are, mentally speaking, in a most unsatisfactory plight. To forget literally means to forego; forget is a word of closely kindred import, so much so that we may fairly declare that the three highly important words, *forgive*, *forget*, *forego*, are very nearly synonyms. It is, no doubt, quite possible for some really kind-hearted people to wish well to those who have done them wrong, but against whom they harbor no present resentment; at the same time, it is a most detrimental mental state to indulge, when one allows himself to believe that though an unpleasant episode need not leave a moral scar, it must leave an intellectual disfigurement. It is probably easier for many people to govern their will than to control their memory; but

memory as well as will must be duly disciplined before health, success and happiness can become our inalienable possessions. "Forgetting the things which are behind" is a very strong expression, and one we can never experimentally realize until we have admitted to ourselves that it is within the scope of our possibility to entirely control our thoughts, as well as to regulate our emotions.

The shallow training which most children receive alike in school and home tends to impoverish and render the action of the recollective faculty extremely fitful. Too many lessons following at very brief intervals one upon the other; too many studies which can only be followed out a very little way, together with an unnatural straining after brilliancy and breadth, without giving due regard to depth and thoroughness, may be truthfully assigned as chief causes for the poor memories of which so many people of both sexes and all ages in these bustling times complain.

We often hear people sighing over present decadence and degeneracy, despite the tremendous vaunted progress made during the nineteenth century; and though we are willing to allow a wide margin for the errors always accompanying a pessimistic view, we do not think it can be truly denied that we are sadly lacking to-day in many sterling excellencies which our forefathers exhibited. A jaunt through Europe for the purpose of studying the art treasures of many lands must convince the genuine observer of what the eye lights upon in the great treasure houses of art, which are delightfully abundant, especially in Italy and Germany, that the great painters and sculptors of a few centuries ago were men who allowed impressions to

take such hold upon them that they had simply to paint or carve out of their own selves that which they most intensely realized.

A very modern instance of a young American painter is well worth relating: A young gentleman was sent by his parents from New York to Paris, to study art; he was afflicted (so he and his friends believed) with a very erratic memory, and though his eye for color was good, and his sense of perspective fine, his poor memory gave him a good deal of trouble, and he was beginning to settle down entirely into a coypist, devoid of inspiration, originality and even memory. One day when walking with a party of friends through the splendid galleries of the Louvre this young man was suddenly so fascinated with a single picture that he stood before it like a statue for two full hours and over. His friends spoke to him, touched him, and in various ways endeavored to gain his attention, but all in vain, for he was entirely wrapped up in the picture. When at length it seemed to those who were watching him that he had taken a perfect facsimile of the magnificent painting into himself, he suddenly left the gallery, and walked very rapidly to his lodgings, looking straight before him, but though he piloted himself quite safely over all crossings, he evidently took not the slightest notice of a single object on his way. On reaching the house where he was boarding, he ran quickly upstairs, locked himself into his studio on the top floor, and remained there till late in the evening, when he entered the dining room very late for dinner with a radiant countenance, exclaiming joyfully, "I've done a wonderful afternoon's work; I invite you all to come upstairs

and see what you think of my new picture." To the perfect amazement of all who saw the picture, which was still very wet, they beheld a perfect reproduction of the glorious painting in the Louvre, which the artist had been devouring for over two hours that very morning. The only explanation the painter could possibly give was that the original picture had completely photographed itself within him and that immediately upon returning to his studio he had let it ooze out through the brushes he held in his hand. After that singular experience a new confidence in his own artistic capabilities took possession of the once careless and forgetful student, and henceforward he found that though only on very rare occasions could he duplicate the marvellous experiences of that singularly eventful day, whenever he allowed himself to be thoroughly taken possession of by an idea, no matter whether he had seen it portrayed on canvas or not, he could embody it with great rapidity and skill and wonderful fidelity to the original.

We all contain an immense fund of undeveloped possibility; what members of a Society for Psychical Research may call our "submerged personalities" may be only the deeper aspects of common faculties which we all glibly designate and superficially employ; it therefore affords a fascinating and highly profitable field for study to accustom ourselves to look for far larger results than ordinary from the very endowment we all claim to possess, but which we employ usually in only the most desultory and slipshod manner. In order to gain control over the contents of our memory-chambers we need to persistently regulate our thoughts, which

(popular misbelief to the contrary) is actually an easier task to fulfil than to govern our words and actions, seeing that thought anticipates speech and becomes ultimated in action. Whatever we hold in our thought-sphere and allow ourselves to dwell upon is certain to express itself sooner or later in corresponding words and deeds, which are the fruits of thought. Every thought brings forth, each according to its kind, and every word ultimates finally in the kind of action which the utterance has forestalled.

It is intensely important for us to hold in mind the continual necessity of guarding the entrance to the seat of our intellect. We need to exercise ourselves with all our senses, which are mental faculties expressed through physical organs. Every sense becomes strengthened through regular continuous exercise; but all are atrophied in consequence of long disuse, and rendered weak and unreliable if we force or strain them. Memory exercises should be taken like vocal exercises—steadily and progressively; but all disagreeable tension must be avoided. Singers and lecturers who use their voices almost incessantly, but do not strain the vocal chords, find their entire vocal anatomy growing much stronger than that of people who “save” their voices, and who, in consequence of such unnatural saving, soon find themselves becoming almost voiceless. The same applies to sight and to all other senses or faculties in turn. Each must be kept in constant practice, like the fingers of a pianist or a violinist, but each must be treated with confidence and respectful consideration, encouraged to develop normally, not thwarted by fear and distrust.

Whenever you abuse your memory by giving it a bad name you suggest to yourself that you are afflicted with a very treacherous memory, and by force of adverse auto-suggestion you render it weaker and more fitful than it has ever proved before. Put your memory upon its honor, trust in it, suggest to yourself that it will serve you perfectly, and you will be delighted to find within a very short time that it is giving up its tricky habits and behaving quite decently. As school children are often greatly bothered with home lessons and a great deal of nervous apprehension afflicts them and their parents also, it is well to know that the following method of committing lessons to memory has been adopted in many homes, with wonderfully successful results. Let some grown person in whom a child has confidence repeat the lesson sentence by sentence, the child repeating it after the prompter. During this exercise no distraction of any sort must be permitted, and it is sometimes helpful to introduce the suggestion, from time to time, "*Now we know it.*"

Suggestive treatment, both oral and silent, present and absent, can prove of incalculable value to all who feel in need of help to aid them in gaining the victory over their (at present) undisciplined mental faculties. Memory is in most cases a much overrated faculty, which, though of decided use, is by no means capable of taking the place of intuition, illumination, inspiration, or any direct perception of truth. Memory is necessarily a historian—it chronicles what has already taken place; but in all its well-stored archives it has no place for *inner light*, such as Mystics and Quakers have wisely regarded as infinitely superior to retrospective vision.

When we are placed in new situations, and called upon to act in circumstances unlike any with which we have been previously environed, memory cannot serve us, for it is only a recorder, and we need the services of a seer or prophet. Memory is entirely subordinate to intuition in all the trying and difficult crises of our lives; it therefore happens that many highly intuitive people care little for memory, while the best memorialists are those who pay little heed to interior revelations. Memory should be disciplined until we can remember and forget at will.

Often an old memory which needs destruction is the secret unsuspected cause of many a chronic ailment. Periodic attacks of illness such as *quinsey sore throat*, *rose cold*, *hay fever*, and many other epidemics of disorder which frequently recur at stated intervals, are largely fostered by memory; and it is often the case when dates for recurrence are temporarily forgotten because of complete mental preoccupation, the annual visitation is omitted for a season. Should it then and there be vanquished by a determined effort of will, united with a new kind of expectation, the tendency will have been surmounted, and the old enemy will not reappear.

As we learn to govern our memories by regulating systematically the kind of aliment we supply to them, we shall find life becoming much nobler, happier and more successful, as well as far freer from physical distemper, than it has ever been before. To accustom oneself to absorb only what one wishes to drink in mentally from one's surroundings is a singularly profitable exercise. Memory works best when we are quietly recep-

tive and not struggling to remember, while reflection invariably serves us most faithfully when we are calmly reliant upon our recollective ability. Stage fright, causing a *débutante* to forget her lines, or a collegian to break down at time of examination or graduation, is due partly to undue self-consciousness not unmixed with fear concerning a result, and partly to sensitiveness to the mixed influences in a miscellaneous assembly. Memory itself is not at fault when recollection stumbles.

Memory may be compared to a well, recollection to a pump or bucket. We often feel that the water is surely in the well, but we have no means at hand for bringing it to the surface. A clear, distinct, incisive mental treatment is of the highest value when one feels sure he knows something but fears he cannot then recall it, though it is sure to come to him afterwards, when its appearance may be of no especial service. Self-treatment, or auto-suggestion, often suffices, but when one is in a state of unusual trepidation it is a great help to know that aid is being proffered in one's extremity by a firmer and stronger friend. Many ailments of chronic character which defy all ordinary forms of treatment are due to harboring distressful memories. The mental healer must in such cases be very frank with the sufferer and point out as clearly as possible the necessity forgetting rid of these direful and distressing memories. Remembrance of an old grudge or insult suffices to keep many a sensitive invalid in a state of perpetual distemper, and there are also many cases of continuous suffering brought about by constantly recalling one's own shortcomings in days gone by. We must forgive ourselves as well as our neighbors, for it is just as injurious

to health on all planes to harbor resentment against oneself as against a neighbor.

All who are afflicted with tormenting recollections of past offences should resolve to make all possible restitution for them, and live to-day as nobly as possible; but instead of wasting time and energy in useless mourning over an irrevocable past, those who tread in paths of wisdom "let the dead past bury its dead." Reminiscences, unless of a distinctly pleasurable and encouraging nature, are usually detrimental, because they alienate attention from present activities, and often cause a lingering regret over lost opportunities, and throw a false glamor over a largely imaginary past, causing the present to appear decidedly mean by contrast.

We do not need to remember every detail of a past experience to garner the harvest of it. We travel to reach certain destinations, but while voyaging to a predetermined terminus, there are many incidents of travel, perfectly orderly as episodes of the journey, which we have no need to remember when we have reached our goal. So it is with mental and spiritual growth; we do not need to recall every incident of how we reached our present station — it is enough for us to have within us and around us the results of certain experiences, which were necessary to bring us to our present vantage ground. Perception is more than memory, insight is more than recollection, and it would be very well for us all did we strive less to *remember*, and seek more to *perceive*.

Whenever we find ourselves in some new situation where all established precedent must fail, memory cannot afford us the information we require, but when we

have accustomed ourselves to quietly and confidently await illumination, we shall find that we contain within us abilities far greater than that of memory.

Finally, let us make the good resolve and resolutely keep it, to habituate ourselves to the practice of deliberately drawing out of our surroundings their most profitable elements. No matter whether we are reading, listening, walking amid diverse scenes, or however we may be situated, it is always practical and profitable to make ourselves magnets, to draw only what will be most profitable for us.

Memory cannot work faithfully when our attention is divided between a number of divergent objects at the same instant, nor can it do its work effectually unless we confide in it, put it upon its honor, and give it a reputation to live up to. In place of styling your memory *bad*, begin to trust it calmly and complacently. Affirm that you can and will remember whatsoever you will to remember, and nothing else, and very soon a poor memory will grow richer, a weak memory stronger, and a precarious memory steadfast.

The best time for committing anything to memory is whenever we feel contented and restful; generally well conditioned. No method for improving the memory is so abundantly effective as to choose out some one thing in which you take a special interest; concentrate, for the time being, your whole attention upon it, and allow its image to form itself naturally within you. Let the object of contemplation be at all times a worthy one, and the exercise of regulating memory will, at the same time, bring many other needed blessings in its train.

Another hymn having been heartily sung, the services quickly terminated, and Miss Catte and her companions were soon on the street eagerly discussing Mrs. Parrot's fascinating theories.

CHAPTER III

THE PROBLEM OF MUTUAL SERVICE

MISS PANTHER, who had inquired for particulars at the offices of every steamship agency in Sydney, at length decided that the Nord-Deutscher Lloyd offered superior advantages to any other line considering the rate charged for a through ticket from Sydney to Southampton. Miss Panther had engaged passage for the two ladies on the fine twin-screw steamer *Prinz Regent Luitpold*, which was advertised to leave Sydney on Saturday, August 24th, though it was already the beginning of August and Miss Catte was simply overwhelmed with accepted engagements, extending from her ordinary contributions to the daily press to the preparation of a large book for immediate publication, the manuscript of which had been sent to her by the intending publishers in an alarmingly chaotic condition.

“Good monkeys!” exclaimed Miss Catte when her friend showed her the steamer tickets. “How can I possibly get off at such short notice? But as the die is already cast, I suppose I must contrive to demonstrate the truth of the forcible statement made by the Rev. Fischer-Munckeigh last Sunday morning during his extraordinary sermon preached in the Unitarian Church from the good old text, ‘All things are possible to him that believeth,’ from which he discoursed in a startlingly novel manner.”

"Oh! speaking of Fischer-Munckeigh reminds me that his name is down on the list of passengers on our steamer," exclaimed Miss Panther; "but as he is going in the first saloon and we are booked for the second, I don't suppose we shall see much of each other. However, it's a well-known fact on all the liners that first-class passengers have the full run of the vessel, and though this eccentric preacher insists upon having every comfort when travelling and turns up his nose at anything short of the most luxurious accommodation, Fischer-Munckeigh has a well-earned reputation for extremely democratic sentiments, so, after all, we may see a good deal of each other as the voyage progresses."

Three weeks is a very short time in which to accomplish a host of pressing duties, though twenty-one days has often seemed an interminable period when one has had no fixed employment, so while the days rushed by at lightning speed to the busy workers who were straining every nerve to get all their work accomplished before embarking for England, some of the guests at Mrs. Boneswell's who had no stated duties found the wet, windy weather which prevailed during the opening days of August, 1901, anything but fascinating.

Australians are far behind Americans in providing heating apparatus for their houses and public buildings; they are for the most part so deeply imbued with the belief that their climate is a warm one and that during eight months out of every twelve fires are unnecessary that they are very apt to leave the other four months entirely unprovided for; and this is the more ridiculous when one stops to consider that the average Australian is confessedly thin-blooded and suffers from cold much

more readily than the average hardy Englishman. Whoever will introduce hot-water pipes into Australian houses will confer a great blessing on that entire country, for lack of hot water as well as heated air is the only serious drawback in a good Australian boarding-house, where rates for board and lodging compare favorably with those in general vogue in houses of similar reputation both in London and various American cities. Mrs. Boneswell had a fire in the kitchen and on very cold days a gas-stove was kept alight in the dining-room; in two of the largest upstairs rooms there were fireplaces, but all the other fourteen rooms in her spacious domicile were altogether unprovided with warming apparatus, while the bathrooms, though supplying a liberal allowance of cold water in all seasons, were so poorly constructed as to make a hot bath even in the depth of winter a difficult and expensive luxury.

The great hotels in the Australian cities have coped already with the bathroom difficulty, and at the Hotel Australia, in Sydney, the largest and most expensive house in New South Wales, all the sleeping rooms are bountifully provided with hot and cold running water, but even in that splendidly equipped hostelry, which enjoyed for many years the talents of a highly competent American manager, the corridors, passages and dining rooms are anything but comfortable in winter when their temperature is contrasted with that of an average American hotel of far less splendid pretensions and appointments.

The Clickingtons liked Sydney, but they did not like to be deprived of home comforts, and they did not hesitate to so inform the placid Mrs. Boneswell, who, with

blue hands covered with chilblains, uniformly stated that her house was even warmer than provision for health demanded, and that she never knew what it was to experience a need for fire unless for cooking purposes in any part of Australia. Mental suggestion is certainly wonderfully effective whenever susceptible persons can be met with to accept it, and one of the greatest proofs of its efficacy is in "the belief of warmth" which completely dominates the average Australian house-builder while all evidence of the senses contravenes his phantasy.

Fortunately for the comfort of the American visitors, who had only a few weeks to spend in Australia, the capricious Sydney weather soon took a sudden and delightful turn; consequently, the murmurings in Mrs. Boneswell's residence were but of short though of loud duration. Mrs. Clickington might well be described as an ample mother; she was truly maternal in the brooding interest she took in the affairs of every one who even slightly interested her, and as she had taken quite a sympathetic interest in Miss Catte, to whom she was distantly related by marriage, she availed herself of an early opportunity to inquire for full particulars regarding that lady's hasty impending departure.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, my dear Miss Catte," began Mrs. Clickington at the breakfast table one morning at ten o'clock when these two ladies were the exclusive occupants of the dining room. "Neither you nor Miss Panther has told us what has led to this very sudden movement on your part; I take it for granted that something besides your nerves is removing you so speedily to England."

"Certainly," replied Miss Catte energetically; "my nerves wouldn't pay my expenses half across the world, far from it, and nothing could possibly be worse for a person in my nervous condition than any sort of financial anxiety, and not at all wishing to leave you out of my confidence, I hasten to inform you that one of Miss Panther's brothers told her of a position now vacant for a special correspondent in London to represent a syndicate of Australasian newspapers. Finding on inquiry that the position was a fairly good one, promising four hundred pounds (two thousand dollars) the first year, with the prospect of a rising salary thereafter, I immediately cabled to London and received instructions to make all arrangements with the heads of the firm in Sydney. My credentials being unimpeachable, I was engaged instantly and received a cheque for one hundred pounds (five hundred dollars) to defray my travelling expenses, but as it was through Miss Panther (indirectly) that I obtained the position, and as I had no desire to travel alone and she wished to accompany me, I handed over the cheque to her, which she very wisely expended in securing the best available accommodation for seventy-five pounds (for us both), leaving twenty-five pounds for such indispensables as travelling rugs and deck chairs, and also a little balance for incidental outlay during the voyage. My new employers are Findlater, Finlayson, Farquharson & Fyshce, who constitute the Square of F Syndicate. From all that I have learned of them I judge them to be most reasonable gentlemen who have capital to invest and see no better way of investing it than by providing the Southern Hemisphere with a class of newspapers which will in many

respects deserve to rank as genuine literature. Enterprising people have now seriously awakened to the fact that we need, if not in the daily at least in the weekly press, serious but highly interesting articles dealing with all aspects of scientific and philosophic thought. My work will not be easy, as I shall be compelled to keep in the closest possible touch, while in London, with all advancing movements; I shall have to attend all the best lectures to which I can gain admission and secure special reports wherever practical, and I am also expected to investigate psychic phenomena at first hand, as my contract calls for original articles on Occultism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mental Therapeutics and all the other wonders which are now being generically classed as Psychical Research."

"Well! You have certainly plenty of work before you and that of no common nature," exclaimed Mrs. Clickington; "but though your duties will certainly be arduous, to one of your temperament and proclivities they cannot prove other than extremely entertaining. We have not seen either Melbourne or Adelaide, and as we are intending to visit both these great cities, my daughters and myself cannot possibly do better than accompany you as far as Adelaide."

"Oh! That will be charming," assented Miss Catte readily. "The German steamers give us a good full day in Melbourne, and as both Miss Panther and I know the city well, we can take you to all the chief places of interest and also introduce you to our good friend Lady Arcadia Sprynge, who, I am sure, will make arrangements with her daughter, Mrs. Mountford-Collins, to provide you with excellent accommodation after your

return from Adelaide; and now that the weather is fine and I have a comparatively leisure morning, you cannot do better than accompany me to Bridge Street, secure your passages and procure an order to visit the steamer, which is now open for inspection at Woolloomooloo."

On arriving at the office of the Nord-Deutscher Company Mrs. Clickington easily procured three second-class return tickets to Adelaide, the rate charged for which seemed to her very moderate considering the excellent accommodation provided. The great advantage of steamer over railway travelling is that there are no extras for meals or sleeping accommodation. A short omnibus ride soon landed the ladies close to the *Prinz Regent Luitpold*, which, though by no means one of the largest in the fleet, is a very handsome and extremely comfortable twin-screw steamer of six thousand six hundred tons register.

One of the peculiar advantages of travelling on the German line is found in the extreme attention paid to all classes of passengers alike by officers and stewards; this feature of the service was immediately recognized by Mrs. Clickington and Miss Catte when they were received by a very courteous and handsome young man in uniform, who took evident pleasure in showing them over the steamer, which compared more than favorably with other vessels of similar dimensions belonging to competing companies. The first saloon accommodation is truly palatial, as it provides every convenience and luxury to be found in the very highest grade hotels. The second saloon, though by no means so gorgeous, can be truthfully described as thoroughly homelike and comfortable. Miss Panther and Miss Catte had secured

the very best outside cabin available, which was hardly distinguishable from a first-class room on a really good English steamer. Mrs. Clickington and her two daughters had assigned to them for their short voyage a very commodious three-berth cabin reserved for the Cassowarys of Adelaide, three talented unmarried sisters who were going to Leipsic to complete their musical studies.

After examining the steamer to their hearts' content and finding every arrangement truly excellent, the three ladies quickly wended their way to Hordern's celebrated Emporium on George Street, which is justly regarded as one of the sights of Sydney, for within the precincts of that immense establishment you can literally procure any reasonable thing for which you can possibly be searching, and should your demands belong to an unreasonable category, so prolific is the enterprise of Hordern that you will be respectfully informed that even a sacred white elephant, should you desire one, can be speedily procured for your satisfaction.

As the days sped on apace and her many friends became aware that their opportunities for procuring Miss Catte's services as an entertainer at their "At Homes" were becoming very scarce, that gifted lady found herself literally deluged with pressing offers of profitable engagements, which in most cases she was forced reluctantly to resign. A notable exception she, however, felt compelled to make in the case of the Fitz-Munckeighs, who would not tolerate the thought of her leaving Sydney without delivering, under their auspices, her justly celebrated drawing-room lecture on Utopian Socialism, which many of her enthusiastic friends declared to be the very finest and clearest exposition

of practical philanthropy yet presented to an English-speaking community.

Miss Catte was in every sense a lady by birth and breeding, consequently she was not open to the charge of advocating the claims of the "Lower Five" to the exclusion of those of the "Upper Ten"; indeed, she had critics who did not hesitate to declare that it was her chief ambition to curry favor with the aristocracy in whose drawing rooms she was particularly fond of ventilating her opinions. Be this as it may, Miss Catte always succeeded in attracting a large and influential following whenever she appeared on the public or semi-public platform as the exponent of views which many of her critics termed "running with the hare while hunting with the hounds." Admirers of such works as "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by James Rice and Walter Besant, considered her doctrines thoroughly satisfactory, but the extremer Socialists, who belonged chiefly to what people are generally pleased to term the Working Class, felt sometimes aggrieved that one who went so far in their direction should stop short of complete advocacy of their ultimate opinions.

Miss Catte, though very fond of applause and professedly unmindful of criticism, always spoke of her critics as one-sided people who were led by hysteria, or something closely resembling it, to view matters in undue proportions, while she (in her own judgment) was so wonderfully exempt from all prejudices that she could look at every matter from an impartial and thoroughly disinterested standpoint.

Finding their own residence too small and too remote to serve as an appropriate place for a lecture which they

declared should be listened to by thousands, Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Munkeigh lost no time in securing Leigh House, the spacious hall where Mrs. Parrot gave her Sunday lectures, for a Thursday evening gathering, which quickly proved a wise move on their part, as seven hundred tickets were sold in advance of the lecture evening. Whatever the Fitz-Munkeighs did at all they did heartily, and it was largely due to their indefatigable industry that Miss Catte saw her name in large letters, coupled with the most commendatory advance notices on the day following the securing of the hall for her appearance.

Thursday, August 15th, found Miss Catte in anything but a tranquil condition, as her newspaper work had accumulated frightfully and she had had no opportunity for rewriting her once famous paper, which (as it was six years old) she feared might have become largely a back number. With Miss Catte, however, small obstacles were only spurs to more energetic attainment, and while, to use her own favorite expression, they shattered her nerves for the immediate present, they never succeeded in causing her to fail in a projected undertaking.

Precisely at eight o'clock Miss Catte stepped on to the platform entirely unaccompanied. She was dressed in white lace relieved with a few diamonds; her hair (which she wore short) was very much frizzed, which gave an appearance of size to her head considerably greater than its actual dimensions warranted. Without a moment's hesitation she faced her audience commandingly and delivered, partly from notes, partly from memory, and in part extemporaneously, a very fluent and at

times earnestly impassioned address, which she entitled, "The World As It Is and As It Should Be."

"My dear friends," she commenced, "we should be worse than idiots if we did not admit that though this present world is for some of us a fairly pleasant place to live in, it is for the great majority very far indeed from the actual paradise it might and should be. Our present social system is sadly out of joint; we have no efficient social ethics; we are practically rudderless in a storm, and this in spite of all the much recommended remedies which are constantly being suggested by well-meaning and truly excellent people.

"The root of our difficulty lies in what is known as the Servant Question, which I prefer to call Theory of Service. We are not educating our children so much as we are converting them into unnatural machines artificially contrived to do certain arbitrary things at the will of an operator. The Educational Convention held in this city last June was taken advantage of by several of the speakers to enforce the demand for more teachers and a better system of teaching, all of which went to prove that this community is by no means satisfied with its present very imperfectly educated condition.

"I am leaving Australia very shortly, and am far from wishful to discourage any Australian institution, and if I seem to criticise you severely in some respects, I trust you will understand that it is because I clearly see in this great Commonwealth boundless possibilities for glorious expansion which can scarcely be said to exist in the same measure in older centres of civilization. The democratic ideal can be far more easily realized here than in any other part of the Eng-

lish-speaking world, because you are now in a very early stage of nation-making. That which I have to say about service in general can be more readily assimilated in Australia and New Zealand than it could be in countries where class and caste distinctions have become firmly imbedded by long centuries of growth.

“Young people of average refinement do not, as a rule, object to perform any reasonable sorts of manual and domestic work, but they very naturally abhor the thought that they must submit to uncomfortable and often degrading positions while carrying on such useful work. The actual acts of work performed are no more laborious in one's own house or garden than in that of a neighbor, but when one is working as a member of a family there can be no sense of humiliation, because all are acknowledged equals.

“When, however, a servant class is formed, the members of which belong, as the comic opera ‘Florodora’ phrases it, to the ‘Lower Five,’ while their employers belong to the ‘Upper Ten,’ no self-respecting person will willingly join that ‘Lower Five,’ which accounts very largely for the great preference shown by the young people of to-day for shop and factory work over domestic service, even though the contemptible word ‘Hand’ is used to designate assistants, a custom of speech which sorely militates against the rapid evolution of the social Utopia which Edward Bellamy so graphically portrays in his famous novels ‘Looking Backward’ and ‘Equality,’ and which Prof. George Herron is now working so industriously to facilitate.

“We are always confronted with the problem of inequality, which is in considerable measure the result of

seemingly natural and possibly spiritual causes, but natural invincible inequality should never be confounded with artificial vincible inequality. Whatever is natural makes its appearance anywhere, frequently in defiance of the most dearly cherished conventional arrangements. Thus it often happens that one member of an aristocratic family turns out a dunce, while another turns out a genius, and so long as this is the case we must have graded workers in the Social Organism; but as full employment can be found for all natural grades, we need not enter any protest against natural grading.

“In my own capacity as a versatile representative of the public Press I do many kinds of work requiring widely varied intellectual qualification. Some of the work I am often called to perform is of exceedingly commonplace character, while other works assigned me make severe demands upon my capacities as an expert, but I am the same Cynthia Catte while engaged in all those varying duties, and when I delegate a portion of my work to others I never wish them to feel that they are doing things in which no ‘lady’ would be willing to engage.

“I am not entering a plea for the annihilation of necessary distinction between workers of different grades of efficiency, but proficiency in *any* department should win honorable and deserved acknowledgment. The expert hairdresser cannot be classed with the clumsy barber; the slovenly housemaid cannot be the equal of the woman who keeps the house in a perfectly clean and comfortable condition. But by insisting on this we are far from treating disrespectfully any class of useful workers; we are very properly offering prizes

for truly excellent work in all departments of activity and righteously discountenancing the unlawful ambitions of the careless and idle to take rank with the painstaking and industrious without seeking to qualify themselves by righteous industry to be eventually included in that illustrious company."

Without venturing upon what extreme conservatives would consider *highly* dangerous ground, Miss Catte skated dexterously on very thin ice considering the high social position of a considerable percentage of her audience. Lady Clifton, Lady Sevenoaks, Sir Julian Toggietoff and several other members of the aristocracy who stood for advanced ideas saw nothing whatever objectionable in any of Miss Catte's asseverations, but the Hon. Mrs. Polesius Pottspoynte, who imagined she had been caricatured as "Lady Littlemind" by Mrs. Moore-Bentley in that singular Australian story "A Woman of Mars," hastily scribbled a question which her nephew, Capt. Shelters Macleay, pompously dictated to the speaker as soon as her address was finished and she invited reasonable discussion.

The question read as follows: "Can it be possible that I have heard a cultured woman who can speak for over an hour in academic English advocate sitting down to dinner on equal terms with a Mary Ann Muggings who knows absolutely nothing of refined feeling and who, poor thing, could only be insufferably bored with elegant conversation?"

Miss Catte immediately rejoined, "My interlocutor has certainly misapprehended the entire tenor of my remarks, seeing that my contention is that just so long as the servant in the family is expected to be of the

Muggings type only a Muggings will consent to fill the position of domestic helper in any household. This is the essential root of the difficulty. Employers complain that servants are vulgar, untidy and unreliable, needing to be continually watched, but they very seldom offer sufficient inducements to more refined girls and women to occupy a vacant place when an objectionable person has been evicted from the household.

“I will now relate a personal incident. Three years ago, in New York, I shared a charming flat in a fine apartment-house with my uncle, the Hon. Fielding Mouser, and his daughter, whose time was so fully occupied with music that she could give no attention to domestic matters, which my journalistic duties also prevented me from looking after in any satisfactory manner. Not wanting a person in the capacity of a servant to make the fourth member of our little household, we engaged a delightful middle-aged woman, by name Fräulein Darmstadt, who looked after everything in the completest possible manner and also greatly helped Miss Mouser and myself to increase our knowledge of the German language. We provided this excellent woman with all necessities and a few luxuries and also gave her a moderate stipend. She was economical, good-natured, and in all respects a perfect lady; she kept our rooms in spotless order, cooked our food to a turn, and was in every particular a valuable addition to our domestic circle. This refined gentlewoman performed all the duties which would have fallen to the share of a Mary Ann Muggings and she did many things in addition which no illiterate person could have accomplished.

We certainly paid her a little more than the average servant's wage in New York, but considering her economy and her much greater general usefulness, we found it actually cheaper, while the amount of added comfort we enjoyed would have well justified a much increased financial outlay had such been necessary."

"I can quite understand your position," exclaimed Lady MacEasthead, one of Sydney's leading society rulers; "but in our large houses, which are quite unlike such American suites of apartments as you have referred to, we require old-fashioned English servants who know their place and are quite content to keep it. In my opinion, the less schooling a servant has had (outside the cooking school) the worse for her and for all who engage her services. I am quite sure, my dear Miss Catte, that the Creator never intended that we should live on this earth in that state of democracy which modern agitators ridiculously confound with the New Jerusalem. I am sure our dear Archbishop, one of the kindest and best of men, does not believe in such equality as poor misguided Socialists are now upholding. Believe me, there is a Christian Socialism dimly apprehended by some of our self-sacrificing clergy, but the true Church must always preach submission on the part of the lower to the higher classes."

There was a faint murmur of applause from the occupants of the front chairs and red plush sofas, and also a distinct hiss from some who sat on forms without backs at the rear of the hall, when her ladyship, smiling gracefully, resumed her armchair after having delivered her brief homily. This showed a decided division of opinion in the widely representative audience.

Miss Catte, not in the least disconcerted, promptly reiterated some of her previously expressed sentiments with slightly increased vigor, but without exactly contradicting any one's expressed opinions; then, as the hour was approaching ten, a vote of thanks was proposed to the able lecturer by no less prominent a personage than Colonel Parrot, the only surviving brother of the famous Mrs. Parrot who occupied that platform on Sunday evenings.

"When we were in India (I allude to my illustrious sister and myself)," began the Colonel, "we saw very much to confirm both sides of the question presented here this evening. Many of you are certainly aware that Miss Catte's views are very much in harmony with my gifted sister's, who never misses an opportunity for insisting upon the sublime dignity of all sorts of honest work. I take very great pleasure in proposing a most hearty vote of thanks to the fair lecturer for her most admirable address, and I couple with this the fervent hope that the ocean voyage she is so soon about to undertake may completely tone to concert pitch her overstrung nervous system, and that while she stays in England she may, both by voice and by pen, continue to promulgate the noble sentiments which she has expressed so eloquently here this evening."

Then, advancing toward the platform and bowing with great courtliness, he continued, "Permit me, my dear Miss Catte, on behalf of a few of your friends who esteem your noble efforts on behalf of a pure Press very highly, to crave your acceptance of this small token of their undiminishable esteem." Colonel Parrot then

placed in Miss Catte's hands a beautifully chased casket fashioned of silver and New Zealand malachite, containing three large emu eggs, each egg held by a silver kangaroo in erect position.

No sooner had Colonel Parrot concluded his presentation than Captain Cassowary rose in another part of the hall to second the resolution. This gentleman represented one of the wealthiest clubs in Australia, which included among its members the four dignified gentlemen who had recently formed themselves into the Square of F Syndicate.

"In recognition of your inestimable services to periodic literature throughout the Southern Hemisphere during your protracted sojourn among us," said Captain Cassowary, "in the name of five hundred of your friends who have asked me to represent them, I crave your acceptance of this little toy, a characteristic Australian money-box, which I trust may remind you when you are very far away from us in body that Australia's native sons and daughters still hold you in loftiest esteem. All who have contributed to this slight testimonial have esteemed it so great a privilege to do so that we trust that you will deeply feel that you are conferring a favor on us by accepting this small token from our hands."

Captain Cassowary, to the great amusement of the entire audience, then slowly walked up the centre of the hall and deposited a finely stuffed native bear on a little table on which Miss Catte's elbow was lightly resting before she rose to acknowledge the gift. The Captain touched a string, inserted somewhere in the animal's anatomy, and immediately a little door flew

open revealing five hundred sovereigns nestling comfortably in cotton wool and sparkling under the brilliant glass chandeliers suspended over the platform with more than usual brilliancy.

CHAPTER IV

BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT

AFTER her successful speech on the Servant Difficulty, Miss Catte soon received a number of letters, of which the following is an excellent sample :

DEAR MISS CATTE, — At last Thursday night's lecture you touched briefly on the question of "Servant and Master" as between fellow human beings. I feel impelled to write to you on the subject, and while thanking you for what you have said, to ask you if you could not speak more frequently on what is, mentally and physically, a retrogressive system, and one that is, here in Australia at the present time, bearing fruit in numerous uncomfortable consequences.

To me the word "servant," in the purest sense, is not objectionable, as it means "one who labors for another." Obviously, if we have any respect for our individual selves, we are all servants, and need be nowise anxious to disguise the fact. But, since the term has become degraded, robbed of its inherent nobility, used to negative the existence of spirit, soul, mind, not to speak of apparent flesh and blood, in those whom we *call* what we all *are*, let the word go ; perhaps its spirit would then get a chance to peep in on the scene.

Using the term, then, as it is generally used nowa-

days, I hold it to be as vicious, in its suggestiveness, as that of "slave." Take some of the main privileges assumed by quite eighty per cent. of the women who employ "servants" in their homes (and I am not talking from hearsay; I know my ground). What are they? The right to dictate to a mature person how often she shall go out after working hours; the right to extend said hours indefinitely; the right to provide a servant with inferior accommodation; the right to adopt a supercilious tone toward any natural human desires manifested by servants; the right to isolate one individual (who is physically too over-tired to have developed independence truly) in the small house community; the right to exercise any and every petty tyranny that occurs to those clothed in little brief authority. Of course, servants are badly trained. No properly trained person would submit to such conditions. We deserve to be badly served when we expect it. But we are not worse served than we serve others. I say most emphatically—and many friends are indignantly at issue over it—that the balance of right is with the more or less ill-trained, vulgar, uncleanly domestic worker, whose life is rendered listless, devoid of sunshine and of respect.

This is only one aspect of the question, the woman's aspect, but it leaveneth the whole. If we women degrade each other we place a bar upon the world's enlightenment. For myself, I hope the day will soon arrive when no one will consent to do our housework. We may then be induced to look at the subject fearlessly, to go to the root of the evil, and to find a humane and scientific remedy.

Hoping you will again raise your voice over the matter,

I am yours sincerely,

EMILY FITZGERALD.

It was now the twentieth of August, and the above letter was but one out of fifty which in some more or less indirect manner called upon Miss Catte to give further attention on the public platform to one of the most difficult problems of the day. Being entirely unable, through lack of time, to make any arrangements for further lectures of her own, she determined to approach Mrs. Parrot with a view to interesting that remarkably enterprising woman in the batch of interesting letters she carried with her to Mrs. Parrot's house in Darlinghurst.

Mrs. Parrot had rented a cottage which the former tenants had called a college; those good ladies Miss Burtenshaw and Miss Smeethe had removed their school to Brisbane, and as they had a lease of the premises in Sydney covering a period of several months after their departure, they were very glad to find a reliable tenant to relieve them of this burden of responsibility. When Mrs. Parrot first saw the premises she pronounced them simply impossible and talked volubly for fully half an hour concerning the commodious size, manifold conveniences and general attractiveness of the beautiful residence she had owned in San Francisco before her trip to India. When, however, she had exhausted her eloquence and partaken of three cups of tea she reluctantly yielded to Colonel Parrot's importunities and signed a lease for six months, about half which period

had expired when Miss Catte called upon her. Mrs. Parrot at home was a very different person from Mrs. Parrot on the platform ; in the retirement of her private literary sanctum she was often dowdily dressed and simply up to her eyes in what looked like extreme literary confusion. Miss Catte called just before three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, when she was greeted immediately with these words :

“The English mail, you know, leaves on Tuesday. My good brother has just left the house with a Gladstone bag literally crammed with my off-sendings to all parts of the world. I am truly glad to see you, but on Tuesday afternoons my house and myself are always in terrible confusion, and these Australian houses are such inconvenient, rickety substitutes for decent domiciles that I haven't even a cupboard in which to stow my belongings.”

“Oh ! I know all about Australian houses,” responded Miss Catte eagerly, “but my direct object is more important, at least to me at present, than the defects of Australian architecture. To come to the point at once, Mrs. Parrot, I have taken the liberty of bringing to you a bundle of letters all concerning the address I delivered in Leigh Hall last Thursday evening.”

“My brother has told me much about it and how great a success it all was ; had I not been lecturing in Newcastle I should certainly have been with you.”

“Well, the soul of the matter is this,” continued Miss Catte. “Will you agree to deliver a course of lectures founded upon the questions and statements contained in these letters ? You know I leave for England next Saturday, therefore it is quite out of the question for

me to think of accepting fresh engagements in Sidney, but as I understand you are remaining here indefinitely, you may be willing to enlighten this inquiring public on a matter which is now exciting the greatest interest throughout all classes of the community."

"I should be most happy from time to time as circumstances permit," responded Mrs. Parrot, "to deal with the various phases of social upbuilding, in which I am, as you know, very deeply interested. The line of thought which I should pursue has been broadly outlined by Dr. E. D. Babbitt, whose monumental treatise on Principles of Light and Color stands alone among standard works dealing with highly interesting and important phases of Natural Therapeutics. I am now giving a special course of lectures on Practical Occultism, but if there is really a great demand for a Social Science series also, I daresay I can arrange to still further add to my present onerous and multiple engagements."

Mrs. Parrot having thus expressed herself, without further reference to the subject in hand, insisted on showing her visitor over every nook and cranny of the quaint structure she insisted upon calling "the very finest residence procurable in Sidney for love or money." Though Miss Catte was more amused than edified by inspecting the extraordinary building, which was a conglomerate result of an inartistic blending of many different architectural designs, she derived great pleasure from Mrs. Parrot's library, which contained many rare books on Magic and Astrology, and so deeply engrossed did both become that the evening shadows fell and Colonel Parrot returned from the post-office before

either of the ladies recognized that they had much more than turned round and opened the bookcase.

Finding that it was now six o'clock, Colonel and Mrs. Parrot both insisted that Miss Catte must remain to their informal "American supper" and then accompany them to the open meeting of the Emu Lodge to be held that evening in Alligator Hall, in the near vicinity, where Mrs. Parrot was to deliver a lecture, followed by discussion, on "The Threefold and Sevenfold Constitution of Humanity." Miss Catte was thinking of going to a concert, but she gladly altered her plans and decided to partake of the Parrots' hospitality.

"Colonel Parrot will entertain you while I am dressing and our good maid is preparing the tea. I never eat much before I speak, but I like a good meal when I get home from an engagement," declared Mrs. Parrot as she scuffled into her retiring room, shut and locked the door loudly, and left Miss Catte to be graciously entertained by her much travelled and very courtly brother.

The American supper, as Mrs. Parrot always called her high tea, proved a great success, as it afforded Colonel Parrot an excellent opportunity for giving Miss Catte a thrilling history of some of his remarkable adventures in India.

"When I was in India," was the invariable commencement of all the witty Colonel's telling speeches, while "India, the Land of Magic and Mystery" was the attractive title for one of his sister's most popular illustrated lectures.

Colonel Parrot and Miss Catte did full justice to the many cold delicacies which supplied the well-spread board, but Mrs. Parrot, who was always inclined to be

rather silent when prepared for the platform, clad in rich black satin, slowly partook of three cups of strong tea and a considerable-sized cake of rich Scotch short-bread, which she declared to be the best possible diet before engaging in protracted mental and vocal exercise.

The Fakirs of India were well known to the Parrots, who had seen a great deal of them in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, and while they were by no means inclined to regard all their doings as purely phenomenal, they vigorously insisted that though legerdemain accounted for a considerable percentage of the wonders exhibited by native Hindoo jugglers, the practice of Hypnotism, together with Natural Magic, fully sufficed to account for the most interesting and mystifying results displayed before English tourists.

“During my sister’s course of lectures on Practical Occultism she goes very thoroughly into this tremendous subject. I sincerely wish you could remain in Australia long enough to read all the wonderful papers we have in our possession relating to that little traversed subject of Natural Magic, which neither Spiritualists nor sceptics seem in any way to fairly comprehend. The power of the trained magician to produce spectacular phenomena without the aid of conjuring apparatus is one of the great secrets of Yoga. Quite recently some very fair books have appeared in English dealing with Yoga practice, but as all sincere Oriental teachers truthfully declare, practice can alone enable us to succeed even in the faintest manner in our attempts to demonstrate the marvellous theory common to all the highest Asiatic philosophies,” said Colonel Parrot at the tea-table.

"I will give you some valuable books which will greatly interest you on your long voyage," said Mrs. Parrot sweetly, when the cab arrived at the door precisely at half past seven to convey the party to Alligator Hall. "This evening my subject is not of a very startling character, still I think you will find that even that address entrenches far more closely upon the heart of Occultism than my Sunday evening discourses, which must be brought completely within the ken of a very miscellaneous multitude."

On arrival at the hall Mrs. Parrot retired into an anteroom while the audience continued assembling. Colonel Parrot meanwhile escorted Miss Catte to the reporter's table, giving her full permission to make whatever use she pleased of the shorthand notes she desired to take during the evening. The hall, which was not a very large one, was quite full when precisely at eight o'clock Mrs. Parrot appeared on the platform with two highly gifted artists, one of whom played the piano exquisitely while the other rendered a charming solo on the violin. During the music Mrs. Parrot sat motionless as a statue, bolt upright in a large easy chair, a somewhat curious smile playing over her features; she then rose majestically and in fine fully rounded periods pronounced what her friends declared to be "an inspired oration," which Miss Catte reported to the best of her ability in the following language, and which is now presented to the public as an appropriate introduction to further dissertations concerning our complex human nature and its latent forces, which will appear later in this volume, as our narrative enters into still more mysterious precincts.

Body, Soul and Spirit — Their Respective Dignity
and Function.

Among many wise and enduring sayings scattered through the Epistles of Paul we find one which constitutes our text to-night, "Present your whole body, soul and spirit a living sacrifice, which is your reasonable service." We hear much of the sevenfold constitution of man in Theosophical literature and societies, and there is no reason why we should call in question the reality of the seven planes of consciousness, on or through which the human ego is capable of manifesting, but as in the case of light we speak of three primary and seven prismatic colors, so we may rationally assume that a sevenfold division of human nature is only a fuller analysis of the human constitution than is contained in a simply threefold statement.

We designate the three primary colors red, blue and yellow; the seven prismatic hues are termed red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet; but the seven are in the three and the three are in the seven. In music we call the seven notes in the accepted scale A, B, C, D, E, F, G, but a perfect chord can be formed of three notes, called the first, third and fifth, respectively. The music scale and the color scale stand together thus: Red A, yellow C, blue E, forming the primal chord; red A, orange B, yellow C, green D, blue E, indigo F, violet G, constituting the scale of seven notes. We may call the body A (red), the soul C (yellow), and the spirit E (blue), when employing Paul's rudimentary general classification; we may also speak of the sevenfold scale of our human expression in the following

language, which is generally common to Theosophic treatises: A (red) Animal Body, B (orange) Vital Force, C (yellow) Psychic Body, D (green) Animal Soul (seat of instinct), E (blue) Rational Soul, F (indigo) Spiritual Soul (seat of intuition), G (violet) Divine Soul or Essential Ego.

The sevenfold division is too elaborate and complicated for tyros in spiritual philosophy; it is therefore highly desirable and invariably helpful to begin with only three clearly differentiated planes of consciousness, reserving for more advanced lessons an elucidation of the sevenfold constitution of the human individual as we find humanity ultimated on this terrestrial planet.

The first great lesson which needs to be taught to young and old alike, especially to children, is the sacredness and beauty of all life, and the sanctity and utility of every normal faculty and function. Divine Science, or the Science of Being, knows absolutely nothing of sin, sickness or death, for they are not contained in the whole of universal reality. The All is good, therefore there can be no evil in the universe when the universe is rightly apprehended. This is a cardinal verity lying at the root of all worthy educational systems. Evils as we know them are only aberrations of faculties and functions, but natural faculties and functions in and of themselves when unperverted are good and good only. How could it be possible to present our whole body as well as soul and spirit a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, as an Apostle calls upon us to do, unless that body in itself were compounded exclusively of good elements? Children could be and should be conceived, gestated, born and reared to

maturity immaculately, though not miraculously, and we are happy to be able to point out many modern books of real value which contain useful and practical hints, if nothing more definite, toward consummating this end, so earnestly desired by every true philanthropist. Spiritual philosophy when rightly apprehended never teaches the necessity for evil as inculcated by those "blind leaders of the blind" who are incessantly promulgating the doctrine of necessary human depravity. There is nothing evil in sex and nothing evil in orderly generation. Evil arises only with perversions of nature; therefore all evils are curable or corrigible.

The sanctity of the entire human body is beautifully expressed in the words of Paul, "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the living God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you." Monasticism, and indeed every form of ascetic teaching, has lent itself not only to a depreciation but to a condemnation of physical or natural good by even going so far in many instances as to declare the body to be the enemy of the soul; not a servant or a machine to be righteously employed, but an iniquitous creation of the powers of darkness to be fought against and wholly exterminated eventually by incessant mortification. We do not doubt that hermits have been led to their fantastic overstatements concerning the need of mortifying animal proclivities of all descriptions in consequence of the abominable excess to which sensual indulgence of every sort is even now constantly carried by people who seemingly aspire to nothing higher than sensual indulgence; but so irrational is such an attitude toward the natural appetites that only a few persons at any time practically heeded such

teaching, and the majority of that minority have derived no such desirable results as would naturally lead others to take pattern by their example. Sensuality is only disguised by asceticism; it is not healthily conquered nor royally mastered, as in the case of those true initiates who have discovered and trod the noble path which leads to health of mind and body and to the glorious discharge of every faculty in a manner truly becoming such as know themselves to be veritable *theoi*, children rather than servants of the infallible Eternal, who is the only primal source of life and its innumerable destinies.

In the Hebrew language there are three distinct words referring to three distinct planes of life which Kabbalists in particular are wont to discriminate plainly. These words are *Nephesh*, *Ruach* and *Neschamah*. *Nephesh* is the animating principle of all living bodies; *Ruach* is the rational soul of humanity; *Neschamah* is the divine breath which constitutes man an immortal entity.

The book of Ecclesiastes, written by an anonymous author, though traditionally assigned to Solomon, contains the inquiry, "Who knoweth the spirit of man whether it goeth upward and the spirit of the beast whether it goeth downward to the earth?" (Chap. 3, v. 21, revised version.) This inquiry, in keeping with much else that Ecclesiastes contains, is practically an outcry against the limitations of knowledge which encircle even the most highly educated of men, and though that sentence may have been penned two thousand years ago, it is as pertinent to-day as in that ancient time. There is an answer to that great inquiry suggested even in the

book which contains it, but the answer is not apparently discovered by the average reader, though it was evidently well thought out by the reflective scribe.

Three courses of action are possible to man when we intelligently consider him from a threefold standpoint and deal with him in a correspondingly threefold manner. The first and lowest view which a man can take of himself is that which regards him as simply animal, a mere creature of appetites and instincts. When one undertakes to live down to that lowest possible standard not only has man no preëminence over the brute, but it seems as though man sank far below the level of a decent animal. "Vanity and vexation of spirit" are inevitable consequences of self degradation always, as all disciples of undue luxury find sooner or later to their bitter cost. Epicurus and his school can never solve the problem of life correctly, because Epicureanism as a philosophy rises no higher than sensuous gratification. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die" is a fair summing-up of Epicurean teaching.

A second school of philosophers then passes in a review before us, composed of those who inculcate a great regard for accumulated knowledge of all external types, though they entirely fail to grasp the nature of true wisdom. Though the first class may be designated *Dilettanti*, the second grade may aspire to the rank of *Litterati*, a very much higher rank surely than the former, but ultimately far from providing satisfaction. The quickly jaded intellect produces vexation, because incessant study and copious literary productiveness can never lead to those serene spiritual heights where genuine happiness is surely to be found. If much learning is

but weariness to mind and flesh, it is because learning alone fails to give power or even disposition to wisely employ the gathered facts which the toiling bookworm has laboriously collected.

Then, when sensualist and intellectualist have both passed by unsatisfied, complaining of unrest and weariness, a third type of humanity takes shape before our vision, and we behold at length the truly wise man, who is neither a sensualist nor a simple intellectualist, but one in whom the ethical and spiritual elements of character hold complete sway over the lower planes of consciousness. Before the book of Ecclesiastes closes the author declares that the whole duty of man is to revere the Eternal and faithfully keep all Divine commandments, which practically means that the lower self and also the mental, which is the intermediary, self of every human being must be made submissive to the highest, which is the Divine, self.

We often use the comparative terms *higher* and *lower*, not the positive *highest* and *lowest*, thereby clearly expressing the idea that we are speaking about a plane of consciousness which is bounded on the one side by a superior and on the other by an inferior region. This middle realm of human self-consciousness is designated *soul* in accepted translations of the Greek Testament; it is properly the equivalent of the Latin *mens*, which we usually translate into English *mind* and which is the root of our word *mental* and all associated terms. This mind is called in Sanscrit *Manas*, which is spoken of by many Theosophical writers as being constituted of higher and lower; the higher *Manas* being the place where the mind or soul becomes related to the spiritual man which

must illuminate it, while the lower Manas is that portion which connects the intellect with the seat of all animal instincts and propensities, which are collectively termed our carnal or fleshly nature by the Apostle Paul and many other instructive writers. When Paul said to some of his correspondents, "You are yet carnal," and, "You are still in your sins," he justified those assertions by pointing to the dissensions which prevailed among them, constituting in them a divided instead of a united body.

According to universal Theosophy which has found voice in all times and in all languages more or less distinctly, the great sin or cardinal heresy which may be termed *original sin* is mutual antagonism, or the opposition of human interests the one to the other. The Apostle James attributes all warfare to the predominance of the carnal element in man, and it needs no elaborate argument to prove that war between individuals must be ended before war can cease between nations, and before war can cease between individuals conflict must cease within them. The carnal nature is always a fighter, because it is naturally what is commonly termed selfish, and selfishness must result in a kind of competition which is incompatible with coöperative order; but when this lower self is brought under the dominion of the higher self, and when that higher is illuminated by the *highest*, the three planes of consciousness, carnal, mental and spiritual, are so righteously subordinated the one to the other that conflict has ended and peace reigns supreme.

Swedenborg, who follows very closely upon the track of Paul, when describing the relation between the spirit-

nal and the natural (natural meaning that which is born, while spiritual signifies that which gives birth), employs substantially the same threefold terminology. The three loves in the heart of every man, which are love of God, love of neighbor, and love of self, are expressions of the activity of spirit, soul and body in every individual. The spiritual self loves God; the intellectual self loves neighbor; the carnal self loves itself only, and therefore renders possible the false judgment that it is intrinsically evil, but it only appears so when it is exalted into a position of command, while its rightful position is that of servant. We often hear it stated concerning insane people that in their case reason has abdicated its proper throne, which passion has temporarily usurped; this state of affairs, being disorderly and constituting an inversion of order, results in confusion and general inability for normal human functioning. We, that is, our intellectual selves, must use our appetites, but never permit them to use us; in like manner we must be intellectually subservient to interior illumination, receiving into our intermediary self, or the middle region of our consciousness, a continual influx of light and power from within, which is the same as from *above*. Unless we accept this threefold division of our consciousness we cannot explain either the origin or nature of our ineradicable conviction that we have a higher and also a lower self; for if we use adjectives which are entirely comparative, we must acknowledge that we are occupying a station below a commander and above a servant.

The true definition of independence is interior dependence, or dependence upon what is within, in place

of reliance upon what is without. When it is clearly seen that the three planes of consciousness belong to the one individual, then all dependence upon extraneous aid will be left behind, for it will then be perceived that the Holy Spirit, which has long seemed to us to be without, is in reality within us. This marks the great divide, the point of departure where we leave childhood behind us and voluntarily put away childish things because we have consciously progressed to that estate of manhood for which childhood was a necessary preparation. Henry Ward Beecher used to say that timid souls needed a church ark to shelter them, but brave spirits could stand alone without the protection of fostering arms. This is a very reasonable statement, because it explains the legitimate use of institutions and also suggests *when, where* and *why* they become eventually a hindrance if we rely upon them too long. All school teaching presupposes that scholars will outgrow the need for its continuance; it would surely be a disgrace, not an honor, to a school were the same scholars always to remain as pupils in it. We are all being educated for the true priesthood, but only those men and women are already priests who have gained sufficient knowledge to enable them to move up from the rank of pupils to the rank of teachers. There is no essential or intrinsic difference between the officiating priest and those to whom that priest ministers: the difference is only one of degree; the priest was not always a priest, and those who are not yet priests can become such. We cannot equalize men and women in any other way than in aiding in their equal education; therefore some socialistic theories are ridiculous, while others are supremely wise.

In communities where some people live almost exclusively animal lives, while others have attained to considerable intellectual elevations, and others again, who are still further advanced, have reached to positively spiritual altitudes, there must be grades and classes in society, but in a true commonwealth all gradings and classifications will be according to merit and manifest ability and have nothing whatever to do with arbitrary homage foolishly paid to people born in certain outward stations. The animal man is always a servant; whether he knows it or not he serves the intellectual man; if he does this within himself, then he is free from the coercive sway of outside intellects, but if he has not found his own soul, then he renders obedience willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly, to minds more unfolded than his own. The intellectual man is again a servant to the spiritual man, and he in turn is a free man if he has discovered the spirit within him, but if he has not made this discovery he is then in subjection to outside spiritual authority and, to use a familiar expression, "dares not to say that his soul is his own," seeing that it is a bondservant to another.

All persons who continue to believe that they must accept other people's views of God and immortality, and that they must do as others bid them, in order to save their souls, are yet in that unenlightened spiritual condition in which we cannot see our own way through the spiritual universe, and therefore trust ourselves to the guidance of ecclesiastical torch-bearers. We do not, however, gain spirituality by dismissing our guides prematurely, but only by developing our own dormant powers of vision; we do not gain freedom by denying the spir-

itual universe or by blatantly declaring there is no such reality, but freedom is gained through the awakening of our consciousness to such an extent that we come to know what we formerly knew not, and therefore we need no longer to depend, as formerly, upon outside assistance. Before any real progress can be made in healthy living we must turn our backs once for all upon every theory which teaches the inherent sinfulness of human nature or which leads us to place perpetual reliance upon any outside assistance.

Spiritualists have to learn the same lessons that church people need to master, for it is not only necessary to become emancipated from the thralldom in which the church holds those who are its slaves rather than its members, but Spiritualists also must learn to extricate themselves from that weak and blind dependence upon outside guidance which, though necessary for children in understanding, must be left behind as we approach individual maturity. Those who require swaddling clothes must wear them; perambulators and bath chairs must continue to be provided for infants in the one case and for invalids in the other; but we rightfully expect all our infants to outgrow infancy, and we should leave no stone unturned to assist our invalids to outgrow invalidism. When you are unconscious of your own immortality and have no interior conviction that you are anything more than an animal, you stand in actual need of phenomenal Spiritualism, which is the only form of ministration suited to your present necessities. The church has always insisted that objective spiritual manifestations have been necessary at certain times to prove the truth of its claims, but when a

church becomes fossilized it preserves the record and the memory of what took place in the past, but foolishly sets its face against similar evidences accumulating in the present. Spiritualism ranges all the way from fanatical dependence upon any and every outside agency whose influence may be felt by a sensitive to highly enlightened interior perception of spiritual realities. The wise philosopher never discountenances the lower phases of spiritual manifestation, though he steadily endeavors to lead humanity to what lies beyond them, which is what they lead up to when they are rightfully employed and not perverted.

There can be no logical teaching which is other than perfectly consistent with itself, therefore a true educational system must be characterized by essential unity. It is perfectly right that children should play with dolls and be amused with mechanical toys and picture books, provided those playthings are so constituted as to serve the ends of education by preparing children for the duties and occupations of maturer life, but if no lesson is learnt in play hours games soon become wearisome, and to the extent that a toy does not serve any educational purpose, it soon becomes an obstruction and leads to idleness, which is the first step in dissipation. Froebel's excellent system of child culture in the kindergarten serves finely to illustrate the complete feasibility of delighting and amusing children while they are being usefully educated. All kinds of religious and civic ceremonies, together with all kinds of popular entertainments of all descriptions, both public and private, must lead up to something beyond themselves, or they soon become wearisome and frequently pernicious. Conse-

eration is the real meaning of sacrifice; nothing in us or around us is to be fought against, but all lower expressions of our nature must give place to higher expressions. Keeping this steadily in view we can all rationally and progressively carry out in daily life the wise precept of the sagacious Apostle who counsels all to present their entire nature with all that it contains as a reasonable sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is our highest act of service. No teaching can stand the test of close examination and practical experience unless it emphasizes and illustrates the place of all parts in one harmonious whole.

CHAPTER V

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP TO MELBOURNE

PRECISELY at one o'clock on Saturday, August 24th, Miss Catte and Miss Panther took their last farewell of a perfect host of friends who had insisted on accompanying them onto the steamer and remaining to the last moment before its final departure for lands far remote from the Australasian hemisphere. No sooner had the ship absolutely set sail than Miss Catte declared herself utterly collapsed, so after an excellent lunch she took refuge in her cabin while Miss Panther and Mrs. and the Misses Clickington thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent panorama spread out before them as the gallant ship sailed majestically across the great expanse of ocean which divides the capital city of New South Wales from the metropolis of Victoria. The weather was almost perfect; the fierce storms and heavy rains of earlier winter had given place to that mild and equitable late winter weather which, when it continues for a fairly lengthened period, impresses a visitor to the Antipodes that climate along the Australian coast is exceptionally bright and genial.

Among their fellow-passengers was a singularly gifted and liberal minded young American physician, Dr. Francis Lemoyne, who represented the Order of Eden, inaugurated a few years previously by the celebrated Dr. George Dutton, of Chicago. Dr. Lemoyne was a

thorough-going enthusiast, and as soon as he gleaned from Miss Panther that the influential journalist Miss Cynthia Catte was on that steamer and going in it as far as Naples, he at once saw his opportunity for acquainting that singularly open-minded lady with his great project for carrying forward the work of the Order in the United Kingdom, and establishing a lodge in London as headquarters.

"I shall speak to her about it to-morrow," said Dr. Lemoyne enthusiastically. "There is so much leisure time on board a steamer that I daresay before we have progressed very far with our voyage we shall be making great inroads upon the library. When we have passed Adelaide we shall no doubt be quite ready to form a reading circle, and if a little company of us get together in one corner of the deck in fine weather or in the saloon when outdoors is not attractive, I may get the opportunity for reading aloud portions of Dr. Dutton's very interesting as well as highly instructive class lessons in Etiopathy."

"I only wish," said Mrs. Clickington, "that my daughters and myself were going farther in such delightful company as we find on this steamer, but our trip on this occasion ends at Adelaide; therefore I trust you will favor us with one reading to-morrow and others when we have left Melbourne."

"I shall be most happy to lend you my manuscripts for private perusal if you would care to read them," said Dr. Lemoyne, "and then if a favorable opportunity offers we can discuss on deck those points which particularly interest you."

The afternoon passed very quickly under the sunny

sky, enlivened from time to time with bursts of splendid music rendered by the ship's highly efficient orchestra. Six o'clock soon arrived, when a dinner was served in the second saloon which would have done full credit to the first-class dining room of any high-priced steamer. The cuisine on the German boats is of the highest excellence, the table service leaves nothing to be wished for, and the great variety of both substantial and delicate dishes meets, as far as possible, the exacting requirements of all passengers, including those in robust health with voracious appetites and the daintiest invalids who feel scarcely able to partake of even the lightest nourishment while rocked by the foaming billows. Miss Catte, who had awakened greatly refreshed after three hours' peaceful slumber, appeared at the table in her brightest spirits, though she declared she was "fit for nothing" and intended remaining in bed all the following morning; she, however, took immediate interest in Dr. Lemoyne's projected undertaking, and promised her vigorous support to the Order of which he was a truly exemplary representative.

Sunday was a beautiful day on the ocean. Scarcely a cloud flecked the sky, and the sea was so delightfully tranquil that even the most delicate passengers scarcely felt the motion of the fine, steady vessel, which even in the roughest weather behaved remarkably well while crossing the briny ocean. On German steamers nothing special is done to mark off the first day of the week from the rest of time, and according to European Continental usage, the same pastimes are indulged in on Sundays as on working days. This particular Sunday was so altogether delightful when enjoyed on deck that

it was not till after the evening dinner that any opportunity presented itself for a reading from one of Dr. Lemoyne's highly cherished manuscripts. This reading served to so far interest the ladies of our party in the new science known as Etiopathy that they at once expressed themselves desirous of becoming members of the Order of Eden and requested Dr. Lemoyne to enroll their names on the first favorable occasion.

Miss Catte, though very drowsy during the greater portion of the day, was quite alert during the evening; so after the reading, which concluded about nine o'clock, she gladly yielded to the request of her companions and contributed several numbers to the quickly arranged concert, which greatly enlivened all the party in the second saloon. The program was by no means crowded, but just full enough to made the proceedings agreeably diversified. There were several good voices among the passengers; also a young lady who played the violin admirably and was on her way to Leipsic to complete her studies in the world-renowned Conservatorium of that great musical centre.

Fräulein Oldenberg (the violinist) was a very interesting personality travelling with a very peculiar aunt who acted as her companion and chaperon. Frau Oldenberg was by no means an elderly woman, but she was thoroughly old-fashioned in dress, appearance, and general sentiments, though her ideas on psychic subjects were thoroughly up to date. When the music had ended and the lights were extinguished in the saloon, she invited a few whom she felt to be genial spirits to accompany her onto the deck to hear one of her famous ghost stories, which she prefaced with the information

that she had been a Spiritualist for nearly forty years, and that all books worth reading could be obtained at the office of *The Harbinger of Light*, in Melbourne. This good dame was a music teacher by profession, a thoroughly conscientious, hard-working gentlewoman, whose piercing black eyes and thin gray hair, together with her sharp-pointed but withal kindly features, made her appear far more like an oracle than a "dragon-like duenna," which she was often called by unsympathetic people who admired her niece's fiddling, but looked upon the aunt as an undesirable as well as an eccentric accompaniment.

The Misses Clickington and Miss Panther had gone to rest, but Miss Catte, Mrs. Clickington and Dr. Lemoyne were wide-awake though it was past eleven, and they were eagerly desirous of hearing all that Frau Oldenberg was willing to relate of her wonderful ghostly experiences. When they were all comfortably seated in the most sheltered part of the deck under an awning, the narrator of mystic tales began as follows :

"When I was a girl, now fully forty years ago, my grandmother took me to London with her when very serious and sorrowful business compelled her to leave Germany to look after the much-tangled affairs of her only brother, who died suddenly just after giving a most successful pianoforte recital in one of the great concert halls of the British metropolis. My grandmother had known all the greatest musicians who appeared in Europe between 1820 and 1860; she was a most wonderful woman, and could often compose by the hour, when at the piano, such music as only one of the

greatest masters of harmony and melody could have produced.

“On this memorable occasion, when I was a very little girl of twelve and my grandmother much worn down with sorrow, we had an awfully tempestuous passage from Rotterdam to the port of London; at one time the commander of the boat almost despaired of ever reaching land. When the storm was at its worst my grandmother heard some most entrancing music in the air as though a magnificent fugue were being rendered by a master mind operating upon a superb church organ. Contemporaneously with this clairaudient phenomenon she beheld the majestic figure of Johann Sebastian Bach and heard a voice say to her, ‘Direct the captain instantly to steer due west.’ Though the storm was raging tumultuously and she was but a weak woman, and further frailed by her present sorrow, she shook away all her native timidity, braved the exasperated elements, rushed to the captain and told him that she was inspired from heaven to urge him to steer at once due west and then all would be well.

“So deeply impressed was the gallant captain with my grandmother’s earnestness, and so much did he inwardly feel that her message was true, that he at once said to her, ‘Your direction, madam, shall be immediately obeyed; I have had an intimation for the past several minutes that a spiritual being has been seeking to impress me what course to pursue, but, alas! I am too dense to receive impressions clearly.’

