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W. S. P. R.

The third general meeting of the Western Society for Psychical Research was held at the Club-room of the Sherman House, Chicago, October 5th.

The Secretary reported that about thirty members had been elected since the last meeting, making a total of 133. Edwin J. Kuh, M. D., the lecturer of the evening, read a paper on Hypnotism, which was afterward discussed by several members of the society. The following memorial was read and ordered entered upon the minutes of the society:

"It is with deep sorrow we learn of the departure of our zealous co-laborer, FRANK I. JERVIS. We doubly regret losing so early in our career, the services of one well fitted both by inclination and culture, to aid us in our work.

"The loss seems the more severe since none of us expected that so soon one of our number would solve the problem which we are trying to disentangle. We hope he has passed into a life of larger possibilities, where the question of 'To be, or not to be,' shall never be asked again; where his opportunities will fully complement his abilities."

We learn that efforts are being made to organize a society for Psychical Research, at St. Louis. It would be better if all those in the West interested in the subject, would unite in building up and sustaining one strong working society, with branches in each of the larger cities; but if our St. Louis brethren prefer to organize a society of their own, we cheerfully greet them as allies and wish them success.

MIND IN NATURE has been so universally commended for its typographical beauty and accuracy, our vanity was sorely tried last month, to find that two errors in R. W. Shufeldt's article, p. 128, were overlooked by the proof reader, though plainly corrected on the proof. There is a surplus i in "physical," (last line) and "vested," (fifth line from bottom) should be "rested."

A THOUGHT is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.—*O. W. Holmes.*

PSYCHOPATHY.

R. N. FOSTER, M. D.

In looking over the field for fitting cases whereby to illustrate a reasonable theory of psychopathic cures, we encounter at the very threshold of the inquiry a most formidable obstacle, and one that we must remove before a single advance step is possible. That obstacle is *Fraud*. In the psychical world the elements are quick and plastic, capable of rapid transformations, and surprises are to be anticipated. The physical world is more stable (in one sense at least), and alike in its own and in its coöperative movements, offers an enduring resistance to rapid metamorphosis. In the psychical realm to will a cure, to think a cure, to pray for a cure, and to achieve it all in the same breath, is not impossible, or even unreasonable, so long as the movement is confined to or terminates in the psychical sphere. But when the movement passes beyond this sphere, and strikes against the solid continent of material organization, encountering herein pathology, physiology, chemistry, and so on, the psychical *vis medicatrix* meets with a resistance which even the faith that could remove mountains would fail to overcome. For, after all, to remove a mountain is less of a task than it would be to overturn the entire constitution of Nature. While, therefore, we may be willing to accord to Spirit the amplest powers, both ordinary and extraordinary, yet simple loyalty to truth compels us to scrutinize with the utmost severity any alleged departures from the customary mode of its operation.

The dominant ripple in therapeutics just now, at least in the popular mind, is "metaphysics," and it was the hope of the writer that something could be gleaned from its annals by this time, which would positively justify, if not its extreme claims, yet possibly its more moderate assertions. But alas! for the hope of health as a permanent acquisition if it rests upon this basis.

About three months ago the daily press recorded the fact that General Grant, somewhat to the surprise of his medical attendants, was steadily improving. But the news was soon followed by the astounding information that two "metaphysicians," one in Boston and the other (of course) in Chicago, were secretly treating the General by the new method, and hence the improvement! While the improvement lasted, and such temporary pauses are the rule in the

progress of cancer as of other destructive diseases, the "metaphysical" trumpet continued to sound its brazen note throughout the land. But the disease soon resumed its progress, as every scientific physician expected it to do; the patient passed through the usual phases to the inevitable end, and the silence of the metaphysician was as marked as his previous uproar.

I regret to have to record the fact, that the case of General Grant was as favorable to the cause of the modern metaphysician as any case of organic disease which I have seen under his treatment. My own first direct observation was in the case of a patient with incurable disease of the spine—incurable, that is to say, by any means at the disposal of modern medicine. I deliberately placed this patient under the treatment of a metaphysician, and watched the result almost from day to day carefully. Three successive healers of that school tried their powers upon my patient, who entered cordially into the arrangement, and in three months he passed quietly to his grave,—just as he would have done under any other harmless treatment.

My next observation was in the case of a woman who had been metaphysically cured of cancer of the stomach, and was the source of much neighborhood gossip and wonder: accordingly, I called to see her, and examined her somewhat carefully. Whether she had cancer of the stomach or not, was a matter of doubt; but she had some malignant disease of that organ, and she was not cured at all.

My next observation was in the case of an estimable lady who was a victim of mammary cancer. There could be no doubt in this case respecting the diagnosis. The metaphysicians attacked this subject also without hesitation. After three weeks of treatment she went over to the majority.

I must now relate a case which relieves the monotony of this report somewhat, and which serves also to illustrate the actual value of all supersensual methods of cure.

A gentleman, himself a retired physician, had caries of the bones of the feet. The suffering, the incapacity for business, the consequent privations to which his family were subjected, had by long continuance brought about a general nervous exhaustion, which especially affected the stomach, causing what is sometimes known as "nervous dyspepsia." In despair he sought after the metaphysician. His dyspepsia was un-

doubtedly mitigated, so much so that at one time he hoped for a perfect cure. But the psychical change wrought in this case could not endure. The patient in a few months had relapsed to his former state, simply because the original and only real disease, the caries of the tarsal bones, still continued. His was no passing commotion in the psychical sphere, but a chronic disease firmly seated in the material organism, and not to be dislodged, if at all, except by the slower processes of organic physical change. We are bound to consider the nature of such change.

The process of bone-making may be primarily the working of a psychical power, or it may not. In either case the normal process is effected step by step in time and in work, and is carried on through a long series of metamorphoses, and by very complicated appliances and methods, which vary not in uniformity from first to last. Pathological processes, such as lead to the destruction of bone within the living organism, are no less methodical and complicated. They differ from the physiological movement of construction, in that they are retrograde and terminate in destruction.

Now whenever we are confronted by the claim that this orderly constitutional method of organic nature has been wholly superseded by the interposition of a superior psychical force, we are most solemnly bound by every consideration of truth, by the respect due to human intelligence, and by all the interests of sanitary progress, to scrutinize, criticize, and crucially determine, if possible, whether this thing has really been achieved or not. The formation of organic structures, their maintenance, their production and reproduction, their waste and repair, and their final decadence, as minutely set forth in scientific treatises, are surely the constant method and work of life, and are miracle enough too for any healthy degree of admiration. The miraculous method of accomplishing these same results differs so much from this, besides being very, *very* exceptional, and indeed insignificant in amount, that it is a grave error of judgment to give to it anything more than a subordinate place. Praying for rain and good crops *may* have done some good in the world, but after all the plain blunt toil of agriculture has apparently produced nearly if not all the tangible results. And why not? Is not ploughing as direct an appeal to God as praying, when

we fairly analyze the two performances? Is there not just as much psychical energy displayed in one act as in the other? Certainly.

