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SOUL, SPIRIT, LIFE.

BY PROF. W. H. CHANEY.

Before entering upon the subject of this paper, I desire to explain some points raised by Brother Monroe on pages 236-7. I cannot spare the space to quote his remarks, but refer the reader to them. Whether or not I have tested my theories and adduced facts to sustain them, as he fears, I will leave the reader to judge. The point raised in regard to "memory," is, upon its face, of considerable force. Let us see if it has its foundation in sound logic.

I admit that there is a mysterious register made of every event and thought, and we call this record "memory." I go farther. I claim that nothing is forgotten. A cloud will come upon the record, and then the mental vision is unable to read it. We say, "I have forgotten." This is an error. We should say, "I cannot remember." The cloud may remain only for a moment, when we try to recall a familiar name (but cannot on the instant), or it may remain for years. The record, however, is never obliterated. A curious incident will illustrate this.

A gentleman gave his note for a thousand dollars. When he went to pay it, the note could not be found, and Mr. Payee gave him a receipt against the note. Soon after, Mr. Payee died and his administrator found the note. The gentleman said it was paid, but he could not remember where he had put the receipt. He was sued, but managed to have the case continued from term to term, hoping to find the receipt. Years went by. One day the gentleman was capsized in his boat and so near drowned that

it was a long time before consciousness was restored. As soon as he could walk he went to his library, took a book, opened it, and there was the lost receipt. While drowning, he remembered putting the receipt in that very book, being one that was rarely used. The increased action of the blood, under the excitement, drove away the cloud, and he *remembered*.

It is evident that, from phenomena like this, Brother Monroe infers the presence of a spirit, or something like it, that is independent of the action of the brain. Upon the hypothesis that such is his meaning, I shall refer to it. Mark well; this is only an *inference* on his part. He has the affirmative, but offers no proof. Indeed, the inference is not susceptible of proof. I have the negative, and although no logician would require me to prove a negative, yet I shall try to show, by the analogies in Nature, that his inference is unreasonable.

The phonograph hears a tune and remembers it. A century later, if called upon, the phonograph will show that it has not forgotten a single note. Shall we say that man, the highest type of intelligence on our planet, cannot remember a tune twenty years without the aid of a spirit, yet admit that a piece of inanimate machinery is capable, without any spirit, of remembering for a century? This is illogical. If the mind, the most complex and wonderful combination on earth, cannot remember without the aid of spirit, surely a machine cannot. The argument of "inference," which demands spirit as aid to the memory of man, *must* demand spirit for the phonograph. Great Nature designed and constructed the mind. It is one of her proudest achievements, and much as I admire Edison, I have yet to be convinced that he has surpassed Nature in the ingenuity of his inventions.

I made no reference to "the mind and brain being two distinct elements," nor could I, for neither is an *element*. He objects to my comparison between mind (as a manifestation of brain), and motion (as a manifestation of the swinging of a pendulum), on the ground that the pendulum has not the power to start and stop itself. I reply that it possesses the same power, in that direction, that the mind does. The mind can neither start nor stop of itself. Its action depends entirely upon the action of the blood, and ceases almost the same instant that the blood ceases to act. I think I have shown this in the cases of trans-

fusion of blood, but will cite some familiar examples by way of illustration.

To send venous blood through the arteries will cause speedy death. The heart understands its duties better than any engineer his engine. Hence, when the blood has not been properly decarbonized, as in a crowded and illy-ventillated hall, causing a scarcity of oxygen, when the point of danger is reached the heart will suddenly stop its pulsations. The blood flows back to it, leaving the face deathly pale. Instantly the whole vast machinery of the human system ceases to act. A swoon follows, attended by all the phenomena witnessed in a case of actual death. Where is the mind now? It can make no register of events, as in case of sleep, catalepsy or trance. This is temporary death, and unless the circulation of the blood can be restored, it is final death. In cases of catalepsy there is always a slight circulation, but none whatever in the swoon. The mind has "stopt," but not of its own volition, and can no more "start" than the pendulum, after the spring or weight has run down. Start the blood, and the mind will begin just where it left off. Again in "running order," let some one who imagines the mind can be controlled by the will, *try to stop thinking*. But if there is a spirit, or anything else, outside of the mind, that remembers, events during a swoon would be remembered.

Brother Monroe says: "The mind does not decay, but the efficiency of the instrument fails." In order to properly judge of the force of this observation I will say: "The motion of the pendulum does not decay (when the spring is nearly run down, the tick growing fainter and fainter), but the efficiency of the instrument fails." The fact is, the mind fails as the mainspring of life, the blood, runs lower and still lower. The economy of the system, with increasing age, manufactures less vitality for the blood. The bones become brittle, and when fractured, knit again slowly and imperfectly. Physically and mentally the man is gradually dying. But if there was a spirit, or any other force, outside of the mind, as a sort of motor for driving it, instead of the brain for the motor, then the mind would show no signs of decay. Thus we see that the inferences and theories of Brother Monroe are not in accord with the analogies in Nature.

Finally, he adopts the theory that the mind is the soul, and

that as it fails here it is being strengthened in the other world. This is very pretty in theory. I always admired it, and wish that I could believe it is so. So I am not actuated by prejudice in rejecting it, but because I look in vain for the proof. Let us test the theory of Brother Monroe that the mind is the soul. I wish that it may be sustained, but I have nothing on which to ground the hope.

Campi, the subject on which Dr. Leborde experimented, had been dead an hour and a half. The soul had been away from the body that length of time, for the body cannot die as long as the soul remains in it. The soul was free, no longer a prisoner in that criminal old body. It might have been thousands of miles away, but I will admit that it remained near the body, watching all the movements of the learned doctor. At last the arterial blood of a dog is injected into the head of the soul's former dwelling place. Then the soul creeps back into the old head, grasps the cold nerves and muscles, and once more plays the engineer of the mind. I have heard of the folly of baiting a trap with chaff to catch a fox, but never before thought of baiting a criminal's head with dog's blood to catch a soul. My credulity has been so arrested in its development of late years that I cannot believe that the mind and soul are the same.