“Three hours after that advice was followed the boat was safely landing on the English coast. Then, after making minute inquiries and submitting his charts of

latitudes and longitudes to the closest possible examination, Captain Kaupfmann discovered how extremely valuable had been the inspired directions conveyed to him through the medianimity of my inspired grandmother. This is but one out of hundreds of amazing evidences which have accumulated in my experience throughout my life, convincing me beyond peradventure that we are now living as much in a world of souls as in a realm occupied by material bodies."

"Your experience is certainly very remarkable," exclaimed Dr. Lemoyne enthusiastically. "My venerable teacher, Dr. Dutton, would readily credit your marvelous narration; but how is it, let me ask, that it is usually so difficult to identify the sources whence such wonderful and instructive information comes?"

"Ah! my dear friend," continued the earnest pleader for spiritual realities, "there is so much of impediment on our side, though not on theirs, that we cannot with much readiness, except in times of great peril when our faculties are especially alert, receive consciously the accurate and detailed information which our unseen preceptors are seeking to convey to and through us. In the case of my dear niece Katerina, who is only nineteen, though she looks older, many decided impressions are sent from our guardian spirits while she is manipulating the violin. I have seen the eminent Norwegian violinist Ole Bull, who took America completely by storm, placing both his hands on Katerina's head just below the plait which crosses her upper forehead, and when I have seen this people from America who were visiting in Sydney said, 'That girl is another Ole Bull; she will make her fortune wherever she may appear.'

But though their extravagant praise was well merited at those times, she could never of herself unaided repeat one of those great musical climaxes. How easily I could explain to many artists of my acquaintance why they are at times so great and at other times so poor in their renditions; such distressing unevenness as we frequently bemoan is due almost entirely to the inspiration which they receive when they are abundantly sensitive and which they can by no means obtain when a period of receptiveness has been followed by one of imperviability."

"But," broke in Mrs. Clickington, "granting all you say to be perfectly true, what should your niece, for example, do to render more frequent her marvellous inspirations and to prevent such declensions as we all bemoan?"

"There is a difficulty here, I must confess," continued the granddaughter of the great seeress. "I do not myself believe that we can reasonably expect to be always at high-water mark, nor do I think it desirable that we should anticipate a continual flow of inspired productiveness through our passive instrumentality, but I am completely sure that did we live more simply, lose our temper far less frequently, and concentrate our attention far more often lovingly and confidingly upon our spiritual guardians, we should be putting ourselves in a condition far more generally receptive to high spiritual influx than now obtains with even the best of us. My niece is a good girl, but she is occasionally sadly influenced by the false counsel of the people by whom she gets surrounded when pursuing her studies and fulfilling her engagements. These silly people, who think

they are wise, have their plans and methods for culture; they advance systems all different the one from the other, and were my dear niece not to be pulled back just in time by her old aunty she would soon get into the habit of most execrable bowing, and the catgut would no longer evolve delightful harmonies when attacked by her. She owes not so much to me personally as to what I receive from higher sources, and I know my dear grandmother frequently impresses me in the very nick of time to deliver Katerina from the modern Philistines."

"Will you tell me my destiny, or if that is too large a request, give me a foreword concerning to-morrow's experiences in Melbourne?" promptly requested Miss Catte.

"It is not in my power to read at will the future, but if I behold a vision in your aura during this night, I will gladly reveal it to you, making no claims for its veracity, but trusting, however, that if to-morrow or the day after shall prove the prediction true, you will, without mentioning my name in the matter, embody the narrative in one of your letters to the press," replied Frau Oldenberg.

"That will I gladly do," rejoined Miss Catte. "I am always and only a truth-seeker; my views are by no means pronounced on psychic questions, but I am a constant and, I trust, an utterly unprejudiced inquirer into psychic mysteries."

"That is quite enough," responded Frau Oldenberg. "Now I will say good-night to all the rest of you and remain a few minutes with Miss Catte alone, so that I may feel her aura uninterruptedly; as soon as I feel that we are sufficiently sympathetic I shall retire to my

cabin; then if during the night I receive anything definite relative to her prospects, I shall inform her privately. I do not wish any one else to know what is predicted until the full time has elapsed for its proof or its disproof. I esteem it indeed a privilege to have met so soon on this voyage such true comrades as yourselves, and now good-night let us say to each other with much fuller realization of the import of this holy salutation than is ordinarily perceived."

On the following morning, after all had enjoyed a thoroughly good night's rest and had partaken heartily of a simple breakfast, Frau Oldenberg and Miss Catte found a cosy corner in the saloon where, quite unobserved by their fellow-passengers, who were nearly all out on deck, they soon became deeply absorbed in highly engrossing conversation.

"Oh, I had such a beautiful vision just after my first sleep," began the German seeress. "I saw you at a great theatre meeting a most delightful lady with white hair all done up in puffs; she belongs to the English aristocracy and is going to take passage by the next French steamer which will leave Melbourne for Marseilles. This boat we are now in will be delayed a week, and during that time you will have experiences in Melbourne of the most eventful and fascinating character. We are all perfectly safe here; this ship is thoroughly seaworthy, but something needs to be done to a part of the machinery which will be found to be out of order just before we land at the port of Melbourne. The delay of one week will be very convenient for all of us, and during the next seven days we shall all learn very much concerning the mysteries of the Borderland. I have

seen you at the Grand Hotel, where you will be very comfortable, and our mutual friend Dr. Lemoyne will deliver some very successful lectures in a hall on Collins Street.

“Now, to be very precise regarding yourself, the elegant lady with white hair, whose name is Madame de Pomponet (she, though English by birth, is the widow of a French ambassador), will prove one of the best friends you have ever met. She is wealthy, highly cultured, and an influential member of an Occult Lodge with which your friend in Sydney, Mrs. Parrot, is in some remote degree affiliated. Madame de Pomponet has a son in England, a very handsome young man and very highly educated; he converses fluently in several languages and possesses a magnificent operatic tenor voice. He is on the Board of Council of the Lodge to which I have referred, and his mother is a member of the women’s branch of the same Order; she, indeed, holds a distinguished office therein.

“This Order is now seeking to admit to associate membership several influential writers and speakers who will prove instrumental in revealing to the world at large the leading doctrines of the Order without making any mention of its actual exterior existence. These people are neither Theosophists nor Spiritualists, so called, nor are they affiliated with Christian Scientists or with any other body of people who have acquired a public denominational standing; they do their work through the agencies of platform and press, but quite anonymously, for they do not believe in the righteousness of sects, nor do they deem it desirable to hold séances except in prepared conditions and where all the

sitters are drawn together by high motives and with a common elevated purpose.

“Shortly after reaching London you will meet, under exceptional circumstances, two very remarkable young men whom you will only see occasionally, but in whose presence you will witness the most astounding phenomena; one of these young men is known as Sophocles, the other as Anaxagoras; they are both of Greek parentage and their home is in Athens, but they are now engaged on important business, partly in London and partly in Paris. Madame de Pomponet knows them both quite well enough to enable you to meet them on rare occasions; they are both noblemen of very high rank and are in many respects quite unapproachable by the public.”

“This is decidedly intensely interesting,” declared Miss Catte. “I shall certainly look out for the mysterious lady at the theatre, and, so as to make no mistake, you must accept my invitation for this evening for yourself and niece, so that we can go together to the particular play-house which this noble lady is sure to attend.”

“I thank you truly for your kindness,” replied the amiable Frau Oldenberg, “but my niece and I have already decided to witness the grand opera in the Princess’ Theatre close to the Grand Hotel, and we certainly, considering our present means and wardrobe, shall not be sitting in that part of the house which Madame de Pomponet is sure to patronize. We go into the back stalls for three shillings each and sometimes we pay only two shillings and ascend to the amphitheatre. I certainly think *your* best plan will be to

take the best seat you can get in the dress circle, and, indeed, if you will follow my advice, as soon as we have landed you will go with me to the booking office and take Number 76; you then will sit next to Madame de Pomponet, whose seat I clairvoyantly perceive is Number 75 for this evening. Miss Panther and the Clickingtons have already expressed themselves desirous of going with my niece and myself to the amphitheatre, where we shall have a perfect view of the stage, thoroughly enjoy the music, and be under no necessity for elaborate dressing."

"Very well, then," decided Miss Catte, "if I must sit away from you in the theatre you can accept my invitation to an after-theatre supper in a private sitting room at the Grand, say at midnight, when I shall have had time to experience my adventure."

Time passed very rapidly in the golden weather and about three o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, August 26th, the *Prinz Regent Luitpold* arrived at Port Melbourne, a landing place which does not give the newcomer a particularly favorable impression of the great city to which it is the key. Just before landing, a portion of Frau Oldenberg's prophecy was verified, passengers being discreetly informed that owing to unforeseen business the steamer would stay a few days instead of the usual single day and night at the port of Melbourne before undertaking the trip to Adelaide. Though there was no necessity for any through passengers to disembark, the ship's company providing every one with perfect accommodation during the delay, Miss Catte resolved, accompanied by Miss Panther, to engage good rooms at the Grand Hotel in Melbourne, though the Click-

ingtons scarcely saw their way to incur so much extra expense as a week's sojourn in Melbourne might entail, therefore, they, together with Dr. Lemoyne, resolved to return to the steamer each evening and spend the night on board.

Fräulein Oldenberg was very desirous of spending a week in the great city and Miss Catte warmly pressed her hospitality upon the aunt and niece together, so they at length consented to be her guests, though with the distinct understanding that they should have only bed and breakfast provided for them at the hotel, as they declared they would be out and about so much that full board would really be of no use to them. Before five o'clock all our party were in the Grand Hotel, taking tea in one of its many small dining rooms and discussing with much animation plans for a delightful week in a most enterprising and interesting city. Immediately they had partaken of refreshments, of which they stood in very little need, considering how well they had all fared on the steamer, Frau Oldenberg and Miss Catte went to the great theatre almost adjoining the hotel, and found, greatly to their delight, that Chair 76 in the dress circle was available for that evening at the very moderate price of seven shillings and sixpence, rather less than two dollars.

In order to secure front seats in the amphitheatre, all our party, except Miss Catte, were in line at the gallery entrance-door before seven, so as to be ready to rush in directly it opened, at a quarter past seven. Miss Catte, who was going in solitary grandeur to the dress circle, spent more than an hour at her toilet, and arrived at the theatre five minutes before eight, dressed in an elaborate white satin evening gown, protected by a

scarlet opera cloak richly lined with ermine. She had only just taken her seat and observed that Chair 75 was remaining vacant when the lights were lowered and the marvellously beautiful overture to Richard Wagner's unsurpassed music-drama "Lohengrin" was started by the famous orchestra under the direction of that prince among conductors, Herr Slapoffski, whose marvellous renditions of Wagnerian operas have earned for him an almost unequalled reputation throughout the Southern Hemisphere.

At the conclusion of the overture there was a slight pause before the raising of the curtain, during which brief intermission nearly all the vacant seats were rapidly filled by the late comers, who had been wisely detained in vestibules and cloak-rooms during the superb overture.

The curtain quickly rose on the first act of "Lohengrin," but Seat 75 still remained vacant. Henry the Fowler, King of Germany, has come to Antwerp, to summon his lieges against the Hungarians who threaten the Eastern frontier; Friedrich of Telramund openly accuses Elsa of having murdered her brother to win the crown for herself. Elsa, in the person of that glorious soprano singer, Madame Ella Russell, appears to answer to the frightful charge. The king, personated by Lempriere Pringle, decrees that her cause shall be submitted to ordeal of battle between Telramund, splendidly portrayed by the great German singer, Max Eugene, and any champion whom Elsa may select to defend her. Elsa describes a knight that she has seen in a vision, and conjures him to fight for her. After repeated appeals a skiff drawn by a swan is seen approaching the shore; in it is Lohengrin, Knight of the

Holy Grail, splendidly impersonated by Baron Barthold, who accepts the challenge; but before he fights on her behalf he insists upon her giving her most solemn promise that she will never question him concerning his name or race or whence he came. The music, the acting and the scenery are all alike as nearly faultless as any Colonial audience can have the right to expect, especially when we consider the very moderate prices exacted by George Musgrove, the amazingly competent manager of one of the most brilliant musical organizations which has ever passed below the Equator. Thunders of applause greeted the termination of the first act of this stupendous music-drama; the leading artists were called again and again before the curtain and presented with well deserved tributes in the form of the choicest floral designs.

During the act Miss Catte was so thoroughly absorbed with what she was seeing and hearing that she quite forgot the vacant chair at her side, but when the electric lamps were rekindled and people began to move about during the entr'acte she was conscious of a complete pang of disappointment owing to the absence of a stately white-haired woman whose acquaintance she had never made. Her disappointment, however, was destined to be but of short duration, for precisely at nine o'clock, just before the curtain rose for the second act of "Lohengrin," a tall, majestic woman, splendidly attired in amber silk and priceless laces, accompanied by a stately young gentleman of proud military bearing, was escorted by the obsequious usher, who evidently knew them for people of importance, to chairs Numbers 74 and 75, the only two which

were then vacant in the whole theatre. Madame de Pomponet, for undoubtedly it was she, appeared a woman of such high station, and so thoroughly accustomed to command, that she might well have officiated as the general of an army, but, despite her imperial presence and essentially queenly air, there was a remarkable sweetness about her expression, which clearly betokened the truly motherly woman as well as the great lady of state.

The second act of the opera passed off as brilliantly as the first, but Miss Catte was so much occupied in speculating as to how she could possibly scrape up an acquaintance with the imposing lady whose laces mingled with her own that she could not give a very clear account of the tragic scene which is one of the strongest and weirdest in all Wagner's compositions. When the wedding party have entered the church and another tumultuous outburst of applause has announced the conclusion of the second act of this most thrilling opera, Madame de Pomponet, after remarking to her escort, "Wonderfully fine for Australia," turns to Miss Catte and most politely offers her an opportunity to inspect an original portion of the score of "Lohengrin" written by Wagner himself, remarking meanwhile, "I show this only to those who I know will appreciate it. You and I have met this evening not so much by chance as by appointment." A singular smile illumined the features of the stately lady as she thus addressed Miss Catte, while she added, "I know that you are Cynthia Catte, the famous journalist, and I believe that you are equally sure that my name is Estella de Pomponet."

The curtain soon rose again upon the third act, which

vividly portrays the fatal effects of undue feminine curiosity. Elsa and Lohengrin rise fully to the great occasion and win even greater applause when the curtain falls for the third time than they won upon either of the former occasions. The brief interval between the third and fourth acts allowed scarcely any time for conversation, and when after a magnificent rendering of the final act, in which the ship drawn by the swan reappears and bears Lohengrin back to the mystic castle of the Holy Grail, leaving Elsa bitterly disconsolate, Madame de Pomponet pressed an ivory card into Miss Catte's hand with these words written on its reverse side: "Delighted to welcome a dear sister at Greek Villa to-morrow to luncheon at two o'clock precisely." Without introducing Miss Catte to her escort the stately lady swept away magnificently in his company after smiling most pleasantly upon her new acquaintance, from whom she refused to accept the return of the precious manuscript until the morrow.

Half an hour later, when gathered around the midnight supper table in their private sitting room at the hotel, Miss Catte regaled the party with a most fervid and eloquent description of her remarkable new patroness, and soon after supper retired to her comfortable chamber to dream in outline of some of the wonderful experiences which she was shortly to realize in actual waking existence.

CHAPTER VI

MELBOURNE IN ALL ITS GLORY A MYSTIC ORDER AND ITS SACRED RITES

WHEN the weather is really fine few cities can outvie Melbourne in general attractiveness. Some visitors declare that Melbourne strongly resembles some of the great cities of America, but others assert that it reminds them strongly of Scotland, particularly of Glasgow. The cable-car system was originally imported from California, and the general laying out of the city resembles a majority of American capitals, but Melbourne is itself unique, without a rival, yet with strong resemblances in certain sections to many parts of London. The public buildings are generally very substantial, the streets are wide and well paved, and the general appearance of the chief business section suggests great activity and considerable prosperity. Sydney boasts of its harbor and picturesque water views; Melbourne's chief attractions are within its own suburban borders. Certainly, as a place of residence, one can hardly find in any part of the world a much more agreeable dwelling place than can be selected in the outskirts of this massive Australian city.

Greek Villa, the residence of Madame de Pomponet, was situated about four miles from Parliament House. Miss Catte reached it in a cab from the Grand Hotel in about half an hour, arriving at her destination a few

minutes before two in the afternoon. The general appearance of the house was not imposing from the exterior, as it proved to be a large, low, rambling edifice strongly resembling a bungalow surrounded with an unusually large and rather wild-appearing garden. On entering, however, one could not fail to be struck with the singularly high-bred as well as curious appearance of everything that met the eye. Madame de Pomponet had travelled extensively in Oriental climes as well as all over Europe, and during her extensive voyagings she had collected an immense variety of curios of all descriptions, some of which were now adorning the entrance hall of her Antipodean residence. From India and Ceylon, from Japan also, and even from Borneo, she had brought wonderful specimens of strange and ancient art, and as many of these peculiar objects were arranged in fantastic groups in the large antechamber into which visitors were always ushered by the stately footman who invariably received them, a feeling of mystery as well as of curiosity was generally aroused in any visitor of susceptible temperament.

Miss Catte, who was kept waiting fully ten minutes in this singularly decorated apartment, felt herself as completely isolated from the general world of Melbourne as though she had been a visitor to a subterranean temple in Thibet. This curious house was possessed of an insulated atmosphere which apparently shut it off entirely from neighboring residences, which seemed unspeakably remote. The eucalyptus and the pepper trees had grown in the surrounding grounds to unusual dimensions; so had the acacia boughs, which seemed from the windows of this quaint reception room to stretch far

away into dim immensity. Glamor and mystery seemed the presiding Genii of the place, and though the air was clear and bracing and well supplied with oxygen, there was something almost uncanny in the general suggestiveness of the abode.

A very large book, finely illuminated, bearing the significant title "Theosophia" was wide open on a massive book-stand at the section entitled "Eleusinian Mysteries." Miss Catte was just beginning to read some of these unusual pages when a gong reverberated clearly through the house and out into the neighboring grounds, followed by the immediate entrance of the young gentleman whom Miss Catte had seen at the theatre on the previous evening. He, bowing very politely to the lady, said, "I am commissioned by my aunt to escort you to the refectory, where tiffin now awaits us." There was something so unusual in this young man's appearance, manner, and style of greeting that Miss Catte could only feel her sense of wonderment increase when she was thus summoned to what she had expected to be only a friendly luncheon.

The meal was served in an outhouse at the extreme end of a long garden at the back of the residence which resembled nothing to which she had ever been accustomed in the course of her extensive peregrinations as a journalist. The table was a large marble slab without covering of any sort, supported by bars of iron highly decorated with emblematic tracery; the walls were covered with extraordinary frescoes representing banquets, the nature of which she could not readily determine. One immense dish of curry occupied the centre of the table; there were no side dishes, neither were knives or

spoons employed in eating ; forks with seven prongs of very curious workmanship were the only utensils employed to convey the food from silver plates to the human mouth.

Miss Catte was not introduced to any one at the table, nor did Madame de Pomponet, who was seated in state at the head of the board, acknowledge her guest's entrance save by a slight bending of the head accompanied with a superbly gracious smile. Before partaking of the meal all the participants stood silent while the young man who had escorted Miss Catte chanted a blessing in the Greek language, in a sweet, powerful tenor voice ; during the blessing he saluted the food and turned to the four points of the compass. Two servers, boys of about sixteen years of age, waited on the guests. These were clad in white tunics, with blue sashes round their waists. When the curry, which was singularly delicious, had been partaken of by all present, there was an interim for conversation lasting about fifteen minutes, followed by the entrance of the two boys, who had been absent during the interval, with large silver trays containing a great variety of fresh and dried fruits. When these were placed on the table Madame de Pomponet rose and pronounced a blessing in English on "the fruits of the earth ripened in due season and ordained by Divine appointment to sustain the psychic and external life of humankind."

Directly after the blessing the fruits were distributed in all their varieties to each guest at the table, during the partaking of which the company began conversing concerning the twenty-seventh day of the month and the mysterious fellowships which enjoyed their culmina-

tion twelve times in the circuit of each solar year. Miss Catte noticed that though she had been introduced to no one, every one seemed to know her and to be extremely well acquainted with her private business. In the course of conversation she was told incidentally by the young man who occupied the foot of the table a great deal concerning her past career and many startling predictions were made concerning her "brilliant" future. Curiosity at length overmastered her, and venturing to address her hostess with a definite inquiry, she asked how it was possible that she could be so well known to a company of people to whom she had never been introduced and most of whom she had reason to believe were neither of English nor Australian birth or ancestry.

"We know everything," was the comprehensive answer vouchsafed by Madame de Pomponet, which was greeted with approving smiles and nods of assent by all the assembled party.

"Then you must be omniscient," daringly asserted Miss Catte, resolved to probe this mystery to its foundation.

"By no means," replied the young man who had excited Miss Catte's greatest wonder by his unusual appearance and extraordinary phraseology. "We only know what concerns the interests of our Order."

"Your Order," exclaimed Miss Catte, "I have not been privileged to be made aware of its existence, but as I have been thus mysteriously brought to one of its banquets I suppose that is a treat for me which is still in store."

"All things in good season, beloved Cynthia," exclaimed Madame de Pomponet, radiating a benevolent

smile across the table. "You are here to-day as thrice-welcome guest. Some day you may meet us again under other ceilings as seven times welcome sister."

With this enigmatical reply Miss Catte was forced to be content, for with the conclusion of the fruit course tiffin terminated, and Madame de Pomponet led the way across the garden to the long, low library-room, which occupied the whole of one side of the spacious villa. This library was evidently the centre of the dwelling-house; it was clearly the general living room of the inmates and also the place where guests were entertained. On this occasion the party numbered exactly twelve persons, including hostess and host, but whether the nine other persons were inmates of the dwelling or only visitors Miss Catte had no means of discovering, and what appeared to her most singular was that no introductions were given and people called each other invariably by a single name. Madame de Pomponet did indeed inform "dear Cynthia" that her nephew was residing with her, and as he was addressed simply as *Æschylus*, Miss Catte took it for granted that the twenty-seventh day of the month must be an occasion when some mystic ceremony was in progress; but why and how she had been invited to it remained a perplexing mystery well in keeping with the singular clairvoyance exhibited by Frau Oldenberg.

The books which abounded in the library were, very few of them, such as usually appear in modern collections. Greek authors largely predominated over all others and the general appearance of the volumes indicated that they embraced treatises on ancient history, natural sciences, classic philosophies, and all the modern

arts. Evidently the people who owned the collection were profound students of Nature's mysteries, and from various remarks made in the course of easy conversation the visitor quickly gained the impression that her new friends regarded the ideas and customs of modern civilization as far below the standard of the highest Hellenic culture.

One picture, which occupied the most prominent position in the room, so riveted the attention of Miss Catte that she could scarcely keep her eyes from uninterruptedly gazing into it. It was an enormous square of canvas covering one entire side of the wall; it was unframed save with an encirclement of myrtle leaves, and burning before it was an incandescent electric light of unusual brilliance, casting a vivid purple glow upon the countenances of the two fine figures which occupied the entire foreground of the picture. These were two young men, marvellously handsome and amazingly powerful in muscular development; they were clad in magnificent Greek apparel and seated together upon a royal dais looking down as from a superb altitude upon the world beneath. There was no suggestion of where they were seated except that the impression was given that it might be in an open academic grove. The sun was rising just behind them in clouds of glory and their faces seemed to have caught the first rays of the rising morn. Great strength, extraordinary fixity of purpose, marvellous will-power and splendid mental force were depicted on their countenances, which were singularly alike and yet strikingly different. Miss Catte could not determine which was the grander or handsomer of the two. One had golden hair and bright blue eyes; the

hair of the other was black as ebony and his eyes were a deep hazel. The upper lip of both was adorned with a fine moustache, otherwise their faces were clean shaven. At their feet was an immense golden tray filled with fruits of all descriptions, and there they sat impassively, apparently representing the rulership of the earth, but they were without crowns or any regal appendages.

Seeing that Miss Catte's eyes were riveted on this wonder-exciting painting, Madame de Pomponet said to her, during a lull in conversation, "Give us your opinion of that picture, which seems to fascinate you. What do you think is its history?"

Miss Catte mechanically uttered the first words that came to her lips: "Damon and Pythias." After an instant's pause she continued, "I should imagine so, from what little I know of Greek history, and judging by the Greek aspect of your general surroundings."

"Not a bad guess for a novice," exclaimed Æschylus, "but I may tell you the picture has still another meaning. Damon and Pythias of ancient story have long since ascended to their beatification in a higher Elysium than this earth at present can afford. The two figures which now confront us on the canvas represent two of our great leaders who are at present engaged in the most holy and unspeakably important work of shedding pure spiritual light, like unto the rising of glorious Sol at early morning, to dispel the veil of ignorance which yet broods like a huge black bat over the foolishly miscalled civilized sections of this earth."

"Shall I ever meet them in the flesh, or must I only imagine them in the spirit?" inquired Miss Catte,

eagerly. "I am eaten up with curiosity concerning the ancient and modern mysteries which seem to confront me at every turn. I cannot now visit a house or take passage on a steamer but something strangely psychic dogs my every footstep. Why am I thus dogged, I want to know? I have no wish to escape the dogging, but I do wish to know toward what goal I am being thus mysteriously directed. Why am I here now? Certainly I am delighted to be in such charming surroundings, and to listen to such edifying conversation, but I am intensely desirous to trace something of the purpose which I believe must be fulfilled if my present experiences are to continue."

"You are here, my child, for a reason which will explain itself in due season," quietly declared Madame de Pomponet, whose manner always became majestic and oracular when the threshold of the mysteries was approached. This stately lady was a supreme devotee of the Anastasian Confraternity, before whose Central Shrine in Athens she had taken most solemn vows of life-long consecration, entitling her to bear the proud title of Most Excellent Mother.

Madame de Pomponet had dedicated her illustrious widowhood to the service of the highest truth which she had been enabled to discover, and, to use her own favorite inclusive expression, she had found "the Centre of Unity before which all claims of Pope or prelate fell like puny idols when touched with the lightning stroke of Heaven's infallible revelation." Not a single doubt concerning the sacredness of her mission or the sanctity of the immemorially ancient Order which she proudly represented ever disturbed her thoughts or

caused even a flutter of uncertainty to perplex her spirit. While respecting all honest agnostics, she felt herself to be knowingly in communion with the one indefectible centre of pure, unvarnished Gnosticism. Jews and Christians might speak to her of the antiquity of their respective systems of faith and practice, and while she quietly heard them discourse about the first Christian century, or even concerning the days of Moses or the time of Abraham, she would smile superbly as her thoughts reverted to a line of unbroken continuity from Poseidon, the centre of Atlantis, where the Anastasian Confraternity reigned in glory ages before the date assigned by old-fashioned misinterpreters of biblical chronology as the period of this world's creation. The perfect trust and serene composure of spirit which possessed this noble dame were displayed in her every word and action; she was never excited, never petulant, but she could be imperiously commanding. Women and girls in sorrow and difficulty of all descriptions would fall at her feet and sue for sympathy, but she would only unveil to them, as far as they were able to bear it, the holy counsels of the Esoteric Doctrine. Young men and boys would approach her nephew and tell him confidently of their difficulties and temptations, but, though he was often younger than those who sought his advice and sympathy, he was never known to express a single pitying word for human weakness, though he never withheld such practical advice as he deemed salutary from either the unhappy or the miscreant.

Remaining for a few hours in the atmosphere of Greek Lodge, Miss Catte felt herself slowly but surely affected by its pervasive insulating spirit. Gradually,

almost imperceptibly, an auric ring seemed to gather around her; she felt herself becoming enclosed in an indescribable circle. This sensation, though not disagreeable, was extremely weird on account of its unusualness; but along with the sense of mystery she felt a glorious accession of inward power. "Whatever these people may be they are certainly not weaklings," she meditated while listening, as though afar off, to the rhythmic murmur of earnest but not strenuous conversation which pervaded the apartment. The most curious of all her sensations was that her inmost thoughts were not concealable from those around her, even when she carefully refrained from indicating their nature either by word or gesture. At six o'clock Miss Catte informed her hostess that she was expecting a cab to call for her in a very few minutes, and began to express thanks for the delightful afternoon she had spent at Greek Villa.

"No cab will come here before eleven to-morrow morning to remove any of our number," smilingly affirmed Madame de Pomponet. "Your only engagement is with us this evening. Your cubicle has been appointed, where you will find everything necessary to prepare you for our nocturnal ceremonies. Your friends at the Grand Hotel have been informed that you will return to them to-morrow morning at half-past eleven."

Miss Catte was utterly nonplussed with this marvelous announcement, but secretly delighted with so good an opportunity for attending what she supposed would prove a most eventful séance. There were four ladies present besides herself and Madame de Pomponet, and five young gentlemen in addition to Æschylus. One of the young ladies, who was addressed as Sappho,

showed her to the ladies' dormitory, which was divided into five sections, each lady having a cubicle furnished with all possible conveniences entirely to herself. At the extreme end of this dormitory was Madame de Pomponet's private chamber, richly furnished something like an oratory. This was open for inspection. Never had Miss Catte seen before so thoroughly beautiful a sleeping chamber. No queen could have desired more sumptuous accommodation, and here it was standing in the midst of an old country residence almost hidden in a rambling garden, scarcely four miles out of Melbourne. The dormitory for the gentlemen was on the other side of the villa and closely resembled in all leading features the space set apart for the ladies. This part of the house Miss Catte was also permitted to glance at, and she observed that the nephew of her hostess had reserved for his private accommodation quite as superb an apartment as that which his aunt occupied. Signs of great wealth, but none of vulgar ostentation, abounded in every direction, and when after the speedily completed inspection of the dormitories Miss Catte was told that she should take repose in her cubicle to prepare for the repast which would be in readiness at half-past seven, a very beautiful maiden not over fourteen years of age, to judge by her appearance, brought to the visitor a most exquisitely worked robe of white lace, which she was told should be worn over the blue satin costume which was spread out upon the luxuriously appointed bed intended for her night's occupancy.

Though the apartment was small, it contained a porcelain bath liberally supplied with hot as well as cold water and on a marble slab was a plentiful supply

of oatmeal, which took the place of soap for toilet purposes in that establishment. Conveniences of every sort there were for making either a simple or an elaborate toilet; not the slightest trifle had been omitted which any lady of rank or high social position might desire to aid her in preparing for an elevated social function. The extreme comfortableness of that cubicle, softly but brightly lighted with delicately shaded electric lamps, impressed Miss Catte with an all-round sense of being perfectly at home though among strangers, and when she took the warm bath prepared for her by the attentive damsel in waiting, she felt a sense of rest, peace, and nerve invigoration which she had never before experienced. According to printed rules, placed in every cubicle, visitors were advised that one hour was a desirable time to occupy in making preparation for dinner and what followed it; she also learned that dinner occupied two hours, and that Lodge meetings commenced at ten o'clock and concluded at one o'clock. She further gleaned that a meal before retiring was served immediately the Lodge closed; that this was partaken of in silence, and that half-past one was the proper time for re-entering the cubicle. Sleep, she learned, should occupy seven hours, from two till nine in the morning; breakfast was served at ten, and the carriage of dismissal would approach the villa at eleven.

Precisely at half-past seven dinner was served in the refectory, which on this occasion was brilliantly illuminated with electricity; electric lamps suspended from tree to tree down the garden walk also made the way of approach radiant. At the festive dinner table all the diners were clad in full Greek costume. The robes of

Madame de Pomponet and her nephew, Æschylus, were of great magnificence. The four young ladies among whom the visitor sat at table were dressed exactly like herself; the young men, on the other side of the marble, were attired in classic tunics of bright scarlet, covered with laces not unlike the draping which fell over the sky-blue silk of the ladies' dresses. Before commencing this banquet the grace was much longer than at tiffin, and was chanted antiphonally by the presiding host and the five young men, who had all remarkably fine voices. The chant being entirely in the Greek language, Miss Catte could only surmise its import, but though she did not understand the language she felt a wonderfully exhilarating effect from the fine rhythmic melody.

Some description of the banquet may be interesting to any who are seeking to trace the connection (if any) between our methods of feeding and our spiritual development. Here was a company of people professing to be in possession of knowledge far above the reach of the average multitude, seated at a banquet which immediately preceded the monthly meeting of an Arcane Lodge where it was believed that great spiritual blessings were conferred, not only upon those who were privileged to be actually present, but also upon absent associates who were psychically in touch with its ceremonies.

Soup was plentifully provided, and no one ate sparingly; this soup was made from a combination of vegetable essences prepared according to a very ancient formula; it was not served in soup plates or partaken of with spoons, but furnished to the banqueters in silver tankards and employed as a beverage. Following the

soup came various dishes in which rice, sago, tapioca, vermicelli and other similar cereals mingled with succulent vegetables, among which mushrooms and truffles figured conspicuously. No vinegar was served, but lemon juice was plentiful; no beverage was offered except clear spring water. Puddings were not presented, but stewed fruit was provided in lavish abundance, and to all who wished for them, ripe fruits were also served without stint. No bread was eaten and there were no accompaniments to any staple, each course being a homogeneous confection piquantly flavored and partaken of with great leisure with the seven-pronged fork which figured exclusively as an eating utensil. There were pauses between the courses, which were quite numerous, during which conversation was freely enjoyed, but no frivolous or controverted subjects were introduced.

Precisely at half-past nine Madame de Pomponet retired to her private apartment and her action was immediately followed by all the rest. Sappho quietly whispered to Miss Catte, "Beloved Cynthia, we must spend the next twenty minutes in fervent aspiration that we may worthily celebrate the great impending mystery."

At five minutes before ten the procession formed to a private chapel which adjoined the refectory, which was now in darkness, while the chapel was blazing with electric glory. The chapel was a small building which had formerly been used as a stable, but so completely had it been transfigured to adapt it to the purpose of an oratory that no visitor would have surmised that it had not been originally built to fulfil its present intentions,

A glorified Masonic Lodge Room might suggest in some slight degree the arrangement of this exquisitely contrived sanctuary, which could comfortably have accommodated not over fifty persons. Those who are familiar with Masonic rites and those who have witnessed the interior of a Greek church may have seen something outwardly resembling this peculiar oratory, which was very highly ornamented and modelled (afar off) upon the plan of the great subterranean sanctuary situated somewhere in Europe, concerning which Madame de Pomponet and Æschylus spoke almost with bated breath, so great was their reverence for the Chief Centre of the illustrious Confraternity in which they both held decidedly exalted offices.

The service of the Lodge commenced with very beautiful singing without instrumental accompaniment. Madame de Pomponet, who had a marvellously rich contralto voice, antiphonated with her nephew during the sublime introduction to the higher ritual. At the conclusion of the anthem, Sappho, who was standing beside Miss Catte, covered the latter's face with a thick white veil. Then immediately followed that portion of the ritual and liturgy in which only members in full standing could participate. While behind the veil Miss Catte could only hear the voice of Æschylus, who was evidently performing a solemn rite which admitted a novice to some higher privilege than had yet been granted him, for at the conclusion of the Greek intonation Miss Catte heard the words "Forever faithful" repeated clearly in English, as well as their equivalent in several modern languages which she understood sufficiently.

During the veiled ceremony she had remained quietly seated while her companions knelt on either side of her. For a few moments she had been conscious that lights had been extinguished, and when they were rekindled her veil was taken from her by Sappho and she then beheld the young man who had been seated opposite to her during both banquets kneeling, apparently in a state of ecstasy, before the shrine, the veil of which was now lifted, but nothing could she behold therein but cloth-of-gold inner curtains and a magnificent golden chalice richly studded with precious gems.

The ceremony which followed interested her greatly, as it was intended to give thanks for the reception of a new convert by performing a miracle of healing somewhat after the manner of many schools of metaphysicians, though in an elaborately ritualistic manner quite unlike the seemingly simple practice of nominally Christian and Mental Scientists. Though Miss Catte had had some experience with what is generally known as mental healing, and thought she comprehended something of its principle, she was never able to understand how a treatment could be given to a person at a remote distance or to anybody while asleep. Now was her opportunity to hear a learned explanation of what an ancient Order had been doing for thousands of years and was prepared to demonstrate whenever a new opportunity proved favorable.

Supreme unwavering concentration of thought upon a given object, which alone renders the success of magical formulas possible, is absolutely essential to any high degree of success in mental healing, regardless of the school of practice to which the healer may belong. It

appeared on this occasion that an elderly man suffering from locomotor ataxia, which was slowly but surely depriving him of all power of muscular activity, had written a pleading letter to Madame de Pomponet beseeching her to let him know if she could recommend any course of treatment which might even modify, if it could not thoroughly cure him of, his most distressing ailment. This influential lady had at once replied that if he wished to receive a real benefit from a friendly but unknown source, he must implicitly follow certain simple directions which she wrote out plainly for his instruction; then on the twenty-seventh day of the month he must go to bed exactly at ten o'clock and remain wilfully awake for half an hour, then if he felt drowsy he might yield to the influence of slumber. During the half hour which must be spent awake the invalid was instructed to keep his thoughts centred upon the benevolent lady whose assistance he had invoked. She, on her part, aided by powerful friends, would do her work faithfully, provided he remained perfectly quiescent, but if he broke the necessary condition of passivity, she informed him that it would be impossible to transmit that electro-magnetic influence which when transmitted and accepted in unwavering faith could arouse the dormant energy of life in a wasting body and by a perfectly natural process gradually transform a diseased organism into a perfectly healthy frame.

Madame de Pomponet, feeling assured that the man in question was faithfully obeying the necessary directions, slowly rose in the Lodge Room and in clear, penetrating accents called upon all present to unite in the

following words: "Palgrave Chetwynd Maltravers, unite thyself this moment by a superlative act of unbroken faith in the irrefutable continuity of Divine healing flowing through all the ages through Divinely appointed channels, and receive at this instant, through the gate of faith and the sister gate of love, new vigor for inward and outward fulfilment of thy life's immediate destiny."

These words were uttered in exact unison by all present, including Miss Catte, who felt herself impelled to join with her companions in this beneficent endeavor to aid an unknown fellow-being in a time of dire necessity. Seven times were the sentences uttered; with each utterance there seemed a new accession of faith and fervor on the part of all who spoke them. Then for a considerable interval there was perfect silence in the chapel.

The next exercise which excited the interest of the visitor was the unveiling of an immense crystal, into which Miss Catte was particularly invited to gaze. There was some curious spell preventing her from either demurring or questioning whatever might be proposed to her; she therefore quietly fixed her gaze on the great glittering object, the brilliancy of which at first only dazzled her, but after a few moments of deliberate gazing she beheld, at first in faint outline, then with wonderful distinctness, what appeared to her to be the actual interior of an ordinary sleeping apartment, in which she clearly discerned every article of furniture and felt as though she and all her companions in the Lodge were visiting and inspecting the premises. In an old-fashioned bed she just saw the head of an elderly man, apparently sound asleep, resting on an unusually

high pillow ; on a small table by the bedside was a reading lamp, three books, and a repeating chronometer ; the room was not altogether dark, as one electric light was burning in front of a fine portrait of Madame de Pomponet. While observing this vision Miss Catte distinctly felt that a great improvement had taken place in the sleeping man's condition. Whilst she was gazing at this vision Sappho gave articulate utterance to what she also saw, and the two visions exactly coincided.

Shortly after, this picture entirely faded out of the crystal and another view appeared before her astonished gaze. Now she seemed to be in Paris, within sight of Notre Dame, in a magnificent but secluded temple, where she beheld the original of one of the two young men whose portraits had so greatly fascinated her a few hours earlier. Clad in sumptuous robes of office she beheld a number of persons, closely resembling those with whom she was now assembled, performing some mysterious ceremony the exact import of which she could not gather, though she distinctly realized that a great work of healing was being conducted. Simultaneously with this vision she felt such a wonderful influx of strength reinvigorating her own somewhat exhausted nervous system that the words involuntarily broke from her lips, "This is indeed the true religion ; let me work for its propagation." No sooner had she uttered these words than she saw an approving smile on the face of the central figure in the Paris temple ; then the vision faded from the crystal, and she passed into a state of delightful entrancement which differed from sleep in this respect, that while it was quite as refreshing as the profoundest slumber, it was evidently a means

for conscious enlightenment such as ordinary sleep rarely, if ever, supplies.

The proceedings of the Lodge continued through their accustomed course till the usual hour for their termination, but it was impossible for Cynthia to describe them to any of her friends subsequently, so strangely interwoven was the beautiful mystic ritual with her own private visions, which supplied to her an outline of her future career so unmistakably that she could not, had she tried, doubt in the slightest degree the certainty of the fulfilment of all the changes that were thus exhibited. During the silent refreshment time which intervened between the ending of the chapel service and her retirement for the night, she felt that, though her entertainers said nothing, they were well satisfied with her as a primary novice, and she now felt that she really belonged in some remote degree to the Order of which they were such encouraging representatives.

During the ensuing night her sleep was unusually tranquil, but she had no remembrance on awakening of any dream. Breakfast, which was served exactly at ten o'clock, was taken informally in the library; it was a simple but delicious repast, consisting chiefly of coffee, bread and omelette, but such coffee, such bread and such omelette Miss Catte had never before tasted. As the hour of eleven rapidly approached she felt a decided pang at leaving that delightful household, but, though she earnestly desired to see much more of these charming but mysterious people, she received no invitation to call again; only a decided prophecy was made by Madame de Pomponet when bidding her guest farewell.

"It will not be long now before we shall meet in Ceylon. I am travelling to Marseilles by the French steamer which sails very shortly; you will scarcely get to England by your longer route before I have reached my destination. I leave on Thursday, September 5th; as soon as you get to Colombo you will hear from me; meanwhile, farewell." Madame de Pomponet then gave Miss Catte a token of remembrance in the form of a beautiful gold double triangle with an immense sapphire in the centre, which is an ancient emblem of the Gnostics, quite as sacred to the faithful Gnostic as the cross can ever be to the devout Christian. There was a Greek inscription on this memento which Miss Catte was told would translate itself to her in due season.

The same cab was in waiting at the door which had brought her to Greek Villa, and as she left the prosaic vehicle, which had quickly returned her to the Grand Hotel and the society of the friends who there awaited her, she discovered, not the least to her surprise, that they had all been made aware of the cause of her last night's absence, while they on their part had spent a very delightful evening at a Spiritualistic séance to which they had been graciously invited by Lady Caulfield, a warm supporter of the Spiritualistic movement in Melbourne and an ardent worker for *The Harbinger of Light*, the great representative monthly magazine which has for several decades of years been a chief source of mental illumination to the entire Southern Hemisphere.

CHAPTER VII

DR. LEMOYNE—AN UP-TO-DATE PHYSICIAN

SATISFACTORY arrangements having been made with the management, Dr. Lemoyne arranged to deliver his famous lecture, compiled from instructions received from Dr. Dutton, on Wednesday, August 28th, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the hall of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists. The lecture was titled "The Mystic Temple of Being." Miss Catte, who acted as stenographer, supplied the following report:

We stand at the door of mystery. It is open. Let us enter with uncovered heads. Over the portal is inscribed, Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy (whole or perfect) ground. (Ex. III, 5.) This implies that we must allow nothing to come between us and the ground on which we stand, our own *understanding*, the basic faculty of the mind, which is holy or perfect ground. We are now in the Temple of Being. It is vast and all-inclusive, for all things have being; but how things came to be and what the primal cause of being is to us a mystery. By tracing cause and effect, however, we may approximate to the source of being, but as we approach the wonder or mystery of being is still ever unsolved. We know not the whence or the whither. We occupy only the present, whatever that may be. Past

and future are both to us indefinite. And what is the present? It is only that which intervenes between our past and future. In the stream of time it is a *line* without breadth or thickness; and yet we cannot act in the past or future. We can act only in the present. What the present really *is to us* depends upon the growth of our consciousness, the expansion of our mind. It includes all that which fills the mind at once, whether it be a moment, an hour, a day, a year, a century or eternity. We speak properly of the present year or the present century; and as our thought and consciousness expand, we include more and more of the past and future in the present; and when at last we include all in the present, the present becomes eternity; and so to the infinite or unlimited Mind all things are constantly present, and the past and future become blended and lost in the *now*. Really, then, we are living in eternity now. Being is eternal. Were it not so, there could be no cause of being and no effect. From nothing, nothing comes. This is a self-evident truth. There must then be something eternal from which all things have come; something that has always been; something self-existent. Of this truth (self-existence) we can have no very definite conception. The Infinite is and must be inaccessible to finite thought. Self-existence is itself a mystery. Our physical senses are finite; but science and logic take hold of the Infinite. There is absolutely no limit to the multiplication or division of numbers. Carry on the operation as long as we may, we pause at last as we began in the presence of the Infinite — the mystery of mysteries. Time, however, belongs to the finite only, and serves in human speech to mark the

limits of events. Time, whether longer or shorter, is always limited, so is space; but essential being transcends the limits or bounds of any time or space imaginable and lives through all. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, for the whole is greater than any of its parts; but through our consciousness, which is an attribute of mind, our thought expands until we gain ideas of the infinite and absolute. The absolute is that which depends on nothing else for its being. It *is* in and of itself.

The absolute is sovereign over all, and the logic of being or truth demonstrated (which is absolute) is our pathway to the perfect, the eternal.

Ontology is the science that contains the keys to the kingdom of heaven, and to that we now invite attention.

The term Logic is derived from the Greek language, and is used to signify pure reason, or understanding. The *Logos* is the Word, "and the Word was God." (John I, 1.) It is in the beginning with God. *Logos* is properly translated into English by our words science and reason, but it is impossible to convey in human speech its full meaning as used by the evangelist. It is something in which *Life* resides, and Life is the light of men. It is evidently the understanding of things; SUBSTANCE (not matter, but that which upholds and sustains all matter), Divine Mind. The word *Logos* forms the basis of nearly all our scientific terms and is, therefore, the very essence of Science; and we may define True Science as the Divine method of proceeding, the Perfect Way. I am the Way (said the man who represented and spoke in the name of Truth), the Truth and the Life.

That Being includes everything that is is evident from the fact that *is* and *being* are both forms of the same verb, *to be*. But what there is in the universe is a question not yet settled. One maintains that all is Mind; that there is naught but God and His ideas; another is equally sure that there is naught but matter and force.

In the Logic of Being it is not *prima facie* evidence that nothing is because we see nothing. We may be blind. Our senses are limited. Being is unlimited, as the very form of the word implies. The termination "ing" implies a continuance of action. Being may include more than we see or perceive by the senses. But, taking up the question in dispute between mind and matter, we must admit that mind is in many respects very different from what we term matter. It is invisible and intangible. It is more; it is *imperceptible by any outward sense*. To say that mind, or ideas, can be felt with the fingers, seen with the outward organs of vision, tasted in the mouth, or perceived through the olfactory or auditory nerve, is contrary to the use of language; and yet the materialist will not deny that the mind *is*. He claims, however, that mind is material, in some form, for as a materialist he cannot conceive of an immaterial substance. To him whatever is is matter. Even mind is the outgrowth or product of refined matter, if we accept his statement. Having learned to use and trust his senses, the materialist cannot readily pass beyond the realm of the senses; and so the materialist invests matter with all the attributes of mind. Nature (the visible creation) is to him a blind force, as well as an appearance, exact in its methods, wonderful

in its operations and relentless as fate. Mind and matter to him are all one, and that is what he calls matter. To the pure idealist mind and matter are also one; but that one to him is mind. So far, then, as fact of being is concerned, it is only a change of terms. One sees in matter what the other sees in mind. A third class positively denies the existence of matter, and holds a belief in its existence to be "mortal error." It is not likely that this third class will deny the existence of *something* that mortals call matter, but to them it is not matter, but an expression of mind, the *idea of God*. In the ordinary use of language an *idea* is not visible to the *outward* sight, while that which mortals call matter is visible. An idea, according to general acceptance, is the *image* or *representation* of outward objects *in the mind*. According to Descartes, Locke and many other philosophers, *idea* is used to signify a sensation, perception, conception, notion, image or thought in the mind, while *outward objects* are things that answer or correspond to these ideas, and constitute what we call Nature. The definition of Plato makes the subject still plainer. According to Plato, an *idea* is an eternal, immutable, immaterial form or *model* of an object; an archetype or pattern, according to which the Deity fashions the phenomenal world.

According to Plato, an *idea* is immutable, or unchangeable, and scarcely any one will claim that an *idea of God is mutable*, or that matter is *immutable*. Then matter cannot be an idea of God, nor can any *material* form, like a visible tree, flower, or the body of a man, be an idea of God. It can only be expressive of an idea. The model and the thing made are two distinct

things. One is an immutable thought, the other is a mutable *expression* of that thought. "See that thou make all things after the pattern shown thee in the mount" (the *ideal* realm). The idea of a house is conceived in mind before the house itself is built. The house may be destroyed; but the *idea* of the house cannot be destroyed. To *say* that no house ever exists, and that no matter with which to build a house exists, but that the idea of a house is all there really is, is to pervert the use of language and talk absurdly.

And even on the baseless assumption that matter has no existence, what shall we gain by substituting the phrase *idea of God*, or *expression of the idea of God*, for the term matter? Would the change facilitate the use of language or tend to exalt the character of God in the minds of human beings? On the contrary, would it not tend to degrade the character of God to a level with man's conception of matter, and render it difficult for us to communicate our ideas of the external world? Matter actually *exists* (is "placed out from" the mind). Again, we are conscious that the *eternal* world is something distinct from the human mind. Even our bodies, which are most intimately related to the mind, we study as something outside our minds. Socrates, in speaking of his body, said: "Do what you please with it: I shall not be there." The Ego, the mind, or essential man, and his physical body were to Socrates not one, but two distinct things, and what better terms can we use to designate them than mind and matter? Mind and matter are terms well established in human speech for use by human beings in human life — our present mode of being. Can we do better than retain them? We

can only use the language of the gods as we become gods. Human language is imperfect, and we may rightly improve it if we can. *God* is a term used in our language to express our *ideal* of the Supreme Good. The word was undoubtedly formed by the contraction of the word Good thus, Go'd, and finally God. It expresses much more to one mind than to another; and becomes universal only to the philosopher who sees evidence of Good in everything, and to whom all human distinctions of high and low fade away. In Astronomy we find no *up* or *down*, except with reference to some *special* planet, like the earth; and even then, up and down signify *every* direction *to* and *from* the centre of the earth. So good and evil in human life — for these terms are calculated as an eclipse for our latitude, or present *mode of being* — signify the direction *to* or *from* the central Heart of the Infinite as manifested to each human soul. And since these manifestations differ, "as one star differeth from another star in glory," so what is good to one is sometimes evil to another, and will so continue till such a time as all are made perfect in One; then shall evil wholly disappear, and God be all in all.

To the ordinary mind God is not universal, not omnipresent. His presence is not always recognized. Of the wicked the Psalmist says: "God is not in all their thoughts." To the infidel God is sometimes "nowhere"; but the little child finds Him and syllables the same word, "NOW-HERE." *Honi soit qui mal y pense* (evil to him who evil thinks) is a familiar saying. Evil exists only as a *lower state of development*, and the lower in human speech is tributary to the higher. All fruit is necessarily green before it is ripe; and to him

who looks for fruit before its season, evil comes in the form of disappointment. The Logic of Being points to unerring Wisdom. "Come up higher" is the lesson of evil. "To *depart* from evil is understanding." Evil is the *absence of good*. It is a negative term and will do no harm if left alone. It is also a relative term, and relates to *human* thought and not to the Absolute or Perfect Mind. The term Devil is the impersonation of what is called evil, as God is the impersonation of good; the two terms, *together*, make up the infinite manifestations of spirit. Spirit is universal, the source of all power, life, and action; and is called in human speech good or bad, God or Devil, according to man's idea, or belief, of its moral quality. The higher manifestations of Spirit are recognized by man as God's work; but the lower as the Devil's. The term Devil was probably formed by prefixing the letter D to the word *evil*, thus Devil. Time was, and not very long ago, when all these English words had to be coined, and by going to their origin we gain a clearer idea of their meaning. The Devil, in popular speech, is the "Father of Lies, who reigns in hell." *Hell* signifies to cover up, or conceal, and is typical of darkness, which tends to conceal from view. Matter often tends to conceal spirit; for spirit itself is invisible to outward sight. The farmer covers up, or conceals, seed in the ground (matter) that it may germinate. The lower condition must precede the higher.

Such is the Logic of Being. To him who did not understand, the seed covered up in the ground might be mourned as lost, and its bursting and decay pronounced evil. The seed, indeed, dies, but its death is the libera-

tion of power to multiply and bear fruit. All is the work of Spirit; but the manifestation of spirit, *to the senses*, is what is usually termed matter. We have spoken of Being as including all things that make up the universe; or, in other words, all things that *are*. To the idealist all things subsist in Mind; and Nature is an expression of Mind. To the materialist all things are material, mind an expression or phenomenon of matter, and Nature becomes a synonym for God, or a mixture of Good and Ill, according to his understanding. Now, who shall say that one is right, the other wrong? There is, be it remembered, a relative and an absolute right. The relative right is to follow one's own convictions and hearken to one's own understanding; the absolute right is that which tends most to elevate and improve the human race and all God's creatures. Absolute right belongs not to the human, but to the Divine; to be absolutely right is to be divine. The perfect way is true science; the Logic of Being, in conjunction with conscience, is our guide. Truth is always consistent with itself and brings all things into harmony; error is discordant. Mind is a generic term, including soul and more or less perfect manifestation of spirit; but some authors use the three terms, mind, soul and spirit, interchangeably; and, indeed, it is more difficult to distinguish these from each other than it is to distinguish mind and matter; and yet mind and matter are not separated as to space, but are always found associated. Logically mind and matter differ widely as the poles, and really form the poles of Being. Matter is visible, or perceptible to physical sense; mind is not. Matter is divisible, mind is indivisible. Matter has the proper-

ties of extension, form, inertia and gravity; mind has none of these. Matter and mind are the two extremes of consciousness; one is intelligent, the other non-intelligent. Both, however, are included in Being, and are correlatives.

The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.

COWPER.

All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul.

POPE.

“God is Spirit.” St. John, IV, 24. (See also I Cor., XII, 4 to 13; and Psalm CXXXIX, 7 to 10.)

Spirit is immaterial substance. — Worcester’s Dictionary.

“The term *spirit* properly denotes a being without a (material) body.” — Fleming.

A unit, or unity, is an entire, whole, complete thing. God is Unity.

Principle is a fundamental truth; the original cause. God is Principle.

Power is ability to do; force capable of originating force. God is Power.

Truth is reality as opposed to falsehood. God is Truth.

Life is that which makes alive. God is Life.

Love is that which renders its object dear and precious. God is Love.

Light is that which renders objects perceptible. God is Light.

Mind is the thinking principle. God is the Infinite and Eternal Mind.

Physicists hold that God is the Great Unknown, and some say Unknowable. They hold, also, that nature *may be known*, and what is called science is built upon the supposed fact that matter and nature are real and substantial; whereas, the fact is, that all things in nature are very *unsubstantial* and very changeable, and that the unseen or invisible things are alone substantial and eternal. All material things change, but God never changes. The position of those who teach only physical sciences is therefore exactly wrong. We *can* know God, because he is *always the same*; but we can never know nature, because it is phenomenal and continually changing.

But *how* can we know God, who is spirit? Spirit we cannot see; we can only see phenomena (appearances) which we call nature, material forms. To know God, we must then study the invisible. This we cannot do with the ordinary senses. The senses deal only with matter. But we can study the invisible with the mind and soul. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." "God is love." Love we may know by experience, by the soul-life. God is Truth, Intelligence, Power. These we may know through the mind. And so all the attributes of God may be known by the human mind; and to know the attributes of God is to know God.

We have two sources of knowledge, or, more properly, *two avenues*, through which we gain knowledge: the *external world*, which we call nature, and the *mind itself*. Gaining knowledge through the mind itself may be called the intuitive method. It is the *royal road*

to learning. Physicists call intuition *unconscious cerebration*. It is a glimpse of celestial light.

Spirit is the positive pole of Being and does directly and indirectly all things. It is the energizing Principle (Original Cause). Matter is a term representing the negative pole of Being, and is *apparently*, but not really, so far removed from Spirit (giving, ordinarily, no sensuous evidence of life) that it is said to be dead, or inert.

Matter is the instrument, or organ; Spirit the musician, or actor. We might call matter *fossilized spirit*, but in the lower forms of nature matter does not, as the fossil does, retain enough of its Archetype to remind us of Spirit. Matter is a name for the ashes from which the Fire of Being has apparently gone out; not in the absolute sense, but in human language, and *to human sense*. Matter turns a deaf ear to the piteous cries of an agonized soul, but obeys instantly the demands of intelligent mind. Understanding and Will can always mould matter to their liking; it is always plastic in their hands. The higher always controls the lower. Such is the law or edict of the great I AM, the Divine Presence. Matter, by many, is considered the only real thing in the universe; and there are others who affirm that matter is wholly *unreal*. Such conflicting opinions often arise merely from the ambiguity of words. The language of human beings is by no means perfect. The word *real* is derived from a Latin word that signifies a *thing*. Thing is a very indefinite and comprehensive term. Whatever we can think about is a thing. *Real* signifies belonging to the thing *as it is*, without any deception. It is defined by Worcester as true, genuine, actual, actual being or existing, absolute. Things are unreal that

are fictitious, false, unsubstantial, not resting in Truth. According to these definitions, matter is always real whenever we have a true conception of it; or in other words, when it appears to us *as it really is*. If we have a *false* conception of matter, and it is not to us what we think it to be, then, to us, it is *unreal*; so that the assertion "matter is unreal" is equivalent to saying that no one ever understands what matter is. That matter, as such, is *actual*, in the sense that it *acts* as a primal cause, or that it is *substantial* as an underlying Principle or sustaining Power, is not our idea, or the idea of the lexicographers; but as an *expression, or phenomenon of Spirit*, matter is as real as Spirit itself.

Matter, in the great aggregate, makes up what we call Nature. And here, again, is another ambiguous word. To the critical and philosophic mind Nature represents the outward, visible world, in distinction from the inner, invisible world which is the world of force and ideas — the world of mind. To another, less analytic in his thought, the term Nature embraces both mind and matter, for to him the two worlds are essentially one. Again, the term Nature is often used in common language to signify the Author or Producer of all things. In this sense Nature is used as a synonym for Spirit or Infinite Mind. Literally, as we learn from the derivation of the word, Nature is something born, or borne; and since nothing can be born without parents, or sustained without a sustainer, we are irresistibly led by the meaning of the word to the parent source of Nature, the ideal realm, the realm of Infinite Mind, the great Patent Office of Being where all the infinite models or ideas of Nature are kept. All material forms presented to the

senses of man first had being in the realm of ideas. Ideas are always the original models of things, whether natural or artificial; and all material forms are only imperfect representations of those models.

Great are the symbols of Being,
 But that which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld,
 But vaster the inward Creator.

Nature with her myriads of beautiful forms is but the aggregate of phenomena (appearances) presented to our senses, and may be called the vesture or garment of Spirit. It is that which Deity wraps about Him as a screen or veil presented to mortal sight and sense. It is the totality of matter. Matter has its grades of fineness, and through them Spirit reveals various degrees of its manifestation; but Spirit can be *known* to Spirit only. Spirit is omnipresent and is made manifest in proportion to the fineness and activity of matter and the perfection of the form through which it manifests. In minerals matter is gross and gives little evidence of Spirit, but the property of polarity and laws of crystallization observed in the mineral kingdom are at least a hint of the presence of Spirit. To the true philosopher, "Every common bush is ablaze with God; every mountain is as holy as Sinai; every river as sacred as the Jordan."

God is immanent in Nature and in the laws of the human mind.

The physical organism is the soul made visible.

The mountain itself is a mirage, the sea but a vapor, and the wind a figure of speech for this ghostly force (Spirit).

Being passes into *appearance* and unity into variety; this causes what we term Nature.

The natural is the symbol only of the spiritual.

Though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein,
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought.

MILTON.

There is nothing on the natural plane that is not in the spiritual; for the natural is only the outward expression of what was first conceived in Mind.

There is no shadow without its substance. Matter is represented by the shadow, and spirit, which sustains matter, is the substance. "For the invisible things are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Rom. I, 20.

Nothing is absolutely, but only relatively, dead. All is instinct with spirit, and spirit is the essential element of Mind. "The whole universe subsists, is maintained, and can only subsist within such a sentient, invisible and conscious thing as Mind is known to be," said Bishop Berkeley. God is spirit; Nature is matter; and *logically* (as subjects of thought) spirit and matter are separated by an impassable gulf; and no bridge projected from *Nature's* abutments can span the abyss that separates, *logically*, Mind and Matter. To confound the two in our thought is to often lose sight of the higher attributes of Immortal Mind. Nature in all her wondrous mechanism is but mechanism still. She moves mutely and automatically in her never-ceasing rounds, and can never tell whence she is or whither she is going. Mind alone can penetrate the veil of mystery

that closely wraps her round. Not in Nature can man find his *essential* self, for he is not there; the essence of his being is spirit. The body is only the habiliment of the mind. All existences are actuated by Spirit — Infinite Mind. "The original of all things is one thing. Creation is one whole. The differences a mortal sees are diverse only to the finite mind," wrote Festus. Matter is like the screen on which the pictures of the magic lantern appear. The pictures themselves are in the mind and are illuminated by Spirit. Matter constitutes the body, or visible part of man; mind, or soul, is the invisible, *essential* man.

"Thou celestial light, shine inward and the mind through all her powers irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence purge and disperse, that I may see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight," sang Milton.

Objects of nature are not *perfect* things any more than they are eternal; they are approximations only to the perfect. The perfect is the ideal. All nature, as all artificial things, is a perpetual effort to embody the beautiful ideal. There is not in all the universe of matter a perfect sphere or circle. There is no perfect natural man, but there is within us a perfect *ideal* man, and that ideal man is the image of God. To set free our ideal, as a statue from the quarry, is the task set before us. Unshackle the mind. Life is a term which implies the opposite of death. Life and death, like spirit and matter, are the poles of being, antithetic terms. Where one *is* the other is not. They are terms that signify, to finite minds, the *supposed absence* or *presence* of Spirit, which is the Essence, or Fountain, of Life. But to the philosophic mind Spirit is universal,

omnipresent, and there is no time or place where spirit is not; consequently, if death signifies the absence of spirit, there is no death, as spirit is everywhere present. But, veiled in matter, spirit is not always recognized by finite minds; and where, or whenever the spirit is *not* recognized, but is *supposed to be absent*, death presides. In the mineral kingdom the physicist sees no evidence of life; never speaking of mineral life, but only of vegetable and animal life; and yet it is generally admitted that God is Spirit and is omnipresent. And so *humanly* speaking, spirit must be present, even in the mineral. Not that the mineral and the spirit are the same, for one is matter, visible and divisible, which spirit is not; but as to space even the mineral is always associated with spirit. It is *in* Spirit that all things are. Spirit is absent *only* to the outward sense. Space is that which separates and limits objects of sense. It is not applicable to spirit. Neither is *time* applicable to spirit, for spirit is universal Presence. So the term death is not applicable in any sense to spirit, for spirit is Life. Death touches not life. Death is a human expression and applies only to the finite. *Human life*, as generally understood, is finite, and as such is subject to death. It begins and ends. "Man is born to die." But Spirit is neither born, nor is it subject to death. The *finite* only can begin and end. Infinity has no beginning or ending. If man is finite he dies; if infinite, he lives forever. Such is the Logic of Being.

To outward sense matter seems substantial, solid, real; but it is so only when we understand it *as it is*. To the naturalist, or materialist, matter and substance are usually considered as one and the same; but sub-

stance is the underlying principle, the essence of being. Spirit is the sustaining Power, the Essence of Being, the underlying Principle, and therefore substance. Matter is the thing upheld or sustained by Spirit. Take away spirit and matter would not be. We must not ascribe to matter what belongs only to spirit. Matter is real as an appearance, phenomenon, or expression of spirit; but it is *not* real when we conceive of it as something in and of itself, independent of spirit. It is a convenient term for use in human speech as one of the poles of Being; the *hiding place* of Power, or Force; the outward representation of the ideal; the plastic, non-intelligent servant of intelligent Mind. It is always at the birth of all created things, but it never creates; it forms, or composes, the so-called sentient nerves, but it never feels; it is the vehicle of all finite life, but never lives; it is the negative side only of Life and Being.

The Greek language has two different words to designate life, *Bios* and *Zoe*; and from these come our two words Biology and Zoölogy. One of these terms applies to finite *human* life, the other to the infinite Principle of Life as manifested in the nature of all animals; one is the way or course of life, the other the means of living, or essence of life. Human life is only one of the phases of endless Being, like one of the facets of a diamond or crystal, while an entire diamond represents universal and infinite Life. The one is nothing without the other. Spirit is Essential Being, and is the life of all that lives; man truly lives only as he recognizes his union, or oneness, with Spirit, which is the Life of all. When man comes to perfectly recognize his oneness

with the Infinite, the Perfect, he will find himself superior to matter and will fashion his body and all material things after the pattern shown in the mount (the ideal world).

To talk of the origin of life is absurd. LIFE IS, always and forever. It is only the manifestation of life that changes. We may pass from one phase of life to another, but Life itself is the I AM—the universal Being. It is holy and immortal.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Spirit is Life in the highest sense. Cowper sings:

The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.

All things have their being in God; without Him there is no substance or life. He is the life of all that live.

“Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.” (Psalm CXXXIX, 7-10.)

Owing to the imperfection of human language, the terms soul and spirit are often confounded. Some consider the Soul the innermost and highest; others, the Spirit. According to the Bible, God is Spirit, and the term God is certainly used to designate the highest

Being — the Supreme Good. As *compared with the body*, the soul is the immaterial, vital part of an animated being. In the Greek language the soul and the butterfly are expressed by the same word, *Psyche*; this fact sheds some light upon the nature of the soul. The butterfly is the perfected form of the caterpillar, and comes forth from the chrysalis, which then bears a similar relation to the caterpillar that a dead body does to a living person; or, we may say that the soul at the resurrection comes forth from the dead body as the butterfly from the chrysalis. The relation can be traced still further, from the fact that the term *larva*, which is used to designate the caterpillar state, signifies a mask, spectre, or appearance, which is also the meaning of the term *person*. *Larva* represents the first stage of existence after leaving the egg (ovum); which is the present state of man. At death the person (mask, spectre, or larva) becomes the chrysalis, and from that (the dead body) comes forth the soul (the butterfly). We trace the Divine method thus: First the egg, or ovum, which is the embryotic state of man; second, the caterpillar, or larva, which corresponds to what we call a person (the mask); third, the chrysalis, which represents the dead body of the person; and fourth, the butterfly, which represents the soul. The caterpillar creeps upon the ground, as persons grovel upon the earth; but the butterfly, like the soul, is not confined to earth; it soars at pleasure above the earth.