So also must we compare the psychical with the physical method in matters of hygiene and health. The work of hygiene, like that of agriculture, is constant, universal, and definite in results. It proceeds through a long series of uniform and interdependent means to organic ends. If ever these ends are reached without the employment of the means, or if the temporal succession of movements is ever disregarded, or so immensely accelerated as to almost disappear, the fact is certainly exceptional to the last degree.

For example, a person is suffering, and has suffered for months, from a destruction of portions of, say, the thigh bone. In the usual order of events, the inflamed bone dies, slowly, gradually, line by line, day by day, even year by year. In the same slowly progressive, imperceptible manner, new bone takes its place, the process going on as regularly and methodically as does the process of destruction in the old bone. The old bone is not destroyed instantaneously (unless by external violence), nor is the new bone formed instantaneously. On the contrary, food containing the elements of bone has to be obtained, prepared, masticated, digested, carried into the circulation, and by the blood vessels conveyed to the place where it is required. Here it transudes from the vessels, bathes the elements to be supplied, and these elements assimilate it, or, take from the fluid nutriment which bathes them such materials as are required to form bone. This done, the organic work is complete, simply requiring continual nutriment by the same process in order to maintain it.

Now is the psychical process essentially different from this? Is there any psychopathic formula whereby the same results are attained but by entirely other means? Or are the same means employed, except that under the stimulus of the higher psychical forces the organism is urged to extreme rapidity of action? This latter hypothesis is not wholly untenable, provided we confine its application within strictly definable limits. For it is very obvious from well known facts of physiology and pathology that the psychical forces do both retard and accelerate the organic movements and functions of every organ in the body. And

where the conditions are such as to permit of it, this acceleration or retardation, as the case may be, may be so great as to produce very striking organic changes in a comparatively short space of time. Hence, without the least prejudice to natural science, or to the normal working of organic life, there is a way open in the nature of things to the occasional performance of psychopathic cures. I hope to be able to present to our readers a few illustrations of such cures in a future number.

INSPIRATION.

R. NEELY.

Emma E. Barlow's plea for inspiration of the masses is very just. It is as certain that the loving mother, in the humblest sphere of life, "grandly bearing the fruits of the light of love which lies deep in the recesses of every human heart," is inspired as well as the greatest philosopher, poet or preacher, as it is that the sun warms alike the tiny flower and the gigantic oak.

Much has been said about inspiration which is of little value to mankind. Half a century ago I have listened to hour and a half sermons in proof of the divinity of Christ which needs no argument, when it is understood that all humanity is divine because coming from God, and partaking of his nature, as every child partakes of the nature of its parents, and Jesus Christ could not be otherwise than divine, and the more divine because he was so human, and vice versa, the more human because so divine. So it is with inspiration. When God made man he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. That was inspiration, and was given to all. Again. There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. These gifts and every intuitive idea we get are all inspiration, and Emma E. Barlow does well to oppose any monopoly of them by the so-called "great," because it is the exclusive privilege of no individual or class of persons, for all have the faculty of intuition by which they can, and do, receive inspiration from the same great source of light and love, differing only in degree according to their capacity and aspiration.

There is no difficulty to him who wills.
—*Kossuth*.

TELEPATHY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A DOUBLE INSTANCE.

H. D. VALIN, M. D.

The Facts.—The 26th of April of the present year, at 2 a. m., I awoke at the ring of my electric bell, having just had the following dream: I was talking with some ladies on a sidewalk in the city in day time when a police officer in uniform came and arrested me, and I awoke on the way to the station. My wife awoke about the same time from a dream in which she saw a policeman arresting me and dragging me to the station. The electric bell is within ten feet of our bed, and a window, open at the time, looks down on the hallway of the story below, where stood a policeman pressing the button of my bell. I arose, spoke to him, and knew him, for I had been to his house once a couple of months before. He was dressed in citizen's clothes, and asked me to go with him to see a sick child. This was the third time in the last six years that persons waking me had appeared to me in dreams just before waking. But my wife did not remember any former instance of the kind in her case. It is well here to state that most physiologists are agreed that dreams are generally instantaneous, and it is a common observation that the noises which awake a person often suggest certain dreams which are experienced in the act of waking, and the two precedent dreams were obviously of that nature. But how is the fact of our two similar dreams of policemen while one of them was ringing my bell to be explained, if not as a plain case of telepathy?

EXPLANATION.

Fortuitous.—Occasionally, a person experiences the same dream several times in succession. Indeed, the same dream might occur to two different persons out of a million cases perhaps, and out of a billion this might happen to both at the same time. Perhaps out of a trillion dreams in different persons the two above conditions would be fulfilled in connection with the presence in the neighborhood of the object of the dream. But such improbable chances are not worth the attention of any but the most sceptic.

Metaphysical.—On the old theory of the mind or soul being a separate essence from the body, the soul of the police officer might have appeared to both my wife and

me while his body was engaged ringing my bell, and thus would our dreams receive a fit explanation if it did not seem so absurd. Then the soul in question would have assumed a different dress, and even multiplied itself in the process, which makes it less probable. Although many people are still met who believe in the existence of such independent soul, not a single argument founded on reason could be adduced to prove such existence, which remains to this day a pure matter of faith.

Physiological.—In sleep, all the senses need not be at rest, especially at the time of waking. This being the case, the sense of smell, although the distance through the air must be about 45 feet, could have revealed to me the presence of that man; for I doubt not but that certain persons would thus reveal their identity to me at such a distance when awake, for I possess this sense acutely. But how could my wife have the same dream then for she never came near that man before? Again, the walk of the man might have revealed his identity as is often the case for people to tell their friends in the dark by the sound of their steps, but this explanation fails elucidating the double dream. Even the supposition that policemen in general can be told by the sound of their steps, is too improbable to be entertained, for in a previous instance two perfect strangers have revealed even their general features to me under identical circumstances. The primitive sense which seems to reveal all sorts of sensations to the integument of the body, probably through air vibrations, also fails explaining the facts of this case.

However, there are so many phenomena of spiritualism referable to a certain correlation of the senses that the physiological factor is not to be so preemptorily dismissed.

It is a fact that polypes, zoophites, and some infusoria are endowed with sensation and motion, though devoid of nerves and organs of sense. (Prochaska, quoted by Maudsley in "Physiology of Mind," Ch. 11.) Says Maudsley: "There is good evidence that blind persons may learn to distinguish colors by the touch," and he cites cases reported by Dr. Abercrombie. The audiophone is constructed with reference to the power of deaf people of hearing through their teeth. Henri de Parville (Popular Science M. Aug. '83), treating of the association of colors with sounds says:

"There are, in fact, persons who are endowed with such sensibility that they can not hear a sound without at the same time preceiving colors," and cites many cases in one of which the color was so well discerned that, when the ears were stopped, it indicated the loudness of the sound. The acuteness attained in some cases by the remaining senses after the destruction of some of them bears on the same point. Thus the sense of touch is presumed to account for the susceptibility of deaf and dumb to particular noises. And in these cases the factors of plain sensations are often so obscure that no person of ordinary sound sense organs would perceive them. This wonderful attainment by one or more of the sense organs is generally the result of constant attention. For that reason, it is quite probable that some spiritual (personal) media may receive enough light through a bandage to perceive the letters in reading, especially in those cases in which this faculty is lost by the interposition of opaque objects between the reader and the book.