My space has been nearly exhausted with the foregoing, yet it is appropriate under the title chosen for this paper. My inquiry will next be concerning soul and spirit. The roots from which these words are derived have their origin in remote antiquity. No one in our day can adduce any fact in science, philosophy or literature, showing affirmatively and positively of what the soul or spirit is composed, its mode of entering the body, its office or function there, or its mode of exit. My Shaker friend, Bishop Eads, of Kentucky, for whom I entertain the most profound respect, speaks disparagingly of science because it cannot tell the office of the human spleen. But what would he think of one who would write and lecture for half a century about the spleen? What do the most enlightened clergymen know about a soul? Why, they *feel* it. This is the beginning, middle and end of all their knowledge on that subject. They never saw, heard, smelt or tasted a human soul. They rely en-

tirely upon the one sense of "feeling." Very well; but how do they *know* that the feeling which they experience is caused by the soul? How do they know that it is not something else that causes that feeling? How are they to know it is not the spleen, since it is acknowledged that the function of the spleen has not been discovered?

As a body, the clergy deny spirit communion. Without spirit communion they have not a shadow of positive testimony that there is a soul at all. They cannot prove it by the Bible, any more than the "Soul Sleepers" can prove by the Bible that man has no soul. I have, as a disinterested person, examined the arguments of both, pro and con, and I am like the Dutch magistrate who said to the plaintiff and defendant: "I gives you both de judgment." Yet the clergy, in their profound ignorance, have filled the world with books descriptive of the soul. But there is just as much testimony, both outside and inside the Bible (if spirit communion is denied), to prove that there are witches as that there are souls. My friend Bishop Eads, whom I sometimes rate for his poor logic, is far more logical than the popular theologians, for he most zealously maintains that we can hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. But since the popular clergy deny this, it seems to me it would be far more logical to deny immortality altogether. True, this would abolish hell, their principal stock in trade, for it would be folly for them to wear out their lungs describing the tortures of a lost soul, when there was no soul to lose. Still, Henry Ward Beecher scuttled hell years ago, letting out all the brimstone, and I doubt if any "hell inspector" could be found who would say the old hulks were worth repairing. So I think they had better let hell slide any how, as they have witchcraft.

My space is exhausted, and I have hardly commenced the topics I intended discussing. Therefore in my next I will commence at the beginning, and not occupy space with answering objections.

Portland, Oregon.

REPLY TO PROF. CHANEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

I was not expecting to be placed under the necessity of replying to the articles written by Prof. Chaney ; but I had hoped that some one having more spare time, and better qualified for such a controversy than myself, would champion the opposite side of the question. And I still hope that "a foeman worthy of his steel" will yet come to the front.

But owing to the course taken by Brother Chaney in the preceding article I am involuntarily drawn into the controversy, and placed under the necessity of making, at least, a brief reply.

In my article entitled "An Illustration and a Theory," I solicited criticism, provided the same should be accompanied with well authenticated facts for evidence to sustain it. Therefore I would not complain of the course taken by Brother Chaney, but rather thank him for endeavoring to point out my weak points.

A part of our differences arise from a difference in understanding the terms: "Soul," "Mind," "Spirit," and "Life." I make use of the terms synonymously as being one in signification, while I understand the professor to have a distinct signification for each of them.

I have only observed and investigated far enough to perceive the manifestations of a certain something connected with man which appears to possess an intelligent individuality which survives the death of the body ; but I have not yet decided whether the proper name for it would be "Soul," "Mind," or "Spirit," therefore I use the terms synonymously. I believe that when a true theory is adopted in reference to this matter, one word for a name will be sufficient to express all there will be left of man beyond the grave. And the old word "Soul" is as good as any other. But according to some of the professor's logic there will be hardly so much as that left.

The many names adopted is found to be necessary only to reconcile conflicting points in a false theory ; and I have no doubt but the professor will require several more names before he will be able to carry the subject through on that line. He proposes to instruct us in matters relating to the soul in his next article.

He should have given at least a brief definition in the preceding article, of his ideas of it, for without that I am liable to misunderstand his position, and consequently may waste ammunition in firing at a false target. But he says: "No one in our day can adduce any fact in science, philosophy or literature, showing affirmatively and positively of what the soul or spirit is composed, its mode of entering the body, its office or function there, or its mode of exit." And he further says: "Without spirit communion they [the clergy] have not a shadow of positive testimony that there is a soul at all." If that is so, then neither does the professor know that there is a soul at all, unless *he* has been so taught by the spirits. But in regard to the spirits, he has stated that "Claiming a spirit for man is equivalent to claiming a spirit for everything, animals, vegetables, minerals." He should endeavor to define his points more clearly, for I cannot believe he wishes to be understood as claiming an immortal soul or spirit for every animal, vegetable or mineral. There was no ambiguity in my statement of this point, and I regret that the professor has not also stated his position distinctly. He has admitted the communion of spirits with mortals, but he objects to my inference of the presence of our own spirits, acting at times independent of our bodies, and says I produced no proof of it. He should reread the article, and he will find proof which will be supported by the experiences of a large portion of our race.

The professor disclaims having stated that the mind and brain were two distinct elements. But nevertheless he did say (see *Dream Investigator*, page 233,) "I have no hesitation in declaring that mind and brain are as distinct in their elements as a yard of lace and a barrel of soft soap."