The soul is organized life, or embodied spirit. It is the moving power that governs and controls the human body. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The body is the scaffolding, and the soul does

not appear in its glory until the scaffolding becomes spiritualized, or is entirely removed, as it will be at the resurrection — the apotheosis of the soul.

The Soul (Psyche) corresponds to the transparency, or slide, in the magic lantern, through which the rays of light are transmitted to the canvas or screen, on which the picture is formed; while the Spirit corresponds to the light of the lantern that illuminates the whole. The material body of an animated being corresponds to the picture thrown upon the canvas.

The term mind, as applied to finite beings, is not greater than spirit, but less, for the mind is limited and limits the manifestation of spirit.

Mortal mind is the inferior part of our intellectual and spiritual nature; the seat of our emotions, passions and appetites; the force, or link of force, which connects the spirit with the body. The terms mind, soul and spirit are all used by authors and speakers somewhat indefinitely on account of our meagre attainments in Psychology and Metaphysics. The body is the first to be recognized in human life; consequently, the body, as recognized by the senses, assumes, at first, an importance which does not belong to it. Later in life the *soul* is recognized by the consciousness as the essential man, and, for the time being, becomes the immaterial and immortal part assumed to be the innermost and highest. Last of all, in the development of the human being *spirit-life* bursts upon the consciousness, and is sooner or later seen to be the *all in all*. Without spirit both mind and body would cease to be. So it is in the growth of human language that the terms soul and spirit have

a varying significance, and, like dissolving views, one melts into the other. Words often convey to different minds different significations. So with soul and spirit. Until man becomes *conscious of spirit*, the soul is the innermost and highest, but *after* awhile the soul is seen to be limited, or finite, while the spirit is infinite.

The term mind embraces all there is of man except the body, or material part; consequently the soul *is* the mind until we become conscious of spirit; *then* the term mind embraces both soul *and* some manifestations of spirit. The soul, like the outward body, is finite and gives individuality to man. The soul, like the slide, or transparency, in the magic lantern, may be imperfect, but the spirit is perfect and knows no change. The soul is changeable, and by reason of its intimate connection with the mind, makes that also changeable, until a time arrives in the great cycle of Being when the soul becomes perfected. The soul is the battleground between the finite and the Infinite; the Perfect and the imperfect. The Infinite is identical with the perfect. The body is the garment which the soul weaves for itself in subjection to the demands of the spirit. There are metes and bounds in Nature; so of the soul till it becomes consciously one with the Infinite, then it is free. Everywhere the higher controls the lower, and the soul, in connection with the spirit, is superior to matter. Soul and Spirit! These together constitute what we call the man. What is the mind? How few can tell! Yet all our schools and institutions of learning have been established for the distinct purpose of educating or developing the mind.

Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led,
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head,
And found that one first *principle* must be.

DRYDEN.

Immortal mind is the thinking principle which remembers, reasons, perceives and understands. Beyond it nothing is. It is the kingdom of heaven; and when divinely illumined and purged from sin and error, becomes the kingdom of God. "The kingdom of God is within you." (Luke XVII, 21.)

Heaven is an elevated place. On the material plane of being, heaven is the region of the clouds, or sky; the region of the sun and moon and stellar orbs. This is heaven in the lowest sense, or heaven *on the natural plane*. But over and above all material things reigns the Mind; hence, in a larger and truer sense, the Mind is the kingdom of heaven. It is a region elevated above the plane of material things where one Spirit reigns as King, and the souls of all are subjects. The keys of the kingdom of heaven (Matt. XVI, 19) are the principles that will serve to unlock, or unfold the Mind. Mind embraces the invisible, the ideal, the permanent, but does not embrace what we call matter, of which the body is composed. In the largest sense, Mind embraces the Infinite Spirit which we call God, and is universal; but in a smaller sense, as applied to the *human* being, it is finite, and embraces the limited soul of man, acting in harmony with, or in opposition to, the holy or perfect spirit, which truly rules in the kingdom of heaven.

The human mind, like the net cast into the sea, which gathers of every kind, contains more or less error, and by reason of error is mortal; for error must die when

truth comes in ; but spirit never dies. The soul dwells on the borderland of matter and spirit, and partakes of the nature of both. It is the lower stratum of mind, and includes all sorts of affections and emotions, appetites and passions, and until perfected is changeable and mortal ; but the spirit is perfect and immortal. Thus the mind is a vast treasure-house, illimitable and unfathomable ; not merely a mirror, reflecting and retaining the impressions of external things, for then it could have no originality ; but the mind is a mental universe, full of images of real things not yet existing on this earth, — things strange and beautiful, unthought of and undreamed of by man ; all possibilities and powers : these remain in the kingdom of heaven ; only the mind purged of error is the kingdom of God.

Our bodies are temples of God, and, as such, sacred and holy, made for our use, not for abuse.

Ontology is the scientific or technical term for Logic of Being, or universal science. Science is not man's opinion ; it is the method by which truth may be demonstrated. What is truth no human being can answer for another. Another may furnish aid, instruments, principles and methods, but each individual must go over the road for himself in order to know the Truth. Truth is the Divine word ; it is that which God speaks always and everywhere. "Thy word is truth." (John XVII, 17.)

All science, worthy of the name, is truth, for science is the expounding of God's will ; the method by which Infinite Mind performs all wonders in the universe. But we must not accept as science the fallible opinions of men, but must substitute knowledge for belief. If

we examine the word "be-lie-f," we shall find a lie at its heart. Away with it, and let us have understanding. No one can be saved till he understands for himself. Understanding is the birthright of every man, woman and child. "To depart from evil is understanding." What God is we *may* know. We are Divine Offspring, made in His image. An image is a likeness; by knowing the image we come to know the original. Man has been called an epitome of the universe which is the embodiment, or outward manifestation, of universal Spirit.

In the study of Ontology science and religion blend on the common ground of understanding and constitute a medicine for soul and body. Religion signifies, literally, *reunion*. It reunites the soul consciously to its Author, from which it is by nature (material things) separated.

True science is the Divine method of proceeding, and to discover this method as it runs through the universe, and recognize it *as* the Divine method, is to find religion. True science, like true religion, leads inevitably to a perfect consecration of the soul to truth; and the Spirit of Truth is the very Christ that judges and saves us. Truth in its totality makes up what we may with great propriety call Holy Bible. Bible signifies *book*, and holy, *whole*, hence holy Bible, *whole book*, or the book that contains all truth; only in a limited sense can any manuscripts be called holy. In the absolute sense, only the universe can with propriety be called the Holy Bible. When we say *universe* we mean not only the visible realm of matter which we call Nature, but also the invisible realm of Mind that contains all souls that ever were, are, or are to be, and unites them in glorious

companionship with the one Infinite and eternal Being who is All in All. Such is the Holy Bible which man shall read when he enters with faith and understanding into the realm of Mind which is the Kingdom of Heaven. To the true philosopher the terms Spirit, God, Mind and Infinite Being are all only different names for the same Cause and Power, but to ordinary minds they differ materially. Spirit is universal, but to the ordinary mind, God is not universal. God is only another name for Supreme Good, and to the ordinary mind only the *higher* manifestations of Spirit are manifestations of God. The *lower* manifestations go in common parlance by another name. So-called science assumes *two* forces instead of one. It talks of a positive and *negative* force. But a negative force is no force at all. It is only absence of force. A cork rises through the water, or a balloon through the air, not because a negative force is pushing them away from the centre of the earth, but because the air and water are drawn the more strongly. Thus the one manifestation of force called gravitation compels one object to descend and another to ascend. The study of conditions called disease, in so-called medical science, takes the name of Pathology, while the study of the same vital force under better conditions is called Physiology. Thus does Science (falsely so-called) confuse and conceal the truth. Health and Disease are only manifestations of the one Force under such conditions as the more or less perfect mind provides. If we would have better results in the world of matter we must come nearer to truth in the realm of mind. In the logic of Being a departure from truth brings evil. According to Clio, Truth is an assured gauge that never

diminisheth; a shield that can never be pierced; an army never disarmed; a flower that never fadeth, and a haven wherein no man can ever suffer peril.

According to Eschines, Truth is the virtue without which all strength is feeble; all justice frail; chastity vain, and liberty itself a prisoner.

According to another distinguished philosopher Truth is the centre wherein all things do rest; the seaman's chart; and a light whereby the whole world is illumined.

Because Truth is eternal, and age, therefore, one of her garments, the human mind somewhat naturally holds tenaciously to *hoary* headed errors, often mistaking them as truths. The whipping post, imprisonment for debt, and human slavery, have been as thoroughly defended in the past as vaccination, and the present system of drugging for the cure of disease. Everywhere eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and understanding, each for himself, the only ground of safety.

What is called science, with the single exception of Mathematics, is only the fallible opinion of men; and is entitled at best, only to a fair and complete investigation. Truth, once understood, stamps itself indelibly upon the human soul. Truth not understood is never quite a truth to us. Our UNDERSTANDING is the philosopher's stone that transmutes all baser metals into gold. Substance and understanding are different names for the same thing. Failing to understand we lose the substance of truth. To the Greek philosophers to understand was *to kalon* (the Beautiful), the boon to be sought; and to the author of Proverbs "to depart from evil is understanding."

Understanding is the highest and most interior fac-

ulty of that incomprehensible something which we call the human mind.

The science of numbers is the science of Truth, because it deals with fixed ideas. The idea of a unit, or of numbers, is, to all minds, the same forever. The science of mathematics is built on axioms — self-evident propositions. A straight line is the shortest possible distance between two points. The whole is greater than any of its parts, etc. Whatever we know, we know primarily by facts of consciousness, which is the knowing faculty. We are conscious of being, of time and space, of cause and effect, and of many other things. Truths of which we are not conscious we reach by reasoning, or logic. We are not conscious that smallpox may be developed from unhealthy conditions, and it is generally supposed that it never is so developed, but has its source always from contagion. The error of this supposition is made manifest by logic. The *first* person could not possibly have taken smallpox from another person, since no other person at that time had ever suffered from that disease. In this way old errors may be exploded and truth made manifest. Truth is the direct road to health and happiness. All roads lead to Truth, but some are very indirect, difficult and tedious. We want the direct road and must consult the charts of our being.

The Logic of Being reverses many of the dogmas of pseudo-science. The sky was once supposed to be solid and the earth flat. These opinions rested upon phenomena presented to the senses; they did not rest in the understanding, where truth alone can rest. In the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy the sun was made to

revolve about the earth, as it still seems to the senses; but Copernicus and Kepler, guided by understanding, or Logic of Being, completely changed the system of Ptolemy and unfolded the laws which govern the stellar worlds. We see now how much more easily the phenomenon of the sun's motion is explained by the revolution of the earth on its axis than by supposing that the sun performs so large a journey every day. So truth is always the direct and more simple way.

The two systems of astronomy known as the Ptolemaic and Copernican differed widely, but not more widely than the present practice of medicine differs from the Divine method of cure, which is only another name for Scientific Practice. The present practice deals almost wholly with the physical aspects of disease, which are only phenomenal, and ignores almost wholly the mind, which is the producing cause. It treats disease as an entity, when in reality it is only a state or condition of mind; and gives a material, or non-intelligent remedy where truth and understanding are alone required.

To remove sin, sickness and the common idea of death, is the ultimate aim and object of Ontology. Sin and sickness are related as cause and effect. Remove the cause and the effect will cease. "Sin is the transgression of the law." (John III, 4.) The law here mentioned is the law of Infinite Mind, reported through Nature and Revelation. Revelation comes through Intuition, or faith. This law of the Infinite is entirely above all human authority. It is revealed to man through the understanding and through the soul and spirit, as inspiration. Truth accepted second hand from

human authority is no longer truth in the highest sense. There is always an uncertainty about it when coming from the partial human mind which robs it of its power, and we name such truth belief, because we do not *know* till it reaches the understanding. But when Truth comes directly from God, through the soul, then it comes with power and with healing. Truth coming directly through the mind and reaching the understanding banishes error and heals us as readily as light banishes darkness. To know the whole truth is to know no sin, no error, no sickness, no evil, no death. God is Truth, Love, Intelligence, Substance, Understanding, Life; and these have no fellowship with error, fear, sin, sickness and death. If we have one we cannot have the opposite.

The great evil that afflicts men, according to Epicurean philosophy, is *fear*, fear of the gods and fear of death. In harmony with this philosophy, so far as fear is concerned, is the idea of Christian Scientists who say: Fear is the *foundation of all sickness*. Some image of disease is frightening you; your mental state *you* call a physical state, and what you hold in mortal mind is on the body (a symbol of the mental image) and you mentally see it and feel it. Other teachers of mental cure say: Fear, either conscious or unconscious, produces all discord.

Fear is an emotion produced by the apprehension of danger. It varies greatly in degree and in duration. It is expressed by many terms, as terror, fright, dread, trepidation, alarm, anxiety, solicitude, apprehension, awe, dismay. It rules more or less in all minds. Some are afraid of cold, of heat, of contagion, of accident, of

poverty, of sickness, of death. We are often moved unconsciously by fear. We turn pale under the influence of fear. To say that we turn pale is to say that the blood leaves the surface and distends the heart and lungs; the distention of these organs produces disease of the heart and lungs. Thus, with absolute certainty, we trace disease to emotions of the mind. We do not assert that all disease is caused by fear, but we do assert that all disease is caused by some erroneous mental state. To correct the mind is then the only remedy that will not disappoint us. Disease makes its mark on the body. But the change in or upon the body is evidently not the disease, but the sign or symptom of disease. The symptom is only the flag of distress by which our minds signal to others. A dilated pupil when exposed to strong light is a symptom of amaurosis, which is a loss of power or paralysis of the optic nerve; but the dilated pupil is not the disease. The real disease is the inconvenience of getting along without the use of the optic nerve, or without sight. So of all symptoms and forms of disease. The mark, sign, lesion or injury of the body does not constitute disease, nor is it the ultimate cause of disease, for both disease and its cause are in the mind. The disease is the pain, distress or inconvenience of the mind of the person who needs the perfect use of his body as an instrument, and the mark, sign, lesion or injury of the body is always the result of some thought, emotion, or action of mortal (imperfect) mind.

Disease is not an entity or substance; it has no permanence of being; it is not an eternal verity; but it is a passing cloud; a shadow of the mind; absence of health. It springs ever from error, which is absence of Truth.

Disease not being an entity, but only a state or condition of mind, we cannot poison it with drugs, nor drive it from us. We can only leave it, or remain in it. It is *of* us; and to leave it we must leave our present condition of mind. We must come up higher, above the clouds of error.

Health is also a condition of mind. It implies soundness, wholeness. It is the Divine Life within us coming to a *free* activity and expression. It is, in one word, *holiness*. In the philosophy of Jesus religion and health are viewed as one. The physical organism is the soul made visible, and what the body is as to strength or weakness, health or disease, will ever depend upon the state of the soul. It is the soul that gives to the corporeal mass all its life, sense and motion. Soul used in this sense signifies the inferior, emotional part of the mind; the astral body of spirit. Through the soul the mind can hold supreme and exclusive control over every part of the body. The soul is the architect of the body and forms it by a process of thinking of which we are generally unconscious; as the soul of the mother forms the body of the infant. Hence, in Divine Therapeutics, or the true law of cure, understanding and inspiration are of more value than pharmacy.

The words of a physician have a far higher potency than his drugs; and the force of his soul is even more potent than his words. The soul is ethereal and can be felt. It is highly sublimated matter and can be impelled by the will. It serves to individualize spirit as the physical organism serves to individualize mind. The soul and spirit together constitute the human mind; and to this is added the physical body to make up ter-

restrial man. The body is matter, while the mind is (to mortal sense) *immaterial*. All forms of matter are temporal, existing only in time; mind is in part spiritual, and spiritual things are eternal. The mountain itself is a mirage, the sea but vapor, and the wind a figure of speech for this ghostly force of spirit. It is the spirit acting through the soul that moulds, renews and heals the human body. It is always the Divine in Nature and in Man that heals; and it is self-evident that what is the source of life must be the primal cause and fountain of health. There is but one life in the universe, and the thread of our life without a break is ever unwound from God. Jehovah signifies permanent Being. Spinoza affirms that God is the only substance. The world and all its contents are the *existence*, or outstanding, of the Divine Being; and the latter is the understanding, reality, and support of all things.

Physiologists and physicians have long recognized a force in the human organism, but they have not even guessed that it is the same Divine Power that makes the world and all that is therein. The Universal Spiritual Being that moves the wonderful machinery of the human frame and at the same time moves all stars and suns, can never be found with the scalpel, nor weighed with human scales. To the materialistic medical profession the fleshly manifestation of man is viewed as everything in disease, and the living spiritual principle on which really all depends, as nothing. Yet a mysterious force has been recognized as acting in the human body and has received various names. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, called it the *efforts of nature*; Van Helmont, *vitality*; Stahl, *anima*; Hoffman, *nervous*

influence ; Darwin, *sensorial energy* ; Paracelsus, *archeus* (ruler) ; Hooper, *vital principle* ; Dr. Rush, *the Occult cause* ; Culpepper, *vital spirits* ; Haller, *stimuli* ; Whytt, *sentient principle* ; Brown, *caloric* ; Cullen, *vis medicatrix naturæ* ; Samuel Thompson asserted that *life is heat*, which is much the same as Brown's caloric, and approximates to the scriptural idea that God is a consuming fire. But none of these came any nearer to the truth than the old philosophers who called this wonderful force *Primum mobile* — the first cause of motion.

If action comes from Immortal Mind it is harmonious and must ever be ; but all action which comes from erring, mortal mind is discordant and produces what we call sin, sickness and death. To get out of self and live in God is the greatest problem to be solved.

The object of the Order of Eden, whose branches are rapidly ramifying throughout the world, is to popularize such needed information regarding mental and physical sanitation as will completely serve to do away eventually with all those deadly disorders against which the surgeon's skill most frequently contends in vain.

The speaker was well received, and a cordial vote of thanks, in time-honored Australian fashion, was moved, seconded, presented to and accepted by the speaker. Without necessarily endorsing every sentence in the speech, readers generally can surely profit by its general tone as well as experience gratitude for so much important information condensed for general perusal within the limit of a popular discourse. Were the present volume intended to rank as an ordinary novel, the intro-

duction of so much "heavy" matter might justly be considered out of place, but this story is fact, not fiction, in all its major details, and the book is written to instruct rather than to amuse, and above all to point the way, be it ever so faintly, to the everlasting Temple of Hygeia whose gates are open continually that all who *will* may enter in.

To the above report Miss Catte appended a footnote as follows: "Madame de Pomponet and her friends use *soul* to signify *ego*, or entity, an eternal, though finite, globule of spirit in the infinite ocean of Life; in other respects Dr. Lemoyne's utterances chord well with theirs."

CHAPTER VIII

A DELIGHTFUL DAY IN ADELAIDE

LEAVING Melbourne very early in September the entire party bound for Adelaide found themselves in the enjoyment of truly ideal weather along the Australian coast. Adelaide, the chief city of South Australia, though not quite as thickly populated as either Melbourne or Sydney, covers, with its numerous suburbs, nearly as much ground as either of those more densely peopled centres of industry. Large ships cannot land at Adelaide owing to the shallowness of the water as it approaches the city limits; which is the chief reason why this beautiful and thriving seaport is not regarded as the equal of Sydney or Melbourne, where there is seldom the slightest difficulty in connection with the landing of the largest ocean steamers at the city wharves. The landing place at Adelaide is called the Semaphore; it is a delightful summer resort equipped with a magnificent hotel under the same management as the greatest hotel in the city proper; there are also a great number of delightful private residences and rentable cottages, all contributing to give the visitor a charming impression of the surrounding country, which is picturesque in the extreme. The weather being almost perfect on the day when our party arrived no difficulty whatever was experienced in leaving the great ship for the little tugboat which conveyed the passengers and their luggage com-

fortably and swiftly to the shore. Mrs. Clickington and her two daughters were going no farther than Adelaide, while the rest of the party were bound immediately for Naples and finally for England. The passengers were landed about ten o'clock in the morning and the steamer was to resume its journey next day at noon, so a full day and night were at the disposal of them all.

Adelaide is a singularly beautiful city, remarkably well laid out, and in many respects deserves the proud title which some of its citizens have bestowed upon it: "The Athens of the Southern Hemisphere." Though no intelligent and experienced traveller can fall in with the fallacy so often promulgated that the entire population of any one great seaport is widely different in all main respects from that of any other great seaport, yet it must be admitted in common fairness that in proportion to its size and population the fair city of Adelaide is exceptionally representative of high culture and advanced art. The public buildings are very attractive and remarkably well situated; the streets are laid out symmetrically, and the city is circled with beautiful parks and very liberally supplied with halls of learning and temples of art as well as with fine churches and recreation grounds. So enterprising were many of the advanced thinkers in Adelaide that they had made all inquiries at the office of the German mail steamers on Grenfell Street and ascertained that it was quite safe to announce an address by Miss Cynthia Catte in the hall of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Pirie Street on the one evening during which she would remain in Adelaide, and though very short notice had

been given, two hundred tickets were sold in advance, representing the entire seating capacity of the hall.

Miss Catte was most warmly received by a large and influential committee, who also expressed deep regret that she could not remain long enough to deliver several addresses for their edification. Strange to relate, the subject which the committee had taken the liberty to announce for that evening (Wednesday, September 4th) was "The Gospel of Good Gowns," which they knew was one of her "crack" topics, as they had read most interesting reports of her address on that fertile theme in several local and distant newspapers.

"We have heard so much of you from Mrs. Parrot, who has been with us on several occasions," said Mrs. Monrovia Glenelg, who acted as spokeswoman for the delegation. "As soon as she knew you were coming she wrote to the leaders among her friends here and said, 'We must get Miss Catte for one evening, as she is a most entertaining speaker and will give us very much to think about.' Mrs. Parrot did remarkably well while here; she had crowded audiences on frequent occasions; the services she conducted on Sundays were very largely attended, and her lectures during the week with readings from Browning, Tennyson and other poets drew the representatives of the higher culture in our midst; so did her Shakespeare lectures."

"She was, in short, phenomenally successful even in very hot weather, when it is generally thought extremely difficult to secure an audience for any one," exclaimed Lady Aberdour, the gifted daughter of Lord and Lady Uhlenhorst, who have been for many years prime movers in all good works in the lovely city,

where they have resided almost from their infancy. Lady Aberdour being a very practical woman had made every arrangement for the entertainment of the three Clickingtons, Frau and Fräulein Oldenberg, together with Miss Catte and Miss Panther. Her house was singularly elastic and she found no difficulty in accommodating seven extra people over night, or rather four *extra* people, as Mrs. Clickington and her daughters were to remain as paying guests in her ladyship's artistic residence on South Terrace, overlooking a most beautiful park, during the few weeks which they expected to spend in Adelaide. No sooner had our party seen their rooms and thrown down some of their belongings than they all expressed a wish to become more fully acquainted with the lovely city which four of them could only stay long enough to catch a glimpse of.

"We will just have some coffee," exclaimed Lady Aberdour, "and then have a good two hours looking round before lunch, which can be served at two o'clock to all my visitors."

You can buy everything in Adelaide quite as cheaply and quite as satisfactorily as in Sydney or Melbourne, and so well situated are the most important shopping districts that you scarcely need to travel farther than through a portion of King William and Rundle Streets, in the very heart of the city, to satisfy every reasonable demand; or, if you have not much time at your disposal, you can visit the celebrated Arcade which runs through from Rundle to Grenfell Streets, and while under its lofty glass roof, which keeps it comfortably warm in winter and pleasantly cool in summer, purchase whatever you may desire, from the daily newspaper to an

elegant edition of the works of Browning or Longfellow, and from the simplest child's toy to the most superb confection of the jeweller's art; you can also take your meals in the Arcade, where there are several excellent restaurants, and altogether accomplish what would usually be a day's shopping in not more than a couple of hours. Miss Catte had left her purchases for friends in England to this very last opportunity in Australia, and she had made out a long list of articles which she wanted to take as souvenirs from Australia to England, and as the kangaroo and emu are the representative animal and bird of the great Southern Island, she bought several inexpensive but beautiful trinkets embellished with those representations at the world-renowned establishment of J. M. Wendt, whose two emporiums, one in the Arcade and one in Rundle Street, are the finest of their kind in the entire Southern Hemisphere. The beautiful souvenir presented to Miss Catte by Madame de Pomponet had been manufactured specially at one of Mr. Wendt's establishments, as no other firm in Australia seemed so perfectly able to work out the design in full accordance with the traditions of the mystic Order which held it sacred. After making a number of purchases of souvenir jewellery, Miss Catte laid in a stock of Australian views and illustrated booklets, which she obtained on very reasonable terms and in copious variety from the well-known booksellers E. J. and A. W. Barrow, who have long occupied the most central position as news-agents and music sellers in South Australia.

Miss Panther suddenly remembered that she had nieces and nephews in England, so she quickly patron-

ized the toy shops, and as she desired to lay in a stock of representative Australian curiosities she procured, in very substantial make, representations of the dingo, native bear, cassowary, heron, and a great variety of parrots and cockatoos, including those very beautiful specimens of the parrot tribe, Galahs, Rosellas, and Corellas. She also obtained at Barrows' a singularly beautiful floral album illustrating the various typical flowers and plants which make Australian scenery extremely gorgeous, also some very pleasing books for children giving descriptions in detail of native animals and birds in their own homes, which are very unlike any sections of English scenery.

Lunch at Lady Aberdour's was a simple but very attractive meal; the table was beautifully decorated with choicest flowers, and the delicious curried chicken and various fruits which graced the board were sufficient to gratify the most fastidious epicure and at the same time fully satisfy the most exacting demands of those lovers of Art as well as Nature who wish to have their eyes as well as their palates gratified while seated at a home banquet. Directly after lunch a carriage arrived, large enough to contain eight persons besides the driver, in which commodious vehicle Lady Aberdour and her seven guests drove out into the hills to view the enchanting scenery and drink in, for contemplation when far away, rich living portraits of a country which for beauty of situation and vast natural resources has few, if any, equals on the surface of this terrestrial globe. The drive occupied three hours and was full of interest from the moment of starting to the instant of return.

The following points of interest which particularly attracted Miss Catte may well be regarded as characteristic features of the most attractive portions of South Australia. The outskirts of Adelaide are justly described by almost all tourists as so beautiful that having seen the mountains of this fair district one scarcely needs to go either to Switzerland or New Zealand to witness scenes of the greatest natural magnificence. Mountains rise to the height of nearly twenty-five hundred feet within a few miles of the centre of the city; these are remarkably well wooded and they all afford homes for great varieties of beautiful native birds, some of which are distinguished for their brilliant plumage and many others for their delightful song. There are also imposing gorges lined with orange groves on the slopes of the celebrated peaks known as Mount Lofty and Mount Barker. The prevailing impression everywhere is one of settled prosperity; delightful homes abound, and while many of these are commodious and beautiful both within and without, there is no vulgar ostentation or sign of purse-proud plutocratic pretensions.

Adelaide and its environs extend over an area of about one hundred square miles; the city is supplied with pure water from two vast reservoirs situated at a short distance from where the river Torrens leaves the hills. A notable triumph of engineering skill has been achieved in a scheme of deep sewerage which has rendered the health of the city remarkably high and so greatly lowered the average death-rate that Adelaide is now justly styled one of the healthiest cities on the globe. Driving through the city one cannot fail to be

impressed with the great beauty of Victoria Square, close to the magnificent Town Hall and the great General Post-office; the towers of both these massive edifices are very lofty and particularly graceful, and can be clearly seen at sea, where they serve as interesting landmarks. In the middle of Victoria Square is the famous statue of England's late beloved Queen; this statue, on February 2, 1901, was the great centre of attraction to visitors from far and near, for on that great Day of Memorial celebrating the glorious life and record reign of, truly, the greatest monarch of modern times, that same beautiful statue was exquisitely draped in violet and white and surrounded with thousands of floral tributes contributed by all classes of the community, from newsboys and match-sellers, who gave their pennies, to the leading families of the State, who represented the cream and flower of British aristocracy. From Victoria Square trains run very frequently to Glenelg, a flourishing business town on the very brink of the ocean; in many respects the finest seaside resort in all Australia, reminding the English visitor in a remote, far-off way of the great English Brighton, that gorgeous "London-by-the-sea" which is utterly unequalled as a seaside residential city in any part of the world.

The vegetation of South Australia is very interesting. Thirty distinct species of the eucalyptus have been traced near Adelaide, and enterprising botanists have described as many as three hundred different species of the beautiful acacia; it is also said that there are sixty-three varieties of trees which grow more than thirty feet high in this prolific district. Fruits abound in the greatest luxuriance, and during three parts of the year they are

very cheap as well as plentiful. Fine grapes are often sold in retail shops at one penny (two cents) a pound; fresh figs, many varieties of luscious plums, and the most delicious oranges are equally costless, and during the plentiful season raspberries, strawberries, currants and gooseberries are so very cheap and so extremely excellent in quality that vegetarians and all who favor a largely fruit diet find the city of Adelaide and its neighborhood a perfect Paradise. New Zealand, except in the extreme north of the northern island, can never take rank with South Australia as a desirable place for permanent home settlement on account of the paucity and dearness of the fruit supply. Adelaide certainly seems to have been cut out by Nature to become the leading city of the Southern Hemisphere, it has so many advantages decidedly in its favor, and though it must be frankly admitted that during three months out of twelve the weather is too hot to suit the tastes of persons reared in colder climates, yet the heat is never greater than is often felt in New York and many other great American cities, while the winters in South Australia are even pleasanter than in Southern California.

Though our party had only one afternoon for sight-seeing, and they wanted to see as much as possible of the beautiful hill-country surrounding the city, they managed to find time for a flying visit of inspection to that group of superb buildings on North Terrace which constitutes the centre of attraction for all studious and artistically-inclined visitors. The Public Library is only a stone's-throw from the colossal new Railway Station, which was completed in all its beauty while

Melbourne and Sydney were still disgraced by old ramshackle termini which would have been discreditable to towns boasting of only twenty thousand instead of cities containing five hundred thousand inhabitants. The Adelaide station was designed and carried into effect speedily and successfully by a thoroughly conscientious as well as competent architect, whose work was facilitated at every turn by the faithful and assiduous efforts of Mrs. and the Misses Bluhmann-Prynte, at whose delightful residence in East Adelaide Miss Catte was literally compelled to partake of a fascinating supper after the fulfilment of her duties on the lecture platform. The Adelaide Public Library is close to the beautiful Art Gallery, which is charmingly designed after a correct Classic model and filled with a rare collection of truly representative paintings exhibiting the skill of gifted Australian painters side by side with masterpieces of the Old World, and be it said, to the credit and for the encouragement of rising young Australian artists, that their works do not suffer even by close comparison when placed side by side with the products of European schools. Not far from the Art Gallery stands the great Museum connected with the University which can almost hold its own with Oxford and Cambridge, England, or with Harvard and Yale, in America. The University buildings are very beautiful, of Italian-Gothic design; additions are constantly being made to them, and highly gifted professors from at home and abroad deliver masterly lectures in the handsome and costly lecture halls; and be it understood that the University Extension Movement makes rapid headway in Adelaide, as the leading college professors

take evident delight in giving out the best instruction they can afford, not only to the students at the University, but in popular courses of lectures to the inquiring general public.

The atmosphere of Adelaide in fine weather, and fine weather greatly predominates in this delightful Southern city, has been truly described in the *Orient Pacific Guide*, by the distinguished editor, W. J. Loftie, as "Glorious, something wholly impossible to define; a combination, it may be, of the bright sunshine, dark trees, low houses, and an all-pervading look of cleanness and freshness, in which Adelaide stands alone." Mr. Loftie describes the whole city, which has now a population of nearly two hundred thousand, as "consisting of a park extending over two hills with a river dividing them; one square patch of seven hundred acres being covered with streets of shops and banks in the southern part, and another of three hundred acres on the northern hill appropriated to villas, churches, colleges, and rows of vine-clad houses in wide gardens." This description is singularly accurate and the additional statement may be made that the river is crossed by strong and highly picturesque bridges, while the leading church, known as the English Cathedral, is the most beautiful example of Gothic architecture south of the Equator. St. Paul's, in Melbourne, is a very handsome as well as massive structure, and it is justly celebrated for its fine choral services, but it is in the very heart of a busy commercial section of the city, while the Adelaide Cathedral enjoys the great advantage of being placed in the midst of singularly beautiful natural scenery, though it stands sufficiently near to the centre

of commerce to be readily reached from all neighborhoods. St. Andrew's, in Sydney, is a fine large church close to the splendid Town Hall, but it is built on very low ground and not in a very pleasing district; it is also quite an old building, while the Adelaide Cathedral was not thoroughly completed till about the middle of 1901; our party therefore had an opportunity for inspecting it in all the freshness of its new beauty, and though Miss Catte was not unacquainted with the fine cathedrals and parish churches of England, she did not hesitate to say that a more beautiful model or a better executed ecclesiastical design would be difficult to find anywhere. The Roman Catholic churches in Australia, quite unlike many in America, can scarcely be celebrated for their singular beauty; they are often large, commodious structures, but they generally lack either grace or dignity in appearance. There is, however, at North Adelaide a Convent Chapel so exceedingly beautiful, though of small dimensions, that all lovers of fine architecture and delicate art count it a true privilege to be permitted to inspect that portion of it which is open to the public; which part includes the sanctuary, with its glorious stained windows and beautifully carved marble altar; also the exquisite little chapels on either side of it, dedicated respectively to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The service of Benediction is open to the public three afternoons every week.

Arriving home at six, Miss Catte felt the necessity of a quiet half hour in her private apartment, during which, with Miss Panther's assistance, she dressed appropriately, all in white, for the artistic dinner, which was quite a light repast though sufficiently substantial, served at

half-past six precisely, and also made what little preparation was necessary for her ensuing lecture. Lord and Lady Uhlenhorst drove up in their finely appointed carriage at twenty minutes to eight to convey Lady Aberdour and Miss Catte to the lecture room; the rest of the party preferred walking to riding, as it was a lovely evening and the distance was not very great.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Adelaide is a great institution; its headquarters are situated in the very centre of the city; it maintains a very popular and excellently appointed boarding house, serves single meals and light refreshments in its fine restaurant, and frequently rents its commodious lecture room for all sorts of approved and edifying purposes. Precisely at eight o'clock Miss Catte was escorted to the platform by the Honorable Letitia de Vere, who was exquisitely apparelled in a singular but most appropriate costume of blue and scarlet, which, with her golden chignon and the white flowers she wore in her corsage, lent decided brilliancy to the platform, which was profusely decorated with flowers of all descriptions, many of which came from the celebrated and always hospitable garden of the renowned Mrs. Bluhmann-Prynte.

"What a pity we did not take a larger hall," exclaimed Mrs. Monrovia Glenelg, who arrived just before eight with a party of nine. "I always said to my daughter that Mrs. Parrot did not take sufficiently large places for her great lectures; Adelaide people are great lecture-goers, and here is her friend Miss Catte mewed up in a room that can only contain two hundred people when five hundred would gladly have come to hear her in a larger building."

Conversation, however, was of short duration, for directly the Town Hall clock ceased striking, Miss Panther, dressed in amber satin covered with black lace, her jet-black hair richly coiled and stabbed with a diamond and gold dagger, played a loud selection on the grand piano, which at times she thumped vigorously, particularly when late comers were squeezing into their seats, which they had some difficulty in reaching; then she merged into the introduction to Blumenthal's beautiful adaptation of Adelaide Proctor's truly inspiring song "The Message sent to Heaven," which Miss Catte rendered with great expression. A few graceful words were then uttered by Lord Uhlenhorst, who was head and front of the Progressive Thought Movement in the city, and whose talented daughter had long distinguished herself as a most successful demonstrator of what is popularly known as Mental Science applied to health and general harmony.

Miss Catte's lecture, which occupied ninety minutes, was received with fervent outbursts of applause. From "Good Gowns" intended to clothe the material organism gracefully as well as comfortably, she ascended by easy steps to a consideration of that fascinating problem of "Human Aura" and spiritual drapery, concerning which she had gained many good suggestions not only from perusing Theosophical literature, but also from notes taken at some of Mrs. Parrot's lectures. Whenever she mentioned Mrs. Parrot smiles and nods of approval greeted her from many of that lady's friends, who were largely represented in the audience.

It is never difficult for a truly sensitive or for a highly imaginative nature to connect, in more or less logical

sequence, ideas and subjects which to the ordinary mind may appear to have no lawful association, because by genuine imagination — without a liberal supply of which there could be no generous poetry or idealistic art — a connection is clearly seen between things outward and inward, justifying to a large extent the ancient Hermetic doctrine of universal correspondences, which Emanuel Swedenborg greatly elaborated in his philosophical and theological writings, which are to-day receiving an ever-increasing amount of attention from thoughtful people everywhere. Swedenborg's writings and doctrines are very well known and favorably received in Adelaide. The Society of the New Church in that city not only possesses a handsome church edifice, but also maintains a large adjoining lecture hall, in which Mrs. Parrot had often spoken to delighted audiences, though she never identified herself with the exclusively Swedenborgian movement. Miss Catte found it quite an easy task, by referring incidentally to a valuable book entitled "Auras and Colors," by the gifted American writer J. C. F. Grumbine, to introduce into a dissertation upon good gowns the esoteric meaning of color; she also referred to a valuable work by Marquess (a leading Theosophical writer) on the same subject, and told her audience that it would be well for them to bear in mind that the colors we wear and with which we surround ourselves have often far more than we commonly suppose to do with our general state of health, particularly with the highness or lowness of our spirits.

"Gowns," said Miss Catte, "to be good must be good for the wearer; they must be appropriate to the wearer's mental and physical condition, and should

always be considered with reference to the special temperament and mood of whoever is to wear them. Black crêpe should never be tolerated on any occasion, but black silk, merino, broadcloth, and many other popular materials can be safely worn, provided a black dress or suit is relieved with white or some agreeable color. Black and white can be worn together by every one regardless of age, sex, or condition, but black alone is always harmful, while white alone is generally beneficial. The clergyman's white surplice and the surplices worn by members of choirs in many churches are, both from a sanitary and also from an artistic standpoint, far superior to the dead-black ministerial and academic robes much affected by people who incline to ceremonials of the gloomy but not of the cheerful type. The rich vestments worn by the priests of many systems of religion have all a rightful use, as the blending of colors is an esoteric art, which was well known to the world long before the birth of Christianity, and carried to a great height of perfection by the Greeks and Romans, from whom the early Christians derived a large amount of their ceremonial. A tie or bow of some cheerful color can always be introduced when it is not feasible to wear an entire garment of some bright particular hue. The good gown must not only fit the wearer, it must serve to accentuate the wearer's strongest points and reduce to a minimum those angularities which are seldom absent from even the finest personalities.

"A brief description of the significance of colors may be given thus: The three primary colors stand respectively for Love, Wisdom and Truth. Red denotes love, yellow signifies wisdom, blue suggests truth made mani-

fest. The purest affection is symbolized by clear, bright red, the more earthly phases of love are shown forth by the darker and duller shades of the same color. Bright, clear yellow, reminding the observer of golden sunlight, typifies the highest wisdom, the purest inspiration and the noblest aspiration for celestial knowledge; but dull and dirty shades of yellow have not unnaturally been connected in popular thought with jealousy and other base emotions. 'True blue' is so familiar an expression that we have long been accustomed to present a sapphire, a turquoise, or blue-bells or forget-me-nots, as emblems of constant friendship and unchanging faith. Some persons, particularly those of retiring disposition and modest taste, do not generally feel disposed to array themselves in bright, conspicuous garments, but though they might not feel at home in bright blue, red, or yellow, they can dress themselves very beautifully and beneficially in pale pink, light saffron color, or a delicate blue tint which is not highly pronounced. All colors as they shade off toward white, growing fainter with every fresh remove from the central radiance of the given primary, correspond with soft passages in music, while the same colors as they increase in brilliancy correspond with loud passages in similar music. Green is a very popular color at times and there are always people who look remarkably well in it; a combination of green and gold is almost invariably attractive. Green and white makes a very refreshing combination, very easy for the eyes and sufficiently cheerful to symbolize growth, hope, aspiration, virginity, and some intimation of immortality. Very bright blue, commonly called sky-blue in districts like South Australia, where the

blue of the sky is frequently intense, suggests sublimity and immensity extending toward infinity. Purple, the royal color, which combines something of red with something of blue, is a highly magnetic color and suggests that the wearer thereof has attained or is attaining to a high post of honor, success and exaltation. The different shades of brown do not suggest very exalted states of feeling. They are variously described by students of the science of color as suggesting love of physical comfort combined with coldness and indifference to people and pursuits in general; therefore they cannot be recommended to those who wish to appear in attractive costume which by its natural suggestiveness will attract fortune rather than repel its advances. Dove-color denotes innocence and patience. Pearl-gray is very refined and unobtrusive. Peacock-blue is favorable to habits of concentration. Canary-color breeds an atmosphere of sunshine and suggests love of spiritual realities. Buff stands for reason, perception and judgment. Golden-brown suggests very mature thought, and may be termed a highly conservative color."

Miss Catte then went on to describe something of Clairvoyance and related some striking incidents which had recently come under her immediate notice; she ended by declaring that her own incipient clairvoyance was then undergoing further development and that she hoped, during what she felt convinced would be a very pleasant trip to England, to unfold it perhaps to such an extent that if ever she returned to Adelaide, which she fondly trusted she would some day see again, she might be able to clearly discern the auric envelopes of her audience as well as feel, as she had done on this

occasion, the delightful emanation of genuine sympathy and full appreciation which had been so generously meted out to her.

Following the lecture, several members of the audience rose to briefly but fervently express their great delight with the able treat which had been given them. So well was the matter financed that Miss Catte was presented with five guineas (twenty-five dollars) for her evening's work and then, after paying all expenses, there was a balance of two guineas (ten dollars), which was devoted to charity. The admission to the hall was one shilling (twenty-five cents), and there were a few complimentary tickets. This fact is related to throw a little sidelight upon the question of good *versus* defective business management. Many lecturers quite as gifted as Miss Catte, also many brilliant musicians, have expressed themselves highly satisfied with the cordial reception extended to them by Australian audiences, but have declared themselves out of pocket after a protracted tour through Australia and New Zealand. Such could never have been the case had the business management been in any degree compatible with the capabilities of the talented persons who graced the platforms. It is manifestly absurd to engage immense buildings with seating accommodation for several thousand people when there is no reason for expecting that more than five hundred will be present on a single evening; neither is it necessary to expend immense sums of money on extravagant advertisement; but, on the other hand, it may prove quite as serious a mistake to refrain from engaging suitable and central meeting places and to abstain from such necessary advertising as must always

be required to make an attraction known to a newspaper-reading community.

On leaving the hall Miss Panther and Miss Catte accompanied Mrs. and the Misses Bluhmann-Prynte to their beautiful home in East Adelaide, a charming villa surrounded with flowering plants and flowers of every description. A delightful cold collation was ready as soon as the guests arrived, and from eleven o'clock that night to one o'clock next morning, a very happy and highly interesting party surrounded a truly hospitable board. Captain William Bluhmann-Prynte, the only masculine member of the family, exhibited many of his ingenious contrivances, some of which amounted to valuable patented mechanical inventions, to the sympathetic visitors, who in the middle of the night were safely driven by that enterprising gentleman, under the light of a glorious full moon, back to the house of Lady Aberdour, who, with her gifted secretary, the Hon. Augustus Greyhound, was seated in the charming drawing room with the Clickingtons and Oldenbergs discussing many subjects to which Miss Catte's brilliant address had given rise. It was not till three o'clock in the morning that conversation ended and all betook themselves reluctantly to their respective chambers to enjoy brief but refreshing slumber, from which they awakened early in the morning ready for the re-embarkation of the four ladies who were bound for England, and who could not but feel the near approach of tears when they were compelled at length to tear themselves away on the platform of the railway station from a perfect host of newly discovered but highly valued friends, who had made their brief stay in Adelaide a bright experience to long remem-

ber, no matter along what chequered paths of changing destiny they might be called upon ere long to move.

Lady Aberdour accompanied her four guests to Largs Bay, and went with them in the tug back to the great steamer, which was making ready to set sail again upon the mighty ocean. Lady Aberdour had a curious fancy for sodawater and biscuits on board a steamer when saying good-bye to friends; she had freely partaken of those dainties, accompanied by tears, a few months previously when her bosom friend and long-time confidante Lady Holmefield had started from the same landing place, but on a P. and O. steamer, for the same far destiny. Lady Aberdour was a woman of great intellect and many accomplishments; she dearly loved travelling and always proved herself a warm and faithful friend to all who in any way appealed to her. Though she had only known Miss Catte for one day, she felt as much at home with her and almost as sorry to lose her as though they had been acquainted for half a lifetime. Miss Panther she did not so much care for, as she fancied she detected a self-seeking and rather supercilious strain in that young lady's character. To Frau and Fräulein Oldenberg she had become quite warmly attached, and her own great musical knowledge enabled her to predict for the gifted Fräulein a highly successful musical career if she remained faithful to the excellent counsel with which her good aunt so liberally supplied her. All persons not going by the steamer were quickly informed that they must leave immediately, as the last boat was then departing for the shore. Thus ended Miss Catte's last experiences as a prominent personage before the Australian public for many years to come.

CHAPTER IX

LAST GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIA

THE water journey between Adelaide and Perth or Fremantle in fair weather is extremely pleasant. Though a considerable portion of the time is spent out of sight of land, there are many points of interest along the route and occasional glimpses of the mainland, and the sight of many small islands makes the voyage anything but monotonous. Perth, Albany and Fremantle are now large, thriving towns with ever-increasing populations and great prospects of constantly enlarging commerce. Fremantle is now the chief port of call for homeward-bound steamers, and while journeying toward that enterprising centre of West Australian industry our party gained a great deal of interesting information from an enthusiastic early Colonist who was travelling between Adelaide and the rich mining districts of Western Australia, where his chief business interests were centred. Between Port Adelaide and Gulf St. Vincent the scenery is extremely interesting, and while passing through Investigator Strait between Yorke Peninsula and Kangaroo Island it becomes decidedly romantic. The general outline of the Australian coast is wide, bold and very imposing, suggesting vast natural resources not yet harnessed by human intelligence to the chariot drawn by human will.

The old Colonist whom our friends encountered on the steamer had lived in Australia since his early youth; he was now over seventy and had been a hard worker for fully fifty years, during which he had known the ups and downs of the famous days when Ballarat and the surrounding country in Victoria resembled California in 1849 and immediately succeeding years. This enterprising early settler had taken active part in the fierce struggles with Nature which seem always inevitable whenever new territory is to be fully occupied by man, but though he had been a very hard worker, and had used his powerful brain to the full extent of its large capacity, he had developed so much physical muscle through frequent activity in the open air that, though now seventy-two years of age, Captain Spencer Hardwick Bald was a vigorous, able-bodied gentleman ready to take a new lease of life, and fully impregnated with the extreme views of Mental Science inculcated by Helen Wilmans, editor of *Freedom*, whose special line of teaching differs in some respects from that of all other advocates of Mental Therapeutics.

Approaching Dr. Lemoyne one morning, when that gentleman had just finished reading a choice selection from some of his valued manuscripts to a little company of friends nestled together in a sheltered portion of the deck, Captain Bald broke in with this exclamation: "You people are going in the right direction, but you do not go far enough for me; you have, in my opinion, far too much to say about diet and many other questions which we must all leave behind us as childhood's playthings as we advance to fuller understanding of the possibilities of man. I have been an eavesdropper at

some of your readings, and while I agree with many of your ideas, I have proved in my own person that mind has such amazing control over matter that when we hold a triumphant mental attitude toward all our surroundings circumstances are simply bound to fall on their knees to us because they can no longer remain standing as our antagonists. You should read 'The Conquest of Poverty' and then 'The Conquest of Death,' by Helen Wilmans; you would get some points out of those two books hard to match in any other direction. Mrs. Wilmans is invincible, and though I do not profess to fully understand all her methods, I know that when I was laid up with rheumatism ten years ago in Ballarat, just after the place had got the shivers, I wrote to Florida, and though it was many thousand miles distant from where I was living, I felt so much benefit from Mrs. Wilmans's absent treatments and derived so much help from her course of 'Twenty Lessons for Home Study' that I was soon strong enough to go back home and make another fortune. All I have got to say is that if any one wants to come to Australia and establish a Mental Science College with no namby-pamby concessions to antiquated superstitions percolating through it, they can count on me for a good substantial cheque to lay the foundation. I believe in money, honestly obtained and wisely circulated, and though I don't consider money the highest thing in the world or the most important, I do maintain that it is just as silly and quite as unnecessary to yield to belief in poverty as it is to succumb to belief in chronic ailments. When I get started on this line there is no saying where I shall stop, but all I've got to say is

we don't have to remain poor after we've developed enough intelligence to see how to become opulent."

"I quite agree with you," said Dr. Lemoyne, "in all your main positions, but are we not severely handicapped at present by our very faulty Social System, and can you reasonably expect that so long as people are ground down by a tyrannical system of class legislation that they can arise and assert their true manhood?"

"What keeps them down, I should like to know?" sharply ejaculated Captain Bald. "Nothing but their own ignorance; there's nothing whatever to prevent our being all wealthy; the world is large enough and the soil productive enough to liberally supply all human desires as well as human necessities, and as Henry George, Edward Bellamy and other gifted writers of the nineteenth century have abundantly shown, it's only our own mismanagement, timidity and lack of self assertion that can possibly serve to indefinitely perpetuate a state of things which cannot exist a day longer than the ignorant thought of undeveloped people allows it to continue."

"It seems to me," broke in Miss Catte, "that there is a great wave of thought now sweeping over the world surely destined to completely revolutionize existing situations. When I was in Melbourne a few days ago I met the most remarkable people you can possibly imagine, and while they are devoted to a very ancient system of Theosophy or Occultism, they declare that there are means at human disposal for rendering the whole earth so abundantly fruitful that there never will be the sight of poverty or a cry of distress seen or heard again on earth after the principles of their glorious

Order become universally accepted. These people have a magnificent religion of their own, but they are as much opposed as Mrs. Wilmans or any other fearless Free-thinker can be to the grovelling theory of human nature which is, in my opinion, the chief bane of almost all accepted systems of religious thought and practice. There was a time when I expected to find quite a different state of affairs in so-called *liberal* churches from that which prevails in those professedly *orthodox*, but I have now come to the conclusion that they are all alike resting on an insecure basis and working along largely mistaken lines of action. My own faith at present is that of the Greek Theosophists as far as I understand their doctrines. They glorify human nature in all its aspects and firmly believe in thoroughly enjoying life in this world, whatever may be in store for them in the hereafter."

"That sounds a very adventurous statement," protested Dr. Lemoyne; "the ordinary listener would say that the people whom you mention were willing to risk the loss of their immortal souls for the sake of temporarily gratifying their perishable mortal bodies, but of course I imagine that the illustrious Order of which you speak so rapturously cannot have any such view of the matter in its own thought. May I ask what is its attitude, so far as you know it, toward immortality, because with all due deference to Captain Bald and the lady whose teachings he so greatly eulogizes, I feel that the very weak spot in what is now taught as Mental Science is its complete failure to throw any clear light upon the life hereafter, and I maintain that this point is a *very* weak one, for even though we may be prepared

to grant that life on earth may be indefinitely prolonged in our own case and during future generations, we cannot dismiss from our thoughts friends who have passed over, and as long as human affection continues there must spring up within the human heart a longing desire to know something definite concerning the whereabouts of those we call *the dear departed*."

"That is exactly my view of the subject," responded Miss Catte; "therefore while I am quite prepared to consider, and on sufficient evidence to adopt the extremest views of Mental Scientists, I see not the slightest reason why a perfect reconciliation should not be brought about between them and those truly enlightened Spiritualists who do not condescend to the objectionable methods which disfigure a great deal of reputed mediumship, but who ever seek in honorable ways to bring home the consoling and edifying truth that life cannot be destroyed in its individual forms by physical dissolution. Many people talk foolishly about *one world at a time* and literally boast of their ignorance of anything beyond this present physical existence, but such do not represent the leading thinkers of our time, who are to a man and woman persistently endeavoring to furnish direct evidence of the continuity of life on the other as well as on this side of what we vaguely call the tomb."

"But," exclaimed Captain Bald, "do you not observe many people frittering away their present life in vague attempts to learn something of an indefinite hereafter, and can you not see that Mental Scientists are clearly right when they insist that we must concentrate all our energies on present conditions if we are likely to succeed in greatly improving our present estate?"

“Certainly, in one sense I agree with you,” replied Miss Catte, who now became quite animated in the discussion ; “but you seem to overlook the fact that where everything is unknown room is left for endless conjectures of the most painful and terrifying character, whereas a clear revelation concerning what actually exists beyond the Border must be beneficial to all who act upon it wisely. Read such a book as ‘Through the Mists,’ by Robert James Lees, of St. Ives, in Cornwall, and I defy any one to say that such a beautiful record of actual experiences in the world of spirits can do any less than encourage every thoughtful reader to live more worthily in the present life, seeing that the inevitable outcome of present existence is exactly what we make it.

“My experience with Spiritualists in general has clearly convinced me that they need to have the bracing teaching of Mental Science instilled into their Sweet-by-and-by and Home-over-there doctrine, and I can also clearly see that very much of the teaching which passes muster as Mental Science would be immensely more profitable and far more helpful to a majority of earnest truth-seekers were it illuminated with some satisfactory description of that realm into which so many friends have already gone from almost every household. immortalize your own present bodies if you can ; transform, transfigure, or transmute them if you can find the way, and thereby conquer death literally as well as figuratively, but do not withhold from the world, on the plea of an ignorance which need not continue however dense it may be at present, such light concerning the state of those who have already passed on as will

suffice to give consolation to the mourner and at the same time inspire all now on earth with an intense conviction that nothing can be gained by the simple act of dying, seeing that in the Beyond as well as in the Here we must all reap precisely as we sow, and no one can reap any advantage, but, on the contrary, a serious disadvantage must ensue from spurning present opportunities or neglecting to made this outer world, however long or short may be our term of residence in it, a place of brightness and beauty instead of gloom and sorrow!"

"Well done! Miss Catte," exclaimed Dr. Lemoyne. "Your sentiments and mine are exactly the same on these and many other subjects, but I cannot quite understand some of your very mysterious allusions to a secret Order with which you seem to be on very intimate terms, even though you declare that you are not an initiate into its profounder mysteries. I can follow you very clearly to the threshold of what I have heard you call the 'inner portal of the temple,' but beyond the outer portal it seems most unlikely that I shall ever be able to peer. However, I must say that not only my medical studies, but also my insight into some of the mysteries of Spiritualism, have convinced me that we are on the high road to a discovery of many occult forces in Nature which (for all I know to the contrary) magicians, alchemists and Rosicrucians may understand far better than do the devotees of accepted Western science."

"To my way of thinking," broke in Captain Bald, "what Mrs. Wilmans is teaching as Mental Science covers the whole ground, for if, as you seem to think, there are a few mysterious people somewhere on this earth who can do wonderful things that most of us are

unable to accomplish, then the means whereby they do them must be identical with that generation of will-power united with confidence and unfaltering expectation which we Mental Scientists regard as indispensable to the attainment of mastery over the unorganized forces of Nature around us. Mental Scientists are magicians evidently when they can do what Mrs. Wilmans declares possible, and it is only through steady training and continual practice that any of us can attain, according to your teaching as well as according to mine, to any considerable degree of power to govern our own bodies and then to control our surroundings. Your mystical Orders no doubt dress the subject up in some curious verbiage which the uninitiated cannot decipher; this no doubt serves as a kind of glamor to fascinate lovers of mystery and to make your Order appear something far more wonderful than any association of ordinary human beings, but for my part I would rather take Mental Science lessons in a simpler manner, and no one could induce me to prostrate myself before an autocratic hierarchy; but tastes differ and human needs greatly vary, so I doubt not your miracle-mongers are doing a good work among a class of people who must have toys to amuse them before they are mature enough to lay aside their playthings."

"Great monkeys!" exclaimed Miss Catte, energetically. "What would Madame de Pomponet say if she heard you? Why, that noble dame speaks of all societies which are less than twenty thousand years old as simply 'mushroom growths' and 'exoteric hobbies'; she says that all the religious systems of the entire world, in so far as they contain truth, are founded upon the

veiled mysteries of the Solar Worship of immemorial antiquity, and while she admits that your Mental Science is substantially improving and that mental healing in wise hands is the true way to conquer crime and sickness, she says that the greatest wonders performed by Christian Scientists and all other workers in new fields of mental activity are very poor resemblances to the glorious miracles of healing performed by the indefectible hierophants who, in line of deathless continuity, keep alive upon earth in ageless perpetuity the lamp of genuine illumination."

"Well, I daresay that the old lady believes in her own religion," said Captain Bald, laughing, "but from all you have told me about the alleged initiates I should imagine that they were highly arrogant and conceited young men, very vain of their own personal attractions and particularly fond of displaying themselves in gorgeous vestments before an admiring crowd whom they can evidently successfully hypnotize. For my own part, I cannot bow to vainglorious individuals; that is why I admire Mental Science, and I don't take kindly to Theosophy. I find a great deal of instruction in Emerson because he teaches the dignity of human nature universally, not merely in isolated instances, and yet I grant you that some people are so much more developed intellectually than others that the truths of Mental Science, which seem quite inexplicable to some minds, are readily received and seem practically demonstrated by others. I daresay we can all learn from one another, and I have nothing but good wishes for all seekers after truth, whether they agree with my conclusions or otherwise.

"But here we are approaching Fremantle, so you and I will soon part, at least in seeming, but as you are all so much interested in telepathy, or thought-transference, I see no reason why we shouldn't try some mental experiments and get some satisfactory results even though a widening stretch of ocean will separate us in the flesh from day to day for the next few weeks, at any rate. The boats stop a full day at Fremantle, and as I know the place like a book that I have read a hundred times over, I shall hope to be your escort and show you something of our growing city, for we claim to be a city now and soon expect to be a pretty big one. The boats used to stop at Albany and I believe some do still, but that's a very little place compared with Fremantle, and as to Perth, which is only a few miles distant, you can see it growing just as you can watch the trees shooting up in a warm and genial springtide. People talk about our weather. Why, there is nothing like it where the grumblers come from. We do have some heat once in a while and an occasional drought in a very dry season, but for at least half the year Western Australia has, in my opinion, advantages which, to use an American expression, not only take the cake, but also carry off the biscuits. Look at our foliage, gaze upon our hills, glance over our pasture country, and then take a look at our mines, and you will not find a richer country in any part of the world, nor, taking it all in all, a healthier. Give me *Horse troylyer*, as the boys call it, and I'll back it against every other portion of this globe and I doubt if anything on Mars can beat it."

"Speaking of Mars," chimed in Miss Catte, "I have a book with me called 'A Woman of Mars,' by a rising

Australian authoress; her literary style is by no means perfect, but her ideas are excellent, and judging from what I have read of her writings I should say we will hear a good deal more from her in the near future."

Fremantle did not impress all the visitors from the steamer quite as favorably as it would have done had they all been as determined as was Captain Bald to see it only through rose-colored spectacles, but at any rate they were all greatly charmed with the bold outlines of its precipitous rock-bound coast and none could fail to be deeply impressed with the singular magnificence of its sunset glory. Sunsets on the wild Australian coasts are truly indescribable; no artist's brush can do them anything like justice, and though the twilight is very short on and near the northern boundaries of this gigantic island, what it lacks in duration is more than compensated for by its extreme magnificence. There is no finer scenery than that between the various Australian ports when land is sighted, and in good weather, in any part of the world; and the stretches of ocean are excellent nerve-tonics for all travellers who require a brief respite from the incessant stress and strain of commercial and social life. Australia, indeed, offers every variety of climate and in some part or other of its wide domain it affords ample opportunity for the development of any sort of civilization which Colonists may endeavor to establish within its borders.

Captain Bald proved an excellent host, and it was with sincere regret that all our party said farewell to their genial typical Australian entertainer when the good ship resumed its voyage and steamed rapidly toward the Equator and picturesque Colombo.

CHAPTER X

GLIMPSES OF CEYLON AGAIN THE MYSTIC ORDER

THE voyage between the extreme limits of Australia and the beautiful island of Ceylon necessarily involves crossing the Equator, and, therefore, extremely hot weather usually prevails at all seasons. On some steamers passengers are subjected to many discomforts while in the Tropics, but with characteristic foresight and as much regard as possible for the comfort and welfare of all who travel by their line, the Nord-Deutscher Company succeed in making even the most trying portion of the hottest day at least thoroughly bearable, and whenever the weather is not extremier than usual, crossing the Equator in a German twin-screw steamer is by no means an unpleasant experience. A certain amount of lassitude is invariably experienced in any case, and one day succeeds another with practically unvarying but often with agreeably restful monotony. Quite equal comforts are provided on French steamers, but the rates on these boats are considerably higher than on German vessels for long-distance passengers, largely on account of their greater speed and the fact that wine and beer are included in the regular tariff; but the latter cause for increased expenditure can by no means commend itself as an advantage to the ever-increasing host of total abstainers who swell the ranks of ocean travellers. No

people in the world equal the Americans in their appreciation of ice, but with that one item excepted, German caterers minister as prolifically as any to all the varied wants of a vast horde of passengers, representing nearly all nationalities, while voyaging through the most trying climate in the world.

The distance between Cape Leeuwin (a name signifying "lioness") and Colombo, the port of Ceylon, is considerably over three thousand miles; therefore, the stretch of ocean from land to land, after the last of Australia has been sighted, is fully as great as the distance across the American continent or across the Atlantic Ocean. Ten or eleven days is the time usually occupied by fast steamers in making this journey between the extreme limits of Australia and the singularly beautiful island of Ceylon. The only land sighted during this passage will be the islands of the Chagos Archipelago, and even of these, travellers sometimes fail to catch a glimpse. These islands are the famous Coral Islands of the Eastern Archipelago; they are very low, the coral wall being nowhere more than six feet above high-water mark, but the trees on these singular islands sometimes rise to the great height of one hundred and fifty feet. Steep coral reefs, on which the sea breaks heavily, fringe these islands; a fact which renders landing almost impossible.

Nothing particularly eventful occurred to any of our party during the slumbrous voyage through the enervating tropic atmosphere, but as no one of them was seriously indisposed or overcome by the unusual climate, many delightful conversations were pursued on deck under the capacious awnings, and often in the early

evening a little choice music would be rendered in the saloon by Frau and Fräulein Oldenberg, Miss Panther, Miss Catte, and such of their fellow-passengers as possessed musical talent and felt inclined to exercise it. The orchestra on all the large German steamers is exceedingly good, and the really beautiful high-class selections rendered by the gifted young men who act as stewards as well as musicians serve to render the voyage far more exhilarating than it could be without their presence and activities; it may, however, be remarked, parenthetically, that persons whose nerves are extremely lacerated and who want perfect quiet on an ocean voyage had better travel by the French Line, which had been selected by Madame de Pomponet and her nephew largely on account of the remarkable freedom from "things-going-on" which often unpleasantly characterize an English steamer. The average Englishman or American seems generally unable to appreciate rest in the complete sense of respite from strenuous action, in which repose can be thoroughly enjoyed by people of many other nationalities. To appreciate rest at stated intervals is no sign whatever of sickness or indisposition to do one's full share of work in the world, for when no particular duty demands attention there can be surely no wrong in embracing an opportunity for some brief respite from that continual bustling on-going which makes life, in so many of its manifold relations, painfully strenuous, when it might be made through better management delightfully simple and far more effective, as well as copious in profitable outcome.

Miss Catte found her nerves wonderfully quieted by the peaceful days which she spent between Australia

and Colombo. Railway travelling can never take the place of ocean voyages, because it is far too easy to reach people in these electric days by letters and telegrams when on the railroad, and the daily newspapers cannot be excluded from railway carriages; but on the high seas the outside world can be thoroughly excluded and the mind permitted to turn inward upon itself and also outward and upward to gaze at leisure upon the glories of undisfigured Nature. Nothing can be more delightful than to take a pleasant book, which must be interesting but not exacting, to read as much of it as one feels disposed, but no more, and then to let the book slip or lay it down beside you; then gaze out on the boundless prospect of surrounding sky and ocean, and finally doze off into one of those delightful sleeps which rarely find their equal, unless it be in the most secluded spots imaginable, on ordinary *terra firma*.

Dr. Lemoyne found little audience for his precious manuscripts during the ship's sojourn in the lazy tropical atmosphere, but on arriving at Colombo, and meeting there with some very intelligent English and American Theosophists, together with several cultivated natives of the dusky Orient, he found himself cordially welcomed at the Buddhist School for Girls, which is also headquarters for the local branch of the Theosophical Society, where he, together with Miss Catte and three of their fellow-travellers, spent a delightful afternoon, while other more enterprising sightseers undertook the journey to Candy, about one hundred and seventy-five miles distant.