Physical.—I do not wish to be understood as believing that mind is electricity and that the thoughts of the policeman intended on me reached both my wife and me through the wires of the electric bell, but I desire to suggest some physical explanation of telepathy in general.

Whenever the elements of which flesh is composed are chemically analyzed, they are found to differ in no property from those elements of which the rocks are made. The functions of the living flesh again do not seem to differ essentially from similar process in the inorganic world. For instance, nutrition appears to be chemical affinity; the circulation of the blood, the play of a bulb syringe; respiration, a process of oxidation or combustion; locomotion, the action of a system of levers; animal heat and work, the result of combustion; generation, a sort of catalysis; and the mental functions, a translation of pictures and sounds into other forms of motion. What J. R. Mayer believed long ago seems a common belief to-day amongst physiologists: "that the source of all changes in the living organism, animal as well as vegetable, lies in the forces acting upon it *from without*; whilst the changes in its own composition brought about by these agencies, he considers to be the immediate source of the forces which are generated

by it." (Quoted by W. B. Carpenter in the 'Correlation of Forces.')

Thus we arrive at considering organic functions as the play of natural forces, each of which is convertible into the other. When nervous (that is mental) actions are tested they are found to require a definite time for their performance, proving that they are consecutive motions. They evolve just so much heat and give rise to a definite quantity of electricity. (See *Animal Mechanism*, by J. E. Marey.) To-day it is a well known fact amongst physicists that all the natural forces are transmutable into one another. It seems also a well known fact amongst physiologists that the various senses are transmutable as to their functions as we have shown above. From the foregoing, it seems evident that the transformation of air vibrations or any other form of force into terms of mental perception is most conform with all the known processes of natural force and organic function. It is well known that some modes of force act at a considerable distance through media which avoid our perception; gravity on any object; the earth's magnetism on the mariner's compass are instances. Two different pieces of metal coming one near the other become differently magnetized, and the instance of magnetic iron is well known. Then why should man be devoid of this property which even metals possess of revealing their identity at a distance? If this analogy fails of explaining telepathy it certainly makes it look reasonable and susceptible of a purely physical explanation.

The electricity running through an electric light wire has been known to wreck a telephone office, the nearest wire from which did not come within six feet of the first. In this case of electricity whose power of communication is not destroyed in a vacuum, as many people know, the medium must consist of the so-called omnipresent ether which is believed to be rarified matter, such as Tyndall has shown to exist in the inter-stellar spaces. In the case of mind, many media of communication are used: we speak by means of air vibrations just as we hear; we write by means of light undulations for while speech takes place in the dark as well, writing then ceases to be a mode of mental communication. In the case of sight the medium is a highly vibrating ether for such is light, and in the case of mind-reading it seems that the process

is analogous with the last, though the ether may attain in the latter a higher rate of vibration. In order to be better understood let us take a point of comparison: the paddle of a rowboat sets the surface of the water vibrating in harmony with the motions of the boatman's arms, and these undulations penetrate far away. The thinking part of the brain (gray cortex of the hemispheres or *sensorium commune*), must be set vibrating during the continuation of thought, just as the organs of sight and hearing are vibrating while receiving sensations. Now, these vibrations of the brain, I believe, radiate outside of the body through the medium of the ether, and coming in contact with other brains passively disposed cause them to vibrate in the same manner, and cause them to entertain similar thoughts.

This is just as plausible as the fact demonstrable by means of optical instruments that the beats of one's heart keep the room in which one is placed vibrating.

But here is a better comparison: One's brain, set vibrating in the process of thought, starts the environing ether vibrating, and this starts other brains vibrating in the same manner, just as our voice sets a calm atmosphere vibrating, and this in its turn sets a neighboring grove vibrating, which repeats our words in its echo.

This explanation will satisfy many readers, and at least satisfies me entirely. But I must add one remark. The belief in the necessary coincidence between the approach of a visitor and our speaking of him is an universal belief as proven by dicta expressing it in many languages. This fact, for it is useless to ridicule and deny its frequent occurrence, is capable of the same explanation as the dreams above quoted. Only, the false impression that our speaking of our visitor attracts his presence should be translated into the more correct theory that our visitor on his way to see us thinks of us and thereby induces our mind to think of him. In this case, with instances of which probably every reader is familiar, it is not at all likely that our visitor's step, or his smell, or the air vibrations caused by his motions attract our attention, but the medium might well be the ether, for this is so sensitive that, scientifically speaking, the fall of a stone to the ground displaces through it the orbit of the earth. And as the phenomenon of light proves, the most rarified media are often the best transmitters of the most rapid modes of motion.

LIFE AND MATTER.

R. A. CONANT, M. D.

To call life an inherent attribute of matter is paradoxical, for all the tendencies of matter, pure and simple, are toward the satisfaction of its affinities—toward repose and death. All physical life, on the other hand, is a direct contradiction of such tendencies. Life is change, action, with only partial temporary satisfaction of chemical affinities. It is the manifestation of a continually compelling force, which drives the reluctant atoms into uncongenial and unnatural fellowships, from which they struggle to be free by every avenue of escape.

But this vital force must not be too persistent. Too much were as bad as too little. For the constant slipping away of the struggling atoms from the grasp of vital force back to their natural affinities, constitutes the phenomena of life quite as much as their forcible conscription and enrollment.

Each half-second heart-rest is death; the next throb is resurrection and life. Hence, life and death, as popular terms, are merely relative: in *fact*, they are inextricably intertwined. Youth is a living death; age, a dying life. The vital phenomena, as we know them, are the tireless ebb and flow of a mighty, invisible Force upon the shore of eternity. And this ebb and flow, whether in body, tree or planet, marks off what we call Time.

"LIGHT ON THE PATH."

Mr. C., a fellow of the Theosophical Society, has published a treatise for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence, entitled "Light on the Path." The book is plainly written, but its thoughts are too deep for ordinary intellects. After a careful perusal, we have failed to get any "light on the path." We are, if anything, in worse darkness than we were before taking up the brochure. This, of course, may be the result of natural obtuseness, but we defy old Socrates himself to derive any comfort or moral or psychical enlightenment from such rules as these, which are given as guiding stars to the searcher after truth, wisdom, and moral perfection: "Kill out ambition; kill out desire of life; kill out desire of comfort; kill out all sense of separateness; kill out the hunger for growth; desire only that

which is beyond you; desire only that which is unattainable; seek the way by advancing boldly without; look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm; listen only to the voice which is soundless; look only on that which is invisible alike to the inner and the outer sense, etc." It is quite evident the crank-killer is neglecting his duty, or the book-market would not be flooded with such meaningless trash.