I previously referred to the power of memory as evidence that the mind consists of something more than the action of the brain. The professor replies by referring to something analagous in the phonograph. Let us see how far the analogy will be sustained. By means of a certain instrument a certain sound may be so impressed upon a piece of metal that it may be reproduced any number of years afterward. But the same piece of metal cannot be used for the same purpose continually for years, and afterward be made to bring out each and every one of the sounds distinctly by itself. That being so, then the similarity of the two cases

fails; for mind does receive the impressions of sight, sounds, tasting, smelling, feeling, etc., millions of which may be recalled at will. Can this be accounted for upon the theory that the brain is only a natural phonograph? Certainly not. The analogy also fails because sound differs from intelligent thought. You cannot apply the phonograph to a dead man's brains and bring back the record of his memory.

The wonderful lucidity of memory when one is facing death or extreme peril, the professor accounts for by supposing an increased action of the blood. That appears plausible, but is scarcely sustained when we apply the rule to all grades of excitement; for if the theory be true, one has only to use means to excite the action of the blood to recall forgotten events, or increase the power of the mind. But fever or intoxication increases the action of the blood, but not the power of the mind.

In the absence of an explicit statement by the professor of all of his points, I will state my understanding of them, hoping if in error, to be corrected in his next article. He claims that the spirit is eternal, existing both before the body and after it; but I have failed to discover the functions which he assigns to it in its relations to the body. The blood moves the brain, and the brain produces sensation, thought and feeling, and all that constitutes the mind, in like manner, as factories turn out the various articles which they were designed to produce. This process goes forward until the spirit, by reason of the age of the body, or other cause, departs. Nothing is stated in regard to what is either gained or lost by either the body or spirit, or what purpose it has served—a purposeless action.

The professor's illustration of the injection of the blood of a dog into a dead man's head, I cannot perceive has aught to do with the subject, for none will claim that there is either mind, soul or spirit, or any intelligence connected with the twitching of the muscles of the dead head, any more than there is in a soul to the piece of eel which contracted and twisted about while in the frying pan over the fire.

The story of the decapitated head of a dog whose countenance beamed with affection toward his master when fresh blood was pumped into the head, sounds rather fishy, and I could not accept it for truth unless the unfailing sign of a wagging tail was added to the manifestation.

He says if spirit and not the blood is the motor, then the mind should show no signs of decay. This point is answered in my previous statement that the mind does *not* decay, but it is the efficiency of its material instrument, the brain, which fails and thereby weakens its power of manifestation.

The professor has not yet defined the difference between the soul and spirit, and yet he has admitted the immortality of the spirit, and I am at a loss to know what qualities, rights and privileges he will assign to the soul.

The spirit being admitted to be the immortal part of man, all would be pleased to know what figure it cuts in earth life or at death, or what purpose it serves in earth life, or of what use earth life is to it; since the professor claims it to be without beginning or end, having an existence before the life of the body as well as after.

We shall never find the soul by the use of the dissecting knife, nor by experiments with pumps and batteries upon dead carcasses. Neither would we find electricity by dissecting the instruments used for its manifestation; for *it*, like the soul, is manifest in a material world, not by *itself*, but by its effects upon material things. Nature's processes, under the various conditions referred to in "Theory" articles, will furnish the experiments, manifestations and practical illustrations, and we have only to adopt a theory in harmony with them, and we shall have the truth.

Observation must *lead* in all new discoveries, and reason will assist in formulating the observed facts. But to place reason foremost is like placing the cart before the horse; it leads to the adoption of theories which cannot be reconciled to the facts.

Then all who write upon doubtful questions should ever keep in view the observed facts relating to the case. Then the reader's observation and experience will be recalled as he reads along, and the truth will be made apparent to him.

If this discussion should be continued indefinitely, I hope that both Prof. Chaney and myself will each of us very distinctly define our position upon all important points relating to the subject, so that we shall clearly understand each other, and not be misunderstood by the public.

The views of other parties upon the subject would be thankfully received, and the propriety of their publication fully considered.

HIS CREED.

BY ANNIE H. PIERCE, ANAMOSA, IOWA.

What was his creed, you ask me? Well,
I needs must say I cannot tell;
I never thought about his creed—
But only of his noble deeds.

A tender heart, a helpful hand,
And kindly words for erring man;
A beaming eye, a cheery smile,
A conscience clear, that knew no guile.

All these he had—where was the need
That he should hold an earth-born creed?
Mayhap he did—I cannot tell—
I know he did his duty well.

The hungry ones of earth he fed—
If erring too, he softly plead;
A life so filled with noble deeds,
Finds little room, methinks, for creeds.

He freely gave of all he gained—
His reputation knew no stain—
I know not if he had a creed—
I know but this—he had no need.

For creeds, I wot, will never save
The Souls of selfish men and knaves;
But Souls betrothed with noble deeds
Shall enter heaven without a creed.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY LILLA N. CUSHMAN.

O land of dreams! O beautiful land which borders the unknown shore—

Whose realms are filled with the loved and lost, whom we meet on earth no more!

Land where the weary and worn may rest; where the king and serf lie down;

Where the serf may walk in realms as fair as he who weareth the crown.

With the loving and loved of our youth we wander by golden streams;
We reck not of care, of wealth or loss, in that beautiful land of dreams.

The maid whom we loved in halcyon days, whose bed lies under the snow,

Flits back and forth in the land of dreams with the beauty of “long ago;”

Her bright eyes shine with the sparkling glance of the olden happy days—

And our hearts again renew their youth 'neath the radiance of her gaze.

We live whole years of joy at once as the sunlight on us gleams,
Whole years of joy that have no night, in the beautiful land of dreams.

The love, the hopes and the knowledge vast, that we yearn for in waking hours,

We gather in when we enter there as the earth drinks in the showers;
We climb the hills of the unknown land—the land by no mortal trod—
Behold the Palace wherein our home, whose builder and maker is God!

And brightly its walls of jasper shine as the sunlight on it gleams;
Its gates of gems and its streets of gold that we see in the land of dreams.

O land of dreams! O mystical land! between the known and unknown,

There reigns no king in thy vast domain, each dream is king alone.