Many travellers visit the beautiful residence of the English Governor of Ceylon and other points of peculiar

interest on the island during the twelve hours or more which the through steamers of all companies usually remain at this most interesting spot. Frequently twenty-four hours can be spent in and around Colombo, but when only twelve hours are granted, the express train which leaves early in the morning, shortly after the steamer's arrival, just enables visitors to travel through the island, enjoy an excellent repast and two or three hours' out-of-train sight-seeing, enabling them to return to the steamer about nightfall. For those who are not anxious to enjoy such a hurried scamper across wonderfully interesting country, Colombo of itself has obviously far more than sufficient advantages for a most delightful day's holiday-making. Everything strikes the English visitor as strangely foreign and also impressively home-like, for though native costumes everywhere abound and the whole scene is characteristically Asiatic, there are so many fine buildings erected by English capital and directed by Anglo-Saxon enterprise that England and India seem to have become strangely blended in that mystic spice-laden atmosphere and under that gorgeous tropic sky. The sea-beach at Colombo is strangely fascinating; the water is usually of intensest emerald hue, while the sky above is blue as the brightest sapphire. The cinnamon and the palm, those truly typical Oriental trees, meet the pedestrian at every turn. The chief hotels are large, commodious and excellently appointed; the best of them are very near the water's edge and afford every facility for visitors to thoroughly enjoy their great balconies and in every way excellently appointed dining and reading rooms at no higher cost than would be considered moderate in Australia. September

is an averagely pleasant month in Colombo; the heat is then no intenser than usual, and Nature appears in all her gorgeous summer apparel.

The French steamer arrived, with Madame de Pomponet and her nephew on board, while the German boat which conveyed our party was coaling at Colombo. This coaling, though very necessary, is often attended with great discomforts to sensitive or fastidious passengers, and indeed every one endeavors to escape from the steamer during the whole time the operation is in process. Madame de Pomponet arrived toward evening, a few hours before eleven o'clock, when the *Prinz Regent Luitpold* was to resume her voyage, and as that quick-eyed lady soon caught sight of Miss Catte seated on the balcony of the Hotel Galleface, she insisted upon inviting her to dinner and having a quiet chat with her in the rooms which she had engaged for a few weeks' residence, during which she and her nephew had important matters to attend to connected with the Order in which they were both such influential officers.

"We are obliged to go to India for at least a fortnight," said Madame de Pomponet as soon as she and Miss Catte were alone together. "We are going on by the next French steamer, which leaves here four weeks from to-day. We have been most comfortable on board and wish you had been with us. By the way, you can be and you shall be with us on the return voyage, for neither you nor we have seen the last of Australia. Since the night you spent in our bungalow near Melbourne I have been thoroughly convinced that you are to be an influential worker in the outer courts of our great Temple, and it is to lay before you a plan of ac-

tion which you can begin to pursue as soon as you reach London that I have now been privileged to call you to this interview. I believe you fully understand that our Order works through all available instrumentalities; we are quite well acquainted with the Order of Eden, which Dr. Lemoyne represents so creditably, and we also know of the good work about to be accomplished through your pen while carrying out your contract with the Syndicate in whose interests you are now travelling; but as you are of an intensely inquiring disposition, and it is only right that you should witness phenomena at first hand which you are to describe in the public newspapers, I herewith intrust you with specially signed and sealed letters of introduction to members of our Board of Council in London, who, as soon as you present them, will give you opportunities to investigate psychic phenomena at first hand and under exceptionally favorable circumstances which are not possibly available to any except the few who are permitted access to the Halls of Investigation accommodated to young neophytes of our Order. You, of course, have heard a great deal concerning the magic of India, a great deal of which is only expert conjuring and a great deal more of which constitutes a display of psychic power on a less high plane than we wish to encourage psychical development, but in connection with our Lodges, the phenomena which do occur are so unmistakable and so profoundly convincing that no room is ever left for doubt in the honest mind of any fearless investigator. Ceylon contains a few of our fully accepted members, and we have several Lodges in different parts of the Indian Peninsula, but we do not find the India of to-day anything like so

favorable for our higher purposes in consequence of its decrepit psychic atmosphere, as we find several parts of America, in addition to our most ancient centres where conditions have been preserved intact without serious set-backs for many hundreds of centuries. I should not personally care to live long in India, its civilization is too nearly effete, but there is still work to be done in that mysterious ancient clime, alike among the native populations and their English conquerors. The average pompous Anglo-Indian, who treats the natives with unconcealed disdain, receives no sympathy from our Order, and if such blind, self-conceited swaggering as now prevails in many quarters leads to mutiny on the part of the natives then the swaggerers must get out of their difficulties as best they may without any assistance from us; but whenever there is clearly a case of justice on one side and injustice on the other we never hesitate to act peremptorily on the side of justice regardless of nationality."

"But what do you think of the natives in general?" inquired Miss Catte with eagerness. "Do you look upon them as an inferior or a degenerate or as a superior race to those which people the Northern Hemisphere?"

"Your question, my dear Cynthia, requires to be answered from many standpoints, if at all. There are in the East very great varieties of development manifested among the native population, ranging all the way from very high states of culture to the most repellant forms of barbarity; but speaking of the Cingalese, as I have found them, I can neither agree with those extravagant eulogists of almost everything Oriental who see

in these Asiatics far diviner qualities than they seem able to discern among European peoples, nor can I sympathize even slightly with those traducers of the Orient who look upon all natives very much as some of the Southerners in the United States of America regard their own colored population, which they contemptuously designate '*Nigger*.'

" Bearing in mind that our holy Order *lives* as well as *preaches* the accepted creed of such Theosophy as displays itself before the general public, rightly insisting upon universal brotherhood and sisterhood without distinction of race, color, caste or creed, we number among our accepted workers quite a fair proportion of Hindoos and also of Arabians and Egyptians, though the greater proportion of our members are of Greek and Chaldean ancestry; we cannot, therefore, discriminate partially between different nationalities, such discrimination being directly opposed to the inculcations of our perpetual Dogma; but leaving my position as an officer in the Order out of account, and speaking with you merely as one who knows a good deal of the inner life of the inhabitants of India and Ceylon, I can only say that I have detected among them individuals who practise all the virtues which *adorn* and others who practise all the vices which *disfigure* the inhabitants of widely other lands. There is a common report now afloat that the natives of this island are particularly given to falsehood and dishonesty, but my experience with them has assured me that my pocket is quite as likely to be picked in London or New York as in Calcutta or Colombo, and that I can hear quite as many lies told in the shops of Manchester or Boston as in the bazaars of Bombay or

any other Oriental city. My own relations with the natives have been, for the most part, exceedingly agreeable; they have treated me as I have treated them; they are often very quick to feel the silent mental attitude one assumes toward them, so that if I expect of them nothing but good treatment that is all that I am likely to get, but did I regard them with mingled suspicion and contempt I should certainly not deserve to receive any more consideration from them than I displayed toward them."

"That reminds me," said Miss Catte, "of a matter that was brought before my notice shortly before I left Sydney. Mrs. Parrot, in one of her lectures which I reported, alluded to the shameful practice in vogue in many business houses in Australia of setting one boy to watch or spy upon another, as though every person employed by the firm must be considered guilty until proved innocent, a course which is in direct opposition to the wise legal precept that every one must be accounted innocent until proved guilty. Mrs. Parrot used very forcible language in condemning so dastardly a proceeding, and cited several cases of good boys having lost their situations because they would not condescend to spy dishonorably upon their fellow-apprentices. My own opinion is much the same as Mrs. Parrot's. I firmly believe we are raising up around us a vast horde of what Australians designate untruthful *larrikins*, who steal whenever they get the chance, because we are allowing practices to receive support in our schools, homes, and business houses which merit nothing but the most scathing condemnation from all honorable people."

"Quite true, my dear Cynthia," assented Madame de Pomponet; "and in your journalistic work you can, by righteously wielding your trenchant pen, do very much to set the tide of popular opinion flowing in a directly opposite direction; but now, as we have just time for a stroll before dinner, let us enjoy for a brief space some of the unsurpassed beauties of a moonlight evening which this generous island so lavishly supplies."

It was a mere step from the beautiful hotel balcony to the fascinating promenade which skirts the placid sea, which when lighted by the brilliant tropic moon on a quiet evening suggests a scene of wonder and enchantment which readily lends itself to all those weird stories of Oriental mystery and magic with which the very atmosphere of Asiatic countries reeks. Madame de Pomponet always partook of a light repast in her private apartments wherever she was staying, but as Miss Catte had had no tea for several hours, and Ceylon is one of the chief tea-growing districts in the world, she rang for tea at once to be brought out into an unoccupied tea-garden close to the water's edge, which though often thronged with visitors during the afternoon hours is apt to be completely deserted between seven and nine in the evening, which is the customary time for all the guests at the hotels to be enjoying a sumptuous dinner.

There is a peculiar delight experienced by many Europeans and Americans when they find themselves gazing upon the mighty ocean and the brilliantly lighted tropical sky, where the stars always appear so very much larger and nearer than they seem in colder latitudes. Madame de Pomponet and Miss Catte had really very much in common, and it was only very seldom that the

stately elder lady found a companion with whom she could converse at all freely on matters which lay nearest to her heart; she, therefore, gladly embraced the occasion for suggesting an experiment in Natural Magic, a subject which rarely receives anything like a rational explanation either from its ignorant defamers or its incompetent alleged expounders.

"Let us begin with a little bit of telepathy," suggested Madame de Pomponet. "I want my nephew to come out here and show us both an astral picture on the atmosphere. I suppose that you do not know that in our Order we have many atmospheric artists who can cause whatever they imagine to appear in space as perfectly delineated as any picture can be when displayed on canvas by a gifted painter who resorts only to ordinary measures. Natural Magic is often hinted at in works which are now easily procurable in public libraries, but only an adept like my nephew Æschylus, who is quite an expert in these thoroughly *natural* though *astral* mysteries, can present a vivid tableau by simply willing the atmosphere around him to take such form as he dictates. Now while I am asking him to come out of his room, in which I can see him reclining on a sofa reading, he is becoming fully aware of the purpose for which I am summoning him, and in less than ten minutes he will have joined us here, and will at once proceed to carry out my wishes without asking me to name them. I invite you to choose the subject for a picture; first choose a subject with which you are familiar, I mean a scene with which you are well acquainted; then I feel sure that a second picture will be produced showing you a situation with which you are as yet

unfamiliar, but with which you will soon become familiarized after landing in Naples."

Less than ten minutes had elapsed before *Æschylus* appeared on the scene, looking radiantly handsome and extremely picturesque in a costume closely resembling that of a high-caste Brahmin; his turban and tunic were of a pale yellow color and round his waist he wore a blue and golden girdle.

"Delighted to be of service to you, Miss Catte," were his only words of greeting; then he continued, "Make a mental picture of a scene with which you are thoroughly familiar, place both your hands in mine, gaze steadily into my eyes until I ask you to remove your gaze to the surrounding atmosphere."

Miss Catte, who instantly complied with this direction, quietly but firmly visualized a scene in her old home in Herefordshire, which she had not gazed upon for many a year, but which stood out before her mental vision distinct in every line and shade of local color. Scarcely had she taken the hands of this wonderful young man and looked steadily into his deep, luminous eyes before she saw the scene of many of her childhood's experiences completely mirrored in the depths of those translucent orbs; then instantly she was directed by *Æschylus* to turn her back upon him and gaze upon the sea and sky, which she would be then fronting, and there she beheld, spread out like a perfect painting in the air, the whole village as it appeared from the river Ouse, on whose placid banks she had so frequently sat and ruminated during the days of her often uneventful but always romancing girlhood. "How is it possible?" was her first exclamation.

"Quite natural," coolly responded Æschylus. "Your effluent auric radiation blended first with mine; then yours and mine together blended with the surrounding air; this picture can be held in space by an effort of my will for several minutes, but when my will relaxes it must necessarily dissolve. We are not prime creators, but we are organizers and also disintegrators of all material shapes. But now let us have a further experiment. Set your will steadily to work concerning a place you have not yet visited, but toward which you are travelling, and if it be wise for you to know what lies in store for you there, you will see yourself in the midst of new surroundings and doing the very thing which will be brought to you to accomplish as soon as you arrive there."

"*Pompeii*" was the one word breathed by Miss Catte, who had always wished to visit the vicinity of Vesuvius, and was looking forward with much pleasurable anticipation to an excursion to that marvellous field of ruins when the steamer paused at Naples. Once again she took the hands of Æschylus and gazed steadily into his effulgent orbs; then almost immediately a strange, weird panorama spread out before her. Lava and ashes and every sort of volcanic débris accumulated before her astonished vision with lightning-like rapidity, but no sooner had this formidable picture spread out before her than the scene changed completely, and instead of the desolation wrought by volcanic fury in days long since departed, she witnessed a magnificent subterranean temple, blazing with light and filled with priceless treasures, evidently the accumulations of many centuries; the glory of the scene was

wonderful, far surpassing any splendors she had seen at the meeting of the Mystic Lodge in Melbourne. Then she heard a voice, proceeding, as it seemed to her, from out the eyes of this strange enchanter, saying, "Come, dear Cynthia; here are many mothers waiting to embrace you." Suddenly she turned, as though struck by lightning, and spread out on every hand and seeming to fill the whole adjacent atmosphere with one vast tableau, she beheld herself received into some mysterious fellowship and endowed with some insignia of office the special significance of which was not revealed to her. The grandeur of this vision was wholly indescribable; it resembled nothing she had ever seen, read of, or dreamed of, and after gazing for several minutes wonder-stricken upon its outspread marvels, the picture slowly melted into indistinctness and she found herself standing close beside her kindly hostess, who was saying to her nephew, "I think our visitor has seen quite enough of Natural Magic for one evening." Though the scenes described were thus amazing there was nothing disquieting in the effect they produced on the spectator; on the contrary, she felt imbued with new life, with added vigor, and with greatly increased intelligence; she therefore experienced no great surprise when Æschylus, in evident response to her unspoken questioning as to the effect which such productions of magical phenomena must have on their producer, replied to her silent request for information:

"The exercise of all righteous power in a lawful manner strengthens, it can never weaken in the slightest degree, any who are connected with it, for, just as the artist who loves to paint rejoices in his noble

occupation and would feel a keen sense of deprivation if not enabled to pursue his allotted path in life, so would the true magician suffer a sense of humiliation and loss were he permitted no opportunities for displaying the more remarkable force residing in his psychical anatomy. Those pictures you have seen to-night are equally faithful to their originals; you will see your girlhood's home again, but before you reach England you will lose yourself (apparently) in company with a delightful girl to whom you will feel strongly attracted. You and she will have formed a portion of a Cook's Excursion Party to visit the ruins of Pompeii. Now we must bid you farewell for the immediate present; my aunt presents you with seven letters of introduction, which you will present at the right moment to the persons for whom they are intended; you will sleep on the steamer to-night in company with friends unseen by mortal vision, whose kindly ministrations will assist still further in recuperating your nerve-centres and preparing you through the days of your continued voyage for the great experience which awaits you close to Naples."

Miss Catte felt that she was dismissed, and just at that moment some of her friends from the steamer spied her on the promenade and insisted upon her going with them to the Cinnamon Gardens for a moonlight stroll before they bade farewell, perhaps forever, to the beautiful island which is one of the chief attractions on an ocean voyage between Australia and England.

CHAPTER XI

BETWEEN COLOMBO AND SUEZ MISS CATTE'S IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALASIA

THOUGH there are occasional points of interest between Ceylon and the Suez Canal, there are many days at sea when objects of interest are few, and all, save extreme lovers of the ocean, are apt to find the voyage becoming slightly monotonous. At such times whatever promises to afford any recreation is usually welcomed with alacrity by a considerable portion of the passengers; indeed, on the English mail steamers considerable efforts are made to provide entertainment for the passengers, but on the French and German liners there is usually less restless activity in such directions. However, on any boat where a number of people are confined for several weeks, with only occasional land excursions, a concert or a reading is sure to be welcomed by many. Though a great many people on a German steamer are apt to have only a very imperfect acquaintance with the English language, many of the passengers are English people, and on the voyage of which this story treats those who understood English greatly preponderated over those who did not.

Two days after leaving Colombo Miss Catte received a very cordial request to occupy the first saloon one evening after dinner, and give a talk to the passengers on her impressions of Australasia. Miss Catte had travelled nearly all over the great island of Australia, from

West Australia to Queensland; she had also visited Tasmania and New Zealand, and in addition to her actual travelling she had quite easily, in consequence of her connection with the press, accumulated a vast fund of information concerning all the islands, which she could easily condense into a series of popular lectures or newspaper articles. Miss Catte was a very different sort of speaker from Mrs. Parrot, whose orations were often of the "tragedy queen" order; for while that eloquent lady delighted in glowing metaphor and highly wrought descriptions of most unusual scenes, Miss Catte, in her capacity of journalist, was usually compelled in the course of her literary duties to fly much nearer to the common earth, though she never objected to a rapid flight into the higher ether when occasion warranted.

When the evening arrived on which Miss Catte had consented to give some of her facts and impressions regarding the Southern Hemisphere, she found the first saloon of the steamer completely filled with eager listeners, among whom were many Germans who were glad of an opportunity to listen to a discourse in good English, for, be it remarked, the average German is quite unlike the average Frenchman in respect to other languages than his own. The typical German, though thoroughly devoted to his Fatherland, and quite convinced that it is the greatest country on earth, does not encourage that extreme clannishness and lingual exclusiveness which so often characterize the native of France, consequently Germany often goes ahead where France cannot follow, because of the nearer approach to cosmopolitan sentiment among the German nation.

Miss Catte, on facing her audience, at once informed them that she had prepared no stated speech, though she had gathered together a great deal of information, some of which she had already transcribed as letters to English periodicals, and as she took it for granted that her present audience was in search of entertainment as well as instruction, she would endeavor to introduce a little humor, whenever possible, among the solid facts which must form the staple of her address, for a certain portion of which she wished to avow indebtedness to many representative and influential men with whom she had enjoyed some acquaintance during the rather protracted period of her sojourn under sub-equatorial skies.

"What is termed British Australasia," she commenced, "consists of Australia, New Zealand, a portion of New Guinea, Fiji, and numbers of groups of islands of considerably less renown. Australia is both an island and a continent. Its size is about two-thirds that of the United States of America, but instead of being divided into between forty and fifty distinct States, there are at present only five great divisions of Australia, known respectively as Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and West Australia. Tasmania, however, which lies close to the southeastern shore, is regarded as a sixth State. Twelve hundred miles to the southeast we find New Zealand, the home of the Maoris, who certainly constitute a wonderfully intelligent race of colored people. In my opinion," continued Miss Catte, "New Zealand is in some respects far ahead of Australia, for that country inaugurated penny postage with England on the first day of the twentieth century, while Australia could not see its way to adopt any

such liberal policy. New Zealand is, indeed, in many respects the chief centre of Antipodean democracy. New Guinea, close to the northeast of Australia, and Fiji and other islands scattered eastward in the Southern Pacific Ocean, form an important, though perhaps less attractive, section of Greater Britain, but of those islands I have very little to relate.

“One of the great events which marked the close of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly Australian federation, a fact of such significance to the British Empire that I feel sure in days to come that event will be chronicled in British history as the one great step which arrested British decline at that period. Wherever I have been I have discovered two leading sentiments marking the typical Australasian mind: the first of these is a democratic spirit popularly expressed in the favorite phrase, ‘Jack is as good as his master and possibly better,’ which implies in one sense the extreme of democratic opinion; but the second leading feature of Australian sentiment is intense devotion to everything British, culminating in the positive eagerness with which whole troops of young men from Australia and New Zealand have volunteered for war in South Africa, ready to lay down their lives for the Mother Country twelve thousand miles away.

“What is known now as the Federal Movement is declared by the Hon. Sir J. A. Cockburn, Agent General for South Australia, to be of considerable antiquity, the advocacy of some sort of union between the Colonies being one of the earliest episodes in Australian history, but there has long been a strong party in favor of disunion. These two parties represent, in the judgment of

many who have studied the situation thoughtfully, the conflicting tendencies of the progressive spirit of human coöperation with old-time belief in the selfish doctrine of exclusive and aggressive competition. Australian federation, as I view it, must either be a great success on truly coöperative lines or a gigantic failure if it be a name signifying no living reality. I know that there are many aspirants for political honors who advocate what they call 'a White Australia,' and who in various ways adopt a short-sighted policy of unfairness to the native races, vainly imagining that they are contributing to their own prosperity thereby, but from my knowledge of the country and its internal resources I am more than convinced that such vain babbling proceeds only from selfish time-serving and is an effervescent ebullition of very transient class legislation. The Australians themselves are in large measure lamentably deficient in the grace of long-headedness; they are very enthusiastic, extremely nervous, and always ready to catch hold of new ideas, but in too many instances they lack that necessary insight into causes without which all spasmodic interest and exertion may prove largely vain.

"There was a time when Australia was said to be very religious, as well as extremely fond of out-door sports; the love of sport has not diminished, but religious fervor in Australia is now at rather a low ebb among the masses. My own way of accounting for this is that Australians are naturally a progressive people; the development of a new land calls out the enterprising spirit, while most religious bodies have made either the fatal mistake of seeking to bind their adherents slavishly to past traditions or else they have sought to introduce

reform in an iconoclastic manner, a method which soon leads to a manifested feeling of indifference and apathy. The ill-feeling which so often crops out in public print between different sections of the religious community can be easily attributed to the fact that the Roman Catholic hierarchy is completely mediæval in its assumptions and methods, and the ultra-Protestant wing of the active religious movement is composed chiefly of intellectual firebrands who never miss an occasion for picking a quarrel with the Church of Rome, which church, on its side, never loses an opportunity for making things as disagreeable as possible for its Protestant adversaries. The practical result of all such feeling with sober-minded people is an equal dislike of both parties on account of their aggressiveness. There are, however, many religious teachers of all denominations throughout Australia who do their level best to keep peace on both sides and to preach a practical gospel of righteousness. The efforts of these excellent people must be in reality far greater than it often superficially appears, therefore we may reasonably expect to find in the new generation now growing up a large embodiment of the good results of their wise and humane teaching, though, on the other hand, we cannot fail to realize some baneful results which must arise from the acrimonious controversies which unhappily divide the population into hostile sections.

“The constant discussion of war topics and the perpetual parade of the military on every available occasion serves to largely divert attention from the upbuilding of the country within its own borders. Australians are not as solid intellectually as Germans, therefore

they suffer in many ways from a course of action the effects of which our Teutonic friends can much more readily withstand. The great German Army is, in my opinion, a very severe drain on the resources of its own country, but Germany is well able to stand the strain. Australia is not thus well able to support the military spirit, and as a military life is not conducive to those habits of home industry which must be cultivated in Australia if the country is to live and thrive, I have looked with decided sorrow and disfavor upon every recent tendency to scatter instead of unite, and to dissipate instead of to consolidate the interior resources of the Australian people.

“Gambling in Australia is a great evil, not because all games of chance are unfair, but because in a new country in particular it is absolutely necessary for its future stability that all its inhabitants should look to the profits of their own industries, not to the chance turning of the fickle wheel of fortune for their advancement and prosperity. But I have no wish to be pessimistic in my outlook, especially as I can see boundless possibilities for the growing nation, though its forces are not yet harnessed or well disciplined; it is now manifesting the extravagance of a riotous youth and has already had to pay heavily for wanton expenditure of means and energy. When I see how far this great new country has already gone ahead thus severely handicapped, I cannot but believe that when its forces are well handled and a better training has been given to its young people in all directions, it will prove itself one of the very brightest centres whence light and leading will emanate for the blessing of the whole wide world. I have found

Australians everywhere very fond of prying into the future. Clairvoyants and palmists and indeed all who seek to penetrate the mystic veil which hides the unseen from the visible universe are largely patronized; this circumstance I do not regret, but I do hope that before long this great tendency to investigate the mysterious will be diverted into a broader and higher channel than that in which it is now usually found flowing.

“Comparing the two great Australian cities one with the other, I have found Melbourne and Sydney pretty equal; whatever attraction of any sort appears in the one metropolis is sure to reappear in the other, and as for the somewhat smaller cities, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth, I look upon them all as very promising centres for great activity in all directions in the very near future.

“The flora and fauna of Australia must prove intensely interesting to European visitors, as the Australian climate produces animal and vegetable growths very different indeed from any which Northern Europe could sustain. The climate which makes these developments possible is, in my judgment, much more equable and generally temperate than many people seem to imagine. It is a very trite saying that we expect heat in summer and cold in winter, and such we are sure to get, all foolish beliefs to the contrary, in Australia as well as elsewhere. I have been out in the snow in Ballarat on Easter Sunday, and yet I am told that many native Australians have never seen the snow. That statement may be true in individual cases, but all who bring in such testimony must have been rigorously confined to a very limited geographical area. Again, I have heard

that no fires are needed in Australia except for cooking purposes, but even in Sydney during June, July and August the most hardened stickler for unwarmed buildings is glad enough to toast his toes before the glowing embers whenever he can find any. My climatic experiences in Australia have been almost identical with those in California. I well remember my first winter on the Pacific Coast, when I suffered from cold a great deal more than I had previously suffered on the Atlantic seaboard. New Yorkers and Bostonians freely admitted that the weather was cold in winter and usually made adequate provision for keeping their houses and other buildings comfortably warm, but Californians insisted that theirs was a semi-tropical land given over to perpetual sunshine and winter roses, the result being that when the rains descended and the floods came we shivered in such terrible barnlike dwellings that we wished ourselves comfortably at home amid the warm coldness of a New York blizzard. California is now correcting its former mistakes and is going ahead rapidly; let Australia learn a similar needed lesson, then if she will but take a few suggestions from up-to-date American house-builders, she will soon be one of the finest countries to live in on the face of the whole earth.

“I often make people laugh by my insistence upon the inevitable connection between our inward and our outward life, but I am thoroughly convinced that we are continually showing forth plainly our inward feelings in our external states, and because I am so sure of this I cannot ignore those expressions of internal satisfaction with life which show themselves plainly in comfort of exterior appointments. On this steamer, for

example, we have comforts of many kinds, for which the travelling public long sought in vain on the steamers of other lines than the Nord-Deutscher, and with what result? This most excellent company's great steamers, many of them of over ten thousand tons register, are now sailing every three weeks from Bremen and Southampton to all Australian ports and just as frequently in the other direction. People will be comfortable on the ocean, and when they reach their destination, unless they are absolutely compelled by business to remain there, they will soon take their departure unless they find comforts of every description present to their hands. Australia is a beautiful country, but her houses are wretchedly behind those of America and many other countries in internal arrangements.

"My own most positive belief is that Australia's future is entirely in her own hands; if she is slovenly and allows opportunities for progress to pass unheeded, then she cannot keep up in the race with more progressive peoples; but if she will but avail herself of the benefits which she can derive from imitating the best in all the countries with which she does business, having a great future before her to make or mar by her own deliberate acts of wisdom or of folly, she will find herself easily capable of building in the Southern Seas a home land highly distinguished for wealth, comfort and prosperity, unsurpassed on the other side of the Equator.

"When many people speak of the Australian aborigines they often think of utterly barbaric people, who must necessarily dwindle and eventually fade completely away before the advancing march of white civilization, but this is altogether an extravagant opinion, for though

the blacks are many of them brutal and degraded, such a description by no means characterizes them all. They are not as a rule so intelligent as the Maoris of New Zealand, but in many instances they display many good qualities and highly interesting characteristics. They have a great many religious and superstitious ideas which are well worthy of investigation. One of their most ancient traditions is that they never die, but when their bodies become inanimate they are only in a trance from which they will eventually arise, and very likely at the time of resurrection (so they think) they will appear as white people. It is quite common to hear a black man say concerning a dying comrade that he will *go down* black fellow and *come up* white fellow; this seems to clearly point to their firm belief in a future life and also to their faith in the superiority of the white over the black races. The natives of Central Australia do not believe in natural death at any age; they declare that no one dies except as the result of some magical influence exerted by an enemy, and should a dying person mention any name the medicine men of the tribe regard it as the name of the guilty sorcerer whose spells are killing his victim. A great many wonderful superstitions, and also many barbaric practices, are thus mixed up among the old beliefs of these strange aborigines with those very Spiritualistic, Theosophical and Metaphysical ideals and speculations which are now being widely discussed by the most learned members of the world's scientific and literary fraternities.

"We very often hear that Australia, being a new country, can boast of no important literature or art, but though we may safely say that it has not yet developed

any very great literary or artistic masterpieces, it gives great promise of developing many such in the not distant future. The more intelligent among Australians are very highly appreciative of all that is best in literature and the varied arts, and though during a large portion of every year the Australian climate invites its people into the open air, in all parts of the wide country there are numberless agreeable opportunities afforded, alike by art and nature, for the enjoyment of literature as well as music in the open air. A talented reviewer of the collected poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon (a name greatly honored in Australia) says that the student of those unpretending volumes will find in them something very like the beginning of a national school of Australian poetry. Marcus Clarke, who gave that opinion, has been often styled the best all-round man of letters that Australia has yet produced; he was also intimately acquainted with all the literary work of the earlier Colonists.

“Many other famous names may easily be added to Australia’s literary Roll of Honor, on which illustrious scroll of record the name of Charles Harpur must occupy a very foremost place. This Australian literary pioneer was born as long ago as 1817, in the ‘Bush’ township of Windsor, New South Wales; he spent nearly all his life among primeval gum-trees and had for companions only the very roughest specimens of humanity. Henry Kendall, a well-known poet, says of Charles Harpur that he was a son of the forest, a man of the backwoods, a dweller in unquiet and uncouth country, and that his songs are accordingly saturated with the strange, fitful music of waste, broken-up places. Kendall was

also a native of New South Wales, and a contemporary of Gordon, whose 'Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes' were among the very first home-made verses which made a real impression upon the Australian public.

"We may well ask, 'Has Australia yet produced, or even inspired, any prose work of lasting importance?' But before attempting to answer such a question, we must endeavor to get a clear mental picture of what we mean by Australia as a community. After Captain Cook had discovered this strange country the celebrated British statesman Pitt, and later on his political successors, determined to make Australia serve as a great reformatory prison. In New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land there grew up a society almost unparalleled in ancient or modern times; this was known as the Convict Settlement, but following immediately on this came the Agricultural Epoch, which was soon succeeded by the famous Gold Era, which has led up to the present Australian Democracy.

"Treating of the earliest of these epochs in Australian history we find Marcus Clarke's very forcible story 'For the Term of His Natural Life,' giving great insight into the wild, barbaric conditions which prevailed in the early days of Australian occupancy; this book will always occupy a distinguished, foremost position among the novels which treat of the earliest developments of the country, but as its tone is sombre and gruesome and full of blood-curdling details pertaining to an epoch long since outgrown, it may well be classed with Fenimore Cooper's celebrated tales of the American prairies, which accurately describe the savage state of many districts of North America before the Union Pacific

Railroad was cut through from Council Bluffs to San Francisco. Another great book, 'The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn,' written by Henry Kingsley (brother of the celebrated Charles Kingsley), after a five years' sojourn in Australia, between 1854 and 1859, contains some of the best records in the form of fiction of the second, or pastoral, epoch in Australian history. Kingsley's other book, 'Hillyars and Burtons,' is also filled with charming reminiscences of most romantic days now gone forever. Perhaps the best known of later Australian writers is Thomas Alexander Browne, who is adopting the literary pseudonym of Rolf Boldrewood; his 'Old Melbourne Memories' contains the best description of the State of Victoria in the old provincial days of any work now before the public.

"I could easily discourse at unlimited length upon Australian literature, but I dare say many of my hearers are quite as familiar with it as myself. I will therefore only pass on to mention Mrs. Campbell Praed, who has done for North Australia what the other authors I have mentioned have done for the southern districts of that mighty island. This lady was born in Brisbane; she has seen very much of the inner political life of Queensland, and has thought fit to give all her stories a highly political seasoning. Her celebrated book, 'Australian Life, White and Black,' is plainly autobiographical and teems with vivid descriptions of Colonial life and manners.

"Perhaps the most celebrated of all writers of poetry who have done justice to the Southern Hemisphere stands Alfred Demette, a remarkable man, who was known as a friend of Robert Browning. Demette left London for New Zealand in a singularly erratic manner

and soon became Prime Minister of New Zealand, where he resided for nearly thirty years. On his return to England in 1871 he published his great Maori epic, 'Ranolf Anomiha,' which has been described by accepted critics as a poem of marvellous descriptive power replete with deep philosophic thought. This poem gained for its author distinguished appreciation from the Empress Frederick and many other very highly placed individuals. As a sample of Australian poetry I will quote to you Gordon's 'Swimmer,' which is, in my opinion, very like some poems of Browning's in many respects :

"I would that with sleepy, soft embraces
 The sea would fold me — would bid me rest
 In luminous shades of her secret places,
 In depths where her marvels are manifest;
 So the earth beneath her should not discover
 My hidden couch — nor the heaven above her.
 As a strong love shielding a weary lover,
 I would have her shield me with shining breast.

"Love of my life! we had lights in season —
 Hard to part from, harder to keep —
 We had strength to labor and souls to reason,
 And seeds to scatter and fruits to reap.
 Though time estranges and fate disperses,
 We have had our loves and our loving-mercies;
 Though the gifts of the light in the end are curses,
 Yet bides the gift of the darkness — sleep!

"Oh, brave white horses! you gather and gallop,
 The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins;
 Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop,
 In your hollow backs, or your high-arched manes,
 I would ride as never a man has ridden,
 In yon sleepy, swirling surges hidden,
 To gulfs foreshadowed, through straits forbidden,
 Where no light wearies and no love wanes.

“The *Sydney Bulletin* introduces young poets continually to the public, and among them are some names of real prominence, among which may be specially mentioned A. B. Patterson, whose familiar title ‘Banjo’ is associated with the greatest popularity yet attained by any Australian poet. Patterson’s volume ‘The Man from Snowy River’ met with unparalleled success in the land of its production and has since been issued in London by Macmillan. All Australian poets may be called *horsey* in the sense that they introduce the horse continually into their verses, but seeing that the horse is a noble as well as a useful animal, and the horses of Australia and New Zealand reflect immense credit on the equine name, to whatever countries they may be transported, we can scarcely call that a faulty style which is in reality a not unpleasing one and in many respects embodies an inevitable local characteristic. Henry Lawson has given us some fine ‘Bush Sketches,’ so has Barcroft Boake, and it may be truly said of Victor Daley and Will H. Ogilvie, together with Edward Dyson, Roderick Quinn and E. J. Brady, that they all turn out creditable verses. John Farrell, one of the earlier *Bulletin* poets, has posed as a reformer as well as a bard, and there are not wanting those among admirers of his peculiar style who call him a successor of Shelley. Among literary critics and political writers, Miss E. H. Spence, who is a very familiar figure in Adelaide and its vicinity (she often preaches there in the Unitarian Church), is quite a distinguished character; she is a very active, but somewhat conservative, reformer and commands universal respect wherever her gray curls are exhibited to an audience.

“Having mentioned Miss Spence, I must now allude to the women of Australia in general, many of whom are strongly intellectual and quite in touch with all the reformatory movements which have, during recent years, assumed such vast proportions alike in England and America. Female Suffrage has long been an accomplished fact in New Zealand, but it has met with opposition all along the line in Australia, principally from two classes of rather blind people: First, those belated religious teachers who found their arguments upon isolated passages of Scripture, and, second, those secular leaders who consider man, because of his supposed superior force, the rightful lord and master of the alleged weaker half of humanity. It cannot be truthfully asserted that the bulk of Australian women are unusually intelligent, nor can it be said that, as a class, they are dull or stupid, but there are many decidedly brilliant women among them, and these women are rapidly making their power and influence felt. The brave pioneer mothers, they who endured untold hardships in days of old, working side by side with their husbands and brothers, toiling from morn till night doing every kind of work that had to be accomplished, living contentedly in tents while they helped manually in the actual building of their future houses, these women have accomplished physically as well as mentally a gigantic work in a very few years, a work of its kind which the women of no other nation have surpassed.

“Those who have lived only in the cities or on the Australian coast have seen very little that is peculiarly characteristic of Australia. Sydney or Melbourne can

almost be mistaken for San Francisco or Liverpool, but when one visits the 'Bush' and makes acquaintance with the dwellers in the interior of the continent, then it is that the typical Australian woman, as well as the male bushranger, really meets our gaze. In the midst of the 'Bush' at the present moment many new settlers are going through experiences almost identical with those their forefathers underwent in the earliest Colonial days, and though the 'Bush' supplies none of the luxuries and very few of the comforts of civilization, it affords a dearly-beloved home for many a family, the members of which greatly prefer the wild natural life of the Australian interior, which is at least pure and healthful, and often full of romantic incident, to the decidedly hysterical mode of living which now prevails in all great cities. Probably many of my hearers, some of whom may have lived in Australia all their lives, know far less than the casual visitor knows of the interior life of these isolated Australians, just as the visitor who invariably travels several miles out from the principal cities to the celebrated mountain resorts sees the roof of Australia covered in the winter season with a splendid ermine mantle, while people who have spent all their lives less than one hundred miles distant declare they have never seen snow and are never likely to see it. The Australian women of the 'Bush' are very different people from the women one generally meets in the cities; they care nothing for fine raiment, they have no wish for show, they have a wonderful love of home (all home ties are extremely sacred to them), and far away from the feverish excitement of great commercial centres they are raising stalwart sons and powerful daughters who

will assuredly become the noble progenitors of a future Australian people who can vie with any race on earth, both mentally and physically.

“In New Zealand a few years ago quite a number of women applied for farm lands; some of these women have already become successful farmers; there were both married and unmarried women among the original applicants. Silk culture is now rapidly becoming an occupation for women, so also is market gardening, both in Australia and New Zealand. In New South Wales a number of ladies brought under the notice of the Minister of Mines and Agriculture the claims of the New Italy Farm, where young women are directors of the silk industry. Flower-growing and bee-farming are very popular occupations for women in Victoria and in New Zealand. A Women’s Labor Bureau has been established in the Government Buildings of Wellington with a woman as its president. Women are also extensively engaged in all kinds of Government offices, but, sad to relate and unlike what it is in America, their salaries have hitherto been far inferior to those of men who occupy similar positions and do no better or harder work; this unfair discrimination on account of sex can only be a relic of barbarism, and we all know this false rule of compensation is never applied to actresses or professional singers. In my judgment and in that of all truly fair-minded people with whom I have discussed the question, work should be remunerated according to its kind and quality, regardless of who the individual may be who has performed it. If women do the same work as men, they are entitled to the same recompense, but if they cannot perform as much or as good work as

can be turned out by their brothers, then it is but fair to give them smaller salaries. Many women are very successful in mercantile affairs throughout Australasia, and it not infrequently happens that when the wife of a successful business man becomes a widow she keeps on the business and often conducts it so successfully that it becomes one of the leading establishments of its kind, whatever its nature and wherever it may be situated. In the work of education women are very prominent, and a number of well-trained nurses are graduating every year from Australian and New Zealand hospitals. Milliners and dressmakers and female heads of departments in leading business houses often get very high salaries when exceptionally competent.

“My own experience has convinced me that the general rate of living, both in Australia and New Zealand, is not appreciably higher or lower than in London, New York, or any of the large American cities. I have long since come to the conviction that a comparison of prices, when fairly made and duly estimated, leads to the conclusion that *rate* of living everywhere depends chiefly on the *way* of living. I can live in London for one pound per week if I am willing to accept decidedly poor accommodation, and I can do the same in Sydney or Melbourne; then should I visit America, for five dollars (almost an exact equivalent of the English sovereign) I can live in about the same style. Some things are cheaper and other things are dearer in one place than in another, but in these days, when striking a conscientious average, the practical statistician is inevitably led to the conclusion that money goes about as far in one part of the English-speaking world as in another, for what is

saved at one point anywhere has usually to be expended at some other.

“I have lived for some time in New Zealand, where Woman Suffrage gained the day when Australian politicians were far from granting it. Mr. Seddon, the highly respected Premier of New Zealand, has said that woman’s influence on the elections and subsequent to them has been productive of much good; women, he has declared, are looking well after the interests of children, the mitigation of the liquor traffic, the alteration of gaol regulations in relation to women inspectors for women, and other vital affairs; he has also declared that their vote would make for the purity of the Legislature and that men of shady character would not venture to run the gauntlet of women’s eyes and criticism; he further said that women often see further ahead than men, and he felt convinced that the seal to their right to become legislators was advancing up the political avenue and would arrive before long. Even the leader of the opposition admitted that women had done much to purify the House, and their influence would yet be more beneficial in the same direction, and the most powerful opposition journal in New Zealand declared editorially that possession of the franchise had not in the least degree developed that hideous caricature of noble womanhood often erroneously styled *the new woman*. It is admitted on every hand in New Zealand that domestic life has not been ruffled by women possessing votes, for in the exercise of political privileges they have shown much sound judgment and great discretion as well as useful independence of thought. The Canterbury Women’s Institute exercises a great

influence in the South Island, and it is a matter for universal comment that the women of Christchurch, which is the great literary centre of New Zealand, are everywhere noted for their noble womanliness as well as for their extreme intelligence.

"But I must not detain you longer; another opportunity will perhaps be afforded me of giving you some further sketches taken at random from my Australasian notebooks. I will quickly now conclude by reciting a short poem by Agnes Neale, of Adelaide, who may be fairly called the Adelaide Proctor of Australia:

"Lo! a young world. Lo! a strong world rises in this distant clime,
 Destined to increase and strengthen to the very end of time.
 Here through veins with young life swelling rolls the blood that rules
 the world;
 Here as hers, and dear as honor, England's banner floats unfurled.
 Oh! Australia, fair and lovely, Empress of the Southern Sea,
 What a glorious fame awaits thee in the future's history!
 Land of wealth and land of beauty, tropic suns and arctic snows,
 Where the splendid noontide blazes, where the raging stormwind
 blows;
 Be thou proud and be thou daring, ever true to God and Man;
 In all evil be thou rearward, in all good take thou the van!
 Only let thy hands be stainless, let thy life be pure and true,
 And a destiny awaits thee such as nations never knew."

At the close of her address Miss Catte was greeted with fervent outbursts of applause and the urgent request was made to her that she would, at least once again, during the ensuing week delight her grateful auditors with another selection from her most interesting budget of Australasian memories. Before and after the speech, Fräulein Oldenberg rendered some truly fascinating improvisations on the violin, sympathetically

accompanied on the grand piano by her gifted aunt and on the organ by Miss Panther.

The weather continued all that was most desirable, and as the good ship strode securely and rapidly over the then placid ocean nearly every one on board expressed feelings of regret rather than emotions of gladness that such halcyon days on the heaving breast of the mighty ocean were destined so shortly to become but memories of a delightful past. Life on the ocean wave in pleasant weather richly deserves all the immortalization it has already gained through song.

CHAPTER XII

THE RED SEA. — THE SUEZ CANAL EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS

AMONG the greatest feats of engineering skill brought to perfection during the course of the thrillingly eventful nineteenth century no one marvel of science and no single contribution to industrial progress has surpassed, even if it has equalled, that marvellous prodigy of attainment known as the Suez Canal. There are many persons who suppose that a voyage through that narrow waterway must necessarily be attended with great discomfort on account of the heat, if from no other cause, but such an unfavorable anticipation is largely groundless, unless the voyage be taken during the very hottest season of the year. September was rapidly nearing its close when our party passed up the Gulf of Suez, after leaving the Indian Ocean. The weather was all that could be possibly desired to render the voyage thoroughly delightful, and it was with many emotions of wonder and pleasurable surprise that after spending a few days in the narrow watercourse which separates Africa from Asia the entrance to the great canal slowly came in view. Very near Suez the ship passes through a gulf narrow enough to permit of land being clearly seen on either hand ; this land usually appears wild and forbidding, chiefly on account of its extraordinary appearance being coupled with so many weird traditions and strange

old histories. The Red Sea is by no means always an unpleasant sea to cross, though all the steamship companies which take passengers by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and also the agents of the American lines which give through bookings to England by way of Vancouver or San Francisco, are very fond of advertising that passengers by their routes avoid the "intense heat" of the Red Sea, which is largely a trap to snare tourists, for the Red Sea does not as a rule furnish anything like such oppressive weather as cannot be avoided elsewhere along any passenger route which involves crossing the Equator. The lighthouses all down the Egyptian coast are very brilliant and placed very near together; this not only ensures as much safety as possible for the very numerous vessels which are constantly passing each other in this thickly populated watercourse, but it serves to make the evenings on the voyage exceedingly attractive, and when the sun has gone down the nights on deck are truly beautiful.

On the way to Suez some opportunity is given for viewing Egypt, and those travellers who are not pressed for time frequently disembark at Suez, which is a very interesting place, and proceed for a visit to Cairo, which is at present a strange conglomeration of modernity and antiquity. Cairo is only about sixty miles in direct line from Suez, but the railway route is so extremely circuitous that the journey takes several hours to complete it. There are no rapid trains in Egypt, though English influence is continually increasing their rate of speed and also rendering means of locomotion increasingly comfortable. So rich in historical associations is all the Egyptian neighborhood and so great is the curiosity

concerning it displayed by all tourists and travellers who have not been in that vicinity before, that guide-books are in constant requisition, and any one who possesses the least authentic information concerning the geography of the neighborhood is sure to be buttonholed and firmly held on to by all less-informed members of a travelling party. For the general information of the travelling public it is well to note that the "Orient Pacific Guide," which is a very large and profusely illustrated handbook for travellers, is sold at the very moderate price of half a crown; it can always be procured at any booking office of the Orient Steamship Company, and taken all in all it is certainly the most compendious and varied amalgamation of interesting facts likely to fall into the hands of any ordinary explorer of the great route between England and Australia.

Whilst our party were in the neighborhood of Egypt, and every one's thoughts naturally reverted to Pyramids, Sphinxes, and all the innumerable remains of remote antiquity with which Egypt abounds, Miss Catte's quotations from reports she had taken of Mrs. Parrot's lectures on the great Egyptian Pyramids were listened to with eager interest by all who comprehended the English tongue. Mrs. Parrot's views on the Great Pyramids were entirely supplementary to all guide-book information, for she insisted that the Great Pyramid at Gizeh was the oldest extant Temple of the Mysteries, that its origin pertained to original Astro-Masonry, and that it was the grandest shrine of ancient religious and scientific knowledge now remaining above the surface of the ground; and indeed she declared that Marie Corelli's wonderful assertions in her Egyptian story "Ziska"

were founded upon reliable Theosophical records now becoming gradually available to the general reader, though prior to the recent widespread interest in all psychical questions these records were rigidly confined to the perusal of those alone who were in some way connected with Occult fraternities. Miss Catte also declared that from conversations she had had with Madame de Pomponet, the Great Pyramid in Egypt was regarded by many students of the ancient Mysteries as the supremest monument to the most ancient which was also the highest and purest form of Solar Worship which the world has ever known. About 1881 the writings of Professor Piazzzi Smythe, at one time Astronomer Royal of Scotland, were in great demand, especially his celebrated treatise "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," a book which appealed most forcibly to those among religiously disposed people who desired to unite science and religion in accordance with some unusual theory of how Bible prophecies will be fulfilled and how they should be interpreted. Professor Le Grange, the famous Belgian astronomer, made distinguished contributions to the same style of literature; then, more recently, Albert Ross Parsons, a well-known American musician and an enthusiastic disciple of Richard Wagner, brought out his astounding promulgations of ancient zodiacal theories in "New Light from the Great Pyramid," which is not an easy work for the average reader to follow, though it proves extremely fascinating to all who delight in connecting the origin of religious traditions and ceremonies with astronomy and astrology without giving up their hold upon the essential truths which form the spiritual essence of all

religious systems, no matter what external letter these systems may respectively adopt.

The Pyramids of Gizeh, about seven miles from Cairo, are situated on the western side of the Nile, which is at that point a broad, magnificent stream. A very good road crosses the Nile near the Pyramids, and a fine iron bridge has been constructed across the river, part of which is open at a stated time daily to allow the passing of boats. The road for the rest of the way is bordered by fine trees which somewhat interrupt the view of the Pyramids until the traveller approaches them very closely. There are about sixty pyramids in Egypt, but the Great Pyramid stands out among them completely unique, not so much on account of its greater size or more imposing outward presence, but by reason of its interior arrangements, which are not duplicated in any similarly fashioned structure thus far discovered. It is often stated that every pyramid was built as the sepulchre of some mighty king, but even though that statement be allowed to pass unchallenged it should not be forgotten that royal personages have been buried in religious edifices from times immemorial, and it must further be known to all who are in any degree acquainted with the workings of Masonic or Occult fraternities that the emblem of mortuation and the sign of resurrection from the dead have always occupied a prominent place in the most expressive symbols of every ancient Mystic Order. The presence of the lidless sarcophagus in the King's Chamber within the Great Pyramid does not prove that one of the ancient Pharaohs' or any other monarchs' remains were actually interred within that sacred pile, but should it be proved that the body of

Sesostris or any other mighty potentate of ancient time was literally interred in that sacred temple it would no more invalidate the claim of the Great Pyramid to be truly a Masonic or religious temple than the character of Westminster Abbey is destroyed as an ancient English church because the bodies of many notabilities are interred beneath its pavement.

• But as the Pyramids were not visible from the vessel, and none of the passengers found it convenient to interrupt their journey by visiting the interior of Egypt, no actual exploration of those mysterious piles of architecture could be made by any of our party; still what may be called the psychology or psychic magnetism of the neighborhood was powerfully felt by Fräulein Oldenberg, who was far more sensitive to psychic influences than she knew. This singularly gifted girl would half close her eyes, look out across the water when she was seated with her aunt and other friends on deck, and describe clearly many places in Egypt a great many miles farther off than the range of her physical vision was likely to have extended. Telepathy is always a largely unsolved problem, for no matter how much we may have ascertained concerning its manifest workings within the distinctly limited area open to our present investigation, we are compelled to admit that there are no practical limits to the possibility of one mind communicating with another; thus the information possessed by Miss Catte might have been, unconsciously to the elder lady, communicated to and transmitted through the younger. Whatever may be the true explanation of the phenomenon, the youthful violinist discoursed very glibly with Dr. Lemoyne and other passengers concerning matters of

which she individually knew nothing, and when she proceeded to explain the riddle of the Sphinx and relate the story of Œdipus, Dr. Lemoyne was thoroughly convinced that she was a natural *lucide* of the first rank who only needed quiet encouragement to enable her to practise what is rightly called psychometry to a practically illimitable degree.

The Sphinx takes only second rank in interest to the Pyramids; its famous riddle is undoubtedly expressed in its actual formation, for it has a human head attached to a lion's body, the obvious interpretation of which is that all the worlds below humanity must be made to yield complete obedience to man and woman, both in the inner and in the outer meaning of the term, for when the lower self is completely subdued to the higher, the entire planet, according to the practical teaching of Universal Occultism, will yield complete submission to the united will and understanding of the human race. Then will animal supremacy have completely vanished; wars can exist no longer, and the whole earth will have become a veritable Garden of Eden. So declared the young seeress as she discoursed glibly in a semi-trance, though not in an entirely unconscious condition, concerning the glories of ancient Egypt and the still greater glories of the whole world yet to be revealed.

The following curious and interesting experiment was conducted one evening with Dr. Lemoyne, Miss Catte and Fräulein Oldenberg as principals. Miss Catte mentally visualized one of the symbols of Universal Occultism which had been explained to her first by Mrs. Parrot and later by Madame de Pomponet in almost the same language. This symbol was the ancient

Equinoctial Cross. This cross must be a perfect one, the horizontal and perpendicular beams intersecting each other so as to leave four equal spaces to represent the four quarters of the globe and all that this great expression signifies. One quarter is devoted to Memory, one to Imagination, one to Intellect and one to Emotion; the perpendicular beam of the cross signifies Love or Will and the horizontal beam denotes Wisdom or Understanding. Though Miss Catte only held the thought of this figure as a clearly defined mental picture and took the sensitive left hand of the girl quietly in her right hand, so perfect was the transmission of thought from the willing sender to the equally willing receiver that the girl first described the figure verbally with perfect accuracy and then proceeded to draw it with complete fidelity to the original on a blank card which Dr. Lemoyne had provided for the experiment.

Time passed very swiftly between interesting conversations and frequent observations of the many sights which now crowded thickly upon the vision of the spectators, who spent nearly all their time on deck when they were not asleep. As the Suez Canal is an object of universal interest it afforded a continuous topic of conversation as the vessel was approaching, as well as during the time actually spent in passing through it. Historians inform us that in the immediate neighborhood of this celebrated canal lies the very spot where the Children of Israel in the days of Moses accomplished that eventful Exodus from Egypt which, though it occurred, according to tradition, considerably more than three thousand years ago, is still celebrated as one of the greatest events in generally accepted human history.

All along the northern coast of Egypt there is a narrow sandy shore which exposes passengers in small craft in a changing wind to grave dangers. A narrow beach divides the Mediterranean Sea from Lake Menzaleh, which is well described as a vast, marshy lagoon dotted with islets, which many explorers think contain some of the most valuable and fertile land in the world, though at present it is only used as a common fishing ground by hordes of very wild Arabs and flocks of ducks and flamingoes. The embankments of the canal cross this lake, a portion of which lies eastward toward Palestine; this district was once the great fighting ground of Egypt and Assyria.

Port Said, a very interesting place at which all vessels stop for a number of hours, is on the extreme northern side of the canal; the reclaimed sands on which this city stands are only a few feet above the level of the Mediterranean, whose great waves in stormy weather often threaten to flood the town, but the beach is very wide and the sea is shallow for many miles out; consequently, though it is often threatened with destruction, it remains seemingly secure from generation to generation and constantly retains that strange motley appearance which can only be produced when people of all nations can be induced to mingle on an equal footing. But before reaching this picturesque though not very cleanly city, which actually marks the border between the Orient and the Occident, we have the length of the canal to traverse and in comparatively cool weather a very delightful trip it is to sail down that calm, brilliantly lighted watercourse, flooded at midnight with electric radiance, which truly makes the night as brilliant as the day.

The working of the canal is a most interesting subject for inquiry, for it is so narrow that two ships cannot pass except at certain sidings, fifteen of which are provided. There are three principal offices of the canal, one at Port Said, one at Ismailia and one at Suez, where a marvellously ingenious contrivance may be seen at work. This wonderful piece of mechanism is called facetiously "Chartrey's Toy," taking its name from its inventor, Chartrey de Menetreux. In a silent chamber in the upper portion of the office, on a low table which occupies one whole side of the wall, is a narrow trough of metal fifteen feet long; on a shelf above it are a number of model ships, each one bearing a flag of some nation; the Union Jack greatly preponderates. The trough represents the canal; sidings, stations and lakes are indicated by larger openings. When a ship passes the office on its way to the canal one of these model ships is placed in a corresponding position, and if a ship leaves the canal the model which bears its name is removed to a shelf above. One man constantly watches this mechanical device, and when news is telegraphed that a certain ship has passed a certain siding the model is moved and orders are telegraphed giving explicit directions where that ship is to tie up. Orders are received at the sidings, and signals to the ship's pilot are immediately hoisted. All these things are done entirely without confusion, and telegrams, which are apt to arrive almost every minute, are immediately noted by the moving of a model ship and an alteration of the signal from fifty to eighty miles away. Ships are thus piloted on what is called the block system, except in the great lakes, where they can pass each other freely at full speed.

Signal posts are provided at every station from which steamers are directed either to go into the sidings or into the canal. A full code of signals by day and by night is supplied to all authorized vessels by the canal authorities. Vessels which are permitted to navigate the canal by night are provided with an electric projector which throws its light for thirteen hundred yards.

Nothing could give a traveller so clear an idea of the vastness of British commerce as to take note that nearly ninety per cent of the great ships which go up and down the Suez Canal are travelling to or from England, and even when we observe the German or the French colors flying on many a fine passenger steamer we must not forget that a very large percentage of the travellers on those great ocean liners are also wending their way, though under a foreign flag, either to England itself or to one of her over-sea Colonies. The first great fear experienced with reference to the permanent stability of the canal arose from the action of the desert sand, but this fear has proved groundless; the threatened washing away of the banks is also successfully counteracted by facing them with stone and concrete. The thought of the traveller will naturally recur to memories of the persistent attempts made by the ancients to construct a ship canal in this very neighborhood. As long ago as 600 B. C. a canal was made by Necho from Suez through the Bitter Lakes to Lake Tinsah, and then west to Bubastes, on the Nile; this work with its water-gates is described by Herodotus, who tells us that vessels sailed through in four days. After a considerable time the sand choked up this cutting, but it was subsequently

cleared and reopened in the seventh century of the present era by Caliph Omar.

Authorities on navigation declare that a gradual deepening of the Suez Canal will have a far greater effect on rapid transit than could be brought about either by widening it or multiplying its sidings, and all experts agree that narrow waterways are the safest, provided there is sufficient depth of water under the ship. At present a large ship might put on "full speed" without attaining any greater results than are now attained by the accustomed cautious slowing-down process, for there is not at present enough water in the canal to allow for greater speed for large vessels than five miles an hour. There is frequently a high wind on this coast of Egypt, and after passing the great lakes there is a strong tide flowing to or from the Red Sea; the tide often rises more than six feet at the Custom House quay at Suez. The great vessels are quite safe in a neighborhood where small boats are often in danger of going under. While in this vicinity the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps — by whose marvellous perseverance the great enterprise was successfully carried to a triumphal issue in the face of stupendous difficulties — is mentioned with reverence and gratitude on every hand, and the splendid statue erected in his honor is one of the most interesting landmarks in the neighborhood.

The birds of this district afford very interesting studies. The flamingo and the pelican are extremely fascinating; sometimes thousands of pelicans sit so closely together that they look like a solid white wall when viewed from a little distance; the flamingo is, however, the bird of beauty when it rises on the wing,

for then it shows all its beautiful bright pink feathers, which are concealed while it is standing on the earth. In this romantic neighborhood the mirage is a frequent visitor; it almost always appears like pools of shining water on the eastern side in the barren desert near the ruins of Pelusiun, and again toward the borders of Palestine. Sometimes the mirage takes very singular forms, especially when the wind is southerly, when it often appears as a ship and looks exactly like a companion vessel alongside the one in which we may be travelling. In addition to these well-authenticated features of the mirage one hears all sorts of strange fantastic tales concerning it which are not sufficiently well attested to deserve bringing forward as actual occurrences, though there is strong presumptive evidence in favor of the reliability of at least a portion of them. Ruins of buildings erected in the days of Rameses may be seen in the desert not far from the Suez Canal, and every inch of this country is famous historic ground; particularly is this true of the Bridge of Nations, across which invading armies must have entered Egypt in those still-remembered though long-gone centuries when Egypt was the greatest centre of world-wide civilization.

Many people now living remember the famous celebrations connected with the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, when William the First of Germany and the Empress Eugénie of France were the chief personages at the ceremony.

The town of Ismailia, situated just on the spot, clusters round a summer palace of the Khedive of Egypt; the town is beautifully planned and built, but serious defects were permitted with regard to drainage; therefore

Ismailia became fever-stricken, and is, therefore, practically dead. It has had, however, since 1869, many eventful epochs in its generally sad and fever-stricken history; it became the base of Lord Wolseley's brilliant campaign in 1882, at which time the canal and lakes were crowded with men-of-war and transports. Ismailia was then intensely active, for it was engaged in supplying the needs of an army twenty thousand strong. While Arabi and his troops blocked the way into Egypt from Alexandria, the British Navy took possession of Ismailia, where men and materials were quickly concentrated; the army pushed along the line of railway and the Sweetwater Canal; the Egyptian lines were stormed and Cairo occupied at the end of a campaign of three weeks. Brief, indeed, was the history of one of Lord Wolseley's most brilliant campaigns as related by an English Army officer who took extreme delight in pointing out to his fellow-travellers, wherever he might be journeying, the landmarks of his country's mighty prowess alike on sea and shore, landmarks which tend to keep alive in the hearts of all loyal Britons the undying sentiment expressed in the stirring words, "Britannia rules the waves."

In so strange and weird a neighborhood all sensitive natures feel in greater or less degree a somewhat restless and displeasing effect produced by the continual strife which has torn the atmosphere in all that country into terrible shreds and tatters, when viewed through the clear lenses of psychic insight. The unanimous verdict of all profound students of Occult Science is that the air of a country becomes favorable or unfavorable to the production of desirable psychic phenomena in

proportion as its atmosphere has been regulated and modulated by the carrying forward of peaceful industries, or lashed into fierce foam and cruelly lacerated by the effect of continual conflicts between contending armies. Egypt and its vicinity to-day bear tremendous psychic witness to the awful effects of continual struggles between different sections of the one great human family. Let us all now hope, pray, and diligently work for the speedy advent of the blessed morning when Egypt shall be again at rest and the secret of her Great Pyramid be unveiled to waiting humanity, and the riddle of her mysterious Sphinx solved in the actual life of pacifically organized humanity.

CHAPTER XIII

A VISIT TO PORT SAID THE GENIUS OF THE RING

SOON after leaving the Suez Canal, Port Said is reached, and though there is but little to commend this very extraordinary place to lovers of scrupulous cleanliness when once they have entered the city, very few situations are more picturesque and few approaches are more interesting. Port Said is one of those curious compromises between Eastern and Western civilization that suggests the remarkable tenacity with which the different nations of the earth retain their distinctive habits and beliefs as well as their characteristic appearances no matter where their lot may be cast. The traveller on landing at any Oriental port is sure to be beset by a crowd of beggars representing all nations, but apart from these, who are sometimes found annoying, a good opportunity is furnished for witnessing Oriental life in many of its characteristic phases and for studying the (by no means unattractive) Arabians and Egyptians, many of whom are positively handsome and in many instances prove themselves decidedly agreeable guides and escorts.

It has been said that in a few minutes one can examine everything of interest at Port Said, but this statement is by no means accurate, for it is often found that twelve hours is none too long a time for a tour of

inspection, and even then many points of interest are left unvisited. The Arabs in their native dress and the women with their dark blue gowns and veils, in addition to several camels, will be among the sights long remembered. There is a splendid lighthouse on the coast approaching two hundred feet in height; there is also an English hospital founded by Viscountess Strangford, whose name it bears; this excellent institution is chiefly for the use of British seamen, of whom over two hundred thousand pass through Port Said every year; it is supported entirely by voluntary offerings, a great portion of which arise from collections made on the ocean steamers. Port Said contains a very fine English church; also a Roman Catholic church gorgeously fitted up with almost barbaric splendor; the Mohammedan Mosque is also an object of great religious interest, and those in charge of this Mohammedan temple are always very courteous to visitors.

Memories of the great war of 1882 are still cherished at Port Said, for it was that memorable battle which led to the occupation of Egypt by English troops. Many remarkable stories are told of this celebrated fight and of the amazing discipline maintained on all British vessels. England is certainly the dominating power in this region, though Frenchmen, Greeks and Italians are plentiful on every hand. A great deal of the business is in the hands of Greeks, who are for the most part very well educated, speaking English fluently and generally displaying a considerable pride of bearing, which is not always attractive to those who seek to do business with them. The modern Greek is a very interesting study; he is usually decidedly good-looking, quite

aristocratic in bearing and carries a manner which suggests that it is his firm belief that if he is not now the ruler of the world he certainly ought to be. Many of the Egyptian youths are very attractive in appearance and exceedingly polite in behavior; in many instances they are perfect gentlemen in demeanor, and a party of sightseers who may prove successful in procuring as guide one of the most intelligent among those who stand ready to officiate in that capacity will usually find their escort possessed of a large amount of useful and interesting information which he is willing to impart in return for very moderate compensation for his day's services.

No fair-minded person who wishes to deal justly with other races than those distinctly European can fail to derive much profit from commingling with the very bright and pleasing specimens of Oriental humanity which abound in Port Saïd; and though the natives, who are mostly strict followers of Mohammed, are not given to blab about their religion, the most enlightened among them are seldom if ever unwilling to impart, in response to earnest questioners, a good deal of valuable information. The faith of Islam calls for strict temperance, extreme cleanliness, and much else that is highly desirable from its votaries, and it is difficult to see wherein any other form of religion than a regenerated Mohammedanism could accomplish the highest results among those particular people, who venerate the Crescent above the Cross. Whenever Christians treat Mohammedans with common fairness they will find much to admire as well as some things to object to in the faith and practice of the loyal sons of the desert, to

whom Mecca rather than Jerusalem is the chief centre of devout religious associations, and though it is often asserted (entirely without proof) that Mohammedanism is a very immoral system and a particularly cruel one, close investigation of its claims will go far to show that the work of its founder was largely directed to the improvement of the moral state of those to whom he preached, and so far as cruelty is concerned the Arab is often quite as faithful to his friends and allies of foreign birth as even the most loyal Englishman. It is useless for one set of people to pride themselves on exclusive sanctity, or to arrogate to their own race and system all those universal virtues which are scattered over the entire human area of thought and action, and, therefore, never confinable within the narrow precincts of any restricted tribe or cult. The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Port Said certainly suggests the dawn of the new era of universal fraternity so long foretold, but as yet (alas!) so little realized in practical existence; it is at least encouraging to all who hope for universal fraternization to see the motley picturesque groups of many nationalities all engaged in profitable industries and seemingly entertaining no hostile designs one upon another.

The shops in Port Said are really excellent, and there are several good hotels where visitors can be very comfortably accommodated if business or pleasure should detain them at that point in their journey. Purchases of all sorts are apt to be made by visitors from the steamers, particularly by those who are going out to the Antipodes. All who are interested in trophies from Jerusalem will be glad to purchase useful articles made

of the famous olivewood from the Holy Land. Paperknives and all sorts of useful things made of this excellent and very durable wood, highly polished, can be purchased at Port Said very much cheaper than in London or in any European capital; it is therefore really worth while to make a few purchases while visiting this interesting place and still further encourage the successful trade of the port, which is now happily in a very flourishing condition. The worst enemy to comfort in this neighborhood is the generally imperfect condition of the roads, but this great defect is being steadily but slowly done away with, as every new year witnesses great improvements in all things pertaining to comfort and sanitation. Should any English people find it desirable to enter on a business career at this singular port they will find that it offers many advantages along with certain inevitable disadvantages, but the guide-books, as a rule, have greatly overrated the latter and minimized the former, a defect which should be remedied in future editions of the same publications.

Miss Catte and Miss Panther, who were very fond of exploring, found that several of their friends, particularly the Oldenbergs, preferred to rest in the Hotel Continental while these two ladies went on an exploring and shopping expedition. This hotel, though not exactly celebrated for its superior cuisine, furnishes an excellent repast for a fairly moderate price, and also furnishes an accompaniment of good (usually French) music.

To all deep students of psychic problems there is peculiar interest attaching to the question of how to analyze the content of an unseen mental atmosphere.