As another critic says:

"There may be people who will understand it, but it must be doubtful. The writer hereof is "ignorant of the Eastern wisdom," and would desire to be influenced by any wisdom, Eastern or other, but can make nothing of this. What is not platitude appears to be either rhapsody or jargon, or both. One of the things said in the book is this: "Speech comes only with knowledge. Attain to knowledge and you will attain to speech." The second sentence may be true, but only a part of the truth, but the book itself is incontrovertible proof that the first of these statements can not be true. The author has very evidently attained to speech first."

"*THERE IS NO RESURRECTION.*" *

Naught but the dust and the ashes—
Nothing but Death at the last :
Here but the lightning that flashes—
There but a tempest that's past.

Tell me, O where are we drifting ?
Tell me, is Life but a dream ?
Is Death's sombre curtains unlifting,
And the grave a sad end of the scene ?

Why should we strive on and struggle,
Dewing the Earth with our tears ?
Why sow we but furrows of trouble,
Reaping a harvest of fears ?

Better, far better, to end it,
Closing the book and the tale ;
Better, far better, to rend it,
If naught is conceal'd by the veil.

Here lies the cure for disaster—
Here is the solace for grief :
Death stalks no more as a master,
But 's a servitor bringing relief.

If this be the end, O ye weary,
Drink of Oblivion's sweet cup ;
Say farewell to existence so dreary,
And close the sad tragedy up.

One step, and the horror is ended—
One touch, and the lights disappear ;
The dust and the ashes are blended,
And Night, never ending, is here.

* Col. Ingersoll.

R. N. M.

*THE SUPERNATURAL IN
SHAKESPEARE.*

PROF. JOHN FRASER.

NO. II.

In a former article I dealt briefly and generally with the supernatural in Shakespeare, and in resuming a study of the subject would call attention to the great difficulties the English dramatist had to contend with compared with those encountered by his classical predecessors of Greece and Rome. To the latter, the supernatural presented small difficulty. To ignorance nothing is unknown, the first step in knowledge being the knowledge of one's ignorance. This step, so far as the supernatural is concerned, the Greek tragedians had not taken. In their minds everything belonging to another and spiritual world, to Divinity and the relations between gods and men, spirit and flesh, was cut and dried. So much so, that the Furies of Æschylus seem almost like photographs of real, hideous, repulsive old females whom he had actually seen, yet clothed with a certain sublimity and awe by reason of the awful mission to punish terrible crimes, with which Fate had empowered them.

Shakespeare on the other hand belonged to a Christian age, an age, too, in which the foundations had been laid of exact science and a common sense philosophy. To him, all that belongs to another world was doubtful, nebulous, uncertain. The other world itself was no more than that bourne from which no traveller returns, but what the nature of the bourne, or even the certainty of unreturn, he knew not. I say "certainty of unreturn," because in the same act the ghost of the speaker's father appears. It was all guesswork. As a poet, which he was first of all and all the time, he beheld everything subjected to his genius, whether in the inner or the outer world, — to be made use of in his artistic creations according to the suggestions of his fancy, the requirements of the drama, or the dictates of his will. To him, the introduction of the spiritual — being the unknown — presented peculiar difficulties, because, in common with the rest of humanity, he was unacquainted with the rules and laws regarding its existence. The Greek dramatists labored under no such restriction. Although equally ignorant with Shakespeare, they thought they knew everything, and lacked that knowledge of their ignor-

ance which made everything uncertain and dark to him. They treated supernatural beings as if they were natural existences; the gods were merely enlarged men. With Shakespeare it was different, and even the genius of a Shakespeare is powerless to impart to the creations of fancy the consistency which is the attribute of natural existences.

The Greek dramatists subordinated action to influences beyond the sphere of humanity, and invested them with that grandeur and awe which result from the consciousness of a pitiless, and all-dominant and omnipotent Fate, but their Fate was actually painted and seen, and thought to be accurately known and understood. Shakespeare, basing his dramas on conscious ignorance of the nature of Fate, tried to combine the supernatural with the natural; sometimes successfully, as in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth;" sometimes indifferently; as in "The Tempest;" at other times poetically and ingeniously, as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and again unsuccessfully and feebly, as in "Cymbeline." But, all the same and in every case, he based his handling of the supernatural on the belief and conviction—expressed or unexpressed—of universal humanity; for so long as men believe in the existence of their own souls, so long will they believe that that which survives the grave will, to answer certain ends, and under certain conditions, become visible.

In the composition of "Hamlet" notably did Shakespeare realize the difficulty of allying the natural with the supernatural; indeed, he found it all but insurmountable, and having made the ghost in the early part of the play perform his part in a few brilliant scenes, he calls on it no more, save once, during the remainder of the tragedy. Indeed, as often as it revisits the earth it hovers about the last object of its solicitude; for, in the scene between Hamlet and his mother, the ghost is present, and by an act of volition renders itself visible at the critical moment to withdraw the Prince from becoming the rival of Alcæon and Orestes. Here its ministry ends; he (or it?) has played his part, and retires to sulphurous and elementary flames, though for how long, it is significant, Shakespeare does not say.

In "Macbeth" there is less uncertainty. The basework of that mighty drama is this. A council of evil intelligences, full of spite

and hate to humanity, has been held in order to determine how best to originate a series of calamities on Scotland. Plans are adopted, instruments appointed, delusions fixed on. This decision of destiny Shakespeare accepts as final, marshals his agents together, and begins his drama. Thus it is that, when Macbeth is accosted on the blasted heath, though it takes him by surprise, that surprise is only partially shared by the on-lookers,—be they readers or audience—because the latter are instinctively conscious that it is all in accordance with a carefully preconcerted scheme of action. Thus, in order to convince *Macbeth* of their supernatural origin and character, the witches paralyse his intellect by a show of prophecy.

In "The Tempest," on the other hand, the mode of introducing the supernatural is mean and absurd, though the result is singularly poetical. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the fairy creations are sportive and fanciful, though much too slight to command even the most transient belief in the actuality or possibility of their existence; in "Julius Cæsar" the incident of the spectre is much inferior to the account of it given by Plutarch; and in "Antony and Cleopatra" the miraculous music accompanying the departure of Hercules is clumsily introduced and poorly described.

Of the wretched scene which brings "Cymbeline" to a tawdry, pantomimic transformation scene close I have already spoken. Here again Shakespeare attempts to unite the spiritual and the natural and fails. Only I am wrong in saying Shakespeare, because I think it is almost beyond a doubt that this execrable scene was interpolated by another and very incompetent playwright. It is only in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" therefore that we are to look for anything like grandeur in Shakespeare's dealings with the invisible world, though there is a suggestion—mind you, a suggestion merely—of the same, in the supernatural warnings and psychical phenomena in "Julius Cæsar."

The truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planed aspects of the world about them. . . . Society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface. —*O. W. Holmes.*

*KNOWLEDGE SUPERIOR TO
BELIEF.*

About twenty years ago there lived in the little inland Michigan town of C—, a thrifty merchant, whom we will call Alfred Athelstane. His family consisted of himself, wife, and little daughter, whom we will name Annie. In religion, Mr. Athelstane was a close-communion hard-shelled Baptist.

At the same time, there resided in Detroit a cousin of Mr. Athelstane's, who was both a wholesale and retail merchant, whom we will designate as William Rekrab, who, if he had any religion, did not himself know what it was. William was a blonde, and fair to look upon, while his brother Paul Rekrab, was dark, with fine, large, black eyes, coal-black hair, full-faced, with a robust form, which accorded well with the strength of mind shown in his countenance.

Paul's home was in the northern Michigan town of A—, but his business as traveling member of his and his brother William's firm, took him several times a year through the town of C—, where he always stopped, to remain over a day or a night with his cousin Alfred. Paul was highly educated, well read, traveled, and a charming conversationalist, but, somehow, his talk always eventually drifted into assertions that departed spirits could communicate with people dwelling upon this earth. Alfred and his Baptist wife were very much bored with these portions of his visits, and usually sent little Annie out of the room when Paul commenced such, to them, horribly unorthodox talk. But, one evening, they became so excited over their controversy, that Annie was forgotten, and there she sat, with eyes, ears and mouth all stretched to their utmost receptivity, taking it all in. Paul was telling how his father, long dead, often came and talked to him, face to face.

Alfred's impatience could not endure this, and he angrily exclaimed, "Paul, you are a truthful man, so I'm sure that you believe what you say, but I know that it is all imagination and delusion."

Whereupon Paul hotly answered, "Alfred, it is no more a delusion than that I am talking to you now, and I tell you what, if I die before you do, I'll come and give you such a shaking that you, too, will believe."

Alfred replied, "All right, Paul; when

I am shaken I will believe, but not before."

Soon after this, Paul ceased to travel over the road, and William was accidentally drowned, so the three cousins never met again; and Alfred died before Paul, and unshaken. After Alfred's death, his wife and daughter only heard at long intervals, and in a round-about way, from Paul, and had not heard anything whatever concerning him for two or three years, when, one Sunday evening, after her father had been dead four years, after taking her supper of only a cup of crackers and milk, Annie went to bed as usual, but awoke suddenly, after dreaming this dream: She thought that she was passing from the front hall, through the dining-room, to the kitchen, when the door from the family-room opened, and her father stepped out, and, throwing his arm about her, kissed her, and said, "Annie, Paul Rekrab is dead."

"Oh, no! father," she said, "it is not Paul who is dead; it is William."

At which Paul stepped through the same door, looking just as she last saw him, and said, "Yes, Annie, I am dead."

Annie insisted, to him, "Why, no, Paul, you are not dead; you are here."

"I am dead," he solemnly said; and, turning, passed into the family-room, as though going to the library.

Annie and her father followed him, but he suddenly turned and faced them, with blanched and wrinkled face, shrunken form, light eyes, and almost white hair, and commenced to ascend.

"There, father," cried Annie, "see how light he is; it is William."

Upon which the figure slowly descended until the feet touched the floor, and the voice again reiterated, "I am Paul Rekrab, and I am dead," and disappeared.

Annie awoke with a start, thinking, "What did I eat for supper that should give me the nightmare like that?" But, remembering her slender repast of the night before, she thought it could not be that; but how strange it was! But, of course, it was all about William, as Paul is not dead; and arose and looked at the clock. Finding it twenty minutes past four, she went to bed again, and, turning over, fell directly to sleep, and dreamed the same things over again, and awoke the second time, to find it only ten minutes of five, and that she had dreamed the two dreams within

an hour. Feeling very nervous this second time, she could not go to sleep again, and anxiously awaited breakfast-hour. After breakfast, she recited her queer dream to her mother, asking, "Mother, what do you think it means?"

"Oh, child! it means nothing, excepting that you got too tired yesterday, and were nervous."

But Annie kept thinking of it all day, and, after supper, told it over again to her mother, saying, "I feel just as if it did have a meaning."

Her mother anxiously urged her to cease thinking about it, or she would injure herself worrying. Annie finally succeeded in doing so, and slept well that night. The next morning, when the Monday's *Detroit Evening News* was thrown upon the porch, Annie brought it in, and sat down on the couch near her mother, and, upon opening it, the first thing her eyes fell on was among the deaths, the name Rekrab. In A——, Sunday, April 6, Paul Rekrab, etc. "There, mother, what do you think now?" asked Annie.

"I think it is certainly remarkably strange," admitted Mrs. Athelstane.

Annie immediately went into the library, seated herself at the writing-desk, and wrote a letter of condolence to Paul's wife, also asking at what hour he died, what was the trouble, and how he looked.

In a few days the reply came: Dear Paul died at ten o'clock Sunday night. He had been ill about six months, but was so thin and changed that you would scarcely have known him. His disease bleached skin, eyes, and hair."

Again Annie asked her mother what she thought, receiving the reply that she certainly could not understand it.

To which Annie, with shining eyes, exclaimed, "Mother, I know what it means. Cousin Paul, immediately after death, met father and brought father with him to me, to convince us that communication could be made, and to show us that father knew it. And just think, mother, it was only six hours after Paul's death; and how doubly strange that he could represent himself to me, both as I last saw him and also as he was when he died. I always firmly believed that the soul was immortal, but now I know it is, and it gives me such rest, such peace. I have not been so happy in years. I know the knowledge was sent from God."

E. E. B.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

An article on Psychical Research in *The Nation*, No. 1,008, says that these classes of phenomena need investigation has long been admitted, but the feeling that trickery of the most subtle sort, and morbid nervous manifestations not yet understood—both liable to baffle the most careful experiments—were involved in them, has hitherto prevented any adequate study of them. Even the manifestations of hypnotism studied by the physiologists Heidenhain, Preyer, and others in Germany a few years ago, were pronounced by Du Bois-Reymond as outside the field of science. The question is, Can scientific men approach the subject from outside with the same reasonable hope of results, by a careful use of their methods as in other fields of research? If you were dependent solely on professed mediums, who made their own conditions, investigation would be folly.

The need of exploring this dark side of modern culture is very great. Here, more than in all other fields combined, superstition and every outgrown creed back to the lowest savagery flourish rankly all about us. The mental and moral energy, the strength and money, that are yearly lost to the work of ameliorating the condition of mankind—the influences centering here that are working against all that teachers of every grade and kind are striving for—can not be estimated. In view of all these circumstances, which are now deeply impressing some of the most serious scientific men in several of the larger cities in the Eastern part of this country, it seems as if there might be an American Association that would stimulate fruitful work on at least one side of this vast field. Our country abounds with organizations which are what Reichenbach would have termed "sensitive"—people of exquisitely nervous constitution, of variable moods and abnormally concentrative habit, on whom, wherever found, systematic observations as to the extreme limit of abnormally sharpened senses might be made. There is certainly a wide tract to be explored here before we can affirm anything confidently of these limits; and before these are determined it does not seem scientific to have recourse to explanations of extraordinary perceptions or thought-transference by means of ethereal vibrations, or spiritual agencies, or any other hypothesis of a natural or supernatural kind. If by such methods results are reached that compel presuppositions new to science, so be it, but let the object be to study abnormal psychoneural phenomena.