He knoweth naught of the mystic realm, cares not where its confines end;

He asketh not, for upon its shores he meeteth his long-lost friend!

O land of dreams! O beautiful land, where the sunlight ever gleams!
May we enter the unknown land named Heaven from the beautiful land of dreams!

A SUCCESSFUL BUSTER.

How to Become a Genial, Whole-Souled Cuss.


"I am glad to hear that you are going into business," said a man in an interior city to an old fellow who was well fixed, but who had always made his living shaving notes, and saved money by economizing on expenses, "What are you going into?"

"I am going into the busting business," said the old fellow, as he pinched a ten-cent piece that he was just going to give up for two cigars. "I don't know yet what branch of trade I shall go into, but whatever it is I shall bust in three months, pay off at thirty or forty cents on the dollar and bust again three months later. There's millions in it."

"You surprise me," said the friend. "I had always taken you for an honorable man. I can see how a man can go into business and after finding that the business does not pay, to bust up; but for a man to go into business on purpose to bust, to make that a specialty, seems to me to be dishonorable."

"Oh, I don't know," said the old fellow, as he lit one of the cheap cigars, the smoke of which made a bystander sick, who had recently failed, and who smoked nothing but imported cigars, "I have found that those who have busted in this town are the best off of any of us, smoke the best cigars, drive the best horses, and dress the best, and people look upon them with greater respect than they do upon me. Now, I have always paid cash and worn cheap clothes, and not put on any style. My old mare can trot a mile in half an hour, and my old buggy rattles as though it was going to fall down. My wife does her own work, my daughters dress plainly, and I am called an old skin-flint. I have never wronged a man, but have always claimed what was due me, and people shun me. Those who have failed and paid fifty cents on the dollar are happy. They live in fine style and their daughters put on style over mine. In church they are looked up to because they give more freely than I do. I give what I can afford to of my own, and they give what they cannot afford to which belongs to others. Bust-

ing has become the most successful business there is going, and I am going into it. If I buy a stock of groceries partly on credit, and trust part out, pocket the cash sales, and pay creditors forty cents on the dollar in notes and groceries that are unsaleable and old accounts that are uncollectable, I make friends with the fellows I trusted with other people's goods, and the only enemies I make are my Chicago and Milwaukee creditors, and I don't need to care for them, because I shall not go into the grocery business again, you see. Then I will go into the dry goods business the same way and bust, and then run a bakery, get credit for flour, etc., and bust. Then I shall tackle the jewelry business, the furnishing goods business, the hardware business, and other of the dozen branches of business that could be mentioned. I figure that after I have busted ten or a dozen times I will be the most popular man in this town; that I will be rich and can be elected to any office I want. All a man has got to do in the busting business is to make friends at home by favoring certain people. When I start in business on other people's goods I shall be liberal. No society or individual will ever go away empty-handed when they ask me for help. I shall be a 'buster.' People will look with pride upon a successful buster; my daughter will be sought after, not as the daughter of a skinflint who saves his own money, but as a successful buster, who is free with other people's property; a genial, whole-souled cuss, who will be slapped on the back by the boys instead of being shunned as I have been since I paid a hundred cents on the dollar. I shall open next week and wear the latest of clothes, buy a fast horse and go in for all public enterprises tooth and toe nail. If you want any goods in my line come and open an account," and the 'buster' bid his old friend good day and went out to look for a vacant store.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

 Victor Hugo says: "In the twentieth century, war, capital punishment, monarchy, dogmas, and frontiers will all disappear. There will be for all one great country—the earth; and one great hope—heaven."

DOES CIVILIZATION NECESSARILY DEMORALIZE THE HUMAN RACE?

Rev. Wm. Miller gave a lecture in Cleveland to a large audience, detailing his twenty years' experience as a missionary in Zululand. His account of the Zulus is interesting. 'He says there are no thieves there. Dr. Livingstone left a quantity of valuable goods in one of their villages on the Zambezi for seven years, and when he returned for them he found every thing as he left it. There are among these simple people no safeguards against thieves, as locks and burglar alarms. Rev. Miller says:

"A thief would be killed. He cannot be put in prison to be pardoned by a benevolent governor. There is no profanity there because the negroes do not know how to swear. There is no immorality. 'Street walkers' would be put to death or driven out of the country. I never saw a drunken man there unless he had been given some of the white man's whisky."

Yet he urgently advocates sending missionaries among them, and begs for money to carry forward that enterprise. Moral as they are they know nothing about God, or Jesus, and he says are "absolutely without religious belief," in which he makes an absurd mistake.

What good can missionaries do such a people? They would teach them to lie, cheat, steal, drink and nameless immorality. But the poor Zulus shock the modesty of Mr. Miller by their simplicity of dress, which consists of little more than a fig leaf and a necklace. He stayed there twenty years and was shocked every day and all times of day. The children in that hot climate do not even always wear the fig leaf. Most shocking! Mr. Miller wants them christianized, so they will wear hats, and bonnets, and pantaloons and gowns. If they would do so there would be a broad field opened for Yarkee trade! The Zulus now want nothing of us. Christianized, they would want Bibles, whisky, tobacco, and missionaries, who ought to be versed in medicine in order to save the poor savage from the nameless diseases the christians will surely introduce. May they fare better than the gentle Hawaiians, who, when discovered by Captain Cook, num-

bered 400,000; a splendid race in a veritable Eden. Missionaries went to them, and in the same ship were bibles, rum, tobacco, and the seeds of a disease which has reduced that noble people to barely 60,000, and will eventually extinguish them.

When the British send missionaries to the heathen of Asia, they put in a few cases of bibles, and fill the hold with opium! and that, too, against the protest of the heathen rulers, who know that this introduction of the narcotic means national death! As missionary work is a dead failure at home, it is appropriate that it seek some remote corner of the earth, where the missionaries may be "shocked exceedingly" by people living in the innocence of the Garden of Eden.

