

natural occurrence, or a natural
result of forces already in opera-
tion. The orthodox, more
seems to take pleasure in ^{saying} explain-
ing how ^{that} the body will be
raised and transported through
the air to heaven, and adding
that because we can not under-
stand this, we ought not to
deny. The very fact that he
can't understand it seems to
please him. It is sort of
a torture to me to try to
believe what I don't understand.
I don't do it, I can't, anyhow.
So far as I do not see through
a matter, so far it is a novelty
to me. I may not deny it,
but I don't accept it.

The strictly Catholic says, "This
is true, because the Pope
has said it." The Presbyterian
says, "This is true because the
Bible says so." They both set

their ultimate reason upon
arbitrary authority. The
liberal says "This is true because
reason says so." The rest
his ultimate upon what he
has in himself. Is the
Pope infallible, is the Bible
infallible, is God infallible?
On the other hand is reason
infallible? Is one's own
conscience, one's own moral
sense infallible? Is any-
thing infallible? Can we
trust to anything? When
we start out with ^{this} ^{precious} ^{word}
of ours, about all that we
have properly our own, can
we be certain that we can
find any safe place for it in
the great universe? Or does
it matter so much whether
we find a safe place at all?
Is life really such a vast con-
cern? True it is about the

only thing that does concern
us, but are we of very much
importance even to ourselves?
This is a somewhat weary
round of questions, and it
naturally comes up to inquire,
Does it pay to bother with
them at all? But if we
do not bother ourselves with
such questions what shall we
bother ourselves with? If we
try to make any logical
judgments at all we fall
inevitably into them. If we
think at all we must find
some thing upon which to rest
our thinking. ^{But} Living
without thinking seems to
be un satisfactory. I have
tried to believe that there was
a philosophy of feeling, going
into a region above logical
thinking. We feel truths, we
see them. It is a ^{where} things

are revealed that we actually
touch with our souls, and
we can rely upon them.
Out of this region of us, above
logic, spring actions. I
have never been able to
make anybody understand what
this philosophy is. It looks
clear to me, but nobody
knows what I am talking
about, and they think I don't
either. It may not be clear,
it may all be a muddle. You
say that I am talking verbally,
meaning that I am unintelligible.
If it were a true sound system
I don't know that it could be
reduced to logic. Novels, poetry,
— and living — may
be the only ways to express it,
and yet what a snail's pace!
I would like to try to express it
so! I sometimes find it
put it so somebody could see it,

then I think ^{that might} ~~I may~~ not be
worth any one's time. It may
be only a ghost. It may be
only a small concern that
others would overlook, and if
I should succeed in getting it
~~out~~ outside of my head, it
might look as well to me
as to others. An idea in
our heads looks bigger than
when out.

A meteor falling through its sky
Struck upon the earth's blue air,
Then the meteor had to die,
It had gone without due care.
But it burst into a flame
Of rosy trailing, waving, light,
And as it like a planet came
For a while it lit the night,
So souls, in the sky of death,
Draw a meteoric spark,
But wholly cold is that sky's breath,
That heaven, 'tis not entirely dark.

Each man must work out his own philosophy with fear and trembling. How to make one's life satisfactory — the answer to this query as each one finds it, is his life philosophy. Most persons never reduce it to words. They let it lie liquid in their feelings, or let it spurt out like steam in action. There are three states of man's activity, the solid, which is thinking, the liquid which is feeling, and the gaseous which is acting. The first is the most in bulk, the second is the most in diversity, the third is greatest in power. They are mutually interdependent and may be changed from state to state by a greater or less application of psychic force.

I have been reading over Gnostic philosophy again. There is something inexplicably weird about the thinking of that age. Magic, necromancy, Hindu spiritism, witchcraft, astrology, Persian dualism, Platonism, ideas out of Judaea and Christianity — stirred up together so as to be held in a mystic philosophy — joined to the strangest and many times the most outrageous practices — every man thinking himself at liberty to follow his imagination to the uttermost both in thinking and practice — all more or less wild, religious, philosophical and political institutions gradually sinking — a unique phase of the world's history. Gnosticism, including Neo Platonism, has been spoken of as the evening red of ancient

civilization, It seems to have
been ~~more~~ the convulsion of dis-
integrating philosophy, rather than
the throes of birth. It is certain
that this evening red was followed
by a night of storms such as
was never known before. Jerusalem
had sizzled out in blood, then
Rome was cinder-burnt, by
lightning, her ashes rusted away
in bloody rain, while the nations
stood from afar crying, Alas, alas
that Great city! Christianity
was the only thing that went
into that period and came out
unchanged. Through the driven
clouds, rifted sometimes by the
wind, all that dark night one
star usually appeared. Christians
had learned that the things seen
were only temporal, so they were
to look upon the things unseen
which are eternal, they further-
more looked for a city which had