It is, of course, an obstacle to the American Associations that the necessary researches are very expensive and almost require an endowment fund. But money has, we understand, been abundantly forthcoming in England, and why should it not be here?

*PRECOGNITIONS: AN APPROACH TOWARD THEIR PHILOSOPHY.**

BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

In systems of Mental Philosophy, I do not think a proper degree of attention has been assigned to the phenomena of dreams. Much less has it been considered how much dreams affect our life, and pass into our experiences as facts. Byron approaches the truth when he says, incidentally, "Our life is twofold," etc.; but, as he thought deeply on no subject, he glances only at a truth which a philosophical poet, like Wordsworth, might have elevated and enlarged into a profitable range of reflections upon the mystery of the soul and its faculties. In arguments for the immaterial nature of the human mind, and as bearing upon its immortality, we all know that dreams have found their place; but the degrading uses to which dreams are subjected by the superstitious, and their "unsubstantial fabric," making them a by-word for the unreal and fantastic, have relegated this marvelous matter to "wizards that peep and mutter." In the Scriptures we find a twofold view of them which is philosophical and just. "The prophet that hath a dream" is but a light character: yet again—"Thou spakest sometime in visions unto thy servants." What dignity invested the dreams of Joseph, though his brethren scorned him for them! Think of the dignity of that other Joseph who was "warned of God in a dream." And what glory invests the vision of Jacob, at Bethel, and the ladder of those angelic messengers whom he saw "ascending and descending" upon the heir of the Promises, and the possessor in them of the Promised Seed. But I quote Scripture here without reference to its theological value, merely as containing an ancient testimony to the twofold character of the phenomena of dreams. They may be the farces of a distempered imagination: they may have that in them which Homer recognized as "from God." I speak now of the fact that, in the common experiences of mankind, they become a power in our life. Men of sense refuse to be influenced by them in any way, consciously; yet they are often of a solemn character, and indistinctly make a deep impression upon the mind.

"Their voices through the labyrinthine soul,
Like echoes in deep caverns, wind and roll."

When only a child I have had "visions of judgment" which haunted me for weeks, deeply impressing me with a sense of my accountability; and my schoolmates owned to like experiences. I suppose they are universal. I have known persons the reverse of superstitious, frivolous or philosophical, in fact, and who would have scorned the thought of attaching importance to them, who, nevertheless,

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could not shake off the depressing influence of a dream, for a long period of time. Now, I assert with confidence that everybody's experience will accept it as a fact that many of our dreams are so real in their impressions on the imagination as to leave upon the memory a permanent mark. Hence, they enter into our life's web, and are interwoven with its warp and woof, affecting us for good or ill in many ways, even after we cease to recollect them, just as do the actual events of our past lives.

But this is not so much my point. I suggest—I cannot demonstrate—that the dreams we remember are very, very few indeed as compared with those we fail to recall, even when we wake, in the morning. There is a plausible ground for accepting the idea of some thinkers who suppose we only remember the dream that wakes us, or the last dream of the night, or, rather, of the morning. I think we have all awakened, if not in tears, yet sadly depressed from the impressions of dreams which we cannot recall. I have known women and young children to come weeping to the family circle, in the morning, quite unable to shake off the influence of night visions, but equally unable to recall the details of "something horrible" that woke them up. We laugh away such phantoms, as we should; but, after all, they leave a mark, and we are not the same as if we had never known them and lain passive under their spell. Now, I suppose that forgotten dreams are the base of innumerable thoughts that stir within us; those "fallings-from-us," etc., of which Wordsworth speaks. In short, take that marvelous "Ode on Immortality" and the Platonisms to which it gives a new and a Christian form, and we have sufficient evidence that I do not take too much for granted in my theorem, my assertion, if you prefer it, that in our twofold life the impressions left upon us by our dreams are elements of our education, enter into our habits, and are a part of the experiences which account for the specialties of any man. In fact, I love to think, in all Christian charity, that certain deteriorations of character, for which there seems no accounting are the product of temptations encountered in the dreamland of the night hours; and I think the sweet trifling with which friends say "Pleasant dreams," when they bid good-night, may very profitably be turned into prayers by those who take into account the debasing effects of "evil communications that corrupt good manners." We wake from a dream of meeting profane and shameful persons, who have shocked us by impious words, such as we never framed to ourselves, in all our lives. I remember once being horrified at the death-bed of a respectable and pure young woman who in her delirium used language which I am sure never passed her lips when awake. The phy-

sician begged me to draw no unfavorable inferences from such a terrible outbreak. He said nothing was more common in his experience than similar occurrences. He added, most logically and consolingly: "Just in proportion as one is pure and incapable of even imagining such things, is the shock to the mental and moral sensibilities of some violence done to them in a passing moment. A good woman has heard, in some accidental way, the words of a profane or lewd brawler, has stopped her ears and banished them beyond recall; yet such was the wound, the outrage suffered by her refined and delicate nature, that, owing to the imperishability of thought, the detestable realities of a moment's experience revive in this delirium." (See H. M. Hugunin's experience with "planchette," page 143. ED.) Conversely, very wicked and immoral characters, in delirious moments, often break out in the language of prayer, if not of rapture. They have done violence to their consciences in suppressing good thoughts and profound convictions, and the soul unloads itself, at last, of ideas stowed away and suppressed, but never sufficiently remembered or recalled for practical benefit. We can argue little from such exhibitions, when they contradict the life and habits of their subjects in this way. I have paraphrased what has been drawn forth from several persons of the medical profession, in my anxious inquiries about such manifestations. Their views of the case are confirmed by the fact that in such *deliria* nothing is more common than for the tenderest mother to express hate of the child whom she loved most dearly. I forbear to follow these thoughts into the inquiries they suggest, as to death-bed repentances or death-bed fallings-from-grace. But, to come back to my point, our dreams are accountable for many things in our mental habits. Who has not said to himself: "How strange! I never was in this place before, yet it comes to me as something quite familiar." How often we hear the usual expression: "I think I must have dreamed it." I am sure I base my thought on general experience then, when I say that dreams, though natural in a sense, are in a much deeper sense *preternatural*. They obey no law which we can discover; they operate on our composite nature in many ways unfathomable; they belong to that cloud-land which is interposed between what is natural and what lies far outside and beyond.