Every Sunday the plate goes round for pennies to carry the Gospel to the heathen, and at the same time, under the very shadows of the proud steeples, squalid wretchedness perishes in the cold, or starves for the want of a crust of bread. Oh! the scorn for this infinite sham; this canting hypocrisy, which mouthing of the lowly Nazarene, is the sum of greed and selfishness.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

We have received a pamphlet or tract from the author, Dr. D. Winder, of Cincinnati, O., under the above title, claiming to be an inspirational essay, and treating chiefly upon the problems of capital and labor. We agree with Dr. Winder in predicting important changes in relation to that matter, and that the signs of the times indicate its very rapid approach, but we must disagree with him in regard to many of the causes which have brought about the present state of things, and also in regard to means necessary for its remedy.

To comprehend the cause we must adopt a comprehensive view of the progressive scale of man, commencing previous to the employment of laborers and the individual ownership of property, and extending to a time when mankind will cease to waste their energies in contending against each other, either in war or industrial pursuits. We may perceive in

this scale that the present condition was directly in the pathway of our progress and was unavoidable, because individual ownership was necessary to produce the sharp competition which was indispensable in bringing science and art to its present advanced state, and also because mankind could not ascend the progressive scale from the lowest stage of savage life to the highest limits of human possibility in government and social relations without occupying intermediate stages; therefore the present condition was both indispensable and unavoidable. But when any system results in the division of the race into master and servant, whether by the power of capital or otherwise, and brings suffering upon one class and danger to the other, then that system has finished its usefulness and the people should begin to cast about in search of a substitute for it. The present labor system is rapidly developing the before mentioned evils; much suffering is experienced by the laboring class, and they are rising up in strikes of greater or less extent, sometimes endangering the lives and property of capitalists, and in some localities the labor organizations have become so powerful that they have compelled capitalists to enter into a co-operative arrangement. Co-operation, leading to communism, is the inevitable result of the labor question.

The great changes will not be accomplished in the shortest and best way, because the mind of man is only moved by the force of necessity; therefore it is useless for Dr. Winder or any other would-be teacher to point to the teachings of Christianity or the examples of primitive Christian communities, for there are no successful examples in the past, and moral suasion has none for us in the future. It is only in the present combination of circumstances, which has no parallel in the world's previous history, that humanity may hope to pass the present crisis to a better state of things.

DREAMS AND INTERPRETATIONS OF ALEXIS.

ORANGE, CAL., Oct. 12, 1884.

Editor Investigator:—I am a dreamer, a student, and an interpreter of some dreams. Symbols and the law of correspondence, my methods. Although working on the same principle that you do in regard to symbols, yet I get different results. I hold that the sun is representative of science, and the moon of humanity. In the revelation of John, the woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, would represent the religion of science and humanity. The stars, symbols of the perfection of its principles, or perhaps twelve individual teachers. "An angel in the sun," as man of science. "The sun as black as sack cloth of hair," scientific men repentent and humiliated at having ignored the scientific truths in the Bible. The moon full of blood would represent the masses of mankind full of moral strength, as water, blood and spirit are often mentioned as degrees of strength or quality.

One feature of the dream language which you had overlooked I will illustrate by one of my dreams. I dreamed that I tried to climb a short but steep hill by taking hold of the branches of small shrubs growing on its slope. My first attempt was unsuccessful. I reached only half way up, and got hold of only two branches, then slid down to the bottom, some snow being on the ground. In my second effort I reached the top by taking hold of many branches. I then saw a school house near by and some children making their way to it. Some time afterward, I engaged in the novel enterprise of giving instruction in the art of bread making. My first efforts were quite a success, that is, in finding many anxious to learn. Not so in my second attempt.

The feature of this dream is the reversible side of its language. Instead of teaching children I taught grown persons; instead of a school house I went from house to house; and was successful in my first attempt, not in my second, only calling at two houses in the latter instances, and it was summer time.

I find that all biblical dreams and visions that I have given attention to, are mostly, if not all, on this principle. I am al-

most positive that the first chapter of the Revelations will be the last to be fulfilled. But it is not the rule throughout the book, perhaps, owing to its manipulations by its compiler or translator.

ALEXIS.

REPLY.

Brother Alexis:—Your late letter is before me, and I am pleased to learn that you are investigating on the same subject which I have chosen as a specialty.

Reasoning together and comparing differences will certainly advance the cause of truth, if truth be our chief aim.

You say you get results differing from mine in your investigations; and you give examples for illustration. In doing so you have done precisely as I desire every critic of my work to do. By that means the comparative merits of conflicting conclusions may be seen at a glance, and the truth, if discovered, will be made apparent.

The rule of "Contraries,"—i. e., taking dreams as falsehood and their opposite for the truth, which you refer, is not a new idea. But I have never discovered the least shadow of truth in it. I think that idea originated from an entire misunderstanding of the matter, and the illustration which you give confirms me in that opinion.

In accordance with my rules I would interpret your dream as follows: Climbing a hill represented difficulties encountered in the journey of life, or some special or temporary matter, and the shrubs seized upon in climbing represented special matters which you engaged in to enable yourself to surmount the difficulties. Perhaps the two shrubs represented the two efforts in teaching the art of bread making, and the two successive efforts, on the whole, may be considered as a failure. Walking in snow invariably foreshadows difficulties, and has no reference to the season of the year. Therefore your sliding down the hill into the snow signified difficulties after the final failure of the bread making enterprise. The successful effort in climbing the hill at a later time, probably foreshadowed a later event, and one which may yet be in the future.

Children generally represent "Ideas," but adults, when they

are pupils, are fitly typified by children. It is so in your dream, and an interpreter must be on the lookout for such exceptions.

In regard to your definitions of dream and vision symbols found in Scripture, such terms as are found in a considerable number of passages, and can in each and all of them be read consistently by your definitions, then the truth of such definitions will be demonstrated, and not otherwise, for if we allow a different definition for the same terms in different passages, there would be no limit to the number of fanciful ways any and all passages could be construed.