Fräulein Oldenberg, after having walked about with her aunt and other friends until her curiosity was satisfied, was glad of an opportunity to spend a quiet hour on land in a comfortable room which some of the party had engaged in the hotel, and while there she willingly yielded to the importunity of her kind entertainers to give them a little insight into that marvellous psychometric faculty which she was now developing to a high state of proficiency. After performing very sweetly for a few minutes upon her violin she passed into a dreamy contemplative state and then proceeded to describe a number of unseen influences which thronged the rather heavy air; she then said to Mrs. Forbes-Jefferson (a lady whom she had found very sympathetic) quite without question from that lady, "You will meet with extraordinary tidings as soon as you reach Naples; your son has been ordered to South Africa; he is now wounded slightly in the left arm, but his condition is by no means serious. I tell you this because the first letter you will receive would have greatly frightened you had you not been prepared for it; a second letter is now on its way to the address of your London bankers intended to set your mind entirely at rest. I can see the signature distinctly; it is a long and curious one: 'Yours very faithfully, Gorham Fitzhubert Cholmondeley Vower.' This letter speaks of your son, Albert Fitzroy, as a young man of extreme promise possessing and manifesting many sterling qualities of unusual excellence, and altogether assures you that he is one of the most reliable members of a society which has just been formed under Captain Farquharson's direction to encourage the troops while in South Africa to practise many virtues

which are rarely developed when guerrilla warfare is draining a nation's best resources."

The lady to whom this extraordinary communication was made appeared pensive for a moment and then said, "My dear girl, I do not doubt you for an instant; indeed something within me assures me that your words are true; still, I must ask your pardon for requesting that you exercise your remarkable power still further on my behalf; take this ring, hold it in your hand as long as you think fit and then give me whatever impressions may come to you with or from it."

Scarcely had the maiden touched the ring, which was a large opal set between two fine diamonds, than she said, "The name Alicia appears in the air before me; she is your mother; she gave you that ring on her deathbed; you have worn it for the past twenty years; it serves you as a talisman; you will never yield to temptation to any wrong, however sorely you may be tempted, as long as you keep that ring on your person; your mother went to the unseen spheres when you were just twenty; you were then being wooed by a man to whom you were outwardly attracted, but you could never have been happy with him; he met with a tragic end, the news of which nearly unseated your reason; but as soon as you recovered from your severe illness, brought on by mental sufferings, you allowed yourself to become engaged to the noble man who shortly after became your husband; you lived with him very happily for fifteen years and during the past four years of widowhood you have always felt that he was near you in times of special perplexity and danger, and the name you have given him in your own thoughts has been the

one that he chose for himself just before he breathed his last on earth: 'The Genius of the Ring.' "

"Every word true, my dear; the most marvellous confirmation of my beloved husband's last words, which were: 'Whenever a sensitive feels my presence with you you will hear me described as the genius of this ring, which has always been a link between us both on earth and the dear mother who has long since passed to the sphere where I now go to join her and become with her one of your guardian angels.' "

So convincing a delineation, accurate in every minutest detail, not only confirmed the faith of the lady to whom the information was especially given; it also created a profound impression, as well it might, in the minds of all who were privileged to be present; an impression still further heightened when the damsel delivered impromptu the following verses, the topic being suggested to her on the spur of the moment to prove the entirely unpremeditated character of the poetical effusions, which her aunt attributed to unmistakably direct inspiration:

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

Love is the great creative force
Which doth the universe sustain,
From Deity it doth proceed
And will through endless time remain
The means whereby each architect
Discerns a model, fair and new,
To give to builders mighty tasks
Till structures grand arise to view.

The world doth its love-story tell
When we interpret rock and tree,

When we inhale the breath of flowers,
And many a beauteous landscape see.
Throughout the realms of insect life,
With all the birds of each degree,
With all the creatures that abide
Upon the land or in the sea
Love is the animating force
That guides them on from age to age
As they contribute willingly
To swell life's wondrous record-page.

Then when we rise to human life,
When men and women crown the earth
Their pure affection doth bring forth
Still nobler types of life to birth;
For every high and lofty aim
And every aspiration pure
Which makes the world more beautiful
In love's own temple doth endure.

True love is not a transient flame
Which flickers out with passing day,
It doth all change and time abide,
And through all seasons constant stay;
It takes its rise within the soul,
It is a spiritual power
Which doth subordinate all sense
Till in its glorious triumph hour
It uses what it doth control;
It lifteth matter from the clod
And re-creates the outer world
In harmony with thought of God.

The greatest poets nobly sing
The praises of love's mighty power;
When Dante findeth Beatrice
She leads him to that holy bower
Which men below call Paradise,
Where in the circles of pure light
Glad angels evermore give praise
In God's all pure and perfect sight.

Love doth transfigure everything,
 The whole world loves a lover true,
 Because pure love makes harmony
 Beneath the starlit vault of blue.
 Love glorifies the rolling sea,
 Transfigures every barren place,
 Makes hovel like a palace seem
 When it displays its radiant grace.

Self-love is not true love at all,
 True love another's weal doth seek,
 For we unlove ourselves whene'er
 We into love's great mysteries peep.
 The mother truly loves her child,
 Self-sacrifice her joy will prove,
 Because she loves to give her best
 Unto the object of her love.

In holy marriage love is found
 The constantly cementing bond
 Which maketh two lives truly one
 On earth and in the spheres beyond.
 True marriages are made in heaven
 Because the soul discovers well
 The counterpart with whom it doth
 In perfect union ever dwell.

That courtship which abounds on earth
 Which only makes an outward claim
 For beauty, wealth, or station here,
 Deserves not love's immortal name ;
 When two hearts beat as one in joy
 And feel each other's sorrows keen,
 When they can do their noblest work,
 When barriers do not intervene ;
 When one the other truly helps
 To give forth what the soul contains
 Then earthly changes fail to smite,
 Or cause the lovers bitter pains.

No matter if you're rich or poor
 True love will bring a wealth divine

That will increase your working power
And make your humblest actions shine
With something of celestial gleam
Which only love can e'er impart
When flowing through united minds
And springing from united hearts.

Look not for earthly wealth or rank,
Gaze not at outer garments gay,
But peer below all outward things,
To catch love's deep and tender ray.
Your husband may be counted poor,
Your wife be never known to shine
In circles of society
Where gold is worshipped as divine,
But if within your inmost lives
You feel that you are drawn together
To sanctify all common things,
Rejoicing in all changing weather ;
If you can radiate sweet peace
From forth your home whate'er your lot,
Then live your married life on earth,
Its influence cannot be forgot.

Love, Courtship, Marriage, these three words
Should be translated every day
To mean that where true love abides
Most gracious courtliness will stay.
Be not as lovers for a while
Before you marry, then grow cold ;
Neglect no little courtesy,
As years advance *hearts* grow not old.
When youthful love still brightly burns,
The gentle word, the fond embrace
Make beautiful the evening hour,
Advancing years should bring new grace.

True marriage rightly understood
Means blending of the thought and will,
So that two lives together walk
Inseparable up Time's hill.

All that doth mar the present state
Will fade away, the love of gold,
And every earthly bauble dies
When love its banner doth unfold.

Find in your partner what is best,
Look not for faults, for virtues pry ;
Think always kindly of the friend
Who walks beside you ; ever try
To ease each other's load of care,
Increase each other's inward might,
And if earth's clouds of darkness lower,
Disperse them with love's inward light.

Carry God's sunshine in your souls,
And then, however dark the way,
The Star of Faith within your hearts
Will shed its pure benignant ray,
Till other lives around you stand
To bless the hour when first they met
A married pair whose inward truth
Doth outward holiness beget.

Let every married home on earth
Shine glorious with a dual head,
Husband and wife as equals there
Rich blessings all around them shed,
Because they dwell in love and peace
They harmonize the air around,
So that the atmosphere of home
A panacea for grief is found.
And all who feel its influence sweet,
When they are lonely or oppressed,
Can find sweet home a temple true,
Whose sacred influences blest
Reach out beyond its sheltering walls
To bless the extending world afar,
While Heaven itself protects the home
Where constant love is natal star.

After these delightful experiences at Port Said all our party were ready to resume their homeward journey with high hopes and bright anticipations of what would surely await them at their journey's end.

CHAPTER XIV

A VISIT TO PÔMPEII THE SHRINE AT HERCULANEUM

AFTER visiting Port Said on the homeward voyage the experiences of travellers by all lines become exceedingly interesting. The Mediterranean Sea deserves all that has ever been said concerning its picturesqueness, and though modern Greece cannot compare with Greece of old either in influence or in splendor, the statement would be anything but true were we to intimate that the Greece of to-day is anything less than an exceedingly beautiful and interesting country. Though no opportunity is afforded for visiting this romantic land unless one departs from the regular course of navigation, quite a great deal of its general outline can be clearly seen from the deck of any vessel while sailing down the blue Mediterranean waters, but it is only when Italy is reached that passengers are able to take full advantage of the glorious country through which they are travelling, and when landing at Naples nearly every passenger does take advantage of one of the many opportunities afforded for visiting the buried cities of the Plains — Herculaneum and Pompeii, which give most terrific evidence to the power of the great giant Vesuvius, who may now be sleeping and smouldering, but is far from showing signs of totally extinguished vitality. While passing through the Mediterranean one catches

glimpses of a great many of those charming abodes on the sea coast which seem more lovely in Greece and in Southern Italy than perhaps in any other part of the world. It is, indeed, often very difficult to make ourselves believe that we are so near to these old classic sites while on the sea, for the ocean seems very much the same everywhere, and though the Mediterranean has often been described as a very pacific body of water, it is often agitated by quite as fierce storms as any which are encountered on great oceans which enjoy far less peaceful reputations. Whenever an opportunity offers to visit the beautiful island of Malta it should certainly be embraced, for this charming dependency of the British Crown is one of the loveliest spots on earth, very rich in ancient associations and equally abounding with charming surprises of modern date which accost the traveller at every turn.

Unfortunately comparatively few steamers touch at this delightful port and they seem to save a little time by avoiding it, but so very well does the ancient home of the Knights of St. John repay a protracted visit that if any one has time for a pleasure trip while on a voyage of business, the advantage should certainly be embraced for going a little out of the stereotyped way to visit this abode of singular beauty, which is also possessed of one of the loveliest climates on earth.

A singularly interesting episode in nearly every voyage from Australia to England is passing through the Straits of Messina, that very narrow passage of water which divides the island of Sicily from the peninsula of Italy. These straits are very famous in history, and on either side very grand views can be obtained. Naviga-

tion is still dangerous at this point, but through the expertness of modern navigators the dangers arising from the celebrated rock Scylla on the one hand, and the equally famous whirlpool Charybdis on the other, have been so minimized as to be almost non-existent. Large vessels know practically nothing of the perils to which small craft may still be subjected, and it is in complete safety that the average modern passenger on an ocean liner complacently lounges on deck while he is being carried through scenes which in olden days filled even the bravest navigators with dire dismay.

Messina is a beautiful town which was a Greek colony nearly three thousand years ago; it has many handsome buildings rising one above another, backed by a heavy forest, which gives the town a very attractive appearance when viewed from the sea; the harbor is natural, and as its shape is semicircular it is often supposed that it was at some remote period the crater of a volcano.

Old castles and towers rise on every eminence, and in connection with many of them thrilling stories are told of great conflicts between the many nations which have at different times contended for the rulership of the island.

Did circumstances permit, a visit to this delightful place would more than repay any reasonable outlay. Mount Etna is seen in all its glory from the water; no other mountain in Europe can give the same impression of height, for we see it in all its grandeur of nearly eleven thousand feet close at hand.

Two hundred miles from the Straits of Messina we reach Naples, passing Capri on the way, which has of late years become a favorite winter resort of English

tourists; the highest land on Capri is nearly two thousand feet above the sea. Roman remains abound everywhere; many ruins are said to be those of villas once occupied by the Emperor Tiberius, who had several palaces on this island. Twenty miles farther and we are in the famous Bay of Naples, which, it must be confessed, is sometimes rather disappointing when first witnessed, not because it is other than very beautiful, but by reason of the outrageously extravagant eulogies which have so often been pronounced upon it. No sooner does a ship arrive in the Bay of Naples than its decks are crowded with venders of all kinds of wares for which they usually ask a high price at first, but as they are thoroughly accustomed to bargaining, their many varieties of goods go down about as rapidly in accordance with the disposition of the purchaser as do the small white ivory elephants which nearly every one purchases from some of the natives when arriving at Ceylon.

There is always an agent on hand at Naples representing the famous firm of Cook, and it may be truly said that those who wish to visit Pompeii can rarely do so well on their own account as when they entrust themselves to the guidance of the accredited representative of this great and useful institution which makes it possible for inexperienced people who know no language but their own to travel safely and comfortably all over the world, if they avail themselves of some of the numerous facilities provided by these most successful and always ready guides for travellers. Though most of our party intended to prolong their voyage by boat as far as Southampton, Miss Catte, who was at once recognized on the steamer by Madame de Pomponet's friend,

Mademoiselle Estelle d'Ecrivisse, decided to accompany that lady to a charming villa where she was residing, a few miles out of Naples, and go with her a few days later, by way of Rome and Paris, to London. Miss Panther was at first disposed to take umbrage at that arrangement because she was not included in the invitation, but when she saw that her travelling companion was thoroughly determined to accept her new friend's hospitality she only said, somewhat sarcastically, "Oh, we shall manage to see the ruins without becoming buried in them, and I think we can very well afford to go to England without an attack of Roman fever on the way."

Now that Miss Catte was disposed of, Miss Panther showed a very decided disposition to take the reins of overseership into her own hands, and assuming her favorite supercilious manner, which was said to be characteristic of all members of her family, she (though a total stranger in those parts) proceeded to direct Dr. Lemoyne, the Oldenbergs, and all others whom she could in any way influence, to follow her lead implicitly, as they would then be perfectly safe and be sure to see every point of interest in the shortest time, at the smallest expense, and with the largest possible degree of comfort. It soon leaked out that Miss Panther's brothers in Australia had often done business with the firm of Cook, and Miss Panther had a special letter of introduction duly signed to Cook's representative at Naples, requesting special consideration and reduced charges to Miss Panther and party; needless to say that the actual fact was that the "party" never became aware of the reduced charges, as they were private matters which

Miss Panther felt herself in honor bound not to divulge, seeing that she was then acting *de facto* as one of Cook's representatives, and all concessions were her special perquisite.

Naples is a city of most remarkable contrasts; it presents almost side by side vivid examples of great wealth and abject poverty; magnificence and squalor stand together, and no one seems to note the incongruity. The main thoroughfares of Naples are broad and palatial, but the back streets are as ill-paved or as lacking in pavement as in any Oriental city. All the public buildings and many of the churches are splendid in the extreme, and the city itself is a very attractive place to stroll about in. The charges at restaurants are quite moderate, and hotel rates are by no means exorbitant; it is not, therefore, very difficult for tourists with only moderate resources at command to spend some time very delightfully in this fascinating Southern city, over which Vesuvius always stands sentinel, suggesting that august element of mysterious awe which is to so many minds peculiarly fascinating.

As the steamer arrived early on a Sunday morning a great many of the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity to attend High Mass in the Cathedral, which is a very beautiful structure, the façade of which has recently been renewed and completed at enormous expense. The churches in Naples only have really grand services on festival occasions, the usual services being quite unimpressive to the average Protestant visitor, but at the Cathedral there is always a Grand Mass on Sunday mornings as well as on all chief feast days, which greatly interests and delights all lovers of really

excellent music. At the conclusion of the church service all visitors are expected either to spend a long time in the Museum, which is a marvellously attractive place, or else go out at once to Pompeii, which is very easily reached from Naples, as a railway traverses the fourteen miles' distance in considerably less than an hour.

The best bronzes in the Naples Museum were found at Herculaneum, and it is quite possible to gain a very good general idea of the vast treasures of art which that great buried city once contained without going actually to the site of its ruins. As Herculaneum was buried in lava the ruins have to be hewn out of a substance closely resembling rock, but as Pompeii was only covered with ashes these have become changed into soft earth, which can easily be removed by spade or pickaxe and sometimes simply by hand. Herculaneum has been several times covered by successive eruptions of lava and ashes; some of the ruins excavated were found at a depth of from forty to one hundred feet below the present surface. To visit Herculaneum reminds one of descending into a mine, the only light obtainable being from a torch carried by a guide, but Pompeii glows in the splendid Italian sunshine.

There is nothing like Pompeii yet discovered in any part of the world, for though the city has been dead for eighteen centuries its inhabitants seem positively alive as we tread the silent streets. Marks of chariot wheels still remain, oil jars are yet in the shops, a drinking fountain can be seen, worn by the pressure of the many hands which touched it at the very commencement of the Christian Era; a splendid bath may be seen with vases of various kinds, and even loaves of bread eighteen

hundred years old are yet in the baker's oven. A fine museum is attached to the ruins, in which may be seen casts of human figures clasped together when the last dreadful moment came. The exquisite beauty of its surroundings adds a great charm to Pompeii, which has not yet been commented on as fully as it deserves. Vesuvius is constantly sending its pillar of smoke into the blue sky on one side, and on the other hand is the Bay of Naples, with Castel-a-Mare and Sorrento on its shore. Sir William Gell long ago published a charming account of discoveries made in this romantic region, and very little can even now be added to the record he then made. Great public statues, fountains, columns and altars were among the first things dug out, for no difficulty impeded the discovery of great buildings, and the upper wall of the great theatre was always visible.

Now there are many surprises in store for the traveller who drives from Naples to Pompeii, and they are not always agreeable ones, for if he had anticipated a pleasant country drive he would be greatly disappointed at finding the road literally swarming with a mass of human beings; the whole road may be compared to one long street like the drive between London and Greenwich. The whole province is very thickly populated and is in reality a continuation into its suburbs of the great city of Naples.

No one who can afford both the time and money should fail to visit the splendid Greek temples at Pæstum. The Greeks, it is well known, were as truly the colonizing people, *par excellence*, of antiquity as the English are of to-day. Between six and seven centuries before this era Southern Italy and Sicily became

almost as Greek as Greece itself; the Greeks, indeed, called their Italian colonies Greater Greece (*Magna Græcia*), just as the English colonies are often called Greater Britain. Pæstum should be of special interest to modern colonists, as it clearly shows what splendid things the Greeks of old did in Southern Italy. It would, indeed, be a blessing to all the British colonies of to-day if some such superb models of ancient architecture as there abound should be followed out, as they easily might be on broad lines, in the upbuilding of the great new Australasian world, which affords an immense and splendid theatre in which to carry out—under equally sunny skies and with quite equal natural advantages—the glorious designs of those great civiliziers of antiquity who knew so remarkably well how to harmonize, in the execution of one great harmonic plan, beauty, comfort and utility in one perfectly complete design.

Though all who visited Pompeii in the ordinary way were greatly enchanted with its many marvels and mysteries, the surprises and delights provided for Miss Catte by Mademoiselle d'Écrivisse and those whom she represented far transcended any initiations possible to those travellers who simply visited the famous ruins on their own account. Though it is not generally suspected by the outside world, it is well known to the partially initiated that the ancient meeting places of the Anastasian Fraternity as well as many other Mystic Orders have never been interfered with through all the fluctuations of fortune which have overtaken the external world. Mademoiselle d'Écrivisse proved herself in all respects a delightful and thoroughly competent

companion and guide to Miss Catte, who was rapidly becoming quite at home in the strange but charming society of people whose mode of life was a perfect revelation to all outside their inner circle. Oh, how much healthier, happier and holier existence could easily be made if people would but embark on that great voyage truly called "the return to Nature" by the propagandists in the modern world of the ancient Eleusinian and kindred mysteries. Ignorant misrepresentation has characterized the Holy Mysteries as drunken orgies and corrupt revelries, while in the pure libations fermented liquor is never introduced, and in the Bacchic ceremonies the order for administering the fruit of the vine requires that the fresh juice of the ripe grapes just plucked in the early height of their first maturity shall be squeezed into the consecrated goblets and immediately consumed before fermentation has had a chance to commence by all who are privileged to participate in the sacred ritual observances.

As all shrines of the same great Order are virtually identical the planet over, Miss Catte needed no directions how to prepare for her participation in the august ceremonial at the Herculanean Temple, to which she, in company with a numerous party, descended shortly before midnight. Amid the volcanic débris is a piece of rock on which the leader of a band of invited visitors taps with his walking-staff seven times, when slowly the masonry turns on a pivot worked from within, and a stairway of more than one hundred easy steps leads to the vestibule of a mighty Sanctuary, where the rites of ancient Solar Worship are still performed as in days of remote antiquity when Egypt was in the infancy of its

civilization and Greece as a Republic was yet undreamed of by mankind. On entering this wondrous rock-hewn Sanctuary all members of the party, to the number of twenty-four, were conducted by attendant acolytes to twenty-four separate cubicles, where each guest was left alone for a complete hour to perform the necessary ablutions and don the requisite garments for the great séance which was to be held at midnight in the Holy Place.

Let materialistic Spiritualists scoff as they may at ritual ceremonial and all else pertaining to hierarchical administration. If they wish to remove the cloud which now hangs over the name of modern Spiritualism they will have to observe conditions which from time immemorial have been found requisite by the most successful and wonder-working oracles of the perpetual Mysteries. William Denton in "The Soul of Things," J. R. Buchanan in "The Manual of Psychometry," and many other distinguished authors during the latter portion of the nineteenth century enlightened general readers to a large extent concerning the nature of the emanations proceeding from human and other organisms and attaching to all places and objects, which become in process of time completely penetrated with psychic animal and other effluvia constantly proceeding from wearer to garment and from indweller to place occupied.

Garments which are worn on the highways and in the market places are no fit robes in which to appear at a spiritual séance if the object of the séance be higher than the ordinary, and places used for all sorts of purposes are in no way adapted psychically or magnetically for holding communion with exalted influences unless it be

for the purpose of preaching to the multitude, in which case the inspired orator is often compelled to appear in the midst of every sort of atmosphere and lecture at one time in a handsome church and at another time in the smoking room of a workmen's institute.

The use of liquor, tobacco, and, indeed, all stimulants and narcotics is strictly prohibited within the walls of the consecrated retreats similar to the one in which Miss Catte found herself at Herculaneum preparing in the bosom of the earth for participation in a sacred ceremony which was to include perfect unmistakable communion with guardian spirits, not only of individuals present, but of the ancient Lodge. Having been introduced to the Mysteries in some degree at the bungalow near Melbourne in Australia, it was not necessary for Mademoiselle d'Ecivisse to linger even for a moment to give directions to Cynthia, who at once discarded her ordinary apparel for the exquisite costume which she donned immediately after bathing, according to the prescribed rite.

Persons who visit the great Museum at Naples with their eyes partly open, even though they are Cook's tourists out for a holiday, with no intent to delve into the profundities of Occultism, will soon discover the high place assigned to ritual bathing by even the Esoteric Greeks, who may have known little or nothing of the Grecian Mysteries, while those who are Theosophical students, even though largely uninitiated into the symbology which everywhere confronts them, will soon discover that Herculaneum and Pompeii had at one time been righteously subject to the guidance of a holy law which made obedience to outer cleanliness

second only to submission to the Supreme command of wisdom — the practice of inward righteousness.

The Hall of Assembly into which Cythia Catte found herself introduced precisely at midnight was a magnificent grotto splendidly illuminated with fairy electric lamps and lavishly decorated with specimens of the highest art. Bulwer Lytton, Franz Hartmann, Hargrave Jennings, Marie Corelli and many other recent authors have given their readers occasionally vivid glimpses of what is in store for all or any who dare to penetrate the Veil of Isis and discover something of the glory which lies behind the Screen.

All ecclesiastical and Masonic emblems and ceremonies are outward tokens of the immemorial Mysteries, but the average clergyman or chaplain of a Masonic Lodge makes no claim to understand anything beyond what his prayerbook or guide to ceremonial observance literally informs him. To a member or even to an associate of the Anastasian Confraternity every step in the ritual is known to be a spiritual symbol which connects rhythmically the outer earth with spheres of spirit.

Charles Dawbarn of California, whose strange contributions to Spiritualistic literature on "God Senior, God Junior," *et cetera*, have provoked much comment, says, so far as we understand him, that we who believe in mythologic divinities will find ourselves in communion with them when we enter spiritual spheres, which is an indubitably true statement, but he fails to see, or at least to make clear in many of his writings, that these divinities are really and truly the guardian angels of this planet. Ignatius Donnelly, in "Atlantis" and "Ragnarok," seems to have apprehended at least a portion of

the great reality which underlies mythology when he says that the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome were heroes and heroines who had actually lived on earth as rulers at Poseidón, the metropolis of old Atlantis. The story of Atlantis is known beyond conjecture to the Anastasians, who have preserved its history intact through many millennia, and the guiding intelligences who inspire their present councils are the actual ascended individuals who took most prominent parts in the direction of affairs of that long buried land.

As the procession formed and marched twelve times around the Lodge Room, Cynthia as well as her companions felt unmistakably the presence of the as-yet-unseen intelligences who were collecting the needed pabulum in their psychic laboratory situated within the atmosphere of the Sanctuary with which to materialize a few minutes after the conclusion of the procession, during which a glorious chorale was magnificently sung. The Leader of the Herculanean Jurisdiction not being connected actively with a work of Propaganda remained in absolute seclusion within the gates of the Neros while the service of the Chapter was performed without the Iconostase. At the time of the lifting of the Veil he was exhibited above the altar enthroned in glory; on either side of him was a radiant attendant spirit not heavily materialized, but beautifully ethereal, almost transparent, but fully distinguishable by every one in the spacious chapel. While the Leader addressed the members and Associates present his two attendant spirits floated through the air and bent over the heads of all present, blessing each one distinctively and giving to each a special greeting and message

peculiarly adapted to his or her immediate mission and requirements.

“Cynthia Catte, emissary of our immortal Order, go forth to the busy centres of the outer world and wield a trenchant pen dipped in the etheric fluid which enables thee to kneel in our presence at this moment,” were the words uttered by the Leader from the throne to the travelling journalist, while one of the attendant spirits touched her brow and saluted her as an appointed missionary.

Then came another scene in the mighty drama in which materializing entities took active palpable part together with those who were yet encased in fleshly habiliments. Miss Catte had lived with an aunt in early childhood, and as this aunt had remained on earth till her little neice was nine years of age, Cynthia remembered her well, even to the braided chignon and band of velvet and small lace fichu in which she invariably dressed when presiding at her tea table or entertaining guests. Strange and incongruous appeared the form of the little lady as it gradually condensed in mid-air in that gorgeous Grecian temple hewn out of rock below the surface of the commonly populated world. The chignon of dark-brown hair, the band of velvet of precisely the same shade of color, the small shawl of Mechlin lace pinned across the shoulders over a black silk dress, all appeared as Cynthia had seen them for the last time more than twenty years ago at their old home in Camberwell.

“Darling auntie, how lovely of you to come to me,” ejaculated Cynthia, overwhelmed with rapture at this unexpected but most welcome visitation; “but why the

ancient chignon and the dear old lace? Do you dress in spirit life precisely as you dressed on earth, and do fashions never alter in the unseen realms? Oh, do tell me something of your life as you are now living, for I know you are my own dear auntie."

Gently inclining her head, the cherished apparition began to address her neice with more than motherly solicitude and unction, detailing at some length in audible tones that all in the temple could hear her experience in her present home, while as she spoke her appearance was utterly transformed and though the outline of the features remained identical, the peculiar costume vanished, having only been assumed as a remembrance of days gone by, and then she stood forth as a fair beautiful lady clad in flowing robes of pale violet color and looking every inch a princess as well as a tender guardian.

"She is one of us now," declared the Leader in resounding accents. "Cynthia, embrace your guardian and receive from her direct, by authority of the Guiding Angels, your passport to the Outer Court of the Anastasian Confraternity, and should you on bended knee in hours of trial sue at our Gates for guidance and deliverance from peril, provided you have meanwhile been faithful to your trust, your request shall be granted even while you are preferring it and all hostile forces routed instantly by virtue of the talisman herewith by us presented unto you through your faithful guardian's hand."

While the Leader was speaking a ruby was fashioned in the air, chemically organized out of the needed component elements which the atmosphere contained. This

gem thus super-ordinarily fashioned was carried by the materialized spiritual entity to the enthroned Hierophant, who corporealized it with his own breath and magnetic touch of his consecrating hands; then blessing it with the sevenfold benediction which renders holy talismans effectual on the seven planes on which the human *ego* functions, he returned it to Cynthia's guardian, who received it with gratitude and humility and then floated once more to her charge's immediate vicinity and placed it on the summit of her head. Cynthia was then called to approach the Neros, and kneeling devoutly before the Leader, who placed his feet on her head, he stooped and lifted the ruby off her hair and attached it to a slender golden chain which had been worn on his own sacred person. As Cynthia often related to her friends afterwards, no language could express the sensation of ecstasy which pervaded her whole being when the talisman was hung round her neck by her devoted spiritual guardian.

All else that took place during that eventful night passed as a poorly remembered dream before her enamored vision. Gorgeous ceremonies, clouds of incense, partaking of divinized elements, and even the address of the Leader at break of day, when he expounded in matchless eloquence the true worship of Apollo, passed as a fleeting vision before her ecstasized consciousness. Truly she had been admitted as an Associate of an Order whose power is invincible, as it reigns in the world of spirits as well as on earth, and she had received a talisman which nothing could invalidate except her own wilful infidelity. No vows had she taken, for vows belong not to the Outer Court of Associates, but only to

the Lodge of Accepted Members, but she had seen her guardian and had by her been inducted into a Society of which she knew absolutely nothing definitely except that through its wondrous though uncomprehended instrumentality it had revealed to her her long lamented and always tenderly cherished auntie.

After daybreak, which was not till after six o'clock during October in Italy, Cynthia Catte partook of a repast in company with a number of radiant maidens, who all embraced her and called her "sister" in the refectory, which, though far larger and much more imposing, reminded her exactly of her visit to Madame de Pomponet on the outskirts of distant Melbourne. About nine o'clock she was again riding into Naples with Mademoiselle d'Ecrivisse, and without delay made final preparations to visit Paris, where she was to again meet Madame de Pomponet and receive her commission from the Hierophants of the French and English Jurisdictions, who were to celebrate a grand anniversary of the establishment of their Order jointly, first in Paris and then in London. After the thrilling experiences she had just undergone her letters from England seemed prosaic in the extreme; still, she was very glad to hear from her travelling companions, who were safe and sound and doing well in London, engaged severally in honest and useful works, all of which she was rapidly learning to look upon as thoroughly essential to the out-carrying of those mighty plans which are designed by unseen spiritual guardians and entrusted to us for ultimatum on the final plane of this globe's most exterior surface. Among many letters and items of news she received from Miss Panther a very satisfactory account of that

lady's business prospect in the great metropolis, together with a valuable condensed report of a health lecture with which Dr. Lemoyne had successfully commenced his series of lectures on Sanitary Science in the vicinity of the British Museum.

CHAPTER XV

DR. LEMOYNE'S INITIAL LECTURE BEFORE A LONDON AUDIENCE

DR. LEMOYNE, whose first lecture in London was very favorably received, titled his address "Chart of Life: For All Mariners Who Sail Life's Tempestuous Sea."

"As health is the most precious of all things, the science of protecting life and health is the noblest of all and most worthy the attention of mankind."

HOFFMAN.

With the above quotation for text the eloquent doctor proceeded to outline ten conditions of health, as follows: 1. Symmetry of form. 2. Freedom of body. 3. Purity of air. 4. Adaptation of food. 5. Cleanliness of person. 6. Regularity of exercise. 7. Practice of temperance. 8. Influence of sunlight. 9. Tranquility of mind. 10. Rectitude of purpose. He continued his remarks in the following language:

Health is wealth, and to secure it is the first step to greatness. We should preserve it *as a religious duty*. The human body is placed under the united control of the individual and of society, and *we are responsible for its preservation* to the extent of our ability. Several systems, one within another, and all wonderfully connected and interdependent, complete the structure of our

bodies. These are all fully illustrated and explained in Dr. Dutton's celebrated work on Anatomy.

The design of a chart of life is to teach the essential principles on which health and long life depend.

Health is that condition of mind and body which affords the greatest pleasure, and enables us to perform all the duties of life in the most perfect manner. Leading signs of health are pure breath, lithe and elastic step, freedom from pain, activity, strength, energy, happiness and beauty. Beauty is a trio of perfections: of symmetry, color and function. Health can only be secured by observing the conditions of health.

The first condition of health is symmetry of form; and symmetry is correct proportion, or harmony of parts. The law of symmetry requires a good development of the lungs and muscles, an erect figure, and the exact correspondence of the right and left sides of the body. Good development of lungs and muscles can be secured by daily and judicious use of them.

The law of symmetry is violated by compressing any part of the body with tight garments, by allowing stooping postures to become habitual, by taking excess of food or drink, or by neglecting exercise. The form of the body may be changed and greatly improved by training and diet. The law of freedom requires the use of loose garments that will not impede the circulation of the fluids of the body, or the use of the lungs.

The importance of air may be realized by holding the breath for half a minute or more, and then reflecting that we can live for days without food, but only a few minutes without air. Air is rendered impure by the decomposition of decaying organic matter and also by

the breath of animals. Atmospheric air is purified by the action of growing or living plants. For good ventilation a constant interchange of air between plants and animals is necessary.

Many diseases are likely to result from eating swine's flesh. Measles, scrofula, trichinosis and tapeworm are among the number. Cooks should endeavor to avoid all adulterated articles, also excessive use of flavoring extracts, baking powders, condiments, especially salt and pepper, and any excess of fat or sugar. The *natural taste* of food is appreciated whenever the system is in condition to make proper *use* of food. Partakers of food should endeavor to avoid at all times haste, excess, and thoughts of evil.

The nature of poison is to impair health and shorten human life. Poisons are useful as medicine only when necessary to kill or destroy something; they are *not* necessary as stimulants or tonics, or to disguise symptoms. A poison cannot, in any true sense, be called a tonic. Poisons add no strength, but exhaust strength.

All judicious exercise is useful. We must, however, avoid, in relation to exercise, violence and nervous exhaustion. Prudence and discretion are great virtues, and give promise of long life. A competent gardener will avoid, if possible, all extremes of temperature. The best way to warm the blood and body is by active and vigorous exercise.

Mental states very destructive to health are anger, grief and all violent emotions. Mental states which greatly promote health are universal love and benevolence. The depressing influence of disappointment may

be nullified by culture of mind and study of Ontology. A powerful supporter of vigorous life is sunlight.

Nature has made no provision for irregularity. Great facility of thought and action are gained by experience and frequent repetition.

All physical injuries can be avoided by sufficient knowledge of the laws and forces of nature. The best protection against disease of every form, and at the same time the only true remedy, is knowledge of natural and Divine law, and a life in harmony therewith.

The degree of health which any person has attained and preserved may be readily known at any time by signs of health, if well understood. Diagnosis (knowing through) is the technical term for distinguishing or discriminating diseases; but it is far better to study health than to study disease. When any person is lacking in one or more of the signs of perfect health, let him seek to live within more perfect conditions. A better mental and physical life will always bring better health.

Unmistakable signs of health are : 1. Clear bright eyes. 2. Smooth clear skin. 3. Clean tongue. 4. Pure breath. 5. Regular and normal pulse. 6. Normal temperature. 7. Lithe and elastic step. 8. Activity. 9. Strength. 10. Energy. 11. Happiness. 12. Beauty. 13. Warm hands and feet. 14. Freedom from pain. 15. Good appetite. 16. Symmetry of form. 17. Sound, refreshing sleep. 18. Regularity of all natural functions.

Dryden has wisely sung :

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began and sloth sustains the trade;
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
Toil strung their nerves and purified their blood ;

But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten ;
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught ;
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend.

Physicians, as a rule, are humane and benevolent. They *desire* to do good and restore their patients to health ; but their need of money as a means of worldly advancement and the general unwillingness of the public to pay for instruction as a means of recovering lost health lead the profession to disguise or withhold the truth, and allow the patient to suffer increased and protracted illness, or loss of life. The great stumbling block on the part of the patient is ignorance, and on the part of the practitioner love of gain. Knowing well that the patient will pay liberally for what he supposes will save his life or restore him to health, and that he is too ignorant of Nature's divine method of cure to trust to the voice of wisdom and be just to his benefactor, the doctor gives what the patient has been taught to expect and pockets his fee. The patient gets drugs, visits and surgical operations which, as a rule, he does not need, and which, if we except the friendly visit, do him more harm than good ; and does not get what he does need, viz., unvarnished truth. To this general rule there are many exceptions, for there are no more benevolent and humane people than physicians. They alone are not responsible for the drug system of medical practice. The fault is that of the general public ; the impetus of a false system, and false instruction. If doctors are more to be blamed than the people it is because they have stood in the relation of teachers, and have neg-

lected to teach the whole truth, the pure gospel of health. They have set up *false* gods, and the people have gone astray. They have ascribed disease, not to error, not to departures from natural and Divine law, but to insignificant microbes, and *material* agencies that are of themselves effects only. They have represented and treated disease *as an enemy* that must be destroyed, even at the expense of vitality, instead of as a friend that comes to warn the patient of danger and point to a better course of life. They have mistakenly supposed that the profession could rise to eminence while the people struggled and toiled in the depths of physical degradation. It cannot be. There is only one road to eminence. We must labor for the highest and best good of all.

The well-pleased audience passed a hearty vote of thanks to the earnest, conscientious speaker, and many of them expressed a desire to join his special classes for students and nurses, which soon became very popular among zealous seekers after a reasonable philosophy, which undertakes to unite comprehensible metaphysics with plain rules of hygiene adapted to the multitude.

CHAPTER XVI

MRS. PARROT'S EXPERIENCE IN NEW ZEALAND A MARVELLOUS INSTANCE OF POTENT HEALING

DURING the course of Miss Catte's eventful sojourn in Naples she received with much real pleasure a cordial communication from Mrs. Parrot, who wrote to her a voluminous account of experiences which had recently made a great change in Mrs. Parrot's whereabouts. That lady had a mother in England who was subject to periodical illnesses and recoveries, and whenever her not infrequent attacks of indisposition overcame her she wrote a long, piteous letter to her daughter reminding her of filial obligations and at the same time assuring her that thousands of admiring friends were clamoring for her return to London. Mrs. Inkeriss lived at Camberwell very quietly and very comfortably, and after Mrs. Parrot's visit to India, which succeeded her residence in California, her widowed sister, Mrs. Padersleigh, and her nephew, Mrs. Padersleigh's only child, now a young man in business in a London office, had returned to England to live with Mrs. Inkeriss while Mrs. Parrot, accompanied by her brother, had responded to a very urgent invitation to visit the Antipodes. Two years and over had elapsed since Mrs. Parrot had seen her mother, and that mother's insistence that she should at once turn her face homeward, taken into account with other considerations of a professional nature, led her to

give up her house in Sydney as soon as she could be honorably released from her contract and accept an invitation to lecture through New Zealand, starting with Dunedin, then proceeding up the coast to Christchurch, Wellington and Auckland, from which port it was her intention to embark for England *via* America, travelling on one of the celebrated new steamers of the A. and A. Line, which are certainly marvels of elegance and comfort and wonderful improvements upon the small old steamers which formerly plied between Auckland and San Francisco. New Zealand is a beautiful country, so picturesque in all its features that no traveller from Europe disputes its claim to be titled the "Switzerland of the Southern Seas." Mrs. Parrot, who did everything impulsively and energetically, never allowing grass to grow under her feet when she had a project before her, seized with avidity an excellent offer made to her by friends in various parts of the two islands to make a rapid tour of New Zealand on her homeward voyage. Writing to Miss Catte she expressed herself as follows :

MY DEAR CYNTHIA, — I suppose you will be greatly surprised to hear of my new movements, but as I told you when we met in Sydney I might leave at short notice, you will perhaps be less astonished than though you had not come to know me as an erratic individual who moves, somewhat like a comet, in an eccentric orbit. I verily believe that comets as well as planets and so-called fixed stars are governed by immutable order and are quite as law-abiding travellers through the heavens as any of their less peculiar companions in the universe. Well, as you know, I always follow that guidance which

comes to me from the unseen, which proves itself reliable by long experience and which always urges me to take exactly those steps which when taken prove to have been truly wise. During the eventful course of my long public career I have never been misled by those inspiring voices which ever direct, but never coerce, me in the fulfilment of my appointed mission and the outworking of my complicated destiny. These voices now direct me to tour rapidly through America and then resume my work in England while respecting the very plainly expressed wishes of our dear mother, who has indeed great claims upon the devotion of my good brother and myself.

I hope you find in Miss Panther as congenial a helper as I find in Colonel Parrot, without whose active and incessant coöperation I could never discharge the manifold and arduous duties which fall continually to my lot. We all need comradeship and when two work together far more can be accomplished than when a solitary worker trudges on alone. Organizations and associations of harmonized workers are everywhere greatly needed, but we find in our world-wide travels that discordant organizations are worse than none at all, and as we are informed in the Spiritualistic press that societies have dwindled and disappeared in many parts of America during recent years, we have no difficulty in tracing the lamented effect back to its producing cause — lack of unity of feeling and identity of purpose among the members. My own work in Australia was successful both in connection with and apart from societary direction, and now I am in New Zealand I find myself both helped and hindered by organized endeavors some-

times to broaden and at other times to contract the sphere of influence of a teacher who is in many respects a free-lance, even though an uncompromising exponent of pronouncedly spiritual philosophy. My special friends in New Zealand are very liberal, broad-minded people who are sincerely devoted to the study and advocacy of whatever they feel to be calculated to advance the progress of mankind, and I am particularly indebted to a group of young business men in Christchurch for the great audiences I am now drawing nightly in one of the spacious theatres. My committee wisely took advantage of the absence of a dramatic company from this playhouse and rented the premises for my lectures. I make eight appearances each week, seven evenings and also Sunday afternoons. My audiences vary from five hundred to one thousand persons each time I stand on the platform. We employ a volunteer orchestra and have the services of several gifted vocalists who count it a privilege to consecrate their talent to the work of spreading light among the populace.

Christchurch is a strange place in many respects. It is not a very large city, but though its actual resident population is not much over fifty thousand it is often crowded with visitors during this beautiful spring season, when you in the Northern Hemisphere are just entering upon the darkest and coldest portion of the year. Lyttleton, the port of Christchurch, is a romantic place beautifully situated at the foot of glorious hills. I have lectured there on three occasions and have been well received, but outside the principal cities I do not discover much field for a lecturer in New Zealand; however, as I give dramatic readings and sometimes

illustrate my lectures by means of the stereopticon, I obtain good houses wherever I go officially, as I am now particularly well managed and my committee is made up of singularly enterprising individuals. Christchurch itself rather disappointed me when I first beheld it. It lies low, though it is surrounded by mountains; a pretty little river meanders through it, but its wooden houses impressed me as unsubstantial after the residences in Sydney and Melbourne to which I had recently grown accustomed. Christchurch is, however, delightfully near the sea, and as the electric service is almost perfect, it takes little more than thirty minutes to go from the Post-office in Cathedral Square to the brink of the briny ocean. Sumner is a beautiful seaside suburb; the road thither lies close to high, precipitous rocks, some of the scenery being as grand as one encounters while crossing America on the Canadian Pacific Railway. At Sumner we are reminded of many English watering places, for donkeys are in abundance and nothing so pleases children as a donkey ride close to the ocean billows. Sometimes the sea is very rough near Christchurch; at other times we can go out a long distance on the rocks and on a calm day feel as though we were again in Southern California.

Wellington is too windy for real comfort all the year round, but it is a growing city with an immense future evidently before it. I stayed there three days on my way from Sydney before commencing my work in Dunedin and gave three lectures in the great Opera House, which was crowded to repletion. Wellington grows on the tourist wonderfully and I think I should never tire of watching the many ships in the great harbor and

mingling with the cosmopolitan tide of life which in its motley variety embraces all nations. Some of the very finest steamers which sail direct for England start from Wellington. The *Gothic* is a superb vessel, and were I going home without calling at America I should certainly wish to take passage in her. The small coasting boats between New Zealand ports are not to my liking, but people who do not mind putting up with crowds and inconveniences can easily compensate themselves for some slight temporary drawbacks as they contemplate the gorgeous romantic scenery displayed so lavishly on every hand. The steamers of the Union Line from Sydney and Melbourne to all New Zealand ports are excellent, and the five days' trip to Lyttleton or six to Dunedin, as the case may be, will pass very pleasantly with all who love the water as I do.

It seems still strange to me to be writing across the world, and as I write I feel most powerfully the electromagnetic current which unites us in thought even though our bodies are so far from each other. My remoteness from home and all kindred except my faithful brother has aided the developement of my *psychic gift*, as friends term it, to a remarkable degree. I can scarcely dare to put into words what I received from you very recently, for accustomed as I am to thrilling adventures and to the recital of marvellous tales of ghostly character, I even now pause ere I venture to reveal what came to me concerning the night you spent in a suburb of Melbourne in the house occupied by members of a Mystic Order. I myself belong to two Occult societies, which I designate respectively "777" and "999," but neither of these fraternities has any

connection with the Greek Occultists who have now captured you. I do not venture to advise you, and it would be far indeed from my wish to prejudice you against your new and powerful friend Madame de Pomponet, with whom we are quite well acquainted, as we have visited her in Paris and been importuned by some of her zealous satellites to join the Outer Court of the Lodge over which she has long presided with great splendor and solemnity. I fully believe her to be a sincerely conscientious woman and her nephew is unquestionably a genuine magician and, I believe, a thoroughly honorable gentleman, but the vows of obedience to the Hierophants of the Order I could never sanction, therefore I am not in the odor of sanctity. With your brilliant ability as a writer and your great facility as a speaker you can prove a most useful *aide-de-camp* to Madame de Pomponet, and as she has vast wealth and her estates are entirely unencumbered, she will no doubt make it greatly to your interest to become her right-hand woman. Now, though I am not one of them and I do not see my way to joining them I wish to be just and bear testimony to their claims as psychic healers, and you will, I know, be delighted to relate to the friends with whom you are now associated the following authentic narrative:

When you were present at some ceremony, the purport of which I was not allowed to fully gain, I was distinctly conscious that you and I were in close *rapport*, so close indeed that I could not realize that over five hundred miles separated my house in Sydney from the meeting room where you were sitting a few miles out of Melbourne. It was fully midnight after I had retired to rest, but not to sleep, for my mind was burdened

with a strange sense of duty toward a young woman who had interviewed me after one of my lectures and declared she would commit suicide unless something should be done, and that quickly, to relieve her of terrible mental and bodily distress which was rendering her whole existence a scene of continual and hopeless agony. In vain I had recommended her to the mental healers and in vain also had my brother administered electricity, in the medical administration of which he is an expert. On this particular night I had seen the poor woman again and her last words to me were, "You may take my word for it, Madame, I shall get relief to-night or at daybreak I shall risk a plunge into the unknowable." Shocked though I was at her impetuous words, I fully realized how vain it would have been had I sought to dissuade the frantic creature from carrying out her awful intention, so I only said, "You will get relief to-night; I am sure of it!" Strangely vibrating in my ears rang out the psychic response, "*So will it be!*" I heard the clock strike twelve just as I composed myself for meditation, and no sooner had I lifted up a fervent aspiration that I might be shown how to aid this poor sufferer than I saw you seated in a semicircle in a weird-looking Lodge Room surrounded by persons costumed like yourself in the ritual garb of an Order which I at once connected with my old acquaintance Madame de Pomponet, and there, sure enough, did I behold her in all her regal stateliness presiding as of yore at some mystic shrine consecrated to Æsculapius.

"Now," thought I, "this is the time for action; these people claim to possess the power of healing regardless of distance, and as I know enough of their magical

formulae to present my case before them I will appear in their midst and make my request known in the consecrated crystal globe which is never absent from one of their meeting places." I know enough of astrology to use the phrase of conjuration which the Greek Occultists consider the proper etiquette to observe when making a petition before one of their sanctuaries, so having employed the talismanic words and called upon the tutelardivinities of the elements according to the Greek ritual, I found myself transported in sensation to your side in the semicircle of postulants. I mentioned seven times the name of my client, Matilda Gibson. I asked for her the boon of healing. Madame de Pomponet instantly recognized me; I felt her eyes lighting upon me with the eagle glance I had grown so familiar with when I was her guest in Paris. "So you come to us in your time of need, good Catherine! Well, be it so; ask, and thou shalt not ask in vain," were the words that vibrated through my consciousness. Then what followed I know not how to describe. Poor Matilda was summoned to appear in the crystal, and I shall never forget the haggard, bloodshot, wild, appealing eyes which flamed upon us from that astral mirror. However, her features soon changed as the words of command were addressed to her, and these I transcribe as they have rested in my memory, as I deem them of great interest to all who are seeking to practise absent healing.

"Matilda Gibson, we conjure thee in the name of the All Merciful to put thy trust in Heaven and invoke thy Higher Self. Through tribulation thou art being purified, but take heart of grace; thy trouble now doth end. Health is thy birthright, joy is thy portion, usefulness

thy honor. For the honor of the glorious martyrs of our Holy Rite, whose souls are beatified because they have surrendered all to the cause of philanthropy, and for the spread of our Sacred Doctrine throughout the worlds seen and unseen, we open the Treasury of Celestial Merit and thence bestow on thee, meek suppliant, the balm that heals. In the name of the Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, of all Ages, we conjure thee to put thyself in harmony with the four elements within thy nature. Divine Love shall bless thee in the Fire! Divine Wisdom shall protect thee in the Air! Heavenly Mercy shall shield thee in the Water! Celestial Justice shall be thy guardian in the Earth!"

I heard a sweet song rhythmically chanted by a band of unseen singers and then I fell asleep to awake next morning in my own room a little later than usual with a strange sense of elation, the cause of which I could not fathom till I was informed while at breakfast that a young woman particularly wished to see me. Great indeed was my consternation and delight when a transfigured Matilda Gibson fell at my feet sobbing with joy and recounting a fairy tale which for wealth of romantic incident far surpassed the wildest legends which our dear mother used to charm us to sleep with in our early childhood. Suffice it to say that this now radiant woman had experienced during the previous night every detail of what I have just related, and, as you may well imagine, she is overwhelmed with anxiety to prove her gratitude to her unknown benefactors. Mingled with very great delight at her recovery I cannot divest myself of some lingering misgivings as to the exact method employed in her relief. Suicide has certainly been pre-

vented; a wretched, useless woman has been rendered radiantly happy and ready to become a blessing to humanity; for all this we must needs be devoutly thankful, but I still have my doubts as to the legitimacy of identifying one's self with an autocratic hierarchy. Had I to choose between the claims of Greek Occultism and popular institutionalized Christianity I should not hesitate for a moment, but in this twentieth century I venture to believe that we can outgrow submission to hierarchies and work out our own salvation without allowing our necks to wear the yoke of servitude to any imperious autocracy. Madame de Pomponet has scored another victory, and Matilda Gibson, rescued from suicide, is now on her way to England to serve as a humble menial in the great house in London which is to receive the Leader of the Anglican Jurisdiction during the season of King Edward's Coronation, when the grand sessions of the Central Lodge are to be held in London.

We are living indeed in wondrous times, and it will not do for any of us to attempt to fix limits either to the knowable or to the possible. My own belief is that a new cycle is just beginning and the good out of all ancient systems will be united in one. New Zealand is a hotbed of Spiritualism, Theosophy, Mental Science and all else that deals with psychic mysteries. Some erratic people have brought temporary discredit on the causes they have espoused by their queer manœuvres, but the general public in these progressive islands is very open to new light and very capable of sifting evidence.

My long, strange letter must now abruptly end, as the clamorous demands of my incessant professional

engagements forbid me to linger longer over friendly epistolation. Let me hear from you at as great length as possible and as quickly as you can reply.

Believe me always truly your friend,

CATHERINE WOLFE PARROT.

The above letter excited and influenced Miss Catte so considerably that her next letter to Madame de Pomponet called forth something of remonstrance as well as renewed professions of sincere regard, for Madame de Pomponet never expected any of her retainers to do less than completely acquiesce in all the doctrines she so vigorously promulgated.

CHAPTER XVII

STILL FURTHER MYSTERIES

FOLLOWING closely upon the receipt of Mrs. Parrot's letter, Miss Catte found herself plunged still more deeply into the mysteries of Occultism, for having put her hand to the plough she found it impossible to turn back. As gross misapprehension still prevails among even earnest students of Psychic Science as to the real status of Occult Fraternities and the reason for the strange depth of mystery in which they are still enshrouded, it may not be out of place at this juncture in our narrative to insert a letter from Madame de Pomponet which Miss Catte received during her unexpectedly protracted stay in Naples. After dealing with various matters of private rather than general interest Madame de Pomponet wrote to her inquiring disciple thus:

You have asked me, dearest Cynthia, why you are called upon to observe secrecy concerning the inner workings of the Anastasian Lodge and why our accepted Leader, the most illustrious Sophocles, refuses to receive you into our London chapter unless you approach with fervent faith and humble reverence the Holy Shrine. You are now an Associate, but you cannot become a Member of our Body unless you are first a cell within our Soul. It is right for you as a literary worker and

world-wide representative of the people's press to claim freedom from all unnecessary restraint, and if you ever become one of us in the fullest communion you will never find yourself fettered in the discharge of any of your duties to the outside world. But I must answer your questions *seriatim* and not seek to remonstrate with you on the desirability of throwing off your present inconvenient doubt concerning your own relation to Universal Occultism.

You have in the first place asked me why our gates are not like those of the Holy City of the Christian Apocalypse—open continually. I do not presume to pose as a qualified exponent of conventional Christianity, therefore I care not in the least whether Christian ministers interpret their own sacred book of Revelation as we expound Immemorial Dogma. The New Jerusalem will be realized *on* earth and *in* earth only when the entire population of this globe has become so enlightened that no veil can any longer intercept the celestial vision of the multitude. Veils, however, cannot be torn away; they must be dissolved by a holy acid exuding from within, not violently scratched away by claw-like fingers tearing at them from without. You are a philanthropist at heart, therefore you wish the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk; but your common sense, together with your super-common insight, reveals the fact that no one can be helped, but would be rather hindered, crippled and bewildered by tearing away at one fell stroke the appendages which pertain to his present lamentable condition. Only gradually can very weak eyes endure the sunlight, and only by steady stages of continuous help can the

weak in limb be assisted to work out their physical salvation. Our indefectible Hierophants gauge accurately by means of their unclouded seership the degree of preparedness of all who approach the vestibule of the Sanctuary, and they take behind the Screen only those who can bear the light which gleams refulgently on the heavenly side of the intervening Iconostase.

You have in your second category of questions called my attention to the work of various metaphysical practitioners, some of whom style themselves Christian Scientists, while others entirely repudiate the Christian name. While fully recognizing the good intentions of many excellently disposed people among these new candidates for the grace of *Æsculapius* and *Hygeia*, I must ask you to consider how far removed from our immaculate rites are many of the methods they permit even if they do not practise. Christian Scientists constitute a denomination which sprang up in America during the latter half of the nineteenth century and owes its origin on its own confession to a certain woman of strange career who is known as Mrs. Eddy. We are informed that vaccination and other injective violences are permitted, though not counselled, on the plea that we must obey Law and trust to Gospel for our salvation. Our sacred Order has triumphed by means of its adorable Martyrs who have witnessed to Indefectible Ritual as well as Dogma, in stormy days of persecution sealing their testimony with their blood rather than desecrate the Mysteries; for as there is no law which can usurp Law, therefore we never bow to the tyrant's yoke nor have we through the many millenniums of our recorded history ever resorted to stealth or to intimidation to win

a coronet. Your proselyting mental healers *soi disant* often boast of giving absent and silent treatments to people whom they hold in thought as in opposition to their entire practice of mental therapeutics.

Beloved Cynthia, pause, reflect, consider, lest you blaspheme the oracular Mysteries by comparing the practice of their infallible exponents with the ignorant malpractice of poor misguided advocates of an utterly mistaken cult with many good impulses, but lamentably deficient in necessary wisdom. We can only open doors to those who knock with their own hands upon our sacred portals; we cannot give Apollo's grace to those who do not voluntarily seek to be baptized with the solar radiance, nor is it possible for those to receive a blessing who do not approach with fervent, faithful importunity the Treasury of the Indefectible. Let me seek to clear away your misgivings and to remove all misapprehension under which you are laboring.

You, my dear Cynthia, are an unusually free woman, and in proportion as you are freer than the majority of your contemporaries you are able to comprehend and receive into a willing mental receptacle a portion of truth which the Proverbs tells you is to be *bought* and not *sold*. Therein is a mystic saying, for by the buyer is meant the earner, and by the seller is meant the profane trafficker. Those good people who are now so zealously devoting themselves to propagandist work and seek to make proselytes to a system are all following a mistaken course, and they must meet with severe blows and saddening disappointments if they continue thus to err in ignorance. The power and gift of healing are one and inseparable, though between the words

gift and *power* a logical distinction can be made. Every trade and profession calls for apprentices who shall unfold their latent skill through diligent exercise of patience as well as faculty, and as it is below so it is above. The Hermetic axiom is true in all worlds and ages; it changes not with the flight of æons. There is but one way, and that is the road of self-consecration, the mystic path of unqualified surrender of all lower promptings to the dictates of the abiding *ego*.

It is the phenomena of Ceremonial Magic which the unprepared multitude desire to produce, and misled as most people are by the glamor of appearance, it is not strange that temporary cure is mistaken for genuine healing by multitudes of well-meaning but entirely undisciplined intellects. The wisest among the present advocates of Mental Therapeutics in America — notably Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld — clearly see a considerable portion of the truth in connection with this subject, but the average person fails utterly to discriminate between a pleasing symptom and a permanent advantage. It is quite true that many poor sufferers receive the lesser blessing of temporary relief from agony when they partake of the Divine effluence on the plane of its lowest ultimatum, but the blessing has flowed to them uncorrupted through a sacred channel. Magnetism as an art can be taught successfully only in connection with the sincerest and severest instructions concerning the moral and mental life which must be lived by the accomplished magnetizer, and just because we know what wonders can be performed by hypnotic operators whose lives are far from noble we withhold all instruction concerning the exercise of power until we perceive a willingness to

comply with necessary requirements for successful practice. But I know we shall have some difficulty in making it quite clear to you how it is that despite the uncleanness of many magnetizers certain gratifying results follow upon their manipulations. The answer, however, is simple indeed. There are always some people who are still lower in the range of attainment than the average magnetic healer, and these people can certainly receive a hoist upward by imbibing an emanation from a sphere of development at least one degree superior to their own; and then, as you know very well, the influence of auto-suggestion is practically boundless. To this the regular medical profession everywhere abundantly testifies.

If we were simply a company of respectable mercenaries or a clique of advertising wonder-workers we should be in the doctors' frog-removing business, as finely illustrated by a charming article in *Tid-Bits* dated July 13th, 1901; but as we are altogether above charlatanism of even a benevolent and useful type, and as we cannot condescend to connect the adorable Mysteries with the clever tricks of good-natured physicians who play on the weaknesses of their clients and pocket handsome fees in consequence, we are compelled to remain what the world chooses to call a Secret Society; but, as it is needless to inform you, the objects of our secrecy are antithetical to the political *diablerie* of secret bodies who plot the assassination of emperors and employ black magic which is anathema. In our Order are loyal subjects of every government on earth, and we have in full fellowship with us members of every great religious organization, though it rarely happens that when the esoteric origin

and meaning of religious rites are disclosed the mere husk of their letter remains any longer attractive to one who has tasted the kernel of the spirit.

You, as a writer for the public press, have *carte blanche* within prescribed limits to ventilate knowledge for the edification of the masses, but by telling the world at large how our Lodges are conducted and what rites we perform, you would confer no real enlightenment on ninety-nine per cent of your readers; the remaining one per cent might be able to profit in some measure by a direct disclosure. I refer to the Christian New Testament for a convincing illustration of what I wish to impress upon you. The Gospels distinctly reveal several of the direct acts ceremoniously performed by the Supreme Hierophant in Galilee, now nearly nineteen centuries ago, and that perfect Master is reported to have forcibly declared that his disciples as they became apostles would duplicate and even transcend the phenomena which they had witnessed as occurring in obedience to his command. What is the attitude of the Christian world at large to the Acts of the Apostles, which must be read in church continually? Simply one of *naive* admission that such wonders were undoubtedly performed in the first Christian century, but to-day they are either not needed or not permitted; to all of which we say "*bosh!*" In the instance of opening the eyes of the blind the Christian Master used the saliva from his own mouth, just as our Leaders to-day employ the same effective agent in conferring countless benefits, but saliva is utterly useless unless it be generated in a pure and noble organism.

The words spoken by Masters are powerless when

uttered by servants ; thus it follows, my dear Cynthia, that we cannot reveal to the gaping crowd the sacramental efficacy of our holy rites, because in our Order the unworthy minister cannot function, not having the grace or power. In the Church of England's Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion there is a statement that the unworthiness of the minister affecteth not the validity of the sacrament. Such a statement does well enough to characterize the administration of a merely commemorative or memorial rite, but at our shrines the living tide of healing flows untarnished from the primal source and it cannot flow uninterruptedly through defiled and defiling vessels. We have our treasure in earthen vessels, but the earth of which they are composed is perfect earth. Our Hierophants are immaculate, not a germ of disease can find lodgment in the body of any one of them ; therefore they consecrate all they touch, and all they breathe upon is hallowed. Though none of our simple members or even officers approach the Hierophants in perfection, they are so far on the road to sanctity that great graces often flow through their ministrations.

My own nephew Æschylus has received a special commission to exercise the gift and power of healing. Evidence of amazing grace, but not outside the direct line through which we are always led to expect its perpetual flow, is the love-healing of afflicted little children by the blessed maiden Sophia, the only sister of the most illustrious Sophocles. This radiant girl of less than nineteen summers, three years younger than our Leader of the English Jurisdiction, will on attaining her majority, rather more than two years hence, become

our Illustrious Damsel, but until her coronation she has no high office to fulfil, nor are we led to expect that she will perform miracles. It, however, so occurred that on the august occasion of the enthronement of Sophocles a crippled child, a little girl of four, was brought by a heart-broken mother to the back entrance of the house where Sophocles was to sleep after his coronation. The importunity of the woman (who was a lady of high standing) admitted of no denial, and while she knew she could not approach the Throne, she fell at the feet of his sister and invoked her intercession. Sophia, though scarcely nineteen, by virtue of her relationship to Sophocles is our greatest lady in the whole British Empire; therefore her word was law in the house which had the honor of containing her. "Bring the child here and she shall be healed through love," answered Sophia quickly. When the child was first shown to her she confesses to having felt her utter inability to accomplish so Herculean a task as to bring that emaciated misshapen body into order and strength, but as there was a private oratory in the house in which Sophocles had officiated during the days of his preparation for enthronement, she retired with humble faith while the child and mother were waiting in a withdrawing room.

After she had been kneeling alone for about an hour fully wrapt in ecstasy she heard the chime of astral bells calling her to the great Shrine several miles distant where her brother was at that moment preparing for the first act of the enthroning ceremony. This call she knew could only be obeyed in spirit, as none but fully received members who had reached the age of twenty-one could be present at the highest ceremony connected with a

Jurisdiction — the enthroning of a Hierophant. Our Hierophants are consecrated at one of our ancient shrines; therefore in England we had only to acknowledge Sophocles and invest him formally with insignia of office. By means of perfectly accomplished telepathic intercourse Sophocles and Sophia communicated in that hour, and the gracious girl received from her brother special ordination to perform for three years the super-erogatory works of love. Instantly her frame expanded, her eyes dilated, and with the power of the heavenly afflatus animating her she hastily gave thanks in the oratory and went immediately to the crippled child in the room near by and announced to the awe-stricken mother that she had received a special commission to work the healing deeds of love. Taking the little girl in her arms she breathed on her and blessed her, and while performing the act of consecration of the child the little girl's spine straightened out and she exclaimed gleefully, "Oh, mother! this lady is an angel; I am well for ever!" and with these words she embraced Sophia tenderly and then sprang from her arms and ran around the room perfectly healthy and radiantly happy. The mother and child in consequence of the miracle became "Chosen Guests of Apollo" who must not leave the precincts till they had been presented to the Leader and the record of the miracle had been duly entered in the archives of the Lodge.

Very late at night the carriage arrived which conveyed Sophocles, and a second carriage following close behind it contained the noblemen who had assisted at the solemn rites. Sophocles, who was met at the gate by Sophia, smiled knowingly upon his sister, whom he

dearly loves, and gave her the brightest and most complete assurance that all that had been done in that house had been closely followed at the Shrine where the coronation had been celebrated. The splendor of the Hierophant as he entered the house clad in his highest robes of office completely overwhelmed the grateful mother, who knelt before him and kissed his sandals, but the little girl had apparently no sense of fear, for she daringly ran up to him and said, "I love you because you are my guardian angel's brother!" Sophocles, charmed with the artless *naïveté* of the little tot of four years, took her up in his great strong arms and pressed her to his broad chest while he imprinted a kiss on her forehead and sealed the dedication which his sister had so completely made of the little maiden a few hours previously. From that day to this Sophia has healed with a word and a touch hundreds of afflicted little girls, to whom she is particularly drawn and who are always attracted to her, almost to the point of idolatry, the moment they behold her. Some of these poor children are orphans for whom good homes are found among kindly, liberal-minded people who are known to members of our Council, but whenever children are living with their parents or legal guardians they must be brought to Sophia by those persons, otherwise she never attempts to invade home privacies. As for Sophocles himself, the miracles he has wrought during the one season he has resided in London are sufficient to convert the entire world, and yet when we most cautiously refer to them to distinguished members of the medical faculty we are met only with that polite compliant acquiescence which can be couched in such guarded conventional phrase as

“How very remarkable, but none of us can tell how much of it is due to the sub-conscious mind of the patient or to auto-suggestion.”

As you are making your way to Paris before you reach London I know you will witness wonders in the gay French metropolis, where our Lodge is very powerful under the administration of the Most Illustrious Anaxagoras, who is the Holy Comrade of Sophocles. The London and Paris Jurisdictions are therefore virtually one, and I firmly believe that this fact is in itself sufficient to prevent war between France and England. The power of our Order in the interests of the peace of Europe is almost incredibly great. Comrade Hierophants are now the heads of our German and Russian Jurisdictions, and at the present moment Holy Comrades are also functioning in Seville and New York, so that we are using all our faculties for binding nations which often appear hostile in the cords of psychic amity. The fruits of our work are constantly being seen in the blessings which unexpectedly take the place of threatened disasters, but the roots of any tree are essentially Occult. Have no fear, my dear Cynthia, that we shall hide aught that can profitably be revealed, and now an end to this writing, but no terminal point to my esteem for you.