It is of no consequence to say, what I suppose to be true, that brutes dream as well as men. I think, also, they reason within certain limits. They have eyes and legs as well as men; but how ignobly inferior! So, too, they have the *psyche*, but not the *pneuma*; and are in the mental part, as in the bodily part, destitute of that divine element which even

heathen philosophy ascribes to man. Animal life itself is a mystery, I allow. I think more honorably of the brute *psyche* than Carl Vogt does of the genius of a Newton or a Shakespeare, whose "brains secreted thought as their livers secreted bile." Oh! shame on such a brain as secreted a thought like this. But follow the *psyche* of a man into dream-land, and see what it creates, what it reveals of its true character, and of its independence of the dormant organs that chain it to the flesh.

I wake from a dream, exclaiming, "Oh! how beautiful! I have roamed within the heavenly gates, and have seen what I never saw before, never imagined, had no power to put into words, much less into sculpture, or on canvas." How is it that, wholly unskilled in such arts, I have often been an architect in my sleep? I have created palaces and gardens; I have stocked the landscape with trees, and shrubs and flowers. Nay, I have been an artist and wandered through long galleries hung with Claudes, and Titians, and Rembrandts that never were save only as I painted them then and there. I have adorned these scenes with statues, not the Apollos and Laocoons which I have seen, at least in copies, but with originals such as I never saw, so that I created them. More and better, I have seen "fair ladies and brave men" such as I never met in society. I have been a dramatist, putting language into their mouths, extravagant, sometimes, but often epigrammatic and forcible. I have waked up in a fit of laughter inspired by the conversation of my dream-children, and lo! as the Ettrick Shepherd saith, "I was laughing at *my ain wot*." The farce was all of my own composing, and I never saw the like before. And all this happens to everybody, colored it is true, and limited by the range of his faculties and education. I have heard common folk, and even poor negroes, relating their stupid dreams, without any suspicion that the conversations they reported were dramatic inventions of their own dull minds. What parson has not preached whole sermons in his sleep; not sleepy sermons, either? What lawyer has not argued his case in visions of the night? Canon Knox Little has just contributed to an English periodical a poem, by no means a dull one, composed in a dream. He was followed by another contributor who said, "Nothing wonderful! here's a poem which I made in the same way." We all know Coleridge's "Kubla Kahn," and the history the poet gives of its origin.

But here I have reached a point foreshadowed in my "Letter to a Curmudgeon." I borrowed a word from the lawyers and changed its sense because I couldn't just find what I wanted, when I spoke of *precognitions*. May they forgive me this wrong. In the case of Swedenborg and others, I recognized

the refinement of natural faculties which enabled them to act telegraphically without wires. Call it second sight or what you will, such correspondences exist in nature, and are preternatural I suppose. The electric wire gives us a faint approximation to a philosophy about them. The difficulty becomes immensely greater, when the *precognitions* of the seer are concerned; when they are, in some degree, prophetic; when they premonish us of things not yet existing. But, see to what I have led my reader. He goes with me in all this about dreams. It is everybody's observation: this very minute I have taken up the *New York Times*,* brought in by a servant, and almost the first thing my eye lighted upon is the heading, "Sad Realization of a Mother's Dream." It is the very link I wanted. Here is a dream with a coincidence. I have already won my reader's consent to the mysterious facts about coincidences with which human experience is crammed. Thus I reach my point. Dreams matched by coincidences are all we want. I have, now, the ability to propose a theory about *precognitions*, using only these conceded facts. Whether forgotten or remembered, dreams are at the bottom of *precognitions*. The seer is profoundly impressed by what he has beheld in a dream, and he talks as Lochiel does in the poem. Then it comes true, as in the story of Inverawe, † told by Dean Stanley. How so? By that very principle of *coincidences* with which I began my lucubrations. We agreed that "coincidences," past all reasonable calculations, do swarm in all men's experiences of human life. So far, then, "coincidences" account for *precognitions*, taken in conjunction with dreams. If so, we advance a step, but it is in the realm of the *preternatural*. Mysterious, indeed, but not a whit more so than the natural. Bear in mind that I define the *preternatural* as something strictly natural, but lying outside of our capabilities to detect their causes in nature as known to us.

* April 17, 1883.

† See, from *Fraser's Magazine* in the *Living Age*. November, 1883.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF KISSING.

In this age of evolution, when we take a sort of scientific pride in proving that we had our origin in the monkey, and perhaps too much caress our faults because of our relationship to the brute creation, rather than glory in those characteristics which (it has been our delight aforesaid to believe) connect us with a hierarchy of spiritual beings, it needs no apology if we try to explain, by this theory, the origin of habits that have become a second nature, or of propensities that have become so inherent to

our common nature, that it would be difficult to imagine human beings without them.

We have here, however, to do, not with a mere habit, but with a propensity that has become part and parcel of human nature—with kissing. How did kissing have its origin? If we acknowledge special creation, we are answered at once. The Creator ordained that men and women should kiss each other, that Frenchmen should perform the osculatory process upon one another, and that cabinet ministers should kiss the hand of their sovereign.

But if we do not admit special creation, and look upon everything as having had its origin in some particular circumstance, or in some bias gradually augmenting through ages and eons, then for an explanation of the propensity in man to kiss, we have to trace our homo to his beginning. We are aided in our research by the fact that man is the only animal that kisses. It is true that we observe something analogous to the osculatory act in some of the lower creation, but the kiss pure and simple nowhere but in man—including woman, of course. Horses, cows, deer, and dogs even, nuzzle each other; but then a nuzzle, being performed with the nose, is not a kiss—very far from it. The nearest approach to kissing that we find in the brute creation is the billing of birds; and here I think we may probably find a hint as to the origin of the propensity. The bird feeds its young. It takes the early worm, the grub, the seed, or whatever it may be, and places it in the beak of the fledgling. In so feeding its young the parent-bird manifests an act of affection. Its love for its offspring makes it take so much care for its well-being; but it is also a pleasure to the old bird, as to the young. To the latter the touch of the delicate grub, the fruit, or the seed, given it by the parent-bird, stimulates the juices of the stomach, and so causes pleasurable emotions. The sight of the approaching beak causes the same emotion by suggestion. Similar emotions are experienced by the parent-bird through sympathy. These emotions may even be awakened by merely touching beaks; hence billing, the nearest analogue we find in the animal creation to kissing.

But for kissing proper it requires a peculiar form of lips—a form such as we only get in man—and woman, of course. The nearest approach to human lips we find in the monkey—man's progenitor—and in some species of monkey, if not in all, we may observe a habit similar to that we have noticed in birds. The monkey feeds its young from its own mouth, that is, when it begins to require some solid food, and has not yet developed grinders of sufficient strength to do its own masticating. We can imagine in the early days of our race, when we were still much ape

and little man, that the human mother did the same for her young ; she performed the office of mastication, and then transferred the pulpy food from her own mouth to that of her child. Indeed, it is no mere imagination ; the habit may be observed to-day among lowly and unsophisticated people. I have seen peasant-women in Germany, as well as in Ireland, frequently feed their babes in this way : chewing the lumpy food to a pulp and then passing it from mouth to mouth.