I have mailed my "Interpreter of Daniel and Revelation" to you. Please read the dreams and visions there given by the inflexible rules which I have laid down, and see how beautifully they agree with each other and with subsequent history, amounting as I verily believe to a complete demonstration of its truth. Please test your own definitions in the same manner and show up their comparative merits.

EDITOR.

TWO DREAMS.

BY MRS. M. H. A.

On the night before the surrender of General Lee, I dreamed I was on an eminence overlooking a vast plain. The sun was just rising, and the sky was perfectly clear. In the distance I could see great bodies of troops, and they all seemed to be hastening toward the center of the plain. As they drew near I could see that they were both Union and Confederate soldiers, and they advanced from opposite directions, clad in their respective blue and gray. The entire absence of officers on either side was remarkable. I did not see a commander, nor hear an order of any kind, yet the men moved with military precision as if on review. In perfect silence they formed a great hollow square in the center of the plain, two sides gray, two sides blue. Each man then raised his musket or rifle, some with bayonets attached, as far as his arm would reach above his head, pointing to the sky. They stood in this way like statues for the space of a minute. Then the raised weapons began to flicker like slender flames of red,

white and blue fire, they rose out of the hands that held them, and uniting in the air above the armies, and over the center of the square, they formed the stars and stripes of the national flag. I regarded this beautiful and curious sight for some moments, until the flag seemed to lose itself in the sky. When I again looked down at the plain the soldiers were all gone, and the sun was shining down on a great field of ripening wheat.

I related my dream in the morning, and was laughed at by the whole family, of course, with the exception of a Scotch maid-servant, who called it a "cannie dream," and declared "it meant something." Two days afterward, we received news of the surrender of the confederate forces to Gen. Grant.

SECOND DREAM.

On the night of the 15th of June, 1882, I retired early, after a day of hard and fatiguing professional work. My mind had been occupied all day with the plainest and least poetical aspects of life, yet I dreamed that I was in a valley of the Himalayas, a lonely spot, with no sign of human habitation near, *except a ruined pagoda temple on the mountain side. All the stones and columns lay thrown to the west.* Suddenly I heard a rushing sound in the air above me, mingled with cries of terror and pain, and above all this, the sound of the feet of rapidly galloping horses. I looked up, and in the sky were thousands of mounted soldiers dressed in strange oriental looking costumes of green, white, purple and scarlet. Each horseman had a little banner, some red, some yellow, but all marked with black. These they moved frantically over their heads, and this waving of the banners seemed to produce the rush and noise of a terrible wind. I remember saying to myself in my dream: "These are the Mahiets, the demons of the storm. Siva has sent them to serve him." It was quite natural for me to say this in my dream, because I read oriental literature a good deal, and am much in the habit of thinking in oriental ways. After a considerable time, the flying horsemen seemed to disappear in a great cloud full of lightening flashes. I awoke, shivering with cold, but not frightened.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the next day but one, a third of the town where I live, including the house where I

resided, was completely wrecked by one of the most destructive storms ever known in the northwest, the great Grinnell cyclone, of June 17, 1882.

Grinnell, Iowa, Nov. 22, 1884.

MRS. DILLON'S DREAM.

We will tell of a few singular dreams of recent occurrence. Here is one of New York :

“About one year ago there resided at No. 407 W. Eighteenth street, a Mr. John A. Dillon, who had been many years in the employ of Messrs. Simpson, Crawford & Co., as a parcel and delivery clerk, his duties being to receive the cash from drivers for payment of bills, and check the return of goods that had been sent out for approbation. The firm discovered that there had been peculations to a large amount, and one of the drivers and a clerk were arrested, and Dillon was reprimanded for his apparent carelessness, though he was exonerated from all complicity. This was on the 24th of February, 1883. On the following day, being Sunday, Dillon went to the store with Mr. Crawford and spent the day examining the books, and about six o'clock left for home. There had been no unpleasant words passed between the men, nor had anything been said, Mr. Crawford avers, about holding Dillon responsible in the affair beyond rebuking him for his carelessness, and yet the latter went home very much depressed, talked about his disgrace, his fear of again meeting his employers and dread of a discharge, refused to eat his supper, and finally retired at his usual time calmly. He slept in a separate room from Mrs. Dillon, in consequence of two children being ill, but otherwise did not in the slightest degree differ from his usual habit. And now comes in what Mrs. Dillon says. At about midnight she had an unpleasant dream, an undefinable one, in which nothing came out distinctly, but simply the voice of somebody shouting in a warning tone, ‘Dillon is going away. Dillon is going away!’ The voice awakened her in a fright and she sprang to her feet, making her way quickly to her husband’s room, where she found him quietly sleeping, and after a few minutes retired again to her own room, feeling how foolish it was to

be frightened at a dream and went to sleep again. Early next morning Mrs. Dillon's brother found the hall door open, and without at all connecting the matter with her husband, she told her brother of her dream, admitting that she could not drive away the effect of it upon her mind. He smiled off her depression, and about an hour passed when Mrs. Dillon went quietly to her husband's room, it being his usual time to rise, and was surprised to find he was not there. Instantly inquiries were set on foot everywhere that he could have possibly gone, but not the slightest trace could be found. From this time until the 26th of April nothing was heard of him, but upon that day, two months after his disappearance, his body was found floating in the water at the foot of West Eighteenth street within a hundred yards of his dwelling, his coat pockets loaded with bricks and with every indication about it of suicide. The theory of his friends and experts was that Mr. Dillon, disturbed as he was with the occurrences of the past two days, had arisen, perhaps unconsciously, in his sleep, dressed himself, gone forth, and being a man of nervous temperament, and, it is alleged, frequently suffered with acute pains in the head, had committed the act without the slightest knowledge of what he was doing. But does that account for the wife's dream? Here was a warning not warranted by the circumstances and not connected with the events, for even after she had told it to her brother, and heard of the street door being open, she did not regard both of sufficient importance to make her again look after her husband until it was time to call him to rise for breakfast.—*New York Daily Graphic*, Sept. 1884.