As ever, your friend indeed,

ESTELLA DE POMPONET.

Scarcely had Miss Catte finished perusing and studying the above astounding letter when a messenger connected with the hotel where some of her English business friends were staying arrived at the Villa Casa di

Bianca and stated that Miss Catte must attend a conference at the hotel as soon as possible to discuss important plans relative to her immediate departure from Naples. Though she had greatly enjoyed her sojourn among unfamiliar scenes and with truly charming people, now that her nerves were wonderfully calmed and strengthened the intrepid journalist felt well content to return to the direct occupation which had so long been the chief feature of her professional career, especially as she now felt more competent than ever before to wield a vigorous and instructive as well as a facile and entertaining pen.

The gentlemen whom she was summoned to meet at the great English hotel overlooking the Bay were very delightful conversationalists and very courteous persons, though widely different from the transcendental Occultists with whom Miss Catte had spent the past five weeks. These gentlemen, representing the Syndicate in whose interest she was proceeding to England, told her many things about her work which greatly pleased her, and one of them just from London spoke very favorably of Dr. Lemoyne and the admirable lectures he had been giving in Gower Street under the able management of the celebrated Mrs. Bell-Lewis, proprietor of Trevelyan Hall, where all sorts of advanced and edifying teachings are constantly being given forth. Miss Panther, he also stated, was comfortably settled in the same house and had just accepted a concert engagement with Fräulein Oldenberg, whose violination was taking the London public almost by storm.

Good tidings of all her friends proved very pleasing to Miss Catte, who was rapidly becoming more thought-

ful for others and far less wrapped up in self than when her nerves were a constant source of irritation to her. Is it not a reasonable as well as charitable inference when we see gifted people manifesting disagreeable chronic selfishness to attribute nine-tenths of their ungraciousness to unstrung or overstrung nerves and not to wilful desire on their part to hurt or annoy their neighbors? *Don't worry the worried* is an excellent motto, though couched in a negative form, and it is one which we should all do well to heed continually. Run-down nerves are the cause of far more seeming selfishness than all else combined, and whoever can supply a true nerve tonic to the ailing world will remove far more misery than all the preachers who can but see selfishness where there is only weakness in our often frail but at core benevolent humanity.

CHAPTER XVIII

A STRANGE BUT GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

TIME had sped by on fleetest wings so far as the sensations of those who occupy prominent positions in this narrative had traced its passage, and Christmastide was again manifesting its immediate approach in that unmistakable manner which the flight of years and the passing of centuries may perhaps greatly modify, but can never exterminate. Miss Catte, who had now been for some weeks domiciled in London, had found her work, though arduous, thoroughly congenial and often truly enjoyable, as the collecting of all sorts of first-hand material concerning unusual subjects and uncommon experiences brought her continually into close connection with unusually interesting people and environments.

The Greek Occultists, who observe in their English Lodges precisely the same celebrations as in their great historic centres in older countries, were preparing to celebrate the great feast of the Winter Solstice with all due solemnity, and as Miss Catte was still an Associate on probation for membership and had given no displeasure to the leading lights in that august association, she received full permission to view and report the gorgeous ceremonies from a seat in the visitors' gallery, which commanded a full view of the Iconostase and permitted an occasional glimpse of the golden gates which opened upon the Sanctuary which contained the Neros.

December 21st is the great day of Penitence in the Occult calendar of the Anastasians, for on that day the death of Osiris is solemnly celebrated and the Holy Sepulchre is prepared, at which faithful watchers attend during the full course of the seventy-two hours, which do actually constitute three days and three nights. December 21st is the day of Requiem. The Lodge is draped in purple and white and lavishly adorned with white immortelles. Candles (or at present electric lights, in form like huge candles) surround the Sacred Bier, and as no mere commemoration is kept, but an actual ceremony is carried out livingly in every minutest detail, a young man chosen and consecrated for the ordeal represents Osiris and remains three days and three nights in the blessed tomb, which is a large, roomy apartment fitted with every comfort and convenience, so that no one would suffer if he remained in it for three months or longer.

Full description of the ceremonies pertinent to the shortest day in the year would not appear at all strange or altogether unfamiliar to readers of Dupuis and other authors who have endeavored to trace an exact parallel between the accepted modern Christian calendar and the celebrations common to the Sun Worshipers of antiquity. The death of the year is literally the earth's departure as far as it can, in its annual revolution, depart from the direct influence of the solar radiance, which is the sustaining, life-giving force of all terrestrial existences. To the true Occultist the sun is, however, no mere incandescent orb perpetually radiating material light and heat, but a vast spiritual sphere inhabited by a glorious company of solar angels. It is at

this point that the genuine Occultist not only utterly repudiates the charge of materialism, often ignorantly brought against Solar Worship, but also demonstrates the wholly rational and strictly scientific character of Occult teaching.

This planet *Terra* is a living orb animated by its world-spirit, classically designated *anima* or *spiritus mundi*. This mundane mind, or spirit, is the life principle of the earth and constitutes the planet a living, breathing entity. This spirit is expressed in numerous gradations of ascending vital expressions till manifestation, or the culmination of expression, is reached in the appearance of perfected humanity on this planet. As this earth is a living earth, so are all the other planets in this solar system living also, and all are children of illustrious *Sol*, whose spiritual estate is parental, while that of all his encircling orbs is filial. Science does not refute even in the persons of its avowedly agnostic exponents this true and holy doctrine, but contrariwise leads up to its entire acceptance. It is, therefore, not remarkable that members of the Anastasian Confraternity employ the writings of Tyndall, Huxley and other eminent nineteenth-century expositors of physical science as companion volumes with the older classics.

At the Equator or in its immediate vicinity there can be no such celebrations as take place in the Temperate Zones, because on the Line the sun always appears at six precisely in the morning and disappears at six in the evening the whole year round. Consequently the perpetual feast of perfect polarization is continually celebrated in the equatorial region, but in northern climes, where it is often light before four o'clock in the morn-

ing and dark soon after four o'clock in the evening in winter, while summer twilights last till ten in the evening and day begins to break at three in the morning at the time of the Summer Solstice, it is befitting that mid-winter should be the special time not for commemorating, but for celebrating, the actual death of the old, and birth of the new, terrestrial year. Christmas Day is the natural New Year's Day, and it makes no difference to its original import whether the frequenters of the Holy Shrine at that season are Christian or non-Christian in their special religious affiliation.

Swedenborg speaks in many of his writings of two suns, a living spiritual sun and a dead material sun, the latter corresponding to the former. The Anastasian Confraternity employ a clearer terminology, because they invariably declare that there is but one sun, whose living spiritual force pervades the outer semblance our external eyes behold even as the soul which animates the body is the human individual pervading and shining through an outer envelope.

Ignorant Christian missionaries, well-intentioned but utterly unknowing to the Mysteries, have stupidly declared in public print on innumerable occasions that Solar Worship as practised by all ancient peoples is a degrading idolatrous superstition — a fabulous statement which only proves the crass ignorance of those who are blind enough to make it. All life is sacred, and it would be a good thing for the perverted sexual maniacs who are the disgrace of modern civilization, with their legalized and unlegalized social evil and other pet abominations, if Sex as well as Solar Worship were publicly instituted in St. Paul's Cathedral and

Westminster Abbey, for then the day might dawn when every child ushered into the world would be born as a healthy, welcome visitor from the spiritual Anteland to this external region which supplies external dress for an *ego* seeking clothing.

On the occasion of Miss Catte's visit to the seat of the Holy Tomb on the morning of December 21, 1901, she found everything prepared for the descent into the underworld of the sun's representative with lavish care and magnificence. The tomb, hewn out of the rock in the foundations of the massive Oratory which constituted the Lodge Room, was hung with white satin and adorned profusely with the choicest flowers, while fruits in copious abundance, and these the very choicest which hothouses could afford, were grouped in pyramidal shapes around the ever-playing fountain which occupied the centre of the sepulchre. A complete suite of apartments surrounded the tomb, and these included a large library holding precious manuscripts, some of which have no duplicates even in the British Museum, and the most luxuriously appointed lavatory which Miss Catte had ever beheld. The couch prepared for the Hierophant's divine repose was of a magnificence almost indescribable. The temperature of such a subterranean sanctuary is always even and delightful, and though literally close to one of the busiest parts of London, the sense of seclusion from the world granted by its construction and appointments was as great as though it were situated amidst the fastnesses of Thibet.

Until midday visitors who had special cards of permission were allowed to inspect the holy precincts, but immediately the dial announced the solar zenith all

inspection ended, and the twelve appointed acolytes entered with fuming censers to prepare with solemn rites the dwelling for the Hierophant. The service in the Oratory above from twelve till three was singularly beautiful as one by one the penitents, arrayed in spotless shrouds, approached the Shrine confessing their offences inarticulately and awaiting the moment when the Leader would arrive to confer the solemn absolution. The dogma of absolution—what it is and in what it consists—is clearly defined in the following words, which Miss Catte was permitted to copy from the abbreviated “Vade Mecum” appointed for the study of Associates:

“Sin is illicit desire, warped or perverted affection. Its remission consists in straightening or rectifying this desire and converting into a righteous path this strayed affection. When with sincere contrition the humble penitent approaches the Mysteries with vital faith, the grace imparted by the sanctifying word of a Hierophant confers power sufficient to aid the wandered one to turn into the way of salvation. Be it understood that it is execrated heresy to believe that indulgence is given to continue in sin or that penalties already incurred are remitted. Grace is given for beginning a new life. Such is the nature of absolution.”

Precisely as the dial in the Oratory announced the hour to be three o'clock the glorious Sophocles was received at the entrance gate and escorted by his Guard of Honor, the twelve noble youths who attend upon their Chief continually, to the Throne of Judgment, from which exalted seat he gave his parting blessing and administered Holy Communion to all present ac-

ording to immemorial tradition. The choir and orchestra sang and played the ancient anthems faultlessly while the elements were consecrated, exposed and distributed first to the faithful, then to the suppliants.

The unleavened cakes used for communion in first kind are almost identical with the *matzos*, or Passover cakes, exclusively used in strict Jewish households during the eight days of Passover celebration. The wine for the communion in second kind is what ought to be used in all churches where the cup is presented to the laity. Rich clusters of grapes are brought to the Hierophant on golden salvers; these he receives into his hands and presses out of them all the juice they contain, which is received in jewelled chalices held by the kneeling acolytes. The skins and seeds of the grapes deposited on the salver are used for a special beverage, a sort of fruit soup, partaken of by members of the Order at the common meal at home after the sacramental ordinance.

For the healing of the sick, the consecrated bread is reserved in the Repository, but as fermentation is pronounced diabolical all the new-made wine is consumed within a few minutes after the acts of consecration. Wonders of healing are constantly being performed through the agency of the divinized elements, and many are the scions of illustrious houses who kneel in fervent adoration before the altars of true Esotericism in the very heart of London and close to the grandest churches where Christian rites are often, alas! but ineffectually celebrated.

Nothing can exceed the splendor of the ritual of the Anastasians at Christmastide, which they regard as

one of the two greatest Solar festivals. A Christian minister of average type would probably be greatly scandalized and horrified did he witness what might appear to him as shameless travesties upon the Christian faith, but over-zealous prophets of the popular Christian cults would do well to remember that people who celebrate observances to-day in England precisely as they were celebrated in Greece long before the time of Plato cannot be justly accused of travestyng any doctrine or ceremonial which originated long after their own Lodges had been in triumphant worshipping order. Christians in the early centuries of the present era adapted and utilized the old festivals and accommodated the ancient ceremonies to set forth their special views. What reasonable person can believe that forty hours at Eastertide can constitute three days and three nights, which is the precise time specified for the entombment of a Hierophant who remains in the bowels of the earth (the Holy Sepulchre) just as long as the typical allegorical Jonah, who, according to a rather vulgar translation of the Gospel, remained three days and three nights in the belly of the fish? Seventy-two hours must constitute three whole days and nights, and these seventy-two hours elapse between the close of the twenty-first and the commencement of the twenty-fifth day of December.

The dual feast of birth and resurrection is celebrated on Christmas Day. At Eastertide, or Passover season, the time of the Vernal Equinox, there is another festival connected with the birth of the summer section of the year. "All the world keeps Easter Day" is the opening of a beautiful Easter carol, and that statement is quite

true, because the springtide feast is a natural astronomical one to which attaches, as to all other natural *festas*, a deep spiritual significance. The literal birth of the Great Hierophant of Galilee can well be celebrated in the midwinter season, but it is only common honesty to confess that no Christmastide celebrations *originated* with any such natal commemoration, neither did the Paschal feast *originate* either with the reappearance of the Glorious Hierophant of Palestine to his disciples after his sepulture or with the earlier historic Exodus of ancient Hebrews from the land of Egypt.

In all Anastasian Lodges the Holy Tomb is a beautiful chamber hewn out of rock, and this subterranean mansion is, on December 21st, hung with white satin and cloth of gold. A sumptuous couch is in readiness for the repose of the Leader, who descends into the sepulchre at sunset on that day and rises at sunset three days afterwards, December 24th, which is the rubrical time for chanting the first vespers of Christmas in Christian churches. During the seventy-two hours of retirement in the bowels of the earth the Hierophant ministers to spirits in the unseen spheres who are in fellowship with the Outer Court of the Confraternity, but are not as yet so far removed from earth-binding entanglements as to enjoy repose or active service in the Spiritual Elysium which is the particular heaven of the Anastasian Order.

During this holy time a mighty work of healing is often performed, and as no case is ever submitted to the reigning Leader of a Jurisdiction which can be reached by any ordinarily available methods of mental, electric, magnetic, or medical treatment, only a desperate case

pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical faculty is ever introduced during the preliminary services on December 21st. To enter the tomb with a Hierophant is to receive certain assurance of restoration to perfect health and vastly more, because in nearly every instance the afflicted subject of the great miracle has never enjoyed even a fair measure of health and is usually suffering from severe congenital infirmity.

On the occasion with which our story deals the captive to be released from lifelong physical infirmity was a boy of fifteen, a singularly intelligent lad of rarely beautiful countenance and a member of an illustrious aristocratic English family. All that wealth and influence could possibly procure had been commanded in the vain hope of bringing strength and symmetry to the misshapen frame of the afflicted boy, who had been a sufferer since infancy with curvature of the spine. Every sort of known treatment had been administered during the weary course of thirteen years, for the little fellow was only two when the terrible malady showed itself forth in an unmistakable manner. The child had never walked, but had been all his life a patient, cheerful cripple, idolized by his doting father, who was a lonely widower, his beloved wife having passed to spirit life shortly after giving birth to their only son and heir.

Once only had a ray of hope's brilliant sunshine irradiated the dark prospect which stretched before this afflicted youth, who had been tortured after all imaginable methods by those misguided surgeons who, though eminent in their profession, had made the boy a martyr to many cruel experiments, all undertaken with something like a forlorn hope of one chance in the midst of

one hundred disappointments, and that ray of hope had been on the occasion of the coronation of the illustrious Sophocles, who had preached after his enthronement on the illimitable possibilities of Divine grace flowing through Heaven's consecrated channels. Leonard Chetwynd Desmond Frogmarsh had been permitted as a great favor to sit in an invalid chair in the visitors' gallery during the coronation ceremonies, and when the enthroned Leader threw consecrated apples from the Holy Shrine into the gallery a young man sitting near the afflicted lad caught two and gave one to his little neighbor. While eating the apple, which he consumed with ardent faith in its healing properties, he felt a thrill like an electric current through his spinal column and whispered to the kindly young man who had handed him the apple, "I know I could be made quite well if Sophocles would solemnly bless me."

The young man smiled affably and replied, "No doubt, great blessings are in store for you; you have been mentioned to the Council and henceforth you will have the benefit of the united prayers of the Lodge."

Never after that day had the crippled lad felt despondent, and though he was still wheeled about in the same invalid chair and had to be attended upon just as formerly, his faith was unshakable though the best physicians in France as well as in England (including several distinguished hypnotists) had told his father with tears in their eyes that this sad case was hopeless. Through the intervention of some prominent workers in the Grand Lodge Lord Frogmarsh had been invited to bring his son to the Anastasian Oratory to receive the supreme blessing, the boy himself having sent in seven

earnest supplications couched in language of reverent humility and quenchless faith.

Sophocles could be very imperial and awfully majestic, and those who incurred his displeasure declared that they quaked for their lives in his presence, but in the eyes of the suppliant lad Sophocles was a divine being, an impersonation of all the attributes of Deity, for whom he would gladly have died a death of torture could he have thereby won a smile of approbation from his immaculate hero. Though the brothers who had attended on Sophocles constantly since his coronation had been instructed to inform the boy that the anatomical rite would involve perhaps excruciating agony, as the cure was to be physical and it would certainly be necessary that the bones in his body should be replaced, his only answer had been, "If my glorious Hero tears me to pieces it will afford me only the most delightful ecstasy, because his hands will do the work upon me."

No Hierophant condescends to use an instrument external to the members of his own sacred person; this is a question of inflexible dogma, so it was impossible to terrify the infatuated lad, who had given his heart to Sophocles in one supreme act of devotion on the occasion when he had caught the royal gaze centred upon him in sweet compassion as the fruit was hurled into the gallery on the great day of coronation. As it is impossible to reveal what was done in the secret Sanctuary of the Holy Tomb during the seventy-two hours of the Leader's ceremonial retirement, all that was known — and that was indeed all-sufficient to convert the most obdurately sceptical — was that the once crippled boy ascended with the rising Hierophant on Christmas Eve,

thoroughly straight in limb and looking an ideal picture of radiant health and happiness.

On Christmas Day, during the high noon celebration, Sophocles led the youth twelve times around the Chapel during the solemn procession of the Nativity, the father of the boy being appointed on that august occasion as one of the supporters of the canopy under which his happy son was marching without the slightest limp or the least shadow of fatigue. After the ritual of the great day Sophocles preached a thrilling sermon from the Gospel text, "By their fruits ye shall know them," in which he explained as completely as possible the method employed, as well as the dogma enunciated, in connection with the miracle of healing just accomplished.

The treasury of the Order was greatly enriched by means of this wonder, and another great and noble name was added to the roll of fully accepted members. Surely if an Order grows and thrives solely by reason of the good it accomplishes, the wealthier and more influential it becomes in every country the brighter must grow the prospects for our at present greatly suffering humanity.

CHAPTER XIX

MENTAL SCIENCE IN BELGRAVIA GOOD GOWNS AND TELEPATHIC PROBLEMS

MISS CATTE had by the commencement of 1902 become quite a famous woman in London literary circles, and it was by no means an infrequent occurrence when she was engaged to deliver an address before some highly distinguished West End club or other exclusive fashionable organization, she being by this time a thorough-going, though by no means a fanatical, advocate not only of metaphysical healing as applied to conquest over bodily ailments, but also of mental methods for conquering poverty and overcoming gradually, if not suddenly, all depressing environments. A lecture before a mixed company of rather stylish people most of whom pride themselves upon holding and promulgating decidedly advanced though never ultra views requires to be somewhat original and a little discursive, so that it may appeal to various tastes and arouse diverse though not conflicting emotions within the audience. On a charming Thursday afternoon near the end of the first month of the civil year Miss Catte found herself at half-past three in the afternoon seated on a luxurious platform in one of the finest halls in South Kensington, not very far from Kensington Gore, the very heart of London aristocratic residentialdom. Lady Olivia Fanning had just commenced a Chopin polonaise on the

grand piano and Lady Muriel Fitzhammerfield had adjusted her lorgnette prior to scanning the various notices to be given out to the members and friends of the Wavewell Ladies' Club prior to the delivery of the stated address of the occasion, when a gentleman of singularly imposing appearance entered the hall, which was at least three-fourths filled with ladies, and quietly seated himself on a chair not far up the hall, but in exact line with the reading stand, behind which Miss Catte (beautifully clad in pink silk with white lace trimmings) was peacefully reclining as though in a semi-entranced condition. The gentleman, who was not entirely unknown to the titled ladies on the platform who officiated respectively as president and pianiste, rose at the conclusion of the musical selection and addressed the president in words as follows: "My Lady President, I rise to a point of privilege. Knowing that this organization is not only vitally interested in all that pertains to the secular advancement of the human family, but also concerns itself deeply, in the persons of many of its distinguished members, in the great psychic problems which are now being diligently looked into by many of our most brilliant scientific celebrities, if your present lecturer consents to permit me to conduct an experiment with her, provided she is perfectly willing and actively coöperates with me mentally, I can cause her to clairvoyantly behold and perfectly dictate an entire essay which I have here in my possession from the pen of a gifted writer who is now in America and who has given me full permission to use this manuscript for legitimate purposes of psychical research according to my discretion."

"How intensely interesting," exclaimed Lady Fitzhammerfield. "I know the Hon. Colin Maurice Gore-Sefton would not make such a proposal unless he were sure the experiment would prove a success. But first we must gain Miss Catte's pronounced consent, and in the second place I must take a vote of the audience by a show of hands before I can give my decision as acting president."

Miss Catte rose majestically from the capacious chair in which she had been lounging gracefully and expressed her entire willingness to stand the test, making, however, the decided conditions that the audience must remain quite quiet during the delivery of the transmitted essay, provided the transmission took place, and also that should she find it difficult to clearly repeat the sentences which came to her psychically she would at once pronounce the experiment ended and proceed with her prepared notes and such elaboration as the occasion suggested.

A vote was taken of two hundred and ninety-six to seven that the experiment should be tried, and Lady Fitzhammerfield took upon herself to say that if seven persons wished to leave the hall they could do so then, but no one stirred, so the experiment was tried instantly.

The Hon. Colin Maurice Gore-Sefton, having stated publicly that he wished to remain behind the audience with his eyes straight on the speaker, said, "The essay is one of an ordinary character, displaying no uncommon erudition, and dealing with a popular and taking phase of Mental Science doctrine. Miss Catte will, I am sure, scarcely know that she is not delivering one of her own compositions on a familiar theme."

The following is the essay reported verbatim as it fell from the lips of the speaker, who delivered it with perfect ease and fluency :

The Gospel of Good Gowns.

When Thomas Carlyle wrote his famous "Sartor Resartus," that most amusing and instructive book soon called the attention of the entire English-speaking world to the importance or non-importance of dress as an indicator of character, and to this day that quaint volume is still discussed with much interest both in literary and domestic circles. In Lilian Whiting's charming biography of Kate Field, the expression is found, "*she was always a believer in the Gospel of Good Gowns,*" a sentence which agrees very well with the general record of the highly eventful and useful life of one of the brightest women of the nineteenth century. When we approach the subject of clothing from the point of view of mental suggestion we cannot treat it with indifference or contempt, for though it may truly be said that the clothing which we place on our bodies is by no means as important as the blood which flows through them, so intimate are the relations between interior and exterior states that it is almost impossible to live perpetually in an atmosphere of mental sunshine while one's body is draped in funereal gloom.

Setting aside the question of particularly sombre attire, we cannot afford to be always shabby if we wish to really succeed in the midst of a world which generally sees the outside of everything before it begins to think about what is within. Truly there are great minds who live in so exalted a region of contemplation that they

are unmindful of all external adornment, but such constitute a very small minority of the entire human race, and it may be safely said that even the very greatest do not owe their greatness to their shabbiness in any particular. We all know how charmed we are when we enter a really pleasant home, where all forms and colors are so artistically blended that we at once feel impressed with an all-pervading feeling of harmony and rest. Something of the same feeling comes over us when we encounter a really well-dressed person, one whose attire is equally far removed from gaudy display on the one hand, and dowdy carelessness on the other. It is impossible to argue that a person's mental condition does not take form to some considerable extent in all that he does, both to his own person and to the dwelling which he occupies; a character is often so clearly revealed in dress that we immediately feel either attracted or repelled, not so much by the clothing worn as by the way in which the wearer wears it. A good gown is not necessarily an expensive one; many light, simple, inexpensive materials can be obtained by persons with slender purses, and be so well made up and so gracefully worn that the cheapest dress may be the most elegant in a ball-room. It is a great mistake to suppose that things are cheap because they are ugly, or that they wear well because they are inartistic; quite the reverse is often true. We all know the old adage, "The best is always the cheapest in the long run." This is so, but we often entertain very erroneous ideas as to what constitutes the best for ourselves. Individuality ought to be expressed in our clothing as well as in all our belongings, without an exception. What is best for me is that

which most perfectly meets my requirements and causes me to express my individuality most completely to the world; what is best for you is whatever enables you to do the same. Uniformity in attire always denotes servility in disposition. Nothing can be much more ludicrous than the fashion of uniform evening dress for men when some gentlemen look very handsome and distinguished in swallow-tailed coats and expansive shirt bosoms, while others look positively ridiculous in the same attire. The same remark applies equally to high collars and low collars, and to hair parted in the middle, or on one side, or worn pompadour. There cannot possibly be a correct fashion in these things, because what is eminently becoming to one style of figure and set of features is extremely unbecoming to another.

As we grow to respect our individualities far more than we have yet respected them, we shall entirely cease from copying the customs of our neighbors, also from expecting them to copy us. Uniformity in dress is a certain badge of slavery to that strange unknown quantity we call "*fashion*," which must originate somewhere, but nobody knows where. When physicians loudly inveigh against tight garments and all unhealthy modes of dress, they fail to hit the principal nail on the head unless they treat the subject from a mental or psychological standpoint. What these doctors have to say on anatomy and physiology is generally quite correct, but no matter how good their counsel they cannot induce the average fashion-bound man or woman to study health before the dictates of foolish custom. The Mental Scientist approaches the theme from quite another starting-point, viz., that of self-respecting indi-

viduality, and to the extent that this feeling is aroused in the followers of pernicious customs, those customs are surely discontinued.

We sometimes hear it said, "*You may as well be out of the world as out of fashion,*" to which we often reply, it is a great deal better to be out of the world than to be a slave to a bad fashion. But that sort of going out of the world which is here intended, instead of causing us to commit suicide, assists us to take a far firmer hold on material existence than we have formerly been able to take. Infectious diseases of every kind are communicated from person to person, and from community to community with the greatest ease wherever rigid uniformity prevails, but it is a very difficult thing to render disease contagious among people who are renowned for their extremely individual characteristics. Nowhere is any disorder so "*catching*" as in some boarding-school, orphan asylum, or religious house where all the inmates are obliged to dress alike and submit slavishly to a series of arbitrary rules laid down for their guidance by the "superior" of the institution.

We very often hear attributed to certain peculiar modes of living, fine results which can just as readily be obtained in other ways. The advocates of all peculiar systems make a great boast of the superiority of their system over all other systems and bolster up their assertions by appeals to well-authenticated facts which they do not usually correctly interpret. The most intelligent among "hobby riders" are people of more than average self-confidence; they have an unbounded admiration for their own ideas; they believe implicitly in the rectitude of their own conduct and often succeed in impressing

people who come to them for advice with the great superiority of their methods over those of all other people. Sometimes a particular kind of garment is advocated, very frequently a singular mode of diet is recommended, but no matter whether it is the wearing of a woollen undershirt all through the summer as well as during the winter, going without breakfast until early in the afternoon, or abstaining entirely from a meat diet, the force of suggestion is so strong that many people are cured of long-standing ailments when following the directions of very eccentric people because those eccentric individuals, entirely apart from the peculiar fads they advocate, have reached an elevated station of individual character to which the majority of people have by no means yet attained. When we come to see these things in their true light a great many obscure mysteries will soon be cleared up, seeming discrepancies will vanish, and many phenomena formerly regarded as incomprehensible will be easily explained in the light of newly understood mental action. Whatever one eats, drinks, or wears which *goes against the grain* of the individual must certainly prove to some extent detrimental, because it conveys the thought of bondage to some outside ruler which we vaguely call *necessity*.

But quite apart from these fundamental considerations, the question of actual dress in itself cannot be altogether unimportant, because forms and colors as well as textures have quite as much influence upon a sensitive nature as have sounds, flavors, and odors. The wearing of black silk or any other black material which does not convey the idea that the wearer is in mourning may result in no injury, but rather in some

degree of benefit, to an excitable person who is better without the stimulus afforded by bright colors; but as a rule a black dress should always be relieved with some color; very often a single bright flower worn in the buttonhole, or one bow of ribbon of some cheerful tint, will make the black costume very becoming and pleasantly attractive. Black *crêpe* should never be worn at any time because of its gloomy suggestiveness, and certainly nothing can be more absurd than to rig oneself out ostentatiously in frightful and most conspicuous garments during a time of bereavement when it is only natural to seek seclusion from all, except a few specially sympathizing friends. Those who wish to honor their departed loved ones can surely perform some benevolent act in their name and memory, thereby practising true philanthropy, while displaying the highest esteem for those whom they sincerely honor, but no hideous disfigurement of one's own person can be rightly regarded as anything better than a most disagreeable relic of barbarism.

Very bright colors, commonly called "*loud*" because they correspond with loud sounds in music, can be worn advantageously by all persons who need encouraging, exhilarating, and rendering more self-confident. Neutral tints are best adapted for all situations wherein we desire privacy rather than publicity. Delicate tints, such as we generally call "*soft colors*," are very useful in allaying feverish symptoms and counteracting undue excitement both in the wearers and all who observe them. It would be quite in keeping for a mental healer to visit a melancholy and depressed person clad in a scarlet dress, with large white ostrich plumes in

hat or bonnet, but if the same healer were visiting a feverishly excited patient she would display much better judgment did she wear pale blue or some other quiet, restful color.

All ritualistic churches make great use of forms and colors as means for attracting and holding the attention of the multitudes who are first reached through their bodily senses. When the officiating minister is apparelled in gorgeous vestment he is the cynosure of all eyes; it is almost impossible to keep one's eyes off a very brilliant costume when one is a great admirer of brilliant hues. The only room for discussion at this point concerns the object in view, on the part of the priest who wears a handsome vestment, not the simple wearing of it. Should we remove all the costumes from the actors in our theatres and compel them all to appear in some sombre, conventional, uniform attire, very much of the charm of the theatrical spectacle would necessarily be lost, and though some critics might declare that such would be a higher form of art because more would be left to the imagination of the spectators, theatrical managers would soon discover a great falling off in the receipts of the box office.

Publishers and booksellers frequently discover that many a book sells at first because of its attractive cover; bright scarlet bindings serve to introduce many works to the general public which would be very much longer finding their way thither did they depend entirely upon their intrinsic value. We must remember that people see our clothing before they speak to us or become deeply acquainted with our quality of thought, and as first impressions go so very far with many peo-

ple that they refuse to allow subsequent impressions to influence them at all, what we are calling *the Gospel of Good Gowns* must have a great message for many an unsuccessful person whose unbecoming wearing apparel is holding him back from the very promotion he ardently desires.

Here again we cannot fail to note the necessary connection between mental states and their physical expression. Why do you wear such ugly clothing? This is not an impertinent question. Those ugly clothes in which many people appear cost quite as much to buy and keep in repair as they would need to spend upon a really graceful costume, and then they ought not to forget that they lose immeasurably in many ways because of their chronic failure to make an agreeable impression upon people who *see* them before they know anything more about them. It is an interesting psychological study to trace the connection between one's own feelings and the clothing one wishes to wear. On all festive occasions we instinctively wear our best and we often procure new clothing for a festival; this is in strict accordance with the law of correspondence between internal feelings and outward appearance. When we feel bright and cheerful we may safely give way to our impulses and select such garments as naturally correspond with our state, but when we are feeling morose and gloomy and desire to get rid of those depressed conditions we cannot do a more foolish act than give way to our tendency to dress like scare-crows.

Though it may seem a very trivial matter if we confine our attention to outward appearances alone, when we study the psychology of appearance we shall gener-

ally discover that it is not anything like so much the simple appearance that has affected us, as the mental state of some one who has at a certain time presented a particular appearance. It is quite possible that a young man applying for a situation may obtain it because he is attractively dressed when he makes application, but the mental condition which led him to dress well on the occasion really won for him the position, which no mere external thing could have obtained. A young lady may be seeking a position as governess or companion to a refined woman, with growing daughters; this applicant is a capable girl in many ways, but there is a vein of depression or slovenliness in her mental make-up which manifests itself in her untidy or, at least, unattractive appearance; this it is that prevents her from obtaining the position.

All extravagances in dress display weakness, rather than strength within, and indeed no surer evidence can be given of a shallow mind, coupled with lack of real individual strength, than the wearing of a sort of clothing which is aggressive and burdensome but the very reverse of beautiful. Some few years ago when ladies wore immense sleeves the effect was often extremely disagreeable, suggesting as it did an ostentatious external protuberance which gave neither rest to the eye nor satisfaction to the intellect; the same remark may well apply to excessively large hats and all other tiresome evidences of aggressive personality which is in no way compatible with individual majesty.

During the summer of 1896 when the writer was travelling through Southern California, some very interesting lectures were given by professors connected

with the Leland Stanford University of California, during the sessions of a Summer School of Philosophy held in the celebrated hotel *Del Coronado* just south of San Diego. During these sessions Professor Thornburn made some very singular remarks concerning plumes and aigrettes, which were then extremely fashionable; he spoke of them as "*extensions of personality*," and said that ladies liked to wear them because they felt personally more extensive when thus decorated. Such a remark from a learned man who was very modest in his own attire served to curiously illustrate how close is the connection between civilization and savagery, for had the Professor been addressing a company of Indian *braves* and *squaws* before the white invader drove the American aborigines from their native haunts, he could not have more fully accounted for the war-paint and feathers worn by those untutored children of the forest.

There is a very close connection between the modern man and woman of fashion and the native barbarian who extends his personality by wearing the skins of animals and the stuffed bodies of dead birds. Feathers are often quite allowable, but when birds of beautiful plumage are cruelly massacred to furnish barbaric adornment for the haughty heads of silly women, civilization, when it is such in nature as well as in name, can only frown upon the dressed-up simpletons who deck out their bodies at the expense of all the finer feelings of humanity. Everybody ought to know where and how the garments are procured which are exhibited for sale in the open market. When we make the acquaintance of Strasbourg geese and know how they are tortured,

we no longer demand Strasbourg patties; and when once the public conscience is aroused on the subject of bird and seal slaughter, birds on hats and also sealskin jackets will become greatly out of vogue.

There is no road to health except the way of fuller individualization; we must continue to ail and contract all kinds of curious disorders, in ways we comprehend not, until we have risen so far above slavery to prevailing custom that we determine to inquire searchingly into how our clothing is produced before we consent to wear it. Sweat-shops are at the same time an unmitigated cruelty to multitudes of workers, and dangerous centres for the spread of contagious diseases. The law of the universe so works that we endanger our own safety whenever we maltreat our fellow-beings, even though some of them do belong to those races which we insolently call "*inferior*." If people wish to succeed in life themselves they must adopt for their practical motto LIVE AND LET LIVE, which if it means anything signifies that it must ever be our desire that our neighbors should live just as well as ourselves.

Scrimping economy is one of the most fruitful causes of abject poverty in those who practise it, because it is always coupled with a desire to get as much out of people as possible while rendering them as little as possible in return. The law of retaliation is universally active and we can never escape its influence; we may indeed coöperate with it in a Divine way and by always meting out generosity to others attract from others generosity to ourselves, but no one can live perpetually in mental stinginess without so far dwarfing his own nature that he will either be compelled to live in the

same poverty to which he dooms all who work for him, or should he obtain money to even a large extent by unjust miserliness, his own powers of enjoyment will be so shrivelled that he can get no real enjoyment out of the wealth he has unjustly squeezed out of his neighbors.

We ought to be always willing to pay a fair price for our gowns. Nothing can be more detrimental to our own welfare than to eat, work, walk, and sleep in garments which have been produced by people so underpaid and overworked that the psychic elements interwoven into the very texture of the fabrics that they have handled is of a most depressing and debilitating character. Garments should always be made in bright, cheerful, sunshiny apartments where the workers can enjoy life while plying the needle or operating machinery. Clothing made at home, where the dressmaker is treated as one of the family, frequently conduces to the highest welfare of the wearer, while many sensitive people feel unaccountably depressed when dressed in the mean confections of the popular bargain counter. Garments which are bought at a low price are not always detrimental to the wearer, because when we use good judgment in selecting our purchases, we can often get commercial travellers' returned samples, at reduced rates which do not represent any injustice done to anybody, and quite often remnants can be bought cheap without inflicting injury to either buyer, manufacturer, or seller.

The act of dressing should always be a pleasure. However hasty the morning toilet may be when early business demands are pressing, there should always be a period later in the day when "dressing for dinner" or

its equivalent should be regarded as a genuine luxury. Nothing conduces more to general health and comfort than a well-stocked but not extravagant wardrobe, and a comfortable dressing-room supplied with all needful appliances. Whenever you take satisfaction in your own clothing and feel yourself well dressed, provided you do not look down upon your neighbors or adversely criticise their attire, you radiate an atmosphere of genial good-temper which not only aids your own digestion and assists you to do your own work far better than you would otherwise do it, but it also greatly cheers the whole atmosphere you inhabit, and gives a feeling of prosperity to everything you undertake.

Dull, shabby wall-papers, dirty old paint, and the many other degradations to which false economists continually submit on plea of poverty, serve to so enervate those who live in constant proximity to these offences that home life, instead of being restful and stimulating, as it ought to be, becomes so uninviting that the money that ought to go into home-furnishings is very apt to soon go into gin or whiskey. Anything like a "*don't care*" attitude is detrimental to one's welfare because it generally springs from a feeling of mental poverty which is most injurious to health. The good gown in every sense is not only a recommendation, but a moral support. When your house is well gowned you always feel proud of it; no matter who comes to see you, you are glad to invite a visitor into a well-gowned room. Old threadbare carpets are an insult to yourself as well as an eyesore to your guests, so are ragged draperies, and worse than all other abominations are those hideous coverings which many people put over their furniture to save for

the destructive moth what neither their own eyes nor those of their visitors ever behold. Living in a well-gowned house you must be a well-gowned man or woman or you do not harmonize with your surroundings, or to put the matter reversely, which may perhaps be better, because you are a well-gowned individual you require a well-gowned apartment, precisely as we put a fine picture into a first-class frame.

Always put your very best to the front when you are seeking employment; if you have one handsome dish exhibit it; if you have one really good dress wear it when interviewing some one with whom you hope to do business. Never *look* poor unless you are willing to *feel* poor, and remember that if you feel poor nobody wants to employ you except at the lowest possible figure, and then only when no one else is obtainable. Your chignon can never be an unimportant matter, because it is an outward symbol of your mental state; it reveals to some extent what you think of yourself and what you expect the world to think of you, and you are not usually taken very far above the estimate you place upon yourself silently. The singer's gown is seen before her voice is heard in the concert room, and if her appearance is so attractive that she pleases the eyes of her audience, she has predisposed them to look for the good points, not for the defects, in her singing; whereas if her appearance is unsightly the first impression she has made upon the *spectators*, who are necessarily such before they are *listeners*, has led them to watch closely for whatever defect there may be in her vocalizing. The young man who arranges his hair attractively and wears good neckties very often draws custom for his employer which

would never drift to that establishment were an unattractive salesman the first object encountered on the threshold. There is not only a marketable but a *moral* value in the wearing of good gowns, for whenever people wish to impress others for good, they will find the way made far easier for them when they appear well gowned than though they were dressed dowdily. You must attract people in the first instance to you before you can show them your goods or induce them to listen to your exhortations. Philanthropists ought always to be well-dressed people, treading with firm, confident step and naturally radiating general good nature.

Good gowns may range from the simplest to the grandest, from the commonest cotton to silks which can stand alone, from lightest muslin to heaviest velvet, from linen office-jackets to superb broadcloth frock coats; from steamer caps to the most elegant silk hats, and from carpet slippers to superfine dancing shoes; but all articles of wearing apparel must be beautiful, graceful and attractive of their kind. Price paid is always a secondary consideration provided the price is what the article is honestly worth. The fabricator of her own wearing apparel can often dress herself most attractively out of the rag basket, or rather out of what foolish people would consign to the rag basket. True economy can never be either wasteful or parsimonious; we must steer equally far from the rock of meanness on the one hand and the sand of wasteful expenditure on the other. Determine to be yourself in all you do, and determine to express in what you do the best elements you find in yourself. Put your present best to the front and continually anticipate still better for the future; thus you

will grow, even through the ministry of good gowns, nearer, ever nearer, to the ideal standard of symmetry, which can be well expressed as a beautiful mind made manifest in a beautiful body beautifully dressed in beautiful surroundings.

Great applause and finally considerable discussion followed the reading of the above singularly transmitted paper, not so much on account of any remarkable views it set forth as by reason of the truly wonderful manner in which its contents were accurately conveyed by means of mental telegraphy from the transmitter to the receiver. Among the many questions asked by earnest questioners was one exceedingly pertinent inquiry pertaining to the exact means whereby thought could be transmitted from one intelligent entity to another which Lady Olivia Fanning asked in the following language: "I am sure we should all be greatly edified if the Hon. Gore-Sefton would inform us concerning the precise mental attitude in which he stood to Miss Catte during the hour which the reading occupied. We think we understand something of the theory of Sir William Crookes concerning waves of ether or etheric currents in the atmosphere, but the lay mind usually finds it difficult to precisely understand how a sustained experiment in mental telegraphy is precisely conducted."

As the Hon. Gore-Sefton deferred to Miss Catte, requesting her, before he vouchsafed any interpretation of his part in the proceedings, to give an account of her sensations during the delivery of the essay, that lady again rose and addressed the company for about five minutes on her own account, describing her recent

experience, of which the following is a condensed summary :

“ Ever since the period of my earliest recollection I have been a sensitive. When a little child I used frequently to astonish my companions by telling them what they were thinking about, but I could never explain how I became aware of their thoughts except by alluding to a singular feeling in my brain as though a light fleecy substance or fluent emanation from another brain was entering my own, and immediately upon finding entrance I saw mental pictures, which I often undertook to translate into ordinary simple language. This afternoon was an occasion when my old experience was renewed, but on a much more extensive scale, as the address which I delivered kept coming to me sentence by sentence until it abruptly ceased to flow toward me, and then I sat down feeling quite satisfied that I had spoken exactly long enough. So much for my own sensations. It now rests with the chief actor in the scene to comply with the unanimous request of this assembly and tell us all just how he officiated.”

The Hon. Gore-Sefton had not very much to add to Miss Catte's testimony further than to declare that he first made an act of affirmation mentally to the effect that he and Cynthia Catte were fully *en rapport* and that the unseen wire of electric communication was in perfect working order between them. He then concentrated his whole thoughts and attention upon the manuscript he placed just in front of his eyes at easy distance of unstrained vision and simply found himself listening with great interest to Miss Catte's fine elocutionary delivery of the words which he saw on the manuscript

before him. Whenever a page needed turning he turned it very quickly, and as the sheets were properly numbered and the writing large and clearly legible, there was no hitch in the speaker's rendition. Though he fully agreed with the theory of brain and etheric waves now so prominently to the fore in scientific circles, he could add nothing fresh to what had been already promulgated. The meeting then quickly terminated and Miss Catte had still further added to her popularity.

CHAPTER XX

A LESSON IN ONTOLOGY

DR. LEMOYNE, HIS DISCIPLES AND HIS CRITICS

THOUGH the intensely marvellous and, to the altogether uninitiated, seemingly incredible mysteries recorded in previous chapters were being performed secretly in London, Paris, and other great Continental cities, the great bulk of inquirers into Mental Science and the less arcane objects of Psychology knew nothing whatever of these transcendent wonders, nor is the public mind at large by any means prepared for a sudden plunge into the inmost depths of the profoundest Occultism. As this story aims not only to call attention to the higher potencies of advanced Occultism, but seeks to afford practical philosophical aid to the everyday student of the Science of Human Nature, we again introduce our readers to the lecture room in Gower Street, where Dr. Lemoyne is still holding forth on Etiopathy and giving to select audiences very instructive and thought-provoking lectures confessedly founded upon the teaching he had received when in Chicago from Dr. Dutton, whose ardent disciple he still remained. Dr. Lemoyne, though speaking largely from his teacher's notes, had a pleasing and rather original manner of delivery, which held the attention of a miscellaneous audience closely during a lecture composed of *solid* rather than *popular* material. We now append

the essay with which Dr. Lemoyne reopened his course of instruction after the Christmas recess early in January, 1902. The title of the lecture was:

Ontology.—The Science of Being.—Man's Place
in the Universe.

Ontology is only a more classical name for what may be properly called *universal science*. To understand fully the meaning of a word it is necessary to know its derivation. Ontology comes to us from the language of the ancient and cultured Greeks. It is a compound word. The first three letters, *ont*, are the root of the present participle of the Greek verb *to be*, and signify *being*, which includes everything that is, both visible and invisible, for many things have being which are beyond the range not only of sight, but of every outward sense. Being is universal. Being is more comprehensive than existence, for those things only *exist* which are objective; which *stand out* from the mind or thinker that observes them, as a rock, tree, or animal; while the mind itself, which is subjective, cannot be observed by any outward sense. The mind has being, but it has no *existence*. The mind does not stand out apart from the thinking self. The mind *is*. Thus at the start we make a clear distinction between being and existence. All things have being, but all things do not have existence, because they do not stand out from the mind as objects of sense. This distinction between being and existence is the first lesson derived from Ontology. There is the *me* and the *not-me*, the outward visible creation and the inner conscious self which

impinges on the infinite. The *outward* visible creation exists; the *conscious self* has *being*, which is of itself something more than existence. It is, was, and is to be. What this inner conscious self *is*, in its entirety, is a problem yet to be solved. Interesting as it is, we must leave it for the present, in order to complete our definition of this one word that means so much.

Let us take up the New Testament and turn to the first chapter of St. John, which reads as follows: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." Now this *word* (Greek, *logos*), which was with God in the beginning, and which was God—the Creator—forms the last part of the word Ontology. *Logos* signifies understanding, reason, power, science. It includes *all attributes* of Deity; John says it was God. The root of the Greek word (*log*) forms the basis of many English words and scientific terms.

Ontology is, then, the logic of Being; the science of Being; the solution, or explanation, of Being. It is universal science. There is a science, or branch of science, of the stars which is called, when we speak of the law governing the planetary bodies, astronomy; but if we speak of the logic, or rational deductions which may be drawn from the appearance and motions of the heavenly bodies, then the science of the stars is termed astrology. Ontology includes astronomy and astrology. There is a science of the earth relating to its interior formation, which is called geology; a science of *growing* things, which was first called physiology; a science of causes and principles, which is called philosophy; a

science of measurements of the earth, which is known as geometry; a science of man, known as anthropology; a science of the Divine attributes, known as theology. The study of visible and material things is termed physics; of invisible and spiritual things, metaphysics; now, these and all other subjects that pertain to mind and matter, either or both, are included in the one term Ontology. It is, then, the substantial philosophy of all things. It unitizes all sciences of earth and heaven by showing that there is one pervading and universal mind. It removes, when properly understood, all fear of poverty, sickness and death.

It removes the fear of poverty not only by showing that all are really and naturally rich, but also by showing that all may have even material wealth by observing in physical, political and social relations the law of *universal being*. It removes the fear of sickness by teaching the plain and perfect way to health; and the fear of death by showing that death touches that only which hath no life in and of itself.

Ontology translates the atheist's assertion, "God is nowhere," into the scientific assertion that God is *now here*. Ontology teaches us to distinguish between the relative and the real, or absolute. The absolute is that which depends on nothing else for its being, while the relative always depends on something else for existence, value, or importance. Nearly all words in our language are used in a relative, not in an absolute sense. A mountain is great not in an absolute sense, but only because it is larger than many other things. It is great only because brought into comparison with many things that are smaller. The hills are "*everlasting*" not in an

absolute or real sense, but because they last very long as compared with many other things of brief duration. Spirit, as applied to universal substance of which all things are made, and as the intelligent cause of all things, is everlasting in an absolute sense. Logic, which is the touchstone of truth, tells us that from nothing, nothing comes; things that have a beginning have also an end, for we cannot conceive of anything that has an end without having also a beginning. Things that have one end have always two ends. Such is logic, and logic is the basis of Ontology. The whole is greater than any of its parts; the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts. These are axioms in mathematics, and axioms are self-evident. Every effect must have a cause, and a cause adequate to produce the effect. This is an axiom in philosophy. On self-evident truths like these is constructed the substantial philosophy of Ontology.

Facts of consciousness are self-evident truths. We are conscious that we live, and therefore need no argument to prove it; but whether we shall continue to live forever requires proof. If immortality be a fact, as millions believe, Ontology presents to the inquiring mind the evidence. Ontology solves the mysterious problem of evil; explains the origin of matter; the nature of mind, of soul, of spirit; it explains all miracles; what is meant by the supernatural (for no word should ever be used, and perhaps never was used, that does not have a meaning); it harmonizes science and religion; makes of all mankind one great family, and finds the key to life eternal in the kingdom of heaven (the realm of mind).

The study of Ontology (logic of Being) reveals to us

the only infallible remedy for disease, and discovers to man his inner and true self as the image of God.

We live now and here in time and space as children of earthly, finite, erring parents; but with a proper understanding of the real and true self, time expands to eternity, space is lost in universal presence, and we become children of a spiritual, infinite and eternal Being whose name is love, understanding, wisdom, truth and power.

In time and space we are living *unreal* lives because we do not wholly understand. "Life *is* not what it seems." Life can only be studied, really and truly, as a whole. Life as it really is has no fragments. Things only are real when seen *as they are*. Life as it really is is one infinite and eternal activity of universal Being. We speak of human life, of animal and vegetable life, and may with propriety speak also of mineral life, for all things have life of some kind or degree, and all is in the *real, or absolute, sense* one universal Being, in whom we, as finite beings, live.

All things are really in motion, though many things are said to be at rest. Things are said to be at rest on the earth only when they move in the same direction and at the same rate of motion as the earth itself moves. Such things are at rest *relatively*, because they move together, as one whole. So there is real rest for the soul when it moves in obedience to the Divine impulse and in harmony with the Divine nature; or in other words, when we come to recognize our inner and true self as the child of the infinite and co-worker with God, which is to say, with the Supreme Good of all.

Being and existence have heretofore been considered

by both grammarians and lexicographers as synonymous terms, but in the new gospel the word existence must be confined to the outward or material plane of being, as the term existence signifies that which stands out, apart from the mind, or *ego*, that considers it. Spirit, mind, force, truth, intelligence, wisdom and all eternal verities have being, but not existence. They are and always have been, but they do not stand out apart from the mind that considers them, and therefore do not exist. All things have being, but not existence. Existence belongs properly only to matter and material things.

Matter is a term applied properly only to that which is visible, tangible or perceived by one or more of the physical senses. The material universe constitutes what we call nature, but does not include mind or spirit. The latter is substance, but is *immaterial*. And here is the proper distinction to be made between the Theist and the Pantheist. The latter sees only the material universe, while the Theist is conscious of an invisible presence which creates and sustains the visible universe. The Pantheist, as commonly understood, is a Materialist; the Theist is a Spiritualist (using the term in a scientific sense). The term Spirit is derived from a word signifying to breathe, because the breath is the best representative of that omnipotent Force or Power that is invisible and yet sustains all life. Life is a function or property of Spirit. Spirit is a boundless sea of immaterial substance beyond which the human mind with its infinite possibilities cannot go. We dwell forever in Spirit, for Spirit is the all in all. All *essential* being is Spirit. Matter is a term used only in a finite sense by finite minds. Its essential being is Spirit.

Matter is the appearance, not the substance of being. Matter is forever changing its form or condition like rusting iron or a vanishing wave of the sea. All forms of matter are only as blocks of ice in the boundless sea of Spirit, and must be considered as dissolving views. There is absolutely nothing material that is eternal. Even the so-called everlasting hills are constantly changing and eventually disappear. All eternal verities are spiritual. Matter is evanescent; we can build temporarily of material things, but not permanently. All permanent things are spiritual. We talk of the boundless realms of space very properly, for they are realms of Spirit, yet space itself is finite. Space is properly applied only to that which is limited. Space, like time, begins and ends at some point or boundary. It has no meaning except as it relates to time and material things. Annihilate the things or boundary lines that always limit space and you annihilate space itself. Let all the planets that make up the solar system be gathered back into the parent sun; what, then, becomes of planetary spaces? They have ceased to be. Space is the relation of things, as time is the relation of events.

Time is a measured portion of duration; the term is derived from a word signifying "to cut," because it cuts the cycle of eternity. Time is finite, while eternity is infinite. One is represented by a line, which has two ends, the other by a circle, which has no end. Time marks the limit of events as space marks the limit of things.

Time is divided into present, past and future; but the present is always a varying quantity depending upon our mental and spiritual unfoldment. When born we

have no conception of time or eternity. The moment of our birth is a point of time that divides all the past from all the future, but a point has no length, breadth or thickness, and so at the moment of our birth the past and future meet without any intervening present. The present at our birth is only a point of time that marks the independent existence of a human form. Then, behold how the present begins to expand. Soon our parents speak of the *hour* of our birth, then of the *day*, and, finally, of the *year* in which we were born; and as our consciousness expands we come to speak of the present century or present cycle of time. History and psychometry reveal to us more and more of the past, and intuition and the study of natural law reveal to us more and more of the future. We foretell an eclipse or a transit of Venus because we understand the motions and order of the planetary bodies. Science and spiritual unfoldment are constantly enlarging the sphere of our consciousness and enabling us to penetrate farther and farther into both the past and the future; and as progression by constant endeavor and loyalty to truth is the law of our being, and as that law is not, like unjust human enactments, repealable, it is our privilege through all eternity to rise more and more into the conscious possession of the treasures of the Infinite, in whose presence all things constantly are, past and future being absorbed and lost in one ever present and universal now. The mighty angel that John saw standing with his right foot on the sea and his left on the earth, and who swore by Him that liveth that time shall be no longer, is the progressive and unfolded soul. To the spirit, time and space are annihilated.

Our *bodies* are mortal because material, but as spiritual entities we are immortal. We live in eternity here and now, because eternity necessarily includes past, present and future. But let us not boast of immortality, for it is not ours *as* imperfect finite beings. It belongs alone to the Perfect, and *if* we lose the spirit of truth and progress we lose immortality. Immortality belongs not to the human as such, but to the Divine; to truth, not to error; to the perfect, not to the imperfect; to the real, not to the seeming. We did not create ourselves, and we cannot live without the constant indwelling spirit.

Whether man, as such, is mortal or immortal depends wholly upon the accepted definition of man. Things that have a beginning have also an ending. Things that are unthinkable are also impossible; and the Creator himself cannot do impossible things. So far, then, as man has a beginning he will have an end, for the mind cannot conceive of one end without another. Babyhood begins, babyhood ends; childhood begins, childhood ends; and if by manhood we mean only that which pertains to the physical body, or to the finite, erring, human soul, manhood will end; but if by manhood we mean power to overcome evil with good, love of truth and justice, or intelligence, wisdom and undying love, then it will never end, for these are attributes of Deity and constant through the ages. The imperfect man is mortal, but the perfect man is immortal. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Finally, as we get out of self into the perfect and universal we come into immortality.

The consciousness which comes to us in childhood

and blossoms into perfect flower only in spirit is ours only as children of the Infinite. It has a beginning in man only as the river has a beginning in the mountain spring that is fed by the clouds of heaven. The river runs to the ocean and is lost in its waters. The river begins and ends, but the water that forms the river is not lost as it mingles with its parent waters, nor has its nature changed; it is water still. So of human consciousness; it comes to a man from the unfailing fountain of universal spirit; its true source is not at first recognized, and we call it human. It flows on in the stream of time, expanding more and more into the past and future, the present and the absent, according to our spiritual unfoldment, until at last its earthly barriers crumble away as the spirit gains its freedom, and we realize our oneness with the Parent of all life; then *human* consciousness ends, but it ends in the recognition of the Divine. But of one thing be assured, our consciousness is not less because it ceases to be human.

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years; but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.” “So shall ye die, perhaps,” says Milton, “by putting off human to put on gods.”

Few have any true or definite conception of what we call self. Of ourselves we can do nothing; but we can do all things through Him that strengthens us. The wave of the sea without the ocean would be a phrase without meaning. The wave is wholly dependent upon the water for its being; so of man and spirit. The strength of which we boast is ours only in a human,

finite sense. While speaking it is vanishing. We live only in spirit. "There is but one real life in the universe," and "the thread of our life without a break is ever unwound from His." "God sleeps (apparently) in the mineral, dreams in the animal, and comes to consciousness in man." Nothing is really dead, but everything is alive, instinct with spirit, and spirit is life. We *call* matter dead because it is that state of being which is the farthest possible remove from spirit. To live in the highest sense we must get into the spirit in its higher manifestations. Man becomes truly divine when he comes to recognize his spiritual origin, assumes responsibility, and knows and does the right. The first birth is into matter, the second, whether at death or before, is into spirit; and to be born into the spirit and become the conscious child of the Infinite is to have eternal life.

The logic of being teaches us that all real life is, in truth and essence, uncreated and eternal; but in a human, finite sense, and in human speech, all life manifesting in organic forms, whether vegetable or animal, is created and finite. But all created life comes ever from the one invisible fountain, and every material form is but the materialization of an eternal idea; and ideas are born in heaven, which is the realm of mind. "The visible universe," says Swedenborg, "is but a type or shadow of the spiritual universe." And Milton says:

Though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein,
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought.

With this understanding of universal being "every

common bush is ablaze with God; every mountain as holy as Sinai, and every river as sacred as the Jordan."

Gnothi seauton — Know thyself — was the injunction of the Greek philosopher. "The proper study of mankind is man," was the observation of Pope.

A wise man has told us, "Great learning should be used to make truth simple."

Science is systematized truth. All truth is consistent with itself; and may be said to be a unit—a whole thing, holy, complete. The science of numbers is the science of truth, because it deals with fixed quantities. A unit is one, an entire entity; therefore complete. God is a unit because complete in Himself.

Principle signifies the *first*, primordial substance, origin, source, fundamental truth. God is, therefore, principle.

Substance (sub *under* and sto *to stand*) is the fundamental part, the reality, *not* the appearance. God is substance. He upholds all.

Essence is that which makes anything to be *what it is*. God is the essence of all things.

Power signifies ability to do, force capable of originating force. All power is of God. He is Almighty. God is Truth. Jesus says, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." God is the Word. *Logos* (John I, 1), the Infinite Reason. God is love. God is Spirit, Pure Being; Understanding, Presence, Intelligence, Mind.

Mind expresses itself by *ideas*. Ideas clothed or given form are thoughts. An idea without expression would be nothing. All life is an expression or manifestation of God. All life is spiritual in essence, because God is spirit. There is no life, no substance, no intelligence

apart from God. All is infinite mind ; parts of one universal whole.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul.

Nature is the form, the appearance, the shadow, the reflection of spirit or mind. Spirit is real, eternal ; matter is temporal. " Things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (II Cor. IV, 18.)

Spirit is God ; man is the image and likeness of God. Life is principle, without beginning and without end. God is Life and He dwells in eternity, not in time. Time is no appreciable part of eternity. One is finite, the other infinite. Life knows not death ; it is of God, and is unlimited. If it had a beginning it would also have an ending. Matter is the *appearance*, a phenomenon of spirit or life. Death is a change of state, a phenomenon, an appearance, but it touches *not* life.

Man, by means of his body, is *in* Nature, and is located in the midst of her forces, where all is necessary ; where every cause is a necessary cause ; but man's mind, especially his will, acts by itself, above or beyond Nature, and is free — a free cause. A man constructs a house, a watch or a canal which had no existence before, and the thing he thus causes is projected into Nature as a manifestation of himself. Nature, in the last analysis, is force, and force is a manifestation of will. We trace the beginning of every man's existence to the will of his parents, and we hold the will *free* ; it may or *may not* act. It is as it wills. And so in like manner as a race, the beginning of man is traced to the

will of the Creator, and this Creator we may know with absolute knowledge, through the consciousness of man, who is a manifestation of his Creator. The will of God, the Creator, and the will of man, the creature, is each a free cause, and can govern to the extent of the knowledge which each possesses. God is infinite, not because of His extent, but because of His perfection, His holiness, or wholeness, like the circumference of a circle. Man is finite, like the arc of a circle; but the greater is known by the less. Each is a *free cause*; Nature is necessity. Every perfect thing is of God; like a circle, a square, a cube, a straight line, truth, love, intelligence; but every imperfect thing is of man.

Mind is that which remembers, which understands and receives sensations. It is not confined to place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON.

Mind *and* matter, so-called for convenience, make up the universe, and also man, who is an epitome, or abridgment, of the universe.

Mind is the *immaterial part* of the universe. The material part we call Nature, or matter.

The study of mind is ordinarily called mental philosophy, and sometimes metaphysics. The term metaphysics signifies literally "after nature" or "beyond the natural." In one sense there is nothing beyond the natural, for Nature's laws are God's laws, and matter and spirit are never entirely dissociated; and to him who sees aright God is manifest in Nature.

"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." (John

XIV, 9.) When Newton saw the apple fall which suggested to him the law of gravitation, he had seen the Infinite in action.

Nature constitutes the sum total of the phenomena (the appearances) of Infinite Mind. Matter is the semblance, or form, of spirit, and when seen alone, as substance devoid of spirit, constitutes the idols of those who do not see the God within. To worship the form is idolatry. "God is spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Nature is *not the power*, but the *symbol* of power; not the substance, but the shadow.

Every substance casts a shadow. God is substance, matter is shadow or shade. All natural forms are appearances only; images; projections; reflections; and are, more or less, one thing or another, as *mind* finally determines.

To the partial, human mind, matter and nature are convenient terms. They serve to divide this great study of Being into two parts, mind and matter, or God and Nature; and, rightly understood, facilitate our progress toward the source of all power and truth — spirit, or pure Being. Matter, or Nature, is then the outward; the garment or vesture; the visible; that which we perceive by the senses; the universal negative. Matter is the screen which presents to us the pictures of the magic lantern in a darkened room. In this world we live in shadows constantly; we grope in darkness in the *outer, sensuous* world. It is only when interiorly illuminated that we come into the real light. The sun to us is the *symbol* only of light; the outward *visible* light. The true light is substance, understand-

ing; the recognition in all things of mind; of spirit. "No man hath seen God at any time"; *i. e.*, with mortal sight. (John I, 18.) (Read Job XXVIII, 7th and following verses.)

Paul was interiorly illuminated on his way to Damascus when he saw a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun at midday. It was so bright that it obscured for three days his mortal vision, and he did neither eat nor drink for the same length of time. (Acts XXVI, 12; XXII, 11; and IX, 8, 9.)

Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

This life is dream-life. Things are not what they seem. According to Stewart, metaphysics is a science which traces the various branches of human knowledge to their first principles in the constitution of the human mind; according to Brande, it is the science which regards the ultimate grounds of being, as distinguished from its phenomenal modifications.

The phenomenal modifications of being comprise what we call Nature: and the study of natural phenomena (appearances) is termed physics, or natural philosophy. It is the study of the outward, of appearances. Appearances are often deceptive, and much of so-called science is matter of belief only. We cannot rest in truth till it reaches the understanding, or takes full possession of our being. Knowledge is our birthright; knowledge is power, and we must rest not in belief. "Understanding is a wellspring of life unto him that hath it." (Prov. XVI, 22.) "The knowledge of the holy is understanding." (Prov. IX, 10.) "By understanding hath He established the heavens." (Prov. III, 19.) True understanding is the fundamental part; the very foundation

of things. It is the power of perceiving; it is that which knows. It brings before its bar of judgment the absent and the present; it is therefore universal. Understanding is a natural endowment; it belongs to all conscious beings. It is the divine *Logos*, or word; the mind. Mind is not many: it is one, as God is one. In Nature, being passes into appearance, and unity into variety. Mortal mind is error; it will die. Immortal mind is truth; it will never die. The human mind is partial, therefore imperfect, unholy (not whole). Divine mind is whole, perfect, holy.

Man's mind is mortal and will ever be until it comes to be in perfect unison with Divine Mind. All error must of necessity die when truth appears; as darkness always flees before light. Man's mind, by nature (in Adam), is largely in error, because he sees only in part, he knows only in part, "but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." (I Cor. XIII, 10.) In only one way does man's mind become *immortal*, and that is by ceasing to live in the outward; by fleeing from all error; by living in the spirit; by losing his separated will in the will of the Father and becoming one with Him — the Perfect, the Holy, the Immortal.

The mind of man is the invisible man. Mind is not tangible to mortal touch. It is not heard by the outward organ of hearing. It does not report to mortal sense, except through matter; through nature; and even in matter its manifestations are phenomenal; appearances only. Appearances are unsubstantial. The essence of all things is spirit. The invisible man is the essential man; it comprises soul and spirit. The soul

is the connecting link between spirit and matter. Matter constitutes the *body* of man. The body is the visible part; the symbol of the soul. Whatever the mind is the body will sooner or later show forth. Effects always follow causes, but more or less remotely. Time is not an element of eternal verities. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Time is finite and is useful only to the finite mind. To the infinite mind all is present, yesterday, to-day and forever.

It sometimes takes two or three generations to materialize the mind of ancestors, but often a few seconds, hours or days only are needed to symbolize in the body the workings of the mind. The voluntary muscles instantly obey the will, which is the executive officer of the mind; and the passing emotions of the mind are instantly mirrored in the lineaments of the face. The blood, under control of the nerves which lead from the soul to the arteries and veins, makes its complete circuit in a single minute, and the entire body is transformed more or less every day. So all is under the control of mind. It is a wheel within a wheel, as the prophet Ezekiel saw. The mind of the individual revolves within the mind of progeny and of society, and the mind of societies revolves within the mind of the Infinite. He is all and in all, and beside Him there is none else, speaking absolutely.

The greater ever controls the less, as it is among the heavenly bodies, stars, planets and satellites; each is supreme over all beneath it. Man is supreme in his sphere, and when in unison with the Infinite is omnipotent; that is to say, he can do all things through Him

that strengtheneth. Impossibilities are never done at all. When the lesser mind — the mind of man — acts in unison with the greater — the immortal Mind — there is harmony, or freedom from disease. Not that results always follow immediately, but mediately through Nature, through the orderly proceeding of Infinite Mind. We sow in the spring and reap in the autumn. Thinking *one* right thought does not often change the whole tenor of our life. *Momentary* yielding to Divine Mind is like the broken promise of a boy, whose life is not thereby changed. The life must be harmonious as a whole. Disease (want of ease) is properly a sensation; it is pain, inconvenience, discomfort. If disease is a sensation it must be in the mind, not in the body. It is the mind alone that receives sensations. Matter has no feeling, no power to feel, no sensation. The body is matter and cannot sense anything; cannot be *diseased*. It is the symbol only of disease. This becomes evident when we reflect upon the dead body, which is no longer diseased, but bears still marks left by disease.

Disease in its true nature is a mental state, and being such is *reported only* through the body; it can be removed only by some remedy which will reach the mind and remove the cause. Purify the fountain and the stream will run clear below. The body is like the hands of a clock, a simple indicator of the movements within. Thoughts and feelings are the invisible machinery and force that give movements to the hands. In other words, the soul or mind is the moving force, the controlling power. The physical organism is the soul made visible. The morbid condition of the body is symptomatic of the unsoundness of the mental state.

To those who do not see the invisible power — the mind or soul that governs — the soul and body *seem* as one; and we refer *to* the body that which is really in the mind. "It is the spirit that quickeneth." (John VI, 63.)

All physics lead to the sea of metaphysics. God is one; matter is a multitude — a mob of elements. Sensuous knowledge stops with the surface, and matter is all surface. We use Nature wisely as a mirror only that reflects the image of Infinite Mind; it is only the external manifestation. The substance — the moving power — is invisible to mortal eye, or mortal mind, for mortal mind may err, and error is blind. It is understanding alone that perceives truth.

As spiritual beings, not as mortals, we are partakers of truth; of life, of Infinite Mind. We are heirs and rulers over some part of God's heritage. In our mental spheres we are free, but free only to do right; to do that which will bless, elevate, and adorn; not free to do wrong. In attempting the wrong we sooner or later find ourselves in conflict with immaterial substance far more real than matter; with truth which is invulnerable, immutable and eternal. While in error, or while enshrouded with mortal beliefs, we find ourselves fighting against God, and sooner or later realize, as did Saul of Tarsus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." The pricks are the forces of Infinite Mind; disease is the effect of encountering these forces. They are a barrier which no mortal can pass. They guard the entrance to death and oblivion. Our path lies outward toward truth and light; toward activity, moderation, understanding, toward that which is real and eternal.

The mind is the substantial part of man, and Truth, more substantial than the Pillars of Hercules, guards our entrance to life and health. Matter is the external expression, the form or projection of the invisible governing force. The form or expression will be perfect, and free from disease when the conscious mind of man, which governs directly all *voluntary* parts of the body, is in perfect harmony and accords with Infinite Mind, which governs directly all *involuntary* parts of the body.

Healthy and *holy* have the same signification, "*whole*." How to be holy? is the question, or, How to be *whole*? The question implies that we have first an idea of wholeness of self, and therefore a knowledge of self, and resolves itself into the question, What is the *ego*? the self? The three great facts of the Universe are Man, God, Nature; all at birth unknown. Man soon comes to himself as the first great fact. All knowledge *begins* in consciousness. There can be no such thing as knowing without the knowing faculty, which we call the consciousness. Man has such a faculty. The self, the *ego*, is conscious that it *is* a self; we know that we exist; and we know that we know, because the knower and the known are one and the same; identical. This knowing of the self, by the knowing faculty, is *absolute knowledge*. It is absolute (free from), because it is independent of anything else; perfect in itself. All knowledge, except the fact of consciousness, is relative, because it relates to other things; to *me* and to *not-me*. "Not-me" is Nature; the system of created things. When we think of Nature, we think of it as something *outside of us*. We do not think of self as belonging to Nature. Man's body comes within the realm of Nature; but we

study it as something external to self; *it* is not the *ego*. Self is soul or spirit.

We cannot weigh, estimate or measure anything without a standard, or unit of measure; the facts of consciousness are the standards by which we measure all things. Facts of consciousness and reason constitute the mind. Facts of consciousness may be called axioms of mind; self-evident truths. They are numerous. We mention among them life or activity, self, intelligence, liberty or free will, identity, cause, effect, the connection between cause and effect, motion, number, time, space, force, the true, the right, the beautiful, etc. Thus, we find that the mind is an independent and absolute knower, possessed of freedom, intellect and power. The mind is the self; the body is an instrument for our use. Man knows that he had a beginning and that he did not create himself. He had his origin in the will of his parents, and the *will* is outside of Nature, in the mental or spiritual realm. Here we come upon a *free cause*—*the will*, in distinction from a *necessary cause*, which acts because it must. The will is a free cause; it *wills*, and it *nils*, acts or forbears to act; is not bound. A free cause can call into being objects and events, and thus create space and time, which are only relations of objects and events. A necessary cause can never begin anything. It is at once cause *and* effect. A necessary cause is part of Nature, while a free cause is out of Nature.

Spirit is derived from a Latin word signifying "to breathe"; the breath which sustains the life of the natural body is the best symbol of spirit which sustains the life of the soul. Breath is invisible; so is spirit.

Breath is a part of the atmosphere which entirely surrounds the earth; so the spirit of man is a part of that immaterial substance out of which all things are made. Mark the language; spirit is substance, but it is not matter. Substance is that which "stands under" and sustains matter. Matter is visible or perceptible to one or more of the outward senses; the substance of things cannot be perceived by the senses. The substance of things is spirit, and "spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

Spirit is the essence of all things; it is "I Am," Eternal Being. Spirit is creative energy and forms all that the eye beholds. Spirit is universal; the all in all. It contains within it all entities, verities, atoms, stars and suns. It is Alpha and Omega; beginning and end; first and last, and beside it (speaking in the absolute sense) there is naught else. All else is phenomenal; a form, expression, or manifestation of spirit. God is Spirit and it is in Him that all things move and have their being. Man is *essentially* spirit; his body is a form or manifestation of spirit. Spirit potentializes matter, so that matter is condensed, crystallized, congealed, or solidified spirit. Matter is the form or appearance which spirit assumes; spirit is the essence of matter; the reality of things. Spirit is the divine energy of all things; essential Life.

To spirit belongs all intelligence, life and power. Spirit associates with matter, and, in some degree, is always present with matter; and for this reason Materialists ascribe to matter life, intelligence, and other attributes of spirit. Thus, in degree, the Materialist deifies matter; the elemental atoms become so many gods.

One author defines matter as "points of force"; another says that "force is will." Thus matter becomes transformed to a faculty of mind; and mind is in some degree spiritual. Materially considered as to space, matter and mind are never dissociated, for spirit is everywhere present, and spirit is by far the most essential element of mind; but, logically, mind and matter are separated widely as the poles of being. One is visible, the other invisible; one is intelligent, the other is non-intelligent; one is endowed with power, the other is entirely destitute of power, and only acts as acted upon. Matter transmits force, but does not originate force. It is for a time the receptacle of power, but not the power. All essence of power belongs to spirit. All pure force is invisible. Matter and spirit may be one to the absolute and Infinite Being, but that one is Spirit. In human speech, matter is only the name of an effect whose cause is wrapped in mystery. It remains for the human mind to penetrate the veil and solve the mystery. The solution of this problem of mind and matter discovers man to himself and binds him in loving union forever with the Infinite "I Am," the Spirit of all.

Man has been called "the fruit of the ages and the brain of the world." He is the "paragon of animals." He lives at once in two worlds, the world of mind and the world of matter. In the one he is free; in the other bound by necessity. In the world of matter we find that part of man which makes up his physical body. The body is governed by necessity. It is always an effect, and can only be what the determining cause makes it. The determining cause is what we call the mind. And here we must caution you against accepting

any common or preconceived notion of the mind. The mind to us is something that transcends all human comprehension; for the reason that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. We may *apprehend* (know something of), but we cannot *comprehend* that which we call mind. Eternity alone unfolds it. The term Man includes both mind and body. As to his body alone, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made." The body has been called a "harp of a thousand strings," but all language is too feeble to adequately express the wonderful structure of the human body. Study it carefully and reverentially if you would find the pathway of Divine wisdom, love and power. Beautiful and perfect, and good for one hundred years, as the natural body is when governed by a perfect mind, it is, nevertheless, designed only for temporary use. It is only the scaffolding for the erection of a more fitting temple — "a house not made with hands, eternal within the heavens."

As the guest is more than his raiment, so the soul is more than the outward body. The soul belongs to that part of man which we call mind and is always invisible to outward sense. The soul is organized life, and is perceived only by other souls that enter its realm. The soul, like the body, is limited, and gives individuality after the being is disrobed of his material garb. The soul constitutes what there is of man after death, and is synonymous with what we call the *human* mind. The human mind is partial; but there is a mind that is impartial and universal; and it is this universal mind in connection with the *human* mind that forms the body and makes it whatever it may be.

Thus we come to the highest conception of man.

Man is spirit, manifesting in some degree in and through what we call soul and body. Man is mortal as to his body and, further, as to all imperfections of soul; but as to spirit and all perfections, immortal. God is the Supreme Good; and in His realm nothing that is imperfect can live forever. To seek truth and honor, and all perfection, is to seek eternal life.

That which is perfect is alone immortal. The word immortal signifies undying, and undying signifies continuance or *permanence of being*. Permanence of being allows no change. A thing changed is no longer the same thing; it is something different. The immortal, the undying, is ever the same; it knows no change. The *imperfect* is changeable. By evolution the imperfect becomes less and less imperfect; it thus becomes old and dies; it is transformed by taking on a higher form or condition, and a new name. All error is mortal; it dies when truth appears as darkness dies when light appears. Time, by expansion of thought, fades into eternity, and space into universal being. All material forms change, and finally pass from human sight, but the perfect never changes; exact science never changes; truth never changes; the absolute never changes. To science, truth, the absolute, the perfect, belongs immortality. Human language, a mighty thing, a monumental inscription of ages of inspiration, is still imperfect, and must ultimately give way to the language of the soul on higher planes of being.

One language only is perfect and immortal; it is the language of Universal Mind. The laws of Nature are its alphabet, and the human soul its tablet. The laws of Nature will bear but one interpretation at last.

They have only to be known to command respect; but the laws of Nature appeal only to the intellect through the outward senses. To many minds truth comes to the soul directly, and to all who listen comes the command, "Be just; do right." Universality and permanency belong to immortality; and until we gain universal knowledge, universal truth, universal science, universal love, and universal wisdom we shall be changeable, and to be changeable is to be mortal. God alone hath immortality in the highest sense, for God alone hath in all things perfection; but man gains immortality of thought, of consciousness, and of being by gaining the perfection of exact science of truth, wisdom, love, Deity. Not as erring finite beings are we immortal, but as sons and daughters of God we are *heirs* of immortality.

CHAPTER XXI

FURTHER STUDIES IN ONTOLOGY

As may readily be imagined, such lectures as Dr. Lemoyne was delivering in London in the immediate vicinity of a large and influential medical college were not likely to go altogether unchallenged or pass entirely unnoticed, though it is truly said that in the vast British metropolis people can live for many years in the same house and have not the slightest knowledge of their nearest neighbors. Dr. Lemoyne employed his preceptor's writings as a court of appeal whenever disputes arose between the lecturer and his interlocutors. Thus it came to pass that Dr. Dutton's "Etiopathy" became a very familiar topic to the several young physicians and embryo surgeons who took delight in putting searching questions to the confident lecturer, whose addresses certainly possessed the charm of conviction and were invariably delivered as though they were direct messages from a never-failing source of almost infallible inspiration.

Miss Catte in her rôle of journalist often attended and in the capacity of reporter took copious notes. She also participated to some considerable extent in the questioning which followed the lectures proper. As an Associate of the Anastasian Confraternity the fair Cynthia was prepared to discuss the Greek text which

Dr. Lemoyne frequently quoted, and though she never mentioned by name the illustrious Order from which she derived her special knowledge, there was a decided air of conscious superiority about her whole attitude when she announced wherein she agreed and wherein her teachers differed from some of the views enunciated by the worthy doctor, whom she rather patronizingly referred to as one who would yet embrace the higher Mysteries of Universal Occultism.

It was on the question of the Soul that Miss Catte and Dr. Lemoyne appeared to differ most extensively. The lady journalist was a confessed Platonist and she rather scornfully alluded to the decidedly Aristotelian philosophy of those Ontologists who were sometimes (in her opinion at least) obscure in their definitions and much inclined to mix Plato's doctrine with certain views of Aristotle when pressing the claims of their metaphysics. The lecture reported in our last chapter excited Miss Catte sufficiently to lead her to request that on the next occasion Dr. Lemoyne would make his lecture purely epigrammatic in form and that, as it should consist entirely of what he considered clear-cut definitions of Ontology, discussion might logically follow its delivery point by point.

Dr. Lemoyne readily consented to the lady's request, and a few days after it had been made to him and accepted by him he found himself in a good hall in the Kensington district, specially engaged by Miss Catte, where he was put through his paces and held for nearly three hours replying to the many questions propounded by his gifted patroness, who had hired the hall, disposed of the tickets, and secured the audience among

her own highly influential clientèle. The first hour was occupied by Dr. Lemoyne exclusively, in the delivery of his definitions; the remaining two hours were filled with most interesting discussion. He styled his essay

The Science of Being ; or, The Religion of Science.

We stand at the door of mystery — the mystery of Being. Let us enter and investigate. Over the portal we may read, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The word holy signifies whole or perfect, and this injunction implies that when we come into the presence of Science, which is the perfect *method* of Infinite Mind; of truth, which is the rock of ages; of *understanding*, which is the *basic faculty* of the mind, we must allow nothing to come between ourselves and the ground on which we, as thinking beings, stand, viz., the understanding which is *holy ground*, because whole, complete, and unchangeable.

The temple of Being is vast and all-inclusive, for all things have being. How things came to be, and what is the primal *cause* of Being are problems given to all for solution. That things *are* we know, not only by means of our physical senses, but we know by consciousness itself. Judging by *outward sense alone* we may at any time be deceived. The phenomena of echoes, and of the reflection and refraction of rays of light by use of mirrors and lenses are familiar examples. Not the report of the outward physical sense, but consciousness, is the *knowing faculty*. Seeing is said to be

believing; but consciousness is knowledge itself. Consciousness is the stamp or seal that the one perfect and universal Mind sets on human understanding when absolute truth is found.

All Science is in itself absolute truth. True Science is indeed reality; all else is seeming. The *real* is that which *is, was, and shall be*, forever the same, that which is seen in its true nature. The real is the *essence* of things; the Being, not the mere *existence*, of things. *Existence* is the outward form or husk of Being; the phenomena of Being; the appearance of material things; the fallible report of the outward senses; the judgment of the imperfect, finite, fallible, *human* mind. Existence and the more general or generic term of Being meet and become one, only on the mental plane where consciousness and understanding meet. Human sense alone is not the touchstone of truth, nor the exponent of true Science. *A perfect understanding*, sealed by the seal of consciousness, is the only foundation on which the human mind can safely rest.

The understanding is finally reached by two avenues; one is through outward phenomena, or appearances of being that we commonly call Nature; the other is through what some call the "subconscious mind," or direct illumination of the soul. The latter method is well-known in literature as Intuition. Intuition is the immediate perception of truth without any previous process of mental analysis or ratiocination. Intuition is the *royal* road to learning; but it is possible only to persons of sensitive, spiritual or delicate organization. Intuition in man corresponds very nearly to what is known as instinct in the lower animals. These are the

two open *avenues* to knowledge — the sensuous, or physical — and the psychic, or intuitive. The report of neither, however, is final, as the touchstone of truth, till at last the understanding of the individual himself is reached. To suppose that the five senses alone are sufficient to establish all ultimate truth, or absolute science; or that intuition, instinct, impressions, visions, or dreams are alone sufficient, is the great mistake of the centuries. The senses may deceive us; our psychic impressions may be perverted, or misinterpreted. Dreams are proverbially uncertain, yet dreams are doubtless significant when rightly interpreted, and are sometimes true.

On what, then, can we rely? On what is a knowledge of science founded? We reply, all science is founded on axioms, or self-evident truths, on logic, and on facts of consciousness. We must not only know, but we must *know that we know*. Man has what may be properly called a double consciousness; the witness of the One Universal Knower or Creator *with* the finite, or partial, knower (man) that he (the creature) has found truth. The evidence or report of the senses must ever be tested by reason, by logic, and finally by consciousness. Matter and mind are certainly to all appearance the two extremes of consciousness; mind is intelligent; matter is non-intelligent. One is the *knower*, the other is only what is more or less imperfectly known.

Matter, as we are told in the schools, exists in four forms, solid, liquid, gaseous and ethereal; but driven into the realm of force, as it undoubtedly may be, it is no longer properly called matter, but is known as

immaterial substance, or spirit. Ice is not water, nor is water steam; yet the three, ice, water and steam, are all composed of the self-same elements, hydrogen and oxygen; and each of these substances may be converted into either of the others. So matter and spirit *may*, in the ultimate, for aught we know, be *essentially* one, but, in human speech, they are diverse. As things change in form, character and appearance, we very properly change their names. An infant is not called a man, nor is a man called a spirit. "A spirit hath not flesh and bones." Man as he appears on earth possesses both. Whatever can be recognized by any outward human sense is properly called matter; all else is more properly called Mind, Force, or Spirit. The Logic of Being runs like an unbroken chain, throughout all mind and matter, from countless atoms in the outer world of Being to the central Sun of Spirit, Light, Life and Love, which is the philosopher's highest conception of what many have called by the name of God, Allah, Zeus, or the Great Spirit.

Physics (natural science) leads inevitably, sooner or later, to Metaphysics, or Mental Science (something beyond the natural); but physicists, who confine what they call Science to sensuous objects, do not care to explore the Beyond — the world of mind, soul, and spirit. They stop ever in the outward; deal only with what we call matter; see not the hidden springs of Being that *move* the great panorama of Nature; they enter not the inner temple where the Divine Guest of uncreated Life sits enthroned; so they divorce what are, in the Logic of Being, one, viz.: Science and Religion.

Religion, which etymologically signifies retying, or

reuniting, is the conscious *reunion of the soul* of man with the great central Heart of Being; a birth into the consciousness of his relation to Spirit; the *fastening* or anchoring of the human being to the eternal Rock of Ages — Truth, which finally unfolds to us the Divine harmonies of Wisdom and Love. Through its birth in matter the human soul (which is spiritual, but still, as many hold, organized life) is at first unconscious of its Divine inheritance. It lives at first alone (separated, apparently, from spirit), and in the outward, sensuous world of matter; “in a far country,” on the outer boundaries of being, as the Prodigal Son is said to have lived. “First the natural, afterward that which is spiritual,” is the natural and Divine order. There must come a time when the prodigal shall return. The prodigal spends his substance in sensuous, or superficial, life, and sooner or later becomes famished by feeding *alone* upon the evidence of sense. The soul is born of uncreated and eternal Life, and *cannot* always feed on things of time and space. It longs ever for the unfading; the Eternal; and the earnest prayer which all at times must feel for the *real* is itself a sure prophecy of its ultimate fulfilment. But it is equally true that no prayer can be answered that is not offered, and no good can be received without a receptacle. We must prepare the soul for the reception of ALL GOOD, or to become one with Divine Spirit, for such the everlasting Truth and its Substance has been well called. God is the *essence* — the *Being* — of Nature; Nature is the *existence* (or *outstanding*) of God. To human consciousness “God sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the animal, and comes to consciousness in man.” “Spiritual things are spirit-

ually discerned"; they are not seen by outward sight, nor found among material things.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried
 As they swam the crystal clearness through;
 "We've heard from of old of the *ocean's* tide,
 And we long to look on the waters blue.
 The wise ones speak of an infinite sea,
 Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright
 And sang and balanced on sunny wings;
 And this was its song: "I see the light;
 I look on a world of beautiful things;
 And flying and singing everywhere
 In vain have I sought to find the air."

The above exquisite lines from the pen of the scholarly Rev. Minot Judson Savage, of New York, serve as a fitting introduction to the definitions which I now proceed to emphasize.

Ontology is the Science or Logic of Being; universal Science. It embraces the universe of mind and matter. Matter is condensed or congealed spirit; points of force; or a manifestation of being. Nature, as distinguished from spirit, is the *visible creation*; the material universe; the phenomena of Being. Spirit is pure Being; immaterial substance: an indestructible essence; sublimated matter. The soul is incorporated spirit, or organized life; the basic stratum of mind; the astral body; that which dreams; the seat of the appetites and passions. Mind is the thinking principle; that which remembers, understands and receives sensations; a generic term embracing soul and spirit. The soul as such is finite, but the spiritual part of the soul is infinite. Man is soul and spirit individualized by the human body and human mind.

Substance is that which "stands under" and sustains all; the foundation of things; the underlying truth; understanding; Infinite Mind, or Presence. The Infinite Mind is alone perfect. All other minds are partial and imperfect. The erroneous mind is mortal. All error must die at the approach of truth. The human mind is limited in knowledge and wisdom, but not by the body or by the senses. Infinite Mind dwells everywhere at once and constantly; the human or partial mind dwells where it pleases. Understanding is the substance of things; that which knows; pure Being; Spirit. Understanding is the substance of mind; the supreme intellectual faculty. Understanding gives wisdom and power to the soul.

Consciousness signifies "knowing with." It is the sanction of Infinite Mind; the Spirit witnessing with our spirit that we possess truth. Holy Ghost signifies whole or perfect spirit, and is only another name for the Infinite, perfect or immortal Mind.

If to know is to comprehend fully, then we know nothing, even of ourselves, for human life begins and ends in mystery; but if knowledge be apprehension, then we know as certainly as we are. God, the Creator, by reason of His perfection, is unchangeable, and on the immutability of His word and ways science is made possible. What we can prove true in science we know. We also know all facts of consciousness by witness of the Spirit. Through these and science we come to know something of ourselves, and by becoming acquainted with our inmost self, which is made in His image, we may know the Original.

Health is soundness, wholeness, holiness. Disease is

want of ease; pain or discomfort; absence of health. Disease is never in the body, *per se*. That which we see upon the body, or in connection with the body, which we call disease is the symptom, sign, or manifestation of disease. The proof we have that disease cannot be in the body is that the body, *per se*, cannot feel; has no sensibility. It is the mind that feels. We refer disease to the body because we mistake the manifestation for the cause. Disease is a unit. It always causes pain or discomfort. Its manifestations are various. To be healthy man must be holy (whole); the human mind must be in unison with Infinite Mind; we must know and live the Truth. There are two avenues to truth, the outer and the inner. One through the senses, the other through Intuition. Intuition is the royal road to learning.

The laws of Nature are the *modus operandi* of Deity; the Divine method of government. Science is knowledge of the perfect way. Faith is far more than belief. Belief is trust in the opinion or statement of another. Faith is trust in truth only. Belief may mislead, but true faith never. Faith is belief changed to certainty; complete conviction. Faith (says Guizot) is a conviction wrought by superhuman means. Faith (says Pascal) is God sensibly realized by the heart — the inward consciousness of truth — the substance of things; understanding. Faith is fidelity. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. XI, 6.)

The proper office of the senses is to report to us the phenomena of Nature, and bring us into relation with the outward world. The mirage, echo, the distortion of a pole partly immersed in water, and the apparent motion of bodies at rest, are familiar examples of how

our senses can and do deceive us. We can rely on reason and intuition, or on understanding when the senses play us false. Intuition is spiritual perception of Truth, the royal road to knowledge.

As all action originates in thought or feeling, all *primary* causation must be mental. Motive is that which moves, and gives birth to action.

The relation which the human mind sustains to the One Perfect Mind is that of the finite to the Infinite; the imperfect to the Perfect; a part to the whole; a child to its parent. Mortal mind is erroneous mind. All error must die, as darkness flees before light. Immortal mind is mind free from error. Truth can never die. Death is change of state; a liberation of soul from matter; a termination, not of life, but of some mode of existence. Death affects life (the essential principle of being) no more than darkness can affect light, or error vanquish truth. Death affects existence only, which is but the outward appearance of Being.

Material forms are never permanent. Eternal verities are found only in the mental or spiritual realm. The origin of matter is spirit. Matter is spirit made visible, as water and ice may have origin in steam, which is invisible. Spirit is the all in all, and matter is a name for that which seems far removed from spirit.

Heaven is an exalted place or condition. The stars are in heaven because high above the earth. The mind is the kingdom of heaven because high above the physical body; and the mind from which all error and sin is banished is the kingdom of God.

Evil is a negative term implying *absence* of good. There is no such thing as absolute evil. It is a relative

term in human speech. Sin is transgression of moral law, departure from Divine law. Imperfection of mind is the cause of sin. The perfect mind never sins. The effects of sin are weakness, failure, pain, sickness and death.

Time is a measured portion of duration. Eternity is unlimited duration. It is a circle, without beginning or end.

Thought is a movement of the spirit independent of the conscious, finite mind. It originates beyond the sphere of the mind receiving it, and stamps its impress upon memory.

Disease belongs not to the spirit, which is perfect, nor to the body, which is senseless, in itself, but to the soul, which is the moral plane of human life. Life consists in the animation of matter by spirit, or the manifestation of spirit through matter. The body is subject to the soul of man; and will be perfect or imperfect as the soul advances in knowledge and wisdom.

Right, in the absolute sense, is doing what will promote the highest good of the race; but, relatively, that is right which will satisfy the conscience of the doer.

The supernatural is that which is *above* or *beyond* the natural but not *contrary* to Nature. All manifestations of mind are in the true sense supernatural, as they always transcend the visible, or outward, realm of being.

Man becomes immortal by dying to self and living to science and truth, which are the ways of the perfect immortal mind. No mind that harbors error and imperfection can continue forever. It must change when truth and beauty and wisdom and intelligence appear. Naught but the perfect can endure forever. The per-

fect is imperishable. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

It is possible to avoid physical suffering only by avoiding all error on the physical plane of being. It is possible to avoid mental anguish and disquietude only by avoiding all error on the moral plane of being, which is the soul plane. Relative perfection is possible when we live in strict obedience to the highest truth perceived.

Though there was much substantial agreement manifest on the part of the carefully selected audience with the learned speaker's able and lucid definitions of many of the problems of Ontology, Miss Catte, on behalf of the propaganda in which she was herself especially interested, took a different view of the soul from that expressed by the essayist, and in her characteristically forceful manner she proceeded, after the lecturer was seated, to give the definition of soul as she had received it from the Anastasian Occultists in the following phraseology :

"Take the letter *u* out of soul and we have *Sol*, the Latin name for sun. As the sun is the parental centre of this solar system and we speak rightly of Father Sol, so we may fairly designate all planets the sun's children, and the satellites which revolve around them the sun's grandchildren. This threefold order is evident throughout the discovered universe, and in ourselves, as we are the epitome thereof, we discern the same trinal nature. Soul, mind, and body are three distinct planes of consciousness, but in the ultimate reality the three are one.

"I know very well," continued Miss Catte, "that diversity in language is not always an evidence of disagreement in thought, and it is as far as possible from my intention to start a controversy over Dr. Lemoyne's utterances. I simply state my own position. Metaphysical terminology is apt to be inexact, because two or more words are often employed at different times to express but one idea; this is not for the sake of euphony or to avoid tautology, — for in that case it would be simple elegance of diction, — but it displays a lack of clear thinking on the part of the leaders of metaphysical schools. We are greatly in need of an exact phraseology, a nomenclature so precise that every word in our scientific vocabulary should stand forth in unique significance, never confoundable with any auxiliary or companion term.

"I particularly desire to thank the worthy doctor for his eloquent presentation of ennobling philosophy, but there are two or three points which I would like to hear elucidated, and for the sake of clearness I will briefly designate one of the most salient. We have just heard that disease belongs to the soul, which is the moral plane of human life. The exact teaching of the illustrious Order to which it is my privilege to belong, though as a pupil only, distinctly teaches that all disease (disorder) belongs to the intellect, and that the soul is always perfect in its own estate. Every soul is eternal and complete forever as an entity; it is only a sheath or vehicle of the soul which can possibly be subject to disease.

"Taken as a whole the views put forward by Dr. Lemoyne agree with the purest Greek philosophy, but

there are obscurities in phrase I would like to see corrected. When, for example, you declare that evil is absence of good, you are right in essential doctrine, but you make it plainer to the public intellect, which is often in a very befogged condition, when you explain that an evil state is a discordant one, and that inversion of good, rather than its simple absence, is the cause of sickness in the body politic as well as in the personal anatomical structure which is commonly called the human body.

“It is my special desire as a journalist whose printed words are widely circulated and read to make my definitions so exact that they will stand firm under the most crucial trial, and I have never yet found a critic who could refute me when I have stood immovable on the basis of that sound philosophy of which I am an aspiring exponent, which uncompromisingly accepts every fact revealed by science and turns every weapon brought against it into a means of its own defence.

“We are every one of us interested in promoting public as well as private health; we all long for blessedness and sigh for peace; we all seek to lift the pall of misery which overhangs society, and this great work we can accomplish if we do but follow closely in the path marked out for us by our duly qualified preceptors. I come before you to present the claims not of a dogmatic hierarchy, but of a system of practice which when strictly followed out proves itself true by the effects which it produces. You, as intelligent inquirers into Nature’s operations, cannot accuse me of seeking to foist upon you in any authoritative manner a system of doctrine when I only assure you that there are rules

of conduct which when faithfully obeyed ensure the blessings of which we are all alike in search.

“Speaking out of my own experience, I can truthfully declare that though six months ago my nerves made life a burden to me, I am now, in consequence of having followed the directions given me by my instructors, so enormously vigorous that neuralgia, neurasthenia and other terrible disorders from which I had chronically suffered are now rapidly fading even from my remembrance. I heartily commend Dr. Lemoyne’s teaching to the wide world and I shall do as much as in me lies to give it ventilation through the public press, but I do not hesitate to tell you that I am prepared to supply a supplement to even the best health lectures I have ever heard delivered and the time has fully ripened for a presentation of the rules of a higher life to select audiences in every civilized community.”

When Miss Catte ceased speaking a very eminent physician, Dr. Lawrence de Pue Jeffries, of Guy’s Hospital, arose and asked for particulars concerning that extraordinary method of preserving and recovering health which Miss Catte commended and vouched for so enthusiastically. “For,” continued he, “we as practising London physicians are constantly called upon to prescribe for neurasthenia and other complicated and disastrous nervous afflictions, and we often find ourselves sadly baffled in our attempts to heal.”

“My audience, and especially the members of the medical profession, to which Dr. Jeffries and myself have alike the honor to belong,” interjected Dr. Lemoyne, “can surely perceive at this advanced point in our present proceedings that Miss Catte is pressing the

claims of an Occult Fraternity which purports to have descended in unbroken continuity from the traditional island or continent of Atlantis in days when Poseidon and his sons reigned over the centre of world-wide civilization, while Dr. Dutton, from whose intensely practical lectures to students I gathered the staple of my discourse, seeks in his 'Order of Eden' to rend the veil from all mysteries and present to the public at large a system of healing within the reach of the humblest as well as the loftiest."

Opportunity was now given for another speaker to address the audience, and straightway arose a tall, handsome young gentleman who, though he spoke English fluently, was evidently of foreign birth. This doughty champion of Occultism, as he soon proved himself to be, commenced his unqualified endorsement of Miss Catte's position by stating that it could be readily conceded that Dr. Lemoyne's views were noble and ennobling and calculated to accomplish through their public ventilation much lasting good in England and America. Nevertheless, it was the imperative duty of those who knew more to teach more, and it was only through the higher teachers that *power*, as well as *knowledge*, could flow sufficient to instate or reinstate in perfect health a chronic neurasthenic subject. Psycho-magnetic treatment, when duly administered by thoroughly qualified persons, is adequate to overcome the worst case of neurasthenia ever brought to the attention of the most widely-experienced physician, but though the science and art of healing can be literally taught, theoretically and objectively, the grace to render treatment efficacious comes only through the living of an entirely virtuous life.

As controversy was now in order and no acrimonious feeling was displayed, Dr. Lemoyne found no difficulty in catechising the last speaker concerning his definition of virtue.

"Virtue," said the young Greek, who was evidently in communion with the Anastasian Confraternity, "is complete mastery over thought and desire, resulting in consequent corresponding mastery over words and actions; therefore do I maintain that a life of virtue is impossible to those weaklings who counsel a rigidly moral external life according to conventional standards while they ridiculously declare that they cannot control their thoughts or prevent desires from wandering. Miss Catte is fully competent to expound in her own language the open secret by means of which she has gained a large victory over her once refractory nervous centres. I am commissioned by my Superiors to preach the gospel in this hall next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and I cordially invite Doctors Lemoyne and Jeffries and all other professional persons present to accept from me cards of invitation for that occasion. Admission will be by ticket only."

After much discussion of the main features of Ontology, in which the major portion of the audience to some extent participated, the meeting slowly dispersed amid eager speculations concerning the tone of the next gathering.

CHAPTER XXII

AN IDEAL CIRCLE FOR SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

MRS. PARROT'S RETURN TO LONDON

THE immensity of London and the amazing multiplicity of the interests which absorb the attention of its inhabitants are necessarily conducive in large degree to lack of general knowledge concerning the deeper mysteries of Occultism and the highest aspects of Spiritualism. Circles, séances, meetings, lectures, conversaciones galore are freely advertised and are largely within the reach of the inquiring public, but the private sanctuaries where mediumship of rare excellence is developed well nigh to perfection are entirely beyond the pale of those who are everywhere except within the inmost ring of that extraordinarily select freemasonry of the Illuminati, whose psychic experiences and occult investigations are completely hidden from the outside world.

Once in every few years some particularly gifted sensitive, often a rarely developed "physical medium," and oftener still a singularly lucid clairvoyant, astonishes the world with semi-public demonstrations of highly convincing mediumship and then retires into private life or seemingly into obscurity. The unknowing multitudes who have been sensationalized by what was to them a proverbial "nine days' wonder" are now speculating occasionally as to what can have become of their once idolized "sensitive," or they accept the common

rumor that so and so has "abandoned mediumship," which is usually nothing but a canard. The most delicate conditions are invariably and inevitably necessary for the production of these marvellous psychological phenomena, which reach their culminating glory in "full-form materialization," or, better still, in the perfected apparition of an etheric form which could never by any possible mistake be confounded with the physical body of a deceiving conjuror personating for the nonce a friend who is now comfortably detached from material organization. No less necessary are delicate conditions for perfect "test-mediumship," and though it may offend the susceptibilities of many meeting-managers and séance-holders to declare it in public print, it must be stated that the principal drawback to the spread of organized and unorganized Spiritualism both in England and America has been the crass ignorance of Spiritualists as well as simple investigators into Spiritualism displayed in the pernicious practice of holding miscellaneous (often rowdy) circles in public dance halls and also in attempting to ring up the curtain upon an exhibition of "fully materialized spirits" at so much per head for admission to show evening after evening at a stated hour regardless of the observance of even the most elementary conditions. The Society for Psychological Research does not sneer at necessary conditions, and it is one of the most encouraging signs of advancing interest in spiritual phenomena at large to note the steady progress being made everywhere where culture and refinement are permitted to hold sway in the direction of evolving phenomena of no inconsiderable evidential value in the homes of members of select private societies whose members

are banded together for practical, persistent, whole-souled inquiry into the mysteries of the universe.

The busy winter of 1901-2 saw many celebrities in London, and the anticipated festivities in honor of the Coronation of King Edward VII, to take place during the ensuing June, naturally drew to England's centre all sorts of people from all sections of the globe. Mrs. Parrot had telegraphed to Miss Catte that she might arrive in London anywhere between February 20th and March 1st, and requested that lady to announce her coming as widely as possible, as she was intending to lecture on India and New Zealand, and also organize a Psychic College as soon as possible after her arrival. Mrs. Parrot's aged mother was ill in Camberwell, and though the old lady's disorder was not of such a nature as to render it liable that she would expire suddenly, Mrs. Parrot and her brother felt it a solemn duty to cut short their wanderings in the Southern Hemisphere and decline all invitations to settle in America, in order that they might comply with the urgent prayer of Mrs. Inkeriss that they make their home in London for the remainder of her earthly lifetime.

Mrs. Parrot, who held quite aloof from the Anastasian Confraternity which had completely captured Miss Catte in its official interest, did not oppose that Order in any manner; she simply did not intend to join it, and as she had experienced many wonders in India and Ceylon which she declared fully equalled anything the Greeks might have to offer, she continued to go on the accustomed tenor of her way, posing as a free-lance rather than as the accredited representative of any Occult Order, though all her friends knew perfectly well that she wore

the insignia of a very powerful and mysterious Fellowship. Rather more imposing than in former years and decidedly no less arrogant in manner did this stately dame appear when Miss Catte met her, escorted by Colonel Parrot, who looked every inch a general, at Charing Cross railway station on a cold, bleak morning close to the end of February. After the briefest interchange of courtesies on the railway platform the two travellers and the kind lady who was welcoming them back to England after several years of adventurous absence entered a four-wheeler and were quickly driven to somewhat distant Camberwell, where at 14 Corilla Terrace resided Mrs. Inkeriss with her married daughter and a grandson, who was now a rising young merchant in the City.

Mrs. Inkeriss was an ardent Spiritualist and had been such for over forty years, and all her surviving relatives were quite at one with her in her desire to keep fully in touch with the latest developments in Psychic Science. This elderly lady, though nearer ninety than eighty, was in full possession of all her faculties, both mental and physical, and had by means of her divining crystal closely followed the meanderings of her beloved son and daughter all over America, then through the Orient, and, finally, at the Antipodes. Mrs. Inkeriss declared she was never surprised at anything though she had not yet learned to completely blunt her nerves and steel her heart against the many trials and sorrowful vicissitudes which had often marked the track of her heavily laden years.

"Ye were coomin'. I knew it to the minute. Crys-sie never belies me," were the first words uttered by the venerable dame. Immediately the door was flung open

by Mrs. Parrot's darling sister, Mrs. Padersleigh, as the cab arrived at the old house in the not highly aristocratic but thoroughly comfortable neighborhood. Mrs. Inkeriss had been an actress for more than fifty years and all her life she had been called a "witch" alike by friends and foes to Spiritualism, and her claim to the title no one had ever found cause to dispute.

Miss Catte was about to retire after seeing Colonel and Mrs. Parrot comfortably installed in the bosom of their family, as she not unnaturally felt that a comparative stranger might be decidedly *de trop*, even though treated most affectionately on such an occasion, but Mrs. Inkeriss was even more strenuous than the Parrots in urging the claims of hospitality on "dear Cynthia," whom she declared must on no account miss the special séance which the "dear guides" had specially arranged for that very afternoon, to celebrate the home-coming.

No country in the world provides such pleasant homes as England, and the very pleasantest of them all are usually found in deeply respectable but not over-fashionable localities. Though 14 Corilla Terrace was by no means a large house — it contained only seven rooms beside bathroom and outhouses — it was, as Mrs. Inkeriss loved to call it, thoroughly "coomfortable," with a strong accent on the interpolated "o." Dining room, library, kitchen and four bedrooms easily sufficed for the wants of the household, and there was always room for a visitor when one arrived. The library was Mrs. Parrot's study and also the séance room in which the gathering was to be held directly after the early dinner, half-past one o'clock to the instant, had been slowly partaken of to the accompaniment of most interesting conversation.

Miss Catte had often seen Mrs. Parrot in her temporarily hired house in Sydney, and though she always admired her, she had invariably felt an undercurrent of restlessness in her atmosphere. At her own real home in England, surrounded by her family, Mrs. Parrot was anything but a restless woman, and the feeling of utter rest which surrounded her gave to her appearance as well as to her conversation and her manner a charm she had never displayed at the Antipodes.

"Australia is a hard country, and New Zealand is but little easier," was Mrs. Parrot's verdict on the British Colonies where she had so recently spent nearly two years of her active and eventful life. "I've had enough of roughing it for a time at least, at any rate," she exclaimed complacently as she held out her plate to her sister for a second helping of Brussels sprouts, a vegetable which always makes the eater feel at home in any continent.

"Ah, but ye'll go again, though not for three years to come," broke in Mrs. Inkeriss, with whom prophetic insight was chronic and seldom intermittent. "When ye were so well off in California, the three of ye, my two daughters and my grandson, and I was loning it along with the good Colonel and little Miss Finklestein (who's married now to a rabbi and doing well, God bless her), didn't Cryssie tell me ye'd go to India, the three of ye, then two would come back to me here and one (the Colonel) would go on to India to meet my Catherine and go with her to the far-away Antipodes. My Cryssie's never out; didn't I see Catherine altering the style of her hair, giving up the chignon in Calcutta, and doing it over a light frame, in place of a thick pad, for

coolness, then the net over it all in Melbourne, and the fire under the platform at Ballarat, when the kerosene foot lights were extinguished? I can read ye like a book, wherever ye may be, with my Cryssie."

"But, dearest mother," interposed Mrs. Parrot, "does Cynthia know about Cryssie? and how she came to us in the old storm-tossed days when I sold my back hair to buy writing paper, and frizzed it short on the stage when I was 'Arabella' in dear old Annabel's comic play with a grand moral lesson, *The Bridge of Monkeys*? Cryssie is mother's one familiar sprite, and she has a wonderful history. There was a time in Boston (that's in America) when we were down to our elbow joints; dear, brave mother never gave in, but if I hadn't sold my back hair (long and heavy in those days) I could never have procured the paper on which to write the play that purchased me a thirty weeks' engagement as 'Carissima' in the old Globe Theatre, which was afterwards burned down, on Washington Street. Cryssie had been a hunchback, a little girl who had sold flowers in the street like one of Dickens's heroines; she had perished from the cold, and when we were famishing on Shawmut Avenue in the awful winter of 1872, she made herself known to me at Mrs. Fanny Conant's public circle room in the old *Banner of Light* building on what was then Montgomery Place. I went in one afternoon, just before three o'clock, simply to get out of the cold for an hour or more; my gloves were rags and the thermometer registered ten degrees below zero. Mrs. Conant, a delicate little woman, gave a message to me from a little girl whom I had befriended on three or four occasions, and who was now going to befriend me. To

make a long story short, I went to Mrs. Conant for a sitting, received amazing satisfaction and was told to give my mother a crystal which a lady had left with Mrs. Conant to bestow on any person whom her guides should indicate. Cryssie is always within call of our family, but mother is her special medium, and when mother goes to the other side she will help me with the same dear old crystal, which no one handles but my mother, as we have always kept it sacred to her mediumship."

"How I wish I could see Cryssie materialized," exclaimed Miss Catte. "What is your opinion of the materializing circles one sees advertised and to which I have occasionally gone as an inquirer?"

"I don't like public séances in most instances," replied Mrs. Parrot. "My good friend Mrs. Mellon, whom I knew as a child, when we called her 'Fairly Lambie,' was agonizingly persecuted in Australia by reason of public materializing circles where she officiated as medium. I don't say there is no use for them or no good in them, but I do not encourage them; they are too risky for the medium and generally unsatisfactory to the sitters. In this house we shall have a weekly circle to which you, my dear Cynthia, are most cordially invited, and this afternoon, as soon as the rest of the party arrive, we shall sit for developments, and mother is positive that our return from Australasia will be solemnized by some unusual demonstrations."

The door bell rang just as Mrs. Parrot ceased speaking, and Mr. and Mrs. Puddingleigh, from Hammer-smith, were ushered into the library. This worthy couple were two of the staunchest old Spiritualists in

Great Britain and had been cronies of Mrs. Inkeriss for over forty years. This good couple had come originally from Inverness, and though they had accumulated considerable property in a London suburb by dint of constant work and faithful attention to the peunies which when carefully husbanded soon develop into sovereigns, they were never parsimonious where Spiritualism was concerned, and many were the "thin-haired" mediums who had gone to the Puddingleighs' plain but hospitable home nearly bald financially who had left the friendly roof with more than sufficient worldly means to send them on their way rejoicing. These excellent people never hesitated to give their opinions freely on the best means for advancing the cause which was nearest to their hearts, and when the Seybert Commission and other stupidities were on the tapis for discussion, they heartily endorsed Mrs. Parrot's peremptory declaration that the true way to support Spiritualism was to aid practically in training effective workers for public advocacy, and most of all, to keep going those excellent home circles in which the most perfect conditions can be studiously observed, and the manifestations, of whatever nature they may be, carefully looked into, so as to ascertain as nearly as possible their exact source and precise evidential value.

Soon after the arrival of the Puddingleighs came Miss Laetitia Magpins, a singularly gifted medium who had spent several years in Australia, and had on more than one occasion actively coöperated with Mrs. Parrot. No one else was expected, so the circle was immediately formed in the library. Mrs. Inkeriss, holding her famous crystal in a large white silk handkerchief,

occupied the seat of honor next the extemporized cabinet in which Miss Magpins took her seat. Mrs. Parrot sat next her mother; then came her sister, Mrs. Padersleigh. On the other side Mrs. Puddingleigh sat next the cabinet, with her husband next to her; then Miss Catte, who completed the circle.

Perfect harmony reigned undisturbed. A very fine musical box which the Orpheus Club had presented long ago to Mrs. Parrot was wound up and discoursed marvellously sweet music. The windows were filled for the time being with violet glass which exactly fitted into the frames, producing a double window for use during the séances and rendering possible whenever it might be needed an application of some portion of Dr. Babbitt's celebrated Color Cure (Chromopathy). No attempt was made to darken the room, but London afternoons in February are not usually very brilliant, though the sun does not retire till later than half-past five toward the close of that month and the circle on this occasion formed at three, and manifestations began almost instantly.

Mrs. Inkeriss looked steadily for a few minutes in her crystal, crooning softly and occasionally describing scenes with great precision of detail, but she soon desisted when the music ceased playing and a light fleecy shape began to form outside the cabinet in view of all the sitters. Cryssie, the familiar of the crystal, showed herself for a moment as a deformed child, precisely as she had appeared just before quitting her material body; then she quickly filled out and straightened up, and appeared a singularly attractive and radiant specimen of spiritual girlhood.

Miss Catte, being the only visitor to the family circle, received unmistakable proofs of the incontestable genuineness of this beautiful phenomenon, as she was invited to enter the cabinet in which Miss Magpins was quietly reposing, and then stand outside with Cryssie, who elongated and contracted her figure, making herself at one time taller and at another considerably shorter than her companions. One thoroughly convincing evidence is certainly worth more than a hundred dubious presentations, and had there been no other apparition that afternoon the visiting journalist would have felt herself thoroughly justified in writing an article for the Syndicate of newspapers which employed her, detailing her own experience that afternoon.

But one visitor alone did not complete the evidences that day presented, for no sooner had Cryssie retired than another and far more imposing figure began to slowly form outside the cabinet again, and this beautiful and glorious appearance proved to be one of the great inspiring intelligences who had been with Mrs. Parrot as a guardian spirit through all the checkered history of her eventful public career. This form did more than appear; it spoke and addressed words of special comfort and advice to each one present. Colonel Parrot, who was not in the circle on account of important business requiring his attention out of the house, was specially prescribed for, as his liver had suffered many things in India and his nerves were not in quite that robust condition his friends could have desired. The materialized spirit, who was known to the circle as "Boanerges," purely a title of dignity, spoke clearly but *sotto voce* in reply to all questions propounded, and

remained fully materialized for more than thirty minutes while Miss Magpins was peacefully entranced within the cabinet.

"Are you actually here?" questioned Miss Catte. The reply given was to the effect that it was unnecessary for a spiritual being to be actually locally present in order to inspire a sensitive or transmit a communication, but when a form was actually built up out of the surrounding elements the builder thereof was actually engaged in the work of building and animating the extemporized etheric structure commonly called a materialization.

"When you are inspiring Mrs. Parrot, how do you impress her brain?" was Miss Catte's second question, to which the apparition replied, "I flash my thoughts upon her sensorium as you may flash reflections on a screen; she articulates the syllables, but she does not originate the thoughts. When the lady who invites my inspiration places herself mentally and indeed wilfully in an attitude of complete passivity I suggest to her the words she shall speak and she immediately utters them; thus it follows that her flow of eloquence is uninterrupted though her speech is entirely extempore, and she makes no mental reservation before rising to speak as to what may be uttered through her vocal organs. I give her the thoughts and she utters them, often in the exact language I should myself employ were I yet mantled with material garments. The best among your now famous medical hypnotists and suggestionists follow exactly with their sensitives, who are willing in the fullest sense to act as media, the course I have pursued with the highly responsive woman who

implored me to sustain her in her maiden efforts in years gone by and who still retains perfect confidence in me and other inspiring helpers."

The third question put by Miss Catte referred to the part played by Miss Magpins, asleep behind the curtain, in the production of phenomena in front of the veil. The answer to this question was elaborately scientific and technical in some of its details, but the gist of it was to convey the idea that the special medium was a focal centre for receiving and radiating force collected from the elements. "Intelligence always acts through force upon matter. In this case I am the intelligent entity acting first upon the psycho-physical system of the entranced sensitive, and then upon corresponding elements contained in the atmosphere beyond. The bulk of the force and ingredients used in the upbuilding of a materialized figure is gathered from the surrounding atmosphere; thus, the medium entranced suffers no serious loss of vitality, but she supplies the nuclei of all that we can gather. I cannot collect for the purpose of constructing a fac-simile of my once material frame a single particle of sodium, potassium, or any other ingredient of its composition, except by virtue of the attraction of the first vitalized particle of such elements gathered from the living organism of the reposing sensitive. In a gathering such as this, where complete harmony prevails, there is no strain upon the medium's resources, for we suggest to her that she shall sleep as soon as she enters the cabinet; she accepts our suggestion, entrancing at once ensues, and she wakes after the séance as peacefully refreshed as in her own bed on any morning after she has enjoyed a good night's sleep."

After informing all present that he would fully explain the methods of materialization in a lecture which Mrs. Parrot would soon be inspired to deliver, he announced the end of that portion of the séance. The music box was again going and very soon Miss Magpins stepped from behind the cabinet curtain, appearing utterly unfatigued and expressing entire ignorance of all that had been presented to the sitters. "But," she added, "I have not been unconscious. I have again entered the realm of vision and I bring back with me remembrance of many scenes the record of which will prove of interest to you."

There was no hurry or flutter, but perfect calmness in the gaze and manner of this highly developed sensitive, who was always equable and ready at all times to give to the uttermost all that she received from spiritual sources. To Mrs. Parrot she had a great deal to say on this the day of her return to her dear old home after so protracted an absence, and she prefaced it by telling her a few incidents of her just completed voyage as an evidence that clairvoyant perception is able to justify itself as having the directest bearing oftentimes upon material affairs as well as concerning distinctly spiritual subjects. "I do not see material objects clairvoyantly," insisted the seeress, "but I see mental pictures of objects which engage your attention."

Colonel and Mrs. Parrot had travelled from New York to Southampton on one of the great steamers of the Nord-Deutscher Line, and extremely comfortable they had been, even though for economy's sake they had availed themselves of second saloon accommodation, but there had been a few incidents *en voyage* which had

slightly disturbed the worthy Colonel's equilibrium, and these Miss Magpins detailed with absolute fidelity to the original. Asparagus cooked in oil had rather offended the sensitive gentleman's gustatory susceptibilities, and the exact words he had used on the steamer to the steward when complaining of the article were repeated *verbatim* by the gifted sensitive.

After the séance, which was over about five o'clock, Miss Catte had a good opportunity for conversing privately with Miss Magpins in the library after the other members of the circle had betaken themselves elsewhere. There was to be a high social tea at half-past six in honor of the Parrots, to be followed by another séance, though of a different character, but to that later function Miss Catte was unable to remain, as professional duty made it incumbent upon her to put in an appearance at half-past eight at a fashionable chamber concert in Steinway Hall.

Miss Magpins proved herself a very pleasing and decidedly cultivated woman, no longer young, but in the full vigor of her prime, both mentally and bodily. In response to Miss Catte's inquiries she gave forth, among other particulars, the following details of her career:

"I was a lonely child, an adopted orphan in a family where there were no young people. My early training, though not unkindly, was severe, for I was almost entirely shut off from the companionship of children, and made to obey to the veriest letter the often arbitrary, and not always highly reasonable, commands of a governess who was a singularly strict disciplinarian without being — like George Washington's mother — a truly lovable individual. This governess, however, had de-

cided redeeming points and among them was a *penchant* for Spiritualism, to belief in which my adopted parents also decidedly leaned. When I was a very little girl I was often taken on Sunday evenings to Cavendish Rooms to hear the wonderful inspirations of Mrs. Tappan (known to the public of the world for the past twenty-five years as the celebrated Cora L. V. Richmond). When only ten years of age, I do not suppose I fully understood all that the gifted speaker poured forth during her brilliant inspired orations and in her fascinating extempore poetry, but I clearly grasped the main essentials of spiritual philosophy, and soon grew to comprehend and personally appreciate the mysteries and privileges of mediumship. I shall always feel truly grateful to my governess for taking me to those meetings, and I am happy to say that as I began to disclose unmistakable evidences of mediumship in my own capacity my life decidedly grew brighter and my relations with those around me became more genial. I lived in complete seclusion for several years at St. John's Wood, relieved by occasional visits to Brighton. This quiet, shut-in childhood, though it did not commend itself to me as particularly happy at the time, certainly proved beneficial to the unfolding of those strange capacities within me which have for the past fifteen years and over been singularly manifest in my life-work.

“My guardians went to Australia when I was eighteen and took me with them, and in Sydney and Melbourne for several years I officiated as a trance and clairvoyant medium. Six years ago materialization began to show itself just after my return to England, and it was Mrs.

Parrot who organized a circle in this house to help me to secure those select necessary conditions without which sensitives are often wrecked because they are induced to sit for manifestations with all sorts of people, often in the most objectionable environments. Mrs. Parrot's long absence from home has not seriously interfered with these regular sittings, though it was she who organized them, the Puddingleighs being thorough-going though very quiet workers in this exemplary attempt to give the best conditions possible for the demonstration of spiritual presences. Mrs. Inkeriss is a wonderful old lady; she was eighty-seven last birthday, and though she has her shakes occasionally, there are even now no serious evidences of the breaking down of her wonderful constitution. She doesn't usually take very kindly to strangers, but to me she has been always most hospitable. So have Mrs. Padersleigh and her son, though, as you well know, they were over a year in India, and Colonel Parrot has been at home of late very little.

"I have been domiciled in this house often for months at a time, and have given séances in this room to Lady Fitzscavenger and suite and other notable members of the British aristocracy. I have also appeared on twenty-six occasions before the Society for Psychical Research, and though the question of materialization was not broached, the clairvoyance I exhibited led Sir Wm. Crookes during the term of his presidency to mention me several times in the "Reports of Proceedings" in terms most complimentary. I also knew our faithful friend Myers almost intimately as he had more than fifty private interviews with me and was often highly satisfied with the results. Mrs. Parrot is a consistent champion

of all that is honest in Spiritualism, but she sometimes denounces vehemently the fraudulent practices which have been associated with its name; for that reason only is she regarded by a minority of American Spiritualists as not entirely friendly to our cause."

Seventy-five minutes soon slip by in pleasant conversation when the conversers find much of mutual interest to discuss; it was, therefore, not surprising that Miss Catte discovered when the two ladies were summoned to prepare for tea that a thousand questions seemed suggesting themselves to her mind, answers to which she desired to embody in her article to be entitled "A Delightful Interview with a Private Sensitive." At the tea-table Mrs. Parrot was very talkative and almost garrulously reminiscent of New Zealand, which was always the case when she was adorned with malachite, the beautiful green stone for which the "Switzerland of the Antipodes" is so greatly famous. Colonel Parrot was genial, cordial, and very glad to endorse all that his sister had to tell of their wonderful exploits and enormous audiences.

Harry Padersleigh, Mrs. Parrot's nephew, made no attempt to conceal his delight at her return, for though he was a great many years her junior they had become decided comrades in India, where he functioned as her secretary while she was completing her great work on "Magic and Mystery of the Orient." During the two years in which he had been separated from his aunt he had developed into a well-to-do "something in-the-City" gentleman; he was decidedly good-looking and he knew it, but he was amiable rather than supercilious in demeanor toward all his aunt's acquaintances.

A social meal leisurely partaken of in genial company is certainly one of the most delightful of earthly functions, and for workers who have travelled wide and just returned to their home nest there is something peculiarly invigorating and at the same time restful in the sight of Crosse & Blackwell's preserves and Keiller's marmalade on what one feels to be in a peculiarly near sense one's very own tea-table.

Miss Catte's hansom called at eight o'clock just as Mrs. Parrot had finished her seventh cup of tea and detailed a graphic account of her adventures among the Maoris, those New Zealand natives who have a wonderful Spiritualism and Occultism all their own, and many of whom display rare intelligence on all subjects with which they are to any appreciable degree acquainted. Mrs. Parrot, though by no means favorable to the idea of complete racial amalgamation, strongly favored a reasonable understanding between different peoples, and it was one of the chief glories of her platform and literary career that she invariably insisted upon the need for intelligent coöperation on the part of members of differing but not properly discordant nationalities.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MYSTERIES OF PALMISTRY

SINCE Miss Catte had risen to the rank of a highly distinguished international journalist and had become numbered among those lady lecturers from whom a cultured audience may always expect to derive instruction as well as entertainment, she had gradually but surely risen into active prominence on the lecture platform, especially when some ladies' club desired to present to its members and invited guests a somewhat bizarre subject treated in a thoroughly up-to-date and not unpractical manner.

On the day following Mrs. Parrot's return to London Miss Catte appeared before a fashionable West End audience, under the auspices of a very high-toned Ladies' Improvement Society, to consider the mysterious problem of palmistry, not altogether disconnected from astrology, which is in these days a very popular topic in fashionable circles. Manimorphology as a new word introduced in New York a few years earlier had created quite a sensation, but its originator, a lady of considerable culture and intelligence, had disowned all sympathy with plebeian palmistry and declared that patrician manimorphology, meaning the science of the palm of the hand, was not even to be classed as any near relative of chirolology, chirognomy or chirosophy, though those

three thoroughly scientific terms can claim great antiquity and are sufficiently classic in form and sound to declare their origin in that wonderful Greek language which to this very day furnishes us with a large majority of all our best and most explanatory scientific phrases.

Miss Catte did not read hands, except in very rare instances, and then quite privately, but she had familiarized herself to a considerable extent with the cream of all available information on the subject of hand reading, and in her capacity of journalist being compelled to crowd as much matter into as little space as possible, she had grown to be quite an expert in the art of literary condensation. Her carefully prepared papers, which she often read in lieu of delivering extemporaneous addresses, though they usually lacked the fire and glow of manner which characterized Mrs. Parrot's brilliant inspirational orations, were particularly well adapted for presentation to critical audiences supplied with note-books, and they were also extremely valuable for preservation in printed form after having done duty as popular lectures.

Facing her audience, clad in her favorite costume of pale blue silk covered with white lace and ornamented with a few pink rosebuds, Miss Catte delivered in Pompadour Hall to a very distinguished company the following essay. She read clearly and deliberately; and her manuscript was by no means obtrusively in evidence.

Our Hands and What They Reveal to Us.

With the revival of interest in all things ancient and Oriental, palmistry (more correctly chiromy) has, together with astrology, been recently brought very prominently before the public all over the English-speaking

world. So much is this the case that no one can long occupy a position as lecturer, editor, or press correspondent, without being called upon to express some decided views concerning this intensely interesting question. Can we read character and trace destiny in the shape and markings of the human hand, and if we can, what degree of support does hand-reading give to fatalism or the theory of necessity? Such queries demand reply, and it is for whoever poses as a public teacher to answer such interrogations as far as possible in the light of actual discovery. The theory of chiromy is of course antecedent to its practice; but as we are all endowed with hands, and have many opportunities for examining our own and those of our companions, we need not remain devoid of knowledge based on actual experience. The well-read student does not need to be told that this science is very ancient, for his acquaintance with Greek history and literature must have furnished him with many proofs of its widespread influence in the days of Aristotle, and it is certainly not to be inferred from history that it was at all a new science considerably more than two thousand years ago. As the Greeks confessedly derived much of their knowledge from Egypt, as the Hebrews had done before them, there is strong presumptive evidence that the learned among ancient Egyptians were well versed in what has been called divination by means of the hand. For practical purposes it is not necessary to trace the career of the chiromy from country to country and from century to century; suffice it to say that an ever-increasing multitude of intelligent people are now consulting palmists, and in the cheapest pocket edition of an encyclopedia one is apt to find a

very fair outline of the several types of hand to be met with in civilized communities, to which is generally appended some description of the significance of the leading lines and other easily distinguishable markings.

The word palmistry is necessarily inadequate to describe the science of chiromancy, which makes a study of the entire hand and every feature thereof, for palmistry is derived only from the Latin *palma*, signifying palm; and though the palm of the hand is highly significant, those who call themselves palmists are, as a rule, by no means unfamiliar with the meaning of the indications found in fingers, wrist, and other portions of that wonderfully executive member of the human body which stamps its name *manus* upon every manufactured article. We may well ask, How should we get along if manufacturing should cease? If, then, this particular member is the executive agent of man's designing intelligence, and is the direct servant of the brain in ultimating the desires of the intelligent entity, it is surely quite within the province of reason to look to that member for indications of the mental condition of its possessor.

The best writers on Mental Science all insist that *destiny* is whatever is possible unto us, while *fate* may be regarded as the sum of those external conditions which we encounter while working out, more or less perfectly, our inwrought abilities. Many distinguished professors of chiromancy have enumerated seven types of hand.

The well-known "Cheiro," who has made a great sensation alike in Europe and America, has named these types, first, Elementary; second, Square; third, Spatulate; fourth, Knotty; fifth, Conical; sixth, Psychical; seventh, Mixed. The first of the seven types, according

to this classification, is rarely, if ever, to be found in civilization, as it is a savage, barbaric, monkey-like hand almost entirely deficient in thumb. The six remaining types are to be met with everywhere.

Before proceeding to describe these varieties of hands in detail, we had better familiarize ourselves with a few general descriptive facts concerning hands at large, that we may be prepared to more evenly estimate the importance of specific type in expressing character. One of the first things to be remembered is that the three joints, or phalanges, of the fingers correspond to the distinctive realms of character often called the three worlds. The lowest of the joints evidences our hold upon material things or basic principles. The second, or middle, portion of the fingers displays our intellectual development. The nail phalange reveals our moral, idealistic, and spiritual tendencies. These remarks apply to all hands, irrespective of type. When the three joints are equally balanced, so that it is almost impossible to say that one is any fuller than another, we are looking at the hand of a person whose development is unusually harmonic or symmetrical. When the nail phalange is exceptionally tall, unusual ideality is revealed; when it is unusually short, a dull, prosaic turn of mind is indicated, even though the middle joint may be fairly lengthy, which is a sign of good average intellectual ability; but some intellectualists, as we are all aware, never seem capable of rising to an appreciation of idealism, or of understanding the meaning of insight or intuition. A very full development of the lowest phalange invariably shows great affection for the material side of everything, though if the other phalanges are also well developed, sensual-

ity or gross materiality is not indicated. When this phalange is almost attenuated, and there are wide gaps between the fingers near the palm, we note an indisposition to attach even due importance to the material side of existence, as in the case of happy-go-lucky people, who, though they are often very kind and generous, are likely to err on the side of financial improvidence, or display unseemly laxity in business management. In consequence of the very close connection between astrology and chiromy in olden times, astrological terminology still attaches to palmistry, and it is sincerely believed by many expert hand-readers that there is a veritable occult justification for this ancient nomenclature. The sun, moon, planets and all twelve signs of the Zodiac have their correspondences in collective humanity and in every human individual, according to esoteric astrology, which has always countenanced, as it originally gave birth to, the often-quoted saying, "The wise man rules his stars; the foolish man obeys them." Our own stars are our own faculties, and these, it is said, are our points of contact with solar, planetary, lunar, and interstellar influences respectively.

The first, or index, finger is named for Jupiter; its nail phalange represents the first of the Zodiacal signs, (the Ram); its second phalange expresses Taurus (the Bull); and its third phalange Gemini (the Twins). The middle finger is named for Saturn, and its phalanges express, first, Capricorn (the Goat); second, Virgo (the Virgin); third, Pisces (the Fishes). The third finger is dedicated to Apollo (the Sun). Its phalanges express, first Scorpio (the Scorpion); second, Leo (the Lion); third, Aquarius (the Water-bearer).

The fourth, or little, finger is named for Mercury. Its phalanges express, first, Libra (the Scales); second, Cancer (the Crab); third, Sagittarius (the Marksman). The mounts at the base of the fingers are said to show forth the qualities indicated by the fingers under which they are found to an enlarged degree. The thumb, which is the fulcrum of the hand, expresses *will* in the nail phalange and reasoning power in the second joint. The Mount of Mars is between the thumb and first finger. Directly below it is the Mount of Venus. Mars is also represented on the palm below the Mount of Mercury. The Mount of Luna (the Moon) is just above the wrist, below the Field of Mars. The three principal lines in every hand are the Heart Line, running across the palm, not very far below the mounts at the base of the fingers; the Head Line, crossing the palm below the Heart Line; and the Line of Life, dividing the thumb section from the rest of the member. The Line of Venus is within the circuit taken by the Life Line, and is sometimes called an adjunct thereto. The Line of Saturn runs up the middle of the hand from near the wrist to the base of the middle finger. The Solar Line runs up to the third finger in a similar direction, and the Mercurial Line proceeds in the same manner toward the final finger. The Wrist Lines (bracelets, or rascettes, as they are sometimes called) indicate reserve force and recuperative ability, but they are not named in any special astrological manner.