ANNIE FIRMAN'S DREAM.

Annie Firman is not well known in New York, but her husband, John Jack, is. A short time since the couple were on a western tour. Annie is possessed of a bouncing boy baby, not a thing perhaps that a young actress is anxious to make known, but nevertheless a fact. This baby had been left at home with her mother, and the parents, though they knew it was well taken care of, were always anxious. Well, Annie is too intelligent and too much a woman of the world, having traveled round it, not in eighty days but in five years, with her husband to be superstitious, but she has a pet theory that if she ever dreams of crossing water something terrible is sure

to happen immediately, and certainly her experience bears out her theory, in many cases most remarkably. Now she was at a far western point playing, when she had this dream very vividly. Of course, the wind of the mother ran directly to her child, and no reason or argument had any effect. It was her baby, her baby, and all her husband's assurances that baby was all right or that they would have heard of it had no effect. No, they were keeping back the news of its sickness, or death, so as not to distress or alarm her, and she must go home, and home she went in spite of everything. She describes her feelings on the way—the utter conviction that something had happened to the baby, and her agony because express trains did not run faster and steamboats fly through the air. At last New York was reached at 2 o'clock upon one morning, and the subject discussed strongly against driving directly to the house and waking up her family at that unseemly hour, but rather go to a hotel and rest till morning. But Jack wasn't a mother—Annie was; and quickly as horses could carry them they were before the house and gained admission, and found all well, especially the baby. Then comes the unreasonableness of women. The little actress was not content, and began to look about her to see from whence the blow was to come. She suspected, though she said nothing to her mother, but discussed it with her husband, who, of course, deprecated her fears. The morning mail, however, settled the matter by bringing intelligence of the death of a favorite brother in California, who died at the very time that Annie was dreaming, not of him, but of crossing water.

We have said that we have no theories to account for these things, but why not believe that we have the power within ourselves when we are passing from life to death, if at no other time, by strong will of sending out our souls to those whom we will? Who can tell?—*Daily Graphic* (N. Y.), Sept., 1884.

Passing from one side of a creek, or river, or ocean, to the other, represents some great change of condition or situation, such as marriage or death. This definition, from page 39, is applicable to the foregoing dream. We would inform Annie that crossing water signifies change, which may be either good or evil.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF DREAM INTERPRETATIONS.

1. When Rollo, the Dane, being defeated by Alfred, had left England, his brother-in-law in a dream was admonished by his mother not to engage in his cause; but persisting, he was killed.

Interpretation.—A “mother” represents misfortune; therefore the mother speaking to him foreshadowed death or other misfortune.

2. Walter Bowie, being about to undertake a military expedition, was in a dream warned by his mother-in-law, then dead, to forbear the journey; but persisting, he was killed on the day that he set out.

Interpretation.—“Mother” and “mother-in-law” signifies the same in the two preceding cases, and probably so in all cases.

3. After the election, and before the result was known in the case of Cleveland and Blaine, who represented the two great political parties of our country, a certain Mr. B., a Republican undertaker, narrated a fresh dream experience, as follows: “Being a candidate for Coroner, my poor stomach was necessarily dreadfully abused by the vile stuff of which I was obliged to partake with my friends, and when I slept it caused me to dream that there was a great funeral on hand and many societies and orders were present, and it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten to order the carriages, and I felt dreadfully mortified to think I had made such a blunder in failing to perform my duty as an undertaker.”

Although the result of the election was then unknown, we remarked to the dreamer that the funeral had reference to his political party. It was not a gorged stomach dream, but a true foreshadowing of the political funeral of his party. This was a fit illustration of defeat, and in accordance with the rule, that the most familiar objects and associations of the mind are presented to represent the fact revealed. The ill-feeling experienced in the dream also signified that ill luck was

foreshadowed to the dreamer, and that fact has since been demonstrated by the returns of the election and the defeat of his party.

4. During the latter part of the Blaine and Cleveland election campaign, Mr. E., a Republican, dreamed that there had been a great flood of water in the night time, and it had washed a channel in front of his house about thirty feet deep. When he awoke and looked out upon the scene the waters had subsided.

Interpretation.—High and rapid water signifies excitement among the people, and properly represented the election campaign. Sleep represents an unconscious condition in regard to the result of the matter which it has reference to, and the darkness of night time also represents inability to perceive results. But the plain view of the scene after the night had passed, and he had awakened, fitly typified the condition of the matter after the result became known to him and the excitement had subsided.

Similar to the foregoing is the following:

5. Miss W., whose first choice for President was John P. St. John and whose second choice was James G. Blaine, dreamed just before the result of the election was known that she was walking in the bed of a stream, and there appeared to have been a flood which had just subsided. She next appeared to be in a house with her father and her mother. Her father was in bed, but her mother was up and sweeping the house.

Interpretation.—The first part of the dream, like the one preceding it, in accordance with the rules, plainly has reference to the election, and the mother, who represents misfortune or defeat, being up and active, while the father, who represents success, was quietly resting in bed, signified the active triumph of misfortune to her in her choice of parties. The mother sweeping very cutely typifies the sweeping changes of office-holders, upon a change of administration.

The learned and ingenious Dr. Stone records of the late Mr. Usher, of Ireland—a man, he said, of great integrity, dear by his merits and kinsman, who died on the 8th of July, 1657:

"About 4 o'clock on the previous day a matron who died a little before appeared to him in his sleep and invited him to sup with her the next night. He at first denied her, but she more vehemently pressed her request. He at last consented, and on that very night he died."

Rules.—A woman who is distinguished for having recently died represents death. Asking one to sup also points to some misfortune, and a certain time being appointed to sup would seem to point to the nature of the misfortune.

When Socrates was in prison, Crito went to pay him him a visit, and told him he was informed by persons come from sea that the ship Delos would return to Athens that day, the consequence of which was that Socrates would be put to death on the morrow. "Be it so," said Socrates, "if it please the gods; yet I think the ship will not be here to-day, but to-morrow." "Why so, dear friend?" "Because this night a woman of beautiful and majestic form, clothed in a white robe, appeared to me in a dream, and calling me by name, said, "The third day shall land thee safe at fruitful Phthia." (They are the words of Achilles, in Homer, when he proposed to return home.) Socrates took it for the prediction of his death, because he judged that to die was to go home to his own country, and his dream was accomplished.

THE MISSIONARY AND BRAHMIN.

An ignorant Christian missionary had earnestly set himself to the hopeless task of converting an intelligent Brahmin.

"Is it true," said the Brahmin, "that in religion you are divided among yourselves—Catholic from Protestant, Presbyterian from Methodist, Baptist from Campbellite, etc."

"It is true," said the missionary.

"Is it true," said the Brahmin, "that you eat the hog, which we consider the scavenger of earth?"

"True," said the missionary.

"Is it true," said the peaceful Hindoo, "that you Christians practice the most cruel wars, and kill one another by thousands?"

"Alas! it is too true," replied the missionary.

"Then," said the Brahmin, "return to your country, agree among yourselves in religion, reform your diet, learn peace instead of war, and after that we will consider the matter."

ELECTION PREDICTIONS.

In the September issue of the *Dream Investigator* we requested candidates and politicians to send in their dreams, and we also stated that with a considerable number of them considered together we had no doubt but the result of the approaching presidential election might be accurately forecast. We then had a little inspired matter upon that subject, and it was published together with other later dream experiences in our October issue under the head of "The Presidential Election — Cleveland Ahead." In that article we published (substantially) an interpretation of a dream sent to us four years ago by Mr. D., of Kansas. In that interpretation I predicted the success of the Democratic party after the end of the official terms of Garfield and his successor. In that article we also published the predictions given by a Tennessee crank twenty years ago, in which it was predicted that the Lincoln party would be defeated *at this time*, and that a man almost unknown to the nation would be elected President. The time as predicted for a change of party administration has been exactly fulfilled, and the limited fame of Grover Cleveland also fulfills the description of the person who should be the successful candidate at this time. Other dreams were published in the same issue, which, though less pointed than the preceding cases, still we believed that they pointed to the election of Grover Cleveland.

Then again in our November issue, which was mailed to our subscribers on the first day of that month, we published several political dreams, and although they were from Republican dreamers, yet not one of them set forth anything pointing to the election of James G. Blaine; but on the contrary there were several points which seemed unmistakably to point to the election of Cleveland, while there were many other points which were not clear, but certainly not contradicting the same conclusions.

The election was held on the 4th day of November, and on the 5th the report was that the Democratic party was successful, and all Democrats appeared happy; but later news reversed the case and made the Republicans happy, by reporting the success of

their party and the election of J. G. Blaine to the Presidency of the United States. We drove from our home to the city of Peoria on that day and found all Democrats in hopeless despondency. None were bold enough to dispute the truth of the report of Blaine's election. Without bringing dreams into our calculations such news would not have surprised us, but on account of the dreams we were very much surprised; we could not reconcile those dreams with Blaine's election, and we returned home and reread the dreams and failed to find any reasons for changing our first conclusions.

The final result has certainly proven the truth of our first conclusions.

The truth of our prediction of the election of Mr. R., who was a candidate for the legislature of Tennessee, has also been verified, although his party had previously been the minority party in his district.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DEAR READERS:—The present number ends the first year and first volume of the *Dream Investigator*, and so far as we are aware, it is the first serial publication of the kind ever undertaken. In the announcement of the enterprise we were pledged to publish it for one year, and we have now fulfilled that pledge. But we do not propose to discontinue it at this time, and hope that we shall not be under the necessity of doing it while we live. If we should ever find it necessary from any cause, to discontinue it, all balances which may then be due to subscribers or others for advance payments will be returned to them immediately after the announcement of such discontinuance. Therefore subscribers should have no fears of loss by advance payments, for we were never in the "busting business," and shall endeavor to avoid all danger of it in time to come.

In our estimate of the importance attached to dreams by a large portion of mankind we were not mistaken. But as might be expected because of editorial inexperience, we have partially failed to work up public sentiment upon this subject sufficiently to make of it a pecuniary success.

We have solicited no advertising patronage, employed no canvassers to solicit subscriptions, nor gambled in prizes to win subscribers, but have relied wholly upon the merits of the subject and our own mode of presenting it for ultimate success. In pursuing such a course our progress must necessarily be slow, but upon a substantial basis.

If progress in knowledge upon this subject could be estimated in cash, I think I am fully compensated for the past year's investment in this matter, and believe the greatest loss is suffered by those who have failed to subscribe for the *Dream Investigator*. We fear there will be many who will suffer still greater loss by neglecting to subscribe for it the ensuing year.

One of the objects which we had in view when we determined to issue a serial publication rather than a book, was to bring the experiences of many persons together, in order that we might thereby test our previous conclusions by a more extended experience, and through that means correct many errors and widen the field of investigation. We have been successful upon this point, and feel that we have accomplished much, and with the additional knowledge and increased experience in the mode of presenting it, we are encouraged to push forward the work, though it be in the face of a frowning world.

We hereby tender our thanks to the many noble ladies and gentlemen, who by cash subscription and contributions of articles and valuable facts, have given aid to the enterprise during the past year, and solicit a continuance of such favors in the future.

Yours for the advancement of truth,

JAMES MONROE,

Editor and proprietor of the *Dream Investigator*.