In examining a pair of hands it is necessary to remember that the *left*, which is the more passive hand, indicates most strongly inherited tendencies; while the *right*, which is decidedly the more positive and active

hand, is constantly displaying results of individual action, and therefore shows what we are making of ourselves, and how we are dealing with opportunities. Marion Crawford, in his very interesting romance of modern India, "Mr. Isaacs," has made his hero responsible for a fatalistic view of astrology, which is entertained very largely by Mohammedans wherever found; but even *Kismet*, which means the portion of good and evil allotted by Allah (the Supreme) to every human being, is not so fatalistically regarded by some Mohammedans as by others; and as the Koran in many places highly extols virtue and severely condemns vice, it can hardly be maintained that the Prophet of Mecca taught a system of absolute fatalism, seeing that such a doctrine carried to its logical ultimatum would necessarily reduce every one of us to the level of mere automata, and it is absurd to apply moral tests to the necessary movements of an automaton. In India and Ceylon, and indeed over the entire Orient to-day, astrology and chiromancy hold the highest places in the esteem of the learned as well as of the illiterate among Brahmins, Buddhists, Parsees and Mohammedans; but there is an immense difference between the useful, because enlightening, teaching of the truly philosophic all over Asia, and the blind fatalistic superstitions of the fanatical and unlearned. Though without attempting to verify our every statement as in accord with Hinduism or any other Oriental system of religion or philosophy, we should seek to discuss and explain all matters brought under our notice from a practical as well as a theoretic standpoint, and particularly do we feel called upon to insist chiefly upon those aspects of a question which can

be so presented as to serve the highest utilitarian ends, or else be so perverted as to foster blind presumption in some and abject despair in others. Phrenology and physiognomy are ridiculed to-day by "learned ignorance," yet the claims of these closely allied sciences are thoroughly substantiated by actual experience. Whenever we encounter a would-be scientific man or woman who casts discredit upon these highly useful branches of knowledge, we respectfully refer them to the well-digested testimony of the eminent Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, universally regarded as one of the greatest naturalists known to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Equally with phrenology and physiognomy, chiromy submits itself to the living public, and offers to give proof of all its main assertions, though in minor details there is great scope for individual differences of judgment; and it may be further stated that accuracy in minute details (as in the case of astrology also) can only be achieved by long practice and most careful examination. Clairvoyants do very often reveal much that they have not gathered from observation or study; but except in cases where clairvoyance plays an important part, the hand-reader must be willing to be a diligent student, and carefully compare one hand with another, and also be disposed to refrain from hazarding assertions when indications are not fully plain to his understanding.

The rationale of chiromy consists in the well-known connection between the brain and all portions of the body. Our entire structural organism is only the brain writ large. Emanuel Swedenborg, in the eighteenth century, astonished Europe with his wonderful production, "The

Soul, or Rational Psychology," which, not being included in his distinctly theological writings, which his followers have so industriously circulated in all parts of the world, is less widely known than it well deserves to be. But apart from that particular book, which we especially commend to students, together with the same author's "Intercourse between Soul and Body," there are numberless passages scattered throughout the voluminous writings of the great sage and seer of Sweden which fully explain his memorable sentence, "The soul extends itself into all things (or parts) of the body."

Dr. J. R. Buchanan, in the nineteenth century, made many independent discoveries along this line, which he has given to the public in his "Journal of Man," and particularly in his great medical work, "Therapeutic Sarcognomy." We refer to these publications for the benefit of those who wish to fortify themselves with scientific facts and philosophic reasons when called upon to answer the very frequent question, How can our hands tell our characters? Our brains are directly the organs played upon by the intelligent entity which is the abiding spiritual human individual, and from the brain proceeds a continuous vitalizing effluence, designated "astral fluid" by Occultists, which finally reaches the extremities of the structural organism — hands and feet. It is of course possible to delineate character to some extent by the feet, but because the hands are used so directly in all executive work they display most of all the interworking of the "astral fluid."

Concerning the seven types of hand already enumerated, we need to remember that the seventh, or Mixed, is by far the most usually met with among people whom

we ordinarily encounter, and this variety of hand ranges all the way from the most beautiful and harmonic to the ugliest and most discordant, according to the disposition and condition of its possessor. A well-mixed hand—*i. e.*, a hand displaying varied types in part, but no single type in whole—is an infallible sign of versatility, and reveals that its owner can be what is known as a general factotum. The inharmonic mixed hand, which looks confused or muddled, indicates the “Jack of all trades and master of none,” or the Micawber-like individual who is always waiting for something to turn up, but never sets to work by his own industry to turn anything up. The Elementary hand is well illustrated in the chimpanzee, which has four well-formed fingers, but scarcely any thumb, the thumb being the indicator of human power in every instance; not physical force, but mental ability.

The remaining five types of hand are constantly recognizable in varying degrees of perfection or completeness, though very exclusive types are extremely rare, and whenever found indicate extreme development in some special direction, so much so as to prove that their owners are cut out by nature for specialists or experts in the direction indicated by the significance of the highly marked type. The Square hand is generally thick, but not necessarily hard, and displays executive ability, but not originaive genius. If it be a rather soft, gentle sort of hand, its owner may be adapted for some artistic as well as mechanical pursuit, but it is the hand of imitative or reproductive talent only, never the hand of an inventor or musical composer, though it may be of an organist, pianist, or any other musician who plays from

note and memory, but does not attempt to compose or improvise. Careful copyists have this type of hand to perfection, so have portrait painters, who idealize and embellish nothing, but slavishly copy the rigid outlines of an uninteresting face and a stiff, ungraceful pose. Square-handed people are often highly conscientious, perfectly truthful and honest in all their dealings, and as workers under others they frequently excel, but they are not designers, discoverers, pioneers, or natural-born leaders.

The next type we shall consider is the Spatulate, or Nervous-Active, so called because of its spreading tendencies. Possessors of this variety of hand have usually a highly nervous temperament, but when in health, though they are nervously active to a high degree, they exhibit no neurotic tendencies. There is usually a feeling of tremor when such hands are grasped, arising from the intense action of electro-magnetic or vital force in the organism. This type of hand is adapted for literary work rather than for the duties of simple clerkship, and is often associated with good mathematical ability. Many expert bookkeepers and accountants have Spatulate hands, and so have many actors, singers, and professional people generally.

The Knotty, or Philosophic, hand is easily distinguished because of its prominent knuckles and very clearly differentiated joints. This is a legal hand, often found with good judges and successful barristers; also with umpires, arbitrators, and successful, though not always polished, diplomats. The fair-mindedness and consequent lack of prejudice and passion exhibited by the true philosopher make him a most valuable acquisi-

tion to any circle of society. "Look on both sides of a question" is apt to be the motto which guides such a person's entire life.

The Conical, or Artistic, hand is graceful in outline and decorated with handsome filbert-shaped nails. The cone-shaped fingers of the designer are easily recognized, and in this type we see displayed the peculiarities of those who are dowered with large imagination, and can therefore excel in producing romantic stories as well as in embellishing all they touch. The truly Artistic hand is always sensitive, and often suggests a degree of fastidiousness not always welcome to the simple utilitarian, whose views of what is practical do not rise to the empyrean of æstheticism, and to whom much of Ruskin's philosophy appears fanatical, though Ruskin was himself both mechanic and idealist, and combined in singular degree the qualities embodied in the Square mixed with the Philosophic and the Conical. The Psychic, or Ultra-idealistic, type of hand is long, slender, with tapering fingers and long, narrow nails. Some delineators, including "Cheiro," have called this type of hand most beautiful but very unfortunate, but its unfortunateness pertains only to the fact that its possessor is usually so very sensitive that unless she or he is guarded with exceptional care during childhood, and is permitted to live an unusually sheltered life after having reached maturity, contact with the rough elements of the common world is too severe a shock to so extremely delicate an organism. This variety of hand is found with "mediumistic" people who have seen visions and been the subject of extraordinary guidances and warnings from the earliest days they can remember. Psychometers,

clairvoyants, clairaudients, and, indeed, "psychics," or sensitives in general, when adapted to private but not public exercise of their gifts, are found with this variety of hand.

Now that so much popular interest attaches to psychical research, it would be extremely well for those who wish to pursue psychic studies profitably to secure the services of some natural psychic, and treat this sensitive as the Psychical Research Society has treated the celebrated Mrs. Piper at Boston for many years past. This gifted American lady, whose name appears with great frequency in the reports of the Society, is so carefully protected by her own family, as well as by the scientific ladies and gentlemen who have regular sittings with her, that her remarkable power continues and increases, while her own health, both mental and physical, is kept thereby fully up to par. Insanity, as well as all milder forms of mental and nervous derangement, continually proceed from the mismanagement of the psychic temperament, and as that temperament certainly exists, and chirologists can easily discover it, one of the great boons which can accrue to humanity by reason of an intelligent pursuit of this fascinating study is that it can be made serviceable in saving from unnecessary distress many a gifted and useful sensitive whose health is ruined and prospects blighted by the ignorance of neighbors who know nothing of how to train and shelter a specially susceptible nature. All these varieties of temperament are needed in the social organism, and when they are rightly comprehended all will be welcomed and all well treated.

We are often asked whether it is possible to predict

coming events from the hand, and to this question we must give a somewhat reserved reply. The past is imprinted as writing on a scroll, but this gradually disappears as the present makes its later impress, like overwriting upon a palimpsest. The near past and the immediate present are clearly legible, while the future, to use a common expression, "casts its shadow before it." Though the foregoing proverbial saying is very frequently employed by people who know nothing of the law of scientific prognostication, if they think at all they must be pressed with the inquiry, How can a shadow possibly be cast by a non-existent object? To reply to this interrogation one must needs have recourse to a psycho-physical theory of causation. The psychic, or sensitive, who is far more than simply a "palmist," is often guided either by intuition or clairvoyance to divine what is already taking place on the prior plane of subjective psychological activity, and must subsequently appear ultimated on the exterior plane of physical objectivity. Ideas, thoughts, mental habits, and unseen influence in general, take precedent action to those external results which come upon us unawares only when we have been paying exclusive heed to terrestrial phenomena. Prediction is simply *foreword*, if we translate literally, and it is given to all those whose sight is keener than ordinary to pierce the veil to some extent, and behold the oncoming event, which is as yet veiled behind the screen which shelters the entire realm of causation from those whose perceptions are quickened only to the observance of what already appears on the outermost surface of existence.

It is not alone the shape, size, and markings of our

hands which the chirologist is capable of reading, for very much can also be told from texture and skin. Very soft, flabby hands, regardless of special type, always indicate irresoluteness of will, and are generally indications of a low tone of vitality. Hot, dry hands denote irritability of temper and lack of adequate self-control, which is the chief cause of worry and nervous perturbation at large. Cold, clammy hands denote a fishy disposition, and are always accompaniments of a selfish or unduly shut-in nature. Such hands usually indicate sluggish circulation of the blood, a rather feeble pulse, and general lack of executive ability. The crudest dispositions are revealed by small hands with coarse skin, ugly nails, and forbidding hirsute appendages. The finest constitutions, coupled with the loveliest dispositions, are displayed when the hands are moderately large, firm, and vigorous, but adorned with exquisitely-shaped nails and covered with naturally velvet-like skin. Every observer knows that occupation has some effect upon the immediate condition of the surface of the hands, and even particular kinds of soap and varieties of water may leave a temporary impress; but we have seen many coarse hands belonging to aristocratic people who never soil or roughen their hands with any sort of labor, and who employ the manicurist regularly to keep their hands soft, white, and elegant. Character will display itself in spite of manicure, and such hands as belong to coarse-natured people are persistently coarse and unsightly, while many a day laborer or house-cleaner shows a beautiful, soft pair of hands, regardless of contact with roughening externals. When hands are in a rough condition solely by reason of the

nature of one's employment, oatmeal should be used with warm water for soaking the hands before presenting them to the palmist for examination, and for general cleansing a good quality of pure tar soap can be faithfully recommended. Much hair on the hands shows a tendency toward concealment; but when the nature is as a whole frank and generous, no deception accompanies good ability to keep one's own counsel and not blab about a neighbor's business. To examine all the minor lines on any hand, a magnifying glass is necessary; but for the beginner in the study it is enough to take a general outline view, and bear the following special points in memory:

First. — Look at both hands; examine each carefully, and pay close attention to their similarities and dissimilarities, always remembering that the left hand marks inheritance, and the right hand the result of one's own mental efforts.

Second. — Study the type by taking a general survey of the shape of the fingers and comparative length of palm, fingers, and phalanges. If the palm measures much more than the tallest finger, you may be sure the person has a good share of practicability in his composition; but if the palm is relatively short and fingers unusually long, you are gazing upon the hand of a visionary, one who may have many fine ideals and beautiful imaginations, which he can impart to others for practical execution, but which he cannot execute personally.

Third. — Study thoroughly the three principal lines — Life, Heart, and Head — with all their tributaries and dependencies, remembering that branchings which tend

upward denote aspirations, and those which point downward show tendencies to such pursuits as require those engaged in them to concentrate their mental energies upon things earthly rather than upon spiritual ideals.

As the names of Sun, Moon, and various planets are given to different sections of the hand, we ask every student to commit to memory, who wishes to become an efficient palmist, the following connections between titles and attributes:

The Sun (Apollo). — Our entire solar, or spiritual, being, from which the word soul is derived, the Latin *sol* being the basis of the English *soul*.

The Moon (Luna). — Our entire animal economy, which when developed exclusively or largely in excess of other and higher qualities induces lunacy.

Mercury. — The volatile element in man, to which quicksilver most nearly corresponds. This induces excitability, love of travel, and pursuit of material wealth.

Venus. — Invariably associated with all tender emotions, and with the poetic arts, induces love of music, paintings, sculpture, and every form of artificial as well as natural beauty.

Mars. — Conventionally termed the "God of War," signifies the intellectual element in the human constitution, which becomes truly amiable when affection is its developed counterpart. Intellect is always contentious and aggressive when immoderately developed, and dangerous when devoted to the service of the lower propensities. It is always forceful, but not warlike, when devoted to the execution of spiritual designs.

Saturn. — Represents the occult element in every

nature, and when prominent beyond the ordinary measure displays a decided tendency toward secretiveness and taciturnity; when very much in excess of other elements, it induces melancholy. Many geologists, chemists, alchemists, astrologers, and mineralogists, also people particularly fond of mining industries, besides many "book-worms," have the Mount of Saturn very prominent in both hands.

Uranus.—Signifies the remote, the unexpected, and the eccentric; therefore, whenever its influence can be clearly traced, the person is sure to exhibit singular traits of character and be liable to do surprising things, and also have an eventful career fraught with unusual occurrences.

Neptune.—Stands for depth of thought, enterprise, and, indeed, such unusual philosophical profundity that neither works on palmistry nor on astrology which are accessible to the general reader take much account of. The influence of this highly arcane element, like unto the spleen in the physical anatomy, is generally left very much undefined as to its uses in popular manuals of psychology. Though we have mentioned these two remoter planets—Uranus and Neptune—the student may read many books on palmistry, and consult the charts with which they are embellished, without finding any mention of them, though in Spark's "Scientific and Intuitive Palmistry," the first illustration shows the Line of Neptune a little above the first Wrist Line, not far from the Mount and Line of Luna. Whenever the influence of Uranus is decided, the first impression received from looking into the hand will be, "How peculiar!"

There is absolutely no incongruity between the mental science of self-mastery and a natural study of chirology, though there are extremists among renowned Mental Scientists who repudiate and discourage all studies except their own peculiar metaphysical theory. For our own part we are fully aware of the extremely beneficent force of mental suggestions of the right order in helping those who are oppressed with weaknesses to overcome them, but no teacher or practiser of mental therapeutics is called upon by any demand of science to deny, or even to ignore, those natural indications of character, temperament, and condition which phrenology, physiology, and chirology unitedly reveal.

As we advance mentally, morally, and spiritually, our heads, faces, and hands will continue to reveal our progress; and it is easily within the province of an intelligent and thorough-going Mental Scientist to rescue chirology, along with other kindred sciences, from the clutch of those pessimistic professors whose delineations serve to depress instead of exalting their clients. As many who know something of palmistry are also clairvoyants, it is not possible to say how much is often told from simple hand-reading, and how much results from a more interior phase of seership. The gypsies are for the most part seeresses, and possessed of considerable discernment outside their practice of palmistry, and it is a well-known fact among physicians (particularly in Vienna) that by gazing into the eye of a patient his entire condition can be diagnosed as photographed in the iris. Among trained Occultists the psychometric faculty is apt to assert itself to such a degree that simple

contact with a hand for an instant in total darkness will reveal to the adept everything concerning the individual that only the most skilful and widely-experienced chirologist could discover by the minutest examination. The people everywhere are interested in palmistry, but "Initiates" are few in number, and they are not advertising for clients in the market-place. The conscientious hand-reader can do much good and no harm whatever, provided he steers clear of fatalistic assumptions and confines his statements within rational scientific borders.

The above essay served to whet the appetite of all present for much particular information concerning peculiarities discernible in the hands of members of the audience, and the lecturer willingly consented to reply to a number of peculiar questions concerning the probable fate in store for people with broken Head Lines, broken Heart Lines, broken Life Lines, stars, crosses, grilles, squares, islands, *et cetera*, prominent on different portions of the hands of individuals whose course on earth is seemingly somewhat inconsistent with proceeding along an even tenor of life's way.

One lady in particular, who has recently taken her degree of Doctor of Medicine at a Continental university, was particularly desirous of extracting from Miss Catte her particular version of two broken Life Lines, as the lady in question had been told in America by a much-advertising palmist that when the Life Line was broken in both hands at a certain place it surely indicated disastrous accident and probably an early and violent death.

This lady, Dr. Olivia Minkelfischer, had lived a very retired life in a country town in California till she had reached the mature age of thirty-eight. She had had two offers of marriage, but had refused both in consequence of her fixed determination to remain her widowed father's housekeeper, companion and amanuensis. When her father suddenly passed to the unseen world, through the agency of a fit of apoplexy, Amelia Froghurst was left suddenly alone in the world, though by no means penniless. It was then that good Dr. Gustav Minkelfischer proposed a second time for her hand and heart and received both without any protracted wooing, as the young lady was truly attached to him, but had refused to entertain the thought of marriage so long as her beloved father needed her, and Dr. Minkelfischer was obliged to return to Germany, whither he took his bride a few weeks after her father's obsequies.

This lady declared she was now forty-three, having been married five years, therefore she ridiculed the idea of meeting with a tragic end at thirty-eight, since she had safely passed that age without encountering any calamity. She had asked the palmist who told her of the tragedy awaiting her when she reached thirty-eight (he believed her to be thirty-five at the utmost, and she certainly looked fully eight years younger than her actual age) whether it could refer to a near relative and not to herself personally, and he had said, "No, Madam, decidedly not; it is in both your hands and concerns you personally." She consequently desired to hear from Miss Catte how such incongruities could be accounted for.

The lecturer, who was never at a loss for a quick

reply to a question, readily declared herself quite able to explain the double sign in Dr. Minkelfischer's hands, which she did in the following language :

“ Breaks in Life Lines do not necessarily denote mishaps or calamities of any sort ; on the contrary, they often signify extremely good fortune, but in all cases they prefigure a decided change in the mode of one's existence. A girl, for example, is brought up quietly in a country village and lives to early middle age without signing the marriage contract or embarking in any professional career. She neither travels abroad nor makes a public mark at home, when suddenly an event occurs which takes her out into the wide world to occupy a position of which she never dreamed. In Dr. Minkelfischer's case it has been exactly so ; the two broken lines, one in each hand, clearly indicate a great change in which affection and intellect will be alike concerned, and her study of medicine after completing her thirty-eighth year and also her marriage to a man to whom she has given heart as well as hand, together with the blow to her affections administered by the sudden decease of a father to whom she was devoted, would fully explain the accuracy of chirollogical prediction un-mixed with anti-scientific speculation.

“ The ultra-pessimistic advocates of palmistry, together with the ultra-tragic, — and the two are often united, — have done much to shake public confidence in a genuine venerable science. Let intelligent women like Dr. Minkelfischer study the question at first hand by actual observation of many pairs of hands which they encounter in private and professional life continually, and they will soon see how easy it will become to separ-

ate the science of chirolgy from the barnacles of crude superstition with which it is often beset."

Another lady then rose to ask for an explanation of seven crosses on the left hand and five on the right, all of which she declared had been described to her as evil omens, portentous signs of awful coming disasters.

"Nothing of the sort," briskly responded Miss Catte; "the cross is an emblem of unification and betokens balance, equilibrium and all else that makes for harmony and steadfastness. 'Take up your cross,' rightly interpreted, means 'Live symmetrically; blend intellect with emotion so that the two become one in you.' Then when that interior marriage is consummated you will be a ruler of all things around you and know the import of the far-famed motto of the cross, '*In hoc signo vinces.*'"

Squares were described by Miss Catte as evidences of rectitude of character, islands as peculiar and unusual positions in which those whose hands contained them would be called upon to move, while grilles alone were defined as obstacles, or bars to progress, which indomitable will could readily overleap.

Time flew by on swiftest wing, as it always does when people are intensely interested, and as the allotted two hours for the session had been considerably overstepped, Miss Catte declared herself unable to remain longer with them on that occasion, but hoped to see them in the same hall on the following evening, when Mrs. Parrot would take the platform for the first time after her return from the Antipodes, and as her subject would be "Through War to Peace," they might certainly count upon a thrilling lecture. She also announced that on the following Sunday evening in the

same place a very unusual service for the people would be held, as a missionary brother appointed by the Anas-tasian Confraternity would address the multitude on "The Science of Holy Living." This young man, she declared, was possessed of marvellous gifts and could prove his credentials by the wondrous works which he accomplished, and she further declared that she knew that the Order which had sent him forth was equal to all emergencies.

CHAPTER XXIV

THROUGH WAR TO PEACE

MRS. PARROT'S lecture in Pompadour Hall attracted an immense audience. "The Onward Movement of Man" was its sub-title; its text was substantially as follows:

Despite the encouraging optimism of these progressive times, the growl of the dissatisfied pessimist is not infrequently heard to break what might otherwise become a too complacent and easily self-satisfied time-spirit. The pessimist unquestionably has his use, if he rouses some people to a sense of the urgent need for further reform in civic life than has yet been accomplished. It seems, however, difficult to trace any directly logical relation between pessimism and progress, seeing that all truly forward movements must be inspired by the trinity of graces — Faith, Hope, and Love — without whose benign presence no undertaking for the benefit of humanity can be successfully conducted.

Let the outcry against wrong be ever so vehement, and ever so well justified, it can only end in despair of finding a remedy for the grievances complained of unless we are encouraged to look with confidence to the certain triumph of rectitude, provided we put our shoulders resolutely to the wheel and work untiringly in harmony with the dauntless energy which ever makes for

righteousness. War is a terrible calamity for those who are immediately concerned in its ravages; but its ultimate end is peace on a surer footing than before its outbreak. Plague is a terrible disaster; but the result of pestilence is to leave cities cleaner than it found them.

The scientific leaders of modern thought are now indulging in a very happy vein; and though they are by no means blind or indifferent to the miseries around them, they are not only wisely consecrating their knowledge and influence to a temporary alleviation of present misery, but they are devoting the major portion of their energies to devising ways and means for the decided betterment of coming generations.

Among recent additions to popular scientific literature, Nikola Tesla's wonderful contribution to the *Century Magazine* (June, 1900) deserves to take an exceptionally distinguished place. Tesla's marvellous electrical experiments have led him to some very surprising conclusions, among which the substitution of automata for living soldiers on the battlefield is perhaps the most significant. While treating graphically on three ways of increasing human energy, this renowned electrician proceeds to explain some most ingenious devices for preventing loss of life in warfare, pending a still more enlightened age in which the warlike spirit will have been entirely superseded by purely humane instincts. It is never wise to ignore or slight those necessary half-way measures which must be taken prior to the accomplishment of a complete result. All friends of peace and arbitration, and all who would be glad to assist in ridding the world of the ancient curse of bloodshed, should hail with gladness Tesla's great discoveries, and set to

work without delay to get his practical inventions working on the field of conflict. It is intensely interesting to note that Tesla places all his hopes for an improved condition of human society on the fundamental base of the perfect solidarity of the human family, which is indeed the only foundation on which any genuinely scientific and truly philanthropic structure can abide. Tesla's own words are as follows :

“ When we speak of man, we have a conception of humanity as a whole, and before applying scientific methods to the investigation of his movements we must accept this as a physical fact. But can any one doubt to-day that all the millions of individuals and all the innumerable types and characters constitute an entity, a unit? Though free to think and act, we are held together, like the stars in the firmament, with ties inseparable. These ties we cannot see, but we can feel them. I cut myself on the finger, and it pains me ; this finger is part of me. I see a friend hurt, and it hurts me too ; my friend and I are one. And now I see stricken down an enemy — a lump of matter which, of all the lumps of matter in the universe, I care least about — and still it grieves me. Does this not prove that each of us is only part of a whole? For ages this idea has been proclaimed in the consummately wise teachings of religion : probably not alone as a means of ensuring peace and harmony among men, but as a deeply founded truth. The Buddhist expresses it in one way, the Christian in another ; but both say the same : We are all one. Metaphysical proofs are, however, not the only ones we are able to bring forth in support of this idea. Science, too, recognizes this connectedness of separate individuals,

though not quite in the same sense as it admits that the suns, planets, and moons of a constellation are one body ; and there can be no doubt that it will be experimentally confirmed in times to come, when our means and methods for investigating psychical and other states and phenomena shall have been brought to great perfection."

The above quotation, though a very brief excerpt from Tesla's extended disquisition on this momentous theme, suffices to clearly indicate the trend of reasoning pursued by this brilliant man of science, whom none can accuse of idle dreaming, seeing that his practical inventions place him in the very front rank of definite demonstrators of noble theories. With consummate ability this great scientific worker has traced the vast and rapid strides made by mechanical science during the concluding years of the nineteenth century, and predicts for the twentieth, upon which we are now entering, far greater triumphs than any which its predecessors could boast.

The particular value of such reasonings as those of Tesla, to the special student of ethical progress, is the convincing evidence they bring to bear upon the mighty problem of Health as related to Morals. The truly "metaphysical" practitioner, in days to come, cannot be a person who stands alone, alienated or aloof from the great industrial army of physical scientists around him. He must be, before all else, one who can understand and show the true relation between physics and metaphysics, to the end that many workers in varying fields of *harmonious*, though by no means *uniform*, enterprise may see that there is no sort of conflict between the scientific discoveries which are often miscalled material and those revelations of the nature of mind and power of spirit

which lead our thoughts directly to the fountain-head of all energy — Pure Intelligence.

Tesla's attitude on the War Question is both conservative and radical; and though it may not fully satisfy the extremist advocates of peace at any price, it will undoubtedly stimulate a very large number of people to think far more soberly on the question of bloodshed on the field of battle than they have ever thought before. Tesla's own words will best define his unmistakable position. After vividly contrasting the awfully brutal encounters of days of old with the far more civilized methods of modern warfare, he exclaims, "Let pessimists say what they like, here is an absolute evidence of great and gratifying advance." Then he continues:

"But, now, what is the next phase in this evolution? Not peace as yet, by any means. The next change which should naturally follow from modern development should be the continuous diminution of the number of individuals engaged in battle. The apparatus will be one of specifically great power; but only a few individuals will be required to operate it. This evolution will bring more and more into prominence a machine or mechanism, with the fewest individuals, as an element of warfare; and the absolutely unavoidable consequence of this will be the abandonment of large, clumsy, slow-moving and unmanageable units. Greatest possible speed and maximum rate of energy-delivery by the war apparatus will be the main object. The loss of life will become smaller and smaller; and, finally, the number of the individuals continuously diminishing, merely machines will meet in a contest without bloodshed, the nations being simply interested, ambitious spectators.

When this happy condition is realized, peace will be assured. But no matter to what degree of perfection rapid-fire guns, high-power cannon, explosive projectiles, torpedo boats or other implements of war may be brought — no matter how destructive they may be made — that condition can never be reached through any such development. All such implements require men for their operation; men are indispensable parts of the machinery. Their object is to kill and destroy. Their power resides in their capacity for doing evil. So long as men meet in battle, there will be bloodshed. Bloodshed will ever keep up barbarous passion. To break this fierce spirit, a radical departure must be introduced, something that never existed before in warfare — a principle which will forcibly, unavoidably turn the battle into a mere spectacle, a play, a contest without loss of blood. To bring on this result men must be dispensed with — machine must fight machine.

“But how accomplish that which seems impossible? The answer is simple enough. Produce a machine capable of acting as though it were part of a human being — no mere mechanical contrivance, comprising levers, screws, wheels, clutches, and nothing more; but a machine embodying a higher principle, which will enable it to perform its duties as though it had intelligence, reason, experience, judgment, and mind. This conclusion is the result of my thoughts and observations, which have extended through virtually my whole life; and I shall now briefly describe how I came to accomplish that which at first seemed an unrealizable dream.”

After the foregoing introduction, the narrator proceeds to recount some of the most impressive experiences

of a psychical nature which have ever been introduced into a clearly scientific article.

It appears that during boyhood Tesla experienced sensations and saw visions which might commonplacely be attributed to some derangement of the eyes; but, though a pathological suggestion is contained in the narrative, the sequel abundantly justifies our own conviction, that a singularly sensitive and highly nervous temperament was being employed for the transmission of information of the highest advantage to mankind.

Highly stimulated perceptions, no matter of what special nature, appear like disorderly states to the uninitiated. For that very reason it is possible for so highly educated a man as Max Nordau to attribute to neurotic disorder the most brilliant achievements of transcendent genius. If it be the case that all the greatest scientific discoveries are prefaced by some seeming disorder of the nervous system, resulting in strange affections of some portions of the physique, then it surely behooves us to inquire into this mystery, and seek to discover a more rational explanation of certain weird phenomena than is usually attempted. Imagination is a very important factor in scientific discovery, and one has only to read the works of such illustrious physicists as the renowned Professor Tyndall to see the high place assigned by truly representative scientists to this much-maligned, because grievously misunderstood and often distorted, faculty.

Tesla's own account of his singular experiences can be fully explained in the light of spiritual influx, and one portion of his narrative, wherein he speaks of himself as an automaton, could easily be employed as an

illustration of what may well be termed an exalted phase of mediumship. However much or however little there may be of ultimate truth in Tesla's theory that we are constantly responding to external stimuli, and that our dreams, equally with our waking experiences, are due to this cause, the fact remains undisputed and indisputable, that in the broadly inclusive meaning of the term, *environment* is immensely responsible for average, and even for extraordinary, human conduct.

Suffice it to say that Tesla's strange experiences have led him to construct machines which will entirely take the place of soldiers; and, as soon as their practicability is realized by the great warring nations of the earth, they will certainly be called into active requisition. So that it is not too much to hope that the present generation may witness battles fought without the loss of a single drop of blood, or the commission of a single act of cruelty. Absolute peace, according to Tesla, will not be the immediate portion of this planet; but it will surely come, though not until all intellectual darkness has been dissipated by the light of science, all nations merged into one, and patriotism shall have become identical with true religion, which must be universal.

Leaving the War Problem, Tesla takes us for another excursion, into a still more fascinating field of scientific investigation, his chief delight being to construct ingenious devices for harnessing solar energy. All who are interested in solving the gigantic problem of the maintenance of an ever-increasing number of human beings, in accordance with the highest modern ideas of health and comfort, must look to pure science, which is in absolute harmony with the fullest gospel of coöperation in

all things, for bright light upon the methods whereby vast populations can be healthily and comfortably sustained, where want and confusion are now rampant. The cry of over-population is a senseless one in such a country as Australia, where it is estimated that the entire population of the gigantic island is only about five million. Twenty times that number of persons would be only a scant population spread over so immense a territory. But the problem of the unemployed demands solution in Sydney and Melbourne, as well as in London and Chicago.

Leaving aside for the present all arraignments of present economic conditions, more or less unjust, we do well to listen to the guiding voice, and follow the beckoning hand of purely progressive and constructive science. We want no wars to kill off surplus human beings, nor fatal pestilences to remove the so-called "unfits." Blind attacks upon heads of nations, and infuriated outcries against industrial inequality, will never reform the world; but applied science will.

The manufacture of iron is one of the great industries of Great Britain and other leading countries. As conducted at present, the process is a most wasteful one. Tesla tells us that by utilizing the sun's energy, in place of an extravagant waste of coal, we could do a great deal quickly to vastly improve the condition of the poor in England and other countries. Not only does Tesla demonstrate the manifold uses of electricity, in addition to furnishing abundant testimony as to how it can be more readily laid hold of for practical purposes; he calls our attention to the potentialities of limestone and many other natural products which are by no means

utilized as they could be at present. Motive power can be obtained without consuming material, by using heat contained in earth, water and air for driving engines. Observation proves that the interior of the earth is intensely hot, and ways are now being devised for making this heat available for practical purposes hitherto undiscovered. Electricity produced by natural causes can be rendered available, and there is indeed practically no limit to the control which man can learn to exercise over the unorganized natural forces which are all around us.

Tesla's great ambition is to get as much energy as possible from the "ambient medium"—otherwise our old friend *the air*—and as he proceeds with his marvellous inventions he is clearly demonstrating that the dreams of his boyhood were no idle phantasies, but genuine prophecies of actual scientific results soon to be achieved through his own and kindred industry.

Wireless telegraphy has already opened up endless vistas of glorious probabilities before the eager eye of the advancing scientist. The transmission of power to any distance through the air is Tesla's favorite contemplation; and so closely does he harness the practical mechanical side of his efforts and discoveries with his noble ethical and philanthropic ideals, that he ends a highly and technically scientific dissertation on mechanics thus:

"I can conceive of no technical advance which would tend to unite the various elements of humanity more effectively than this one, or of one which would more add to and economize human energy. It would be the best means of increasing the force accelerating the human mass. The mere moral influence of such a radical de-

parture would be incalculable. On the other hand, if at any point of the globe energy can be obtained in limited quantities from the ambient medium, by means of a self-acting heat engine or otherwise, the conditions will remain the same as before. Human performance will be increased, but men will remain strangers, as they were. I anticipate that many, unprepared for these results, which through long familiarity appear to me simple and luminous, will consider them still far from practical application. Such reserve, and even opposition, of some is as useful a quality, and as necessary an element in human progress, as the quick receptivity and enthusiasm of others. Thus, a mass which resists the force at first, once set in movement, adds to the energy. The scientific man does not aim at an immediate result; he does not expect that his advanced ideas will be readily taken up; his work is like that of the planter — for the future; his duty is to lay the foundation for those who are to come, and point the way; he lives and labors and hopes with the poet who sings:

“Daily work — my hands' employment—
To complete is pure enjoyment,
Let, oh! let me never falter!
No, there is no empty dreaming:
Lo! these trees, but bare poles seeming,
Yet will yield both fruit and shelter.”

Concluding thus with the above exquisite quotation from Goethe's "Hope," Tesla opens wide the door for all who will to enter into a magnificent scientific temple, where pure religion (genuine philanthropy) walks hand in hand with calm reason and practical physical demonstration. Such writers as Helen Wilmans, of

Florida, U. S. A., tell us we can conquer poverty, and make this world a veritable paradise, if we only set to work to completely rectify our up-to-date erroneous modes of thinking. Such is indubitably the case; but the average intellect does not seem able immediately to grasp the intimate connection which must always exist between inward states and outward conditions. Pure kind-heartedness may animate the author of "The Man with the Hoe," but the spirit infused into that now famous poem, and breathed out in its scathing denunciation of the present economic system, is too pessimistic to inspire the public with that ardent hope and zealous courage which are always necessary to ensure success in any truly reformatory undertaking. Everybody needs encouraging in some direction, and no encouragement is ever afforded by the presenting of the gloomiest possible view of an existing situation. Evils or discords certainly do exist to-day; but their continued existence is by no means necessary, and to extirpate evils by promoting contrary goods is the primary work of the astute reformer.

Though we have traversed the same ground very often with regard to evil, no matter where we lecture or who may read our books, there are always some who fail to grasp the mighty verity embodied in the pregnant sentence, ALL IS GOOD! Evil is so conspicuously present as an existent actuality that it certainly presses itself upon us as an existence of great power and very ancient heritage. But we wish to conquer it. How to do this is the problem of the ages, and it is by no means a problem as well-nigh insoluble as many disheartened philanthropists imagine. Let us take up the mighty

theme of evolution from moneron to man and seek to trace how all human instincts are essentially excellent, though all are subject to perversion.

The favorite and long cherished cry of evolutionists, "We teach the survival of the fittest," has often been denounced as a merciless endorsement of the cruellest agnostic or materialistic creed which human despair has ever invented or imagined, but to all whose faces are directed toward a brighter coming era than any which has yet dawned upon this tempest-stricken planet the words "survival of the fittest" breathe a message of boundless hope and jubilant assurance that ere the final scene is enacted in the mighty drama of the ages, only what is purest, best and holiest shall have won the victor's palm.

We must face the great revelations of science fearlessly, and instead of arraying ourselves in mutually hostile battalions, the one army on the side of pseudo-science and the other on that of pseudo-religion, it behooves all who are sincerely desirous of greeting the coming morning to show wherein the profoundest science and the purest religion are in precise accord. Limited systems of theology on the one hand, and materialistic speculations founded upon undigested scientific discoveries on the other, are alike out of date. The twentieth century can abide neither, and the clamor of its multitudes for true scientific religion cannot be permitted to go unheeded.

Demand evokes supply, though it does not create it *de novo*. In the pulsing breast of Nature are all imaginable supplies adequate to meet every conceivable human necessity, and now, after ages of battle, the great

outcry is for peace. Prophet-poets of ancient times and new have all foreseen and foretold the coming of a state on earth when the mighty work of transmutation shall be actually accomplished and the weapon of warfare be transformed into the implement of husbandry. This, good people, is the certain hope of the ages, the faith of the seers and sages founded on immovable rock.

Let us consider fearlessly the outcome of past and present warfare. Battles in days of old were chiefly characterized by displays of brute force and accompanied by hideous deeds of most repulsive cruelty; but to-day war is growing more humane. American soldiers in 1898 treated Spanish prisoners with true brotherly commiseration, and during the long, sad progress of the conflict between Boers and Britons in South Africa British soldiers have distinguished themselves in many instances by deeds of kindly heroism to their wounded foes. Far be it from my intention to gloss over the horrors of war or to lead my hearers to think lightly of it, but on this I do insist, that the wars of to-day are so far less butal than those of yore that I find deep cause for unaffected rejoicing in the steady, irrepressible growth of a tender spirit, even on the battlefield, which will ere long so fully assert itself that Tesla's brave predictions must be entirely realized.

“The survival of the fittest!” How grandly does that phrase ring out when it is sounded forth by those true scientists who attach to it a profoundly ethical, as well as an intensely intellectual, significance. Nowhere more perfectly than in the concluding portion of the service customary in synagogues, both Orthodox and Reformed, do we hear the true ring of this sublime an-

ticipation. The day must come when God alone will be acknowledged; when all idols will be totally abolished; when every vestige of error and false belief will have vanished from the earth, and all humanity will have emerged from darkness into light.

I can tell you nothing of a millennium, nor can I attempt to describe how the Messianic prophecies will be literally fulfilled, but of this I am convinced: the words of Epes Sargent, in one of his beautiful poems used as a hymn by American Universalists, will prove entirely true.

The soul that sinneth it shall surely die,
Die to the sin that did its life confine.

Evil cannot boast of endless perpetuity. The savage passions of the beast are transmutable in us, and they will become, when the great work of transformation is accomplished, veritable implements of peaceful husbandry in place of cruel weapons of offence and defence. All prophets are lynx-eyed and eagle-eyed; far into the future and far above terrestrial shadows do they peer. It is therefore reserved to them only to write as Micah wrote, to see beyond the actual present and the tear-stained, blood-stained past a glorious vision of the coming dispensation. Emerson strikes the true keynote in these immortal lines of his:

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind.

There are two schools of philosophy ever struggling for ascendancy among us — blear-eyed pessimism and

bright-eyed optimism. The former leads to misery, assassination, suicide, despair. It is false to the core, though seemingly supported by a tremendous array of palpable facts such as Max Nordau has brought together in his ghastly "Degeneration," and among which Ibsen has loved to revel in his neurotic plays.

Optimism is a trumpet-call to action. All is worth while. Humanity is salvable and well worth saving. Though heaviness endure through a long dark night, joy unspeakable awaits the breaking of a certain morning. I call you to enlist, every one of you, under the pure white flag of optimism. Peace is our prize, our mark, our goal. Let us as faithful comrades march through the valleys and up the mountain slopes of constant work and dauntless achievement with the song ever in our hearts and on our lips culled from the faithful Whittier:

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and wonders manifold.
Serfs rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Mrs. Parrot's torrential eloquence, together with her imposing stage presence and her evident consciousness that she was an inspired message-bearer to her generation, completely captured the large and fashionable assembly, who applauded her again and again and received with another burst of cheers the welcome announcement that her stay in London would be indefinitely prolonged and that the lecture to which they had listened would be followed by several others in the same hall. Then before the audience entirely separated came the announcement of the mysterious visitor (quite a youth, it

was reported) who was to conduct a unique service on that platform the following Sunday evening. Bills distributed at the door announced "Brother Pericles, of the Order of the Sapphire Star," who was to open a "Holy Mission for proclaiming the Everlasting Gospel of Health through Holiness."

CHAPTER XXV

THE MISSION OF THE SAPPHIRE STAR

THE first Sunday of Lent was the date appropriately chosen by the head of the Anastasian Confraternity to publicly introduce its representative to a London audience. Piety is supposed to awaken with Ash-Wednesday, and during the forty days of Lent the feelings of a large section of the community are expected to turn to a far greater extent than ordinarily to the contemplation of spiritual realities. There is everything in seizing the "psychological moment," in striking the right note at the right time, and it was a masterly stroke of policy that sent Pericles forth by command of Sophocles to call the people of the great British metropolis to turn to repentance on the first Sunday evening of that particular season which England's Established Church, in common with other great historic churches, sets apart for special holy contemplation.

Pompadour Hall seats nearly one thousand persons, but twelve hundred can be accommodated when emergency arises, and there were fully that number closely seated in seemingly awestruck silence on the occasion when Brother Pericles commenced his extraordinary mission. On the platform was an immense gold crucifix, but to every one's astonishment the figure on the cross was not nailed to it, nor was there the slightest ex-

pression of pain or sorrow in the eyes or on the countenance. The figure was not only life size but heroic, a divinized Sandow, but several inches taller than the celebrated athlete whose statue adorns the South Kensington Museum, and then the extreme beauty and perfect symmetry of the figure made it the cynosure of all eyes as it stood erect, triumphant, consciously victorious, radiantly joyful, surrounded with a bright mellow halo of electric luminance. "I have overcome the world," was the statement traced in electric lamps above the head of this refulgent statue.

Precisely at seven o'clock, when the service was advertised to commence, a company of choristers in blue cassocks and white surplices surrounded the crucifix and chanted without accompaniment, but in perfect harmony, a glorious evening hymn commencing :

Now that fair Sol's departing rays
Remind us of approaching night,
Be all our spirits filled with praise,
At eventide let there be light.

Immediately after the hymn Brother Pericles appeared dressed in exquisite ancient Grecian costume; he was a very young man, radiantly beautiful and evidently in perfect health. Taking from his tunic an exquisitely bound book he lightly touched it with his lips and commenced reading the splendid Anastasian version of the first chapter of the Gospel of John, "In the beginning is the Word, and the Word is with God, and the Word is Divine Effluence," rang out in clear, mellifluous tones the sacred, venerable words so often tortured and so sadly mistranslated. A strange spell seemed to have fallen over the daring youth who continued to read,

always employing the present tense of the verb, "and the light is manifest, and we do behold it, the glory of the truly-begotten of the Eternal replete with grace and truth." The choir then rendered an exquisite anthem, surpassing in beauty the finest singing of the grandest operatic choruses. "I am with you always, even to the consummation of the ages," rang out again and again through the spacious crowded hall; then, preceded by a brief aspiration to the All-Holy, followed the mission sermon, a perfectly constructed classical oration delivered with immense dramatic power and with evident fervor of sincere conviction, founded upon the words, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." The audacious eloquence of the intrepid missionary carried all before it, though the newspapers of the following day described it variously and most sensationally as "A daring pagan revolt against accepted Christianity," "A specious attack upon all that Christianity deems sacred by a mocking fiend," and in one instance a glowing account of the proceedings couched in the language of one who was unmistakably a supporter of the strange Grecian cult, "Look to your laurels, ye teachers — Esoteric Christianity *versus* Ecclesiastical Formality."

Madame de Pomponet was observed in the front row of stalls immediately facing the centre of the platform, and her noble nephew Æschylus was leader of the choir. Many titled people, not excepting the gracious Lady Frogmore, who is a confidante of Royalty, were present, and not one stirred till the beautiful service had concluded with the hierophantic benediction.

The sermon was a challenge alike to religious people

and materialists; it was lucid and uncompromising from start to finish, but there was not a word which should have been omitted, for never for an instant did the speaker falter nor did he once make use of an indiscreet expression. Without apology and without preliminary he plunged into the vortex of his mighty theme and proclaimed himself a humble ambassador but duly appointed missionary of the Wisdom-Religion of all ages. There were Jews present who smiled complacently at the crucifix and greatly admired the magnificent double triangle which fastened the preacher's robe. There were Parsees who thrilled with satisfaction when they heard mention reverently made of the Sacred Fire, and there were Theosophists who were heard to exclaim as they were going out that the allusions to the Hindu Vedas were correct in every instance. Erudition, ripe scholarship, magnificent oratory and a most attractive personality, accompanied by a voice of unusual power and sweetness, are formidable weapons to resist at any time, and then the hope held out to invalids, the consolation offered to all on the brink of despair, and the confident promise of clear insight into the spiritual world to all who would live worthily charmed into submission to the speaker's propositions many whom the mere force of reasoning, no matter how cogent, might have failed to reach. The scheme of this solar system was so beautifully and rationally expounded that hearts and heads were swayed together as the brilliantly gifted orator pointed out how utterly science of a material type had failed to explain the riddle of the universe, and how utterly unsatisfactory were the dismal gaps and the gruesome divergencies in ordinary religious teaching.

Brother Pericles was evidently an astronomer and he knew something also of astrology, for he glibly quoted the latest sayings of the world's most famous contemporary astronomers and seemed equally at home with the ancient Zodiac of Dendera and the mystic star-gazers of old Chaldea. Then, having led up to his special point, he exclaimed with glowing fervor :

“How simple, yet how inexpressibly sublime, is the knowledge possessed in our holy Order concerning the sun, which is indeed the centre of life in the solar system. Think not of radiant Sol as a mere incandescent orb without life, feeling or intelligence. I assure you in the name of the wisdom of all ages that the solar heat and light which reach the crust of this small world of ours are but the most external radiations of a spiritual lifetime incessantly flowing from that stupendous luminary. I call you, brethren, to the spiritual sun. I implore you to bathe in its universal radiance and no longer doubt that you are actually in touch with heavenly messengers, with veritable guarding, teaching angels, when you bask in solar splendor.

“Health is from the sun only ; this all your medical schools are rapidly discovering, but they are warped by atheism, blinded by materialism, and groping like owls in daytime amid the ruins of what was once the spiritual temple of the true Æsculapius. Back to the faithful Hygeia would I summon you, from shell to kernel, from shadow to substance, and in our blessed Order faith is ever being proved in works. And ye religious teachers who by turn threaten, mystify, encourage and alarm the populace, where is your anchorage ? Are ye not, many of ye, afraid of science, and have ye not lifted up a pale,

emaciated Christ before the people? Look ye this night upon the rightful crucifix; gaze upon the enthroned Victor, the Conqueror over all limitations, and see the Solar Man calling you all to join your Master in the heavens. I dare to preach the full, free universal gospel of absolute salvation, and I am appointed to instruct catechumens in the way of holiness. I ask not the happy, the robust, the satisfied, to draw near, for they can live without our ministrations, but to the sick, the sorrow-laden, the newly-bereaved, the terror-stricken, the discouraged, the despairing — to all of these I say, COME. If you have drifted hither and thither seeking rest and finding none, the Centre of Unity awaits you; let none despair, the Holy Shrine receives with open arms those whom the world shuns as outcasts, and heals those who in medical judgment are incurably afflicted. Earth's direst necessity is Heaven's greatest opportunity."

With that sentence Brother Pericles had ended his discourse, and there was a sigh as of relief from great tension welling up from the audience as the choir sang an exquisite nocturne beginning with the words :

When earth is wrapp'd in fleecy clouds of slumber,
 And bright stars pierce the vault of darkest blue,
 'Tis only blindness which imagines darkness,
 Faith ever views the sunlight 'mid the blue.

Four intervening verses rose and fell in sweetest harmony upon the listening multitude, and then came the last stanza chanted exultingly by the choir in all the fulness of its glorious strength :

Fear not, faint hearts, for there are founts of healing.
 Doubt not, despairing ones, high heaven is true.
 God is supreme; His angels pierce all shadows.
 Trust, love and conquer! crowns are then your due.

The following afternoon in one of the anterooms of Pompadour Hall Brother Pericles received a delegation, and from three till six he was very busily occupied in replying to the eager questioning of many in whom hope had been kindled during the wonderfully impressive service of the evening before. At close range the ardent young missionary was, if possible, even more attractive than when on the platform, and there was scarcely anything to choose between this noble youth and his comrade-attendant, Brother Claudius, who was the guardian of the threshold and general informant concerning all matters outside the purely spiritual counsel which the missionary alone was appointed to administer.

Miss Catte was present on both occasions with her note-books and she it was who had written the evening before the glowing account of the lecture and its accompaniments which had so whetted the appetite of a large section of the inquiring public that a great controversy seemed imminent. Three reporters who assumed hostile airs, and five who had shown vulgar effrontery, had been forcibly reminded by Brother Claudius that the mission was well able to take care of itself, that it was supported exclusively by those who esteemed it a privilege to contribute to it, and that as no favors were asked of the press, no insolence would be tolerated. Madame de Pomponet's great wealth and high standing, especially when backed by Lady Frogmore's interest, made a vast impression on the reporters in general, and it took them but a very few minutes to change the tone of their inquiries when they found that swagger was "no go" in so illustrious an assembly.

Brother Pericles allowed his consulting room to be

comfortably filled; then Brother Claudius detained all after-comers and distributed literature among them till the first batch of inquirers could be dismissed and a second batch admitted. On all sorts of errands the people came, and most of all were questions strenuous on the evidences of religion and the possibilities of healing. Very great discretion had to be used to keep perfect decorum, but it was steadily maintained without the slightest interruption. Many persons on emerging from the consultation with Brother Pericles left the hall radiant with hope, though they had entered crouching under the blackness of despair. Dr. Lemoyne, Mrs. Parrot, and many other active workers on and off the reformatory platform, passed in and out of that conference room during that memorable Monday afternoon, and all were deeply impressed and also considerably mystified. Brother Pericles was to continue the mission in the large hall on Wednesday and Friday evenings at eight o'clock, and again on the following Sunday evening at seven, so the many who had not yet heard the eloquent exponent of Anastasianism were looking forward to the privilege.

Tuesday afternoon, from three till six o'clock, was again spent by the brothers in receiving special callers, and about five o'clock on that afternoon a very pathetic incident occurred. A crippled lad, fully sixteen years of age, but so shrunken that he scarcely looked twelve, was wheeled in a bathchair begging to be allowed to kiss the crucifix, which his elder sister, a romantic girl of eighteen, had described to him on Sunday night as "something scrumptious." Poor little Freddie Dogstoye had been a cripple for thirteen years; his parents

and sister were very kind to him, but they were poor people and could not pay the fees of high-priced surgeons, and they had such superstitious dread of hospitals that they could not endure the thought of the little sufferer being submitted to they knew not what tortures in an institution which their hysterical timidity led them to regard as a sort of chamber of the Inquisition. Lavinia Dogstoye was a most romantic girl just beginning to write sensational stories for family papers, and from the moment she saw the strange crucifix in Pompadour Hall, so unlike anything she had ever seen before, her fertile imagination set to work to build a novel on the true story of her brother's recovery. "Healed by a Crucifix" would be, she thought, a striking title; it appealed to her love of the wonderful, and as soon as she mentioned it to her brother he was all aglow with excitement to touch and kiss that wonderful image. When Brother Claudius heard from the voluble girl the pathetic story of her brother's sufferings he quickly complied with their request, only asking them to wait in the little reception room where he conducted his secretarial work till Brother Pericles had completed the audience he was then giving to a company of inquirers who completely filled the room devoted to instruction.

The afflicted lad was a most interesting study, pale, highly intelligent, physically undersized and greatly emaciated, but with radiant hope illuminating his otherwise weak and pallid features. The boy's sister was quite sure that a miracle was about to be performed, and in an almost exulting tone of voice she related to kindly Brother Claudius the verdict of the "silly physicians and stupid surgeons" who had pronounced her

brother hopelessly incurable. While she was speaking a bell rang and immediately thereafter a procession of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, with here and there among them one of humbler appearance and rather shabbily attired, passed down the corridor. As soon as the last of the procession had wended its way out of the building the crippled lad and his attentive sister were conducted by Claudius into the presence of Pericles, who received them with gentle suavity.

"So you wish to kiss our beautiful crucifix, my little man," said the good brother very gently to the now much excited invalid. "You shall certainly do so, as it is your desire, but we believe, in our holy Order, far more in living contact with a consecrated human being than in touching an inanimate object, however sacred; but here is the crucifix just behind you; it is very heavy and takes two of us to lift it, but I will lift you in my arms and hold you as long as you wish to salute the golden image."

As Brother Pericles tenderly lifted the frail form of the eager youth out of the reclining chair the crippled boy exclaimed, "Oh, you are healing me; your touch is like fire"; and just as he pressed his lips to the crucifix and devoutly kissed the breast of the life-size hero triumphant upon the cross of glory, he fell into a trance of ecstasy, and putting his arms around the neck of Brother Pericles, murmured as he fell asleep, "I know I shall grow strong like you."

Next evening at the mission service there was a densely crowded audience, and Brother Claudius, assisted by three other young men closely resembling him

in appearance and demeanor, found it almost impossible to find accommodation for the surging multitude which clamored for admittance. Madame de Pomponet and Lady Frogmore again occupied front stalls and again the glorious voice of Æschylus led the superb unaccompanied choir, who rendered the Greek antiphon *Agios Ischios, Agios Athanatos, Eleison* so magnificently that a breathless silence fell upon the vast assembly, which became almost oppressive as the song died away and Brother Pericles knelt motionless before the crucifix, which blazed forth in awe-inspiring splendor in view of the assembled multitude. The crippled boy, in his invalid chair, was on the platform, close to the choir and very near the crucifix; his eyes shone with the feverish brilliancy of an ecstatic, for though he had not yet recovered, though he declared he would be cured if he might only kiss the crucifix, his limbs still remained inflexible. Brother Pericles had said to the lad's lamenting sister, "This is a case for our Superior. He means to show forth his glory in your brother's complete salvation."

When the solemn silence had lasted for two or three minutes it was suddenly broken by the thrilling accents of an unseen speaker pronouncing in vibrant tones well-known gospel words from the time-honored Sermon on the Mount. When the speaker reached the words "by their fruits ye *shall* know them" there was a tone of challenge and defiance as well as declaration emphasizing his commanding utterance; then rang out the words in the same voice, "Preach now, my faithful Pericles. Here is your text: Cry aloud; spare not; by our fruits they shall *know* us."

Evidently the boy in the reclining chair saw the speaker, for he lifted his hands as if in prayer, and looked as though he were being attracted by some strangely powerful magnet; then he subsided into an attitude of rapt contemplation and listened with eager and devout attention to the marvellous discourse which followed. Brother Pericles rose to heights of eloquence far transcending his memorable oration of the previous Sunday. He seemed lashed and goaded by an inspired enthusiasm which communicated itself to the entire assembly, and despite the terrifying audacity of many of his utterances not a member of that densely packed audience seemed able to harbor a dissentient thought. Brother Pericles could feel the penetrating glance of his august Superior, the mighty Sophocles, who chose to remain unseen by the great assembly, though he had read the gospel in their ears till the psychologic moment had arrived when the situation demanded his personal interposition. Toward the close of his discourse Brother Pericles had become tempestuous in his denunciation of all systems of religion which failed to prove their credentials by working living miracles.

Just as he had finished speaking the tension of the audience broke and a low stentorian voice called out, "Work a miracle yourself; work it here to-night; cure that cripple on the platform; now, no humbug; cure him, I say; cure him, he's my nephew and has been a cripple thirteen years; the lad believes in you and loves you, so I say cure him. There's no excuse for you if you don't live up to your fine preaching."

It was the well-known Secularist leader Chisholm Dogstoye whose voice thus rudely broke the silence and

stirred the audience almost to revolt against the young missionary whose oratory had so enthralled them.

“Silence! The miracle shall be accomplished,” rang out in clear accents the voice of the gospeller; then the choir immediately broke forth into a thrilling anthem which again completely captivated the assembled throng, and during that anthem a magnificent young Hercules, beautiful as the Apollo Belvidere, and strong as a Titan, stepped with majestic tread to the front of the platform and gestured to Pericles to lift the cripple out of the invalid chair. The choir continued singing, and louder and louder grew their song while the matchless Sophocles, for he it was, received the lad from the arms of Pericles, pressed him to his bosom, breathed on him and manipulated every portion of his body; then, as the song ceased, he put the lad down and commanded, “Walk! accepted neophyte. Thus doth the Sapphire Star command!”

The boy walked easily, again and again, from Sophocles to Pericles, who now stood at opposite ends of the wide platform, unfalteringly, while the audience cheered itself hoarse. Chisholm Dogstoye was overwhelmed alike with wonder and with gratitude, but the marvellous healer received no congratulations. He retired mysteriously, and Pericles departed with him.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

As may easily be imagined, the wonderful restoration to health and vigor of the crippled lad who for thirteen years had been a helpless invalid excited a furore of attention, but like many other equally remarkable twentieth-century miracles, it was by no means universally credited. The usual vulgar credulous incredulity lifted up its inane scoffing voice to pour discredit on the thoroughly veracious narrative. "The trick of a skilful charlatan," said one doctor. "A clear case of humbug," said a distinguished clergyman, who received a thousand pounds a year besides large perquisites for denying the Gospel while professing to proclaim it.

Then came the more scholarly, refined and up-to-date medical commentators, who were very ready with their beautiful scientific terms, of which *neurasthenia* heads the list. These doctors did not "deny," they only "explained"; they spoke with extreme glibness of "obscure nervous maladies of long standing amenable to sudden and powerful suggestions from determined hypnotists," but though they did not scoff, they merely argued in a vicious circle without once approaching the *crux* of the situation.

So great was the crowd at the mission services conducted by Brother Pericles after the miracle had been

noised abroad that admission to the hall had to be strictly limited to ticket holders, and even then the crowds were almost unmanageable. Brother Pericles was soon to return to Athens, but before his departure he preached on "The Garden of Eden — Man's Fall and Man's Redemption," to an audience exclusively composed of leaders of thought and public teachers.

Churchmen and sceptics were alike dumbfounded at the marvellous erudition displayed by the young missionary, whose age was only twenty-two years. The two hours which his lecture occupied sped by on arrow wing, and during these one hundred and twenty minutes he quoted from the rarest books to be found in the British Museum without a note to guide him and ended by delivering a homily on the actual scientific necessity for immaculate conception. The latest works on evolution were as familiar to the ardent preacher as was the legend in the book of Genesis, where, according to esoteric doctrine, Adam represents human intellect, Eve emotion, the Serpent the sensual proclivities, and the Voice from Heaven the pleading of the higher self.

The two trees were most vigorously descanted upon, the missionary insisting that every human individual must at some time reach a point where he hears two voices calling in diametrically opposite directions, and reason insists that if one voice is followed the other is disobeyed. Partaking of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil is living a life of mingled use and abuse, and whoso seeks to mingle truth with error will find inevitably that the end of such commingling is death to the condition which gave it birth. Eating of the fruit of the tree of life is none other than living in full ac-

cord with the order of the universe, consciously, willingly moving with the tide of universal energy which ever makes for righteousness.

Modern degeneracy was touched by the scathing preacher with no gloved hand; sins which desolated ancient empires are rife in the modern world, and the speaker bared his holy scabbard in vigorously denouncing them. The mask of hypocrisy was torn from "Mrs. Grundy's" noisome countenance, and there stood the ancient jade, the conventional, respectable, accepted Jezebel, unmasked in the presence of her long-time worshippers, and yet that unmasking was not a very great surprise to any one of the twelve hundred teachers of the people who were present at it, for it is a secret conviction everywhere entertained among the thoughtful, that society, though fair of face, is besmeared with cosmetics, not radiant with the roses and lilies of vital health.

But as though to counteract any unduly depressing effect his words might otherwise produce, the ardent young champion of the purer way soon hastened to assure his hearers that there was even cause for gladness in the very opulence of modern degeneracy, because the law of evolution was but insisting upon the survival of the fittest by rendering it impossible that the multiplication of the most unsuited to survive could long continue. *The wages of transgression is death!* This is the latest word of science, even as it is the oldest word of universal religion.

"But," declared the speaker, "from out the ruin and the débris of a fast decaying civilization, so miscalled, is springing phœnix-like a grand and glorious Paradise, an

Eden far surpassing in its grandeur and dimensions the loveliest Arcadia of the days of old. Children can be, must be, will be, conceived, gestated, born and reared to maturity without the stain of disease and therefore without the blighting ravages of physical disease.

“Christian Scientists, Spiritualists and all singular people who stand out apart from the general throng can do far more than they have yet done to educate popular sentiment in an upward direction, but as bodies of people they are far too much corroded with a neurotic element to regenerate society unless a great reformation is worked within their societies. All organizations publicly before the world when weighed in the equitable balance of exact justice are lamentably wanting, for all come far short of grappling with the great life problem and solving it so as to save the world.

“The few must precede the many in this mighty task, and it is only the truly and happily mated who can serve the race in the highest of all services, the pro-creative. We should not rejoice in the *number*, but in the *condition*, of the children born. France will not necessarily deteriorate because her birth-rate is not high. It is how children are brought forth, not how many are ushered into earthly existence, that is the momentous question.”

Much more the preacher forcibly put forward along the same broad line, and salutary indeed were the counsels given concerning the rightful triumph over sensuality in all its phases possible to all, though attained to but by very few. The orator concluded by exclaiming:

“It is your own knowledge of the power of your own *will* which may suffice to save you. How sadly often

we hear the cultured and uncultivated alike speak of temptations of the flesh too strong for them. In our Order we acknowledge none such, and your good, venerable James Martineau can have known of none when he gave you those memorable lines you sometimes sing from a hymn we often introduce into our missionary services.

“How small in that uplifted hour
Temptation's lure and passion's power;
How weak the foe that made him fall!
How strong the soul to conquer all!

“Were our holy doctrines taught to babes at the breast, yea, and to children yet unborn, the time would soon come when not a drunkard, gambler, prostitute or diseased person would walk your streets. Why, oh, why is it that your would-be reformers are so wretchedly ineffective? I tell you, in the name of the wisdom of all ages, it is because you begin to cleanse the outside of the cup and platter and plant not the holy tree in the hearts of the people. There is one hope for you, and that lies in the prominence now being given to the influence of what your doctors vaguely call *suggestion* in the work of education.

“Use all the outward means you will to modify and palliate your sad condition, but forget not that the only sovereign antidote, the only radical preventive of future misery, is to be found in the everlasting Gospel proclaimed in other planets long before this trembling, starlit earth revolved in narrow orbit among the countless spheres which shine and roll multitudinous as sandgrains in the vastness of illimitable ether. Even as the

sun warms and lights this petty globe, refusing it nothing of its own most beautiful refulgence, so ready are the Angels of the Solar Hierarchy to enlighten the minds of this poor earth's inhabitants. The Spiritual Sun is the unknown Christ of Christian worship, whose radiance is the inmost life, the primal essence of every babe brought forth on this or any other world within this system.

"I invite you to come to Christ that ye may have life, and when you know the true Christ you will be sectarian no longer. Every highly illumined teacher the world has ever known has shown forth in superordinary measure the splendor of the Solar Logos. Krishna, Buddha and all the sacred terms implied in the mystic East signify esoterically exactly what the Christian means by Christ. The Great Guardian Ruler of this solar system enlightens all, speaks through all, and gives the open secret of the Divine wisdom religion to all.

"Heed not those marsh light teachers, those *ignis fatui*, who seek to divorce what Heaven forever doth unite. Moral integrity, intellectual luminance and physical perfection are the three in one which humanity must make manifest. Away with quibbles; Christ is to be made manifest in flesh, in the flesh of humanity everywhere. Turn a deaf ear to the paltry sophistries of those who obscure the light of Christ and pester you with endless controversial acrimonies. You accept Christ when you live healthily, and it is Christ you reject when you live in pollution and disease. Sandow with his gymnasias is far nearer the establishment of the Edenic Order, as he teaches physical symmetry and muscular perfection, than are the neurotic misinter-

preters of Paul's Epistles, who set the world at war by their blind and senseless corruptions of what was once a grand, heroic text. Let Christ be formed in you; face the situation boldly; skulk and evade no longer; leave the shadows which breed foul infusoria, and come forth into the light of the ages which your acknowledged Master, the Centrepiece of Christian story, so brilliantly made manifest."

With this bombshell thrown into the midst of the teachers of the people, Brother Pericles ended his London mission, and many there are who are now chewing the cud thereof. The Church must truly preach Christ in the twentieth century or consent to become a stranded hulk, forsaken eventually by men because she first forsook the Divinely inspired teaching of her reputed Founder.

Great movements do not startle the world at once by the imposing outward proportions they assume; they work silently for the most part like germinating seeds, for Mother Nature is ever Queen of Occultists. But when the time has arrived that the sprouting grain has made sufficient progress to show its head above the sod the results of Occult movements soon grow manifest. The great work of human enlightenment is steadily going forward; evolution is the sure, continuous method by means of which Infinite Intelligence makes manifest the purpose and destiny of objectified existence. Everywhere the tireless, wear-resisting wheels of Nature's unseen chariot are rotating, and none can stay the ultimate triumph of life, for the conquest of death is a pre-necessitated certainty.

All the characters in the foregoing tale are working in their respective ways toward the great eventual fulfilment. Dr. Lemoyne helps the masses wherever he goes with his practical, elevating, Etiopathic teachings; Cynthia Catte, in her extensive and wide-reaching journalistic career, is opening, albeit for the most part silently, the gates of human understanding to receive advancing thought concerning the dignity as well as complexity of human life. Mrs. Parrot has taken to practising Chromopathy as she learned it from the celebrated Dr. Babbitt, when she was a sojourner in California, and she still thrills mighty audiences with her irresistible inspirational addresses; and the Anastasian Confraternity shines and works on as a brilliant Sapphire Star, not always visible in the ordinarily perceptible firmament, but never ceasing to shed its healing radiance over this clouded, sorrow-stricken earth.

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