But, as observed above, we can imagine in early apish days, when spoons were still an invention in the womb of time, and when cooking was unknown to the embryo man, that the child was chiefly fed in what we may call its pap-days by the mother from her own mouth. Now for the passage of food from mouth to mouth in that way it requires a peculiar organ. It might have been arranged, as in the case of the elephant, by means of a trunk. Fearful thought ! Imagine Nature struggling through fit, fitter, and fittest, gradually endowing man with a trunk instead of a mouth as now—or his feminine counterpart, anyway ! Who knows how narrow our escape may have been. Imagine lovely woman with a —. But we will not pursue the thought.

That the male and the female have lips alike proves to me that our early apish progenitors were highly domestic (not to say domesticated), and that the father did his share of feeding the young equally with the mother.

Of course from age to age plastic Nature gradually perfected her means to the necessary ends. The mouth of an ape is ill-adapted to the act of feeding in comparison with that of the human mouth. Let any one make the experiment who doubts it. In some monkeys there is more adaptability in this respect than in others. For a perfect instrument for the transference of food from mouth to mouth it is necessary that the sides of the opening, so to speak, should be capable of fitting so closely and perfectly as to prevent the food in passage from escaping. To this end it is that the lips have developed so much mobility and plasticity, in order that they may be shaped so as to join with another mouth and form a sort of tube. The thicker the lips, the greater the extent of contact, and of course the more perfect the junction, and consequently the less chance of leakage in the transference of food. Hence the perfect lip must have a certain amount of thickness.

As in the case of the bird, so in that of the human being. The act of feeding the babe, from a necessity becomes a pleasure. The parent, like the child, experiences an emotion of pleasure in the act of feeding its young. The anticipation of food stimulates the functions of digestion and sends an

agreeable stir and thrill throughout the whole frame. There is nothing equal to it when, as in early youth, the functions are all normal and in vigor : the whole being responds to that act of pleasure. The parent sympathetically partakes of the same emotion. It is the parent's reward. But to the unthinking babe the mother's lips are the sign of food, and it only needs their approach to stimulate these pleasurable emotions. So with the parent : the pleasure originally communicated by touch of the child's lips in the act of feeding remains when the touch has no connection with the administration of food.

Does it need more explanation to show that kissing, as a demonstration of affection, of love, grew purely and simply out of this act of feeding, and that the kiss of man and woman as a demonstration of affection is merely a physiological reminiscence of man's origin ?

The lips are now regarded—and rightly—as the banners of love, hung, as it were on the outer walls. They are the token and insignia of the inherent force of the familiar passion for all to read and know. But they are also a sign of appetite ; for the two—appetite and passion—are intimately blended : and in the aged, when these faculties have become weak and quiescent, the lips lose their pristine fulness and their color.—*The Phrenological Magazine.*

DEVELOPING A MEDIUM.

HENRY M. HUGUNIN.

I have been requested to relate the manner in which, in 1869, I became a Spiritualistic medium. I have already published my experiences and theories as a Spiritualist, in a pamphlet entitled "Spirit-Possession." In that, however, I refrained from explaining the methods employed to become a medium, lest, as there stated, "the curiosity of some heedless person might lead him or her to use the same means, and, intentionally or inadvertently, develop into a spirit-medium, and reap sorrow and destruction." But if the relation of that experience in a scientific periodical can throw any light upon "ways that are dark," without injury to others, the revelation may be harmless.

Soon after the "Rochester Knockings," in 1848, ushered in the present era of Spiritualistic thought, opinion and practice, I became interested in its phenomena, because relatives and friends declared it a wonderful link of intelligence between the living and the dead, and because, as we all know, it had an air of religious advancement, regardless, as we were, of the place in which it might land us. Again and again

I was persuaded to believe in Spiritualism, with the promise that I would make a good medium, if I only dared. I did not dare, however, and, after a time, lost interest in the mystery, treating it with indifference, and keeping aloof from séances and gatherings where it was discussed.

At a later period my attention was recalled to it with renewed interest by an exhibition of spiritual performance, which I had not the stamina to ignore or withstand, it was so undoubtedly real, and yet so evidently superhuman or supernatural. It was a private manifestation in the house of a friend, only two of us being present.

About this time another friend brought to my notice that strange French toy called "planchette"—literally "a little board," resting upon tiny casters, or pentagraph wheels, and supporting a pencil-point, uprightly, on the table or surface upon which it was placed. If one or two pair of hands were laid upon the top of planchette, it was stated, the magnetism of the individual would cause it to move, if not intelligently, at least in a mysterious manner. I saw it tried, on one or two occasions, without any satisfactory results; then tried it myself, without success, and then became indifferent concerning it.

Sometime afterward, by gift, I acquired possession of a planchette. This led to renewed experiments, and I soon discovered that with my hands laid lightly upon it, it began to move. With this encouragement, I persevered, and soon planchette became invested with a new interest. At the outset, the instrument would only move in a bewildered manner, and mechanically, in circles upon the paper beneath it, without any intimation of intelligence. I believed it to be capable of something better, and continued my manipulation until the letters of the alphabet began to appear on the paper, and then words—words indicating other influences than mine at work. Sentences followed, such as "Henry, don't worry." Then the unusual name of a dead relative—"Mellicent" was written.

"Ho, ho," said I, "here is a Spiritual medium—let us have more communications." And they very quickly followed, as if some other person was using my arm and hand to express ideas that certainly did not originate in my mind, and of the import of which I had no knowledge until each sentence was finished; but every word was spelled correctly, and every sentence was

intelligently constructed. These early communications took the shape of religious letters; and as I was then but slightly versed in theology, without any religion worth mentioning, their manner of production created more interest than their subject-matter. They were very copious, and, I thought, very pious, until the "control" finished up his epistle with several slanderous and obscene allusions. Then I began to doubt his piety.

By this time I was greatly fascinated by my new acquisition, and, whatever my disgust, continued my investigation with planchette, under a species of infatuation that continued to increase from day to day. Truth and falsehood seemed to be held in the same loose estimation by my unseen correspondents, whose mendacity caused me to smile at its absurdity, and wonder at its malevolence.

One day, when I had lent planchette to a neighbor, the pressure to write came strongly upon me, and it was suggested to me, by some hidden influence, to thrust a pencil through a common business card, and place the ends of my fingers upon the upper surface of the card, as when using a planchette. In this manner steadying the pencil in an upright position, I received a communication. I no longer needed planchette.

Next day I considered the card a superfluity. Why not place my finger-ends directly upon opposite sides of the pencil, to hold it in position, and write? That plan was a perfect triumph also, and I wrote freely.

At the next inclination to write, the query arose, "Why are *two* hands necessary?"—and, acting upon the suggestion, I held the pencil in the fingers of one hand, as I am writing now, and the flow of mysterious words was as free and copious as before.

I had thus gradually, but with startling rapidity, and in a very few days, developed into an easy-writing medium. Subsequently I passed into a higher condition of mediumship, in which pencils and paper were no longer required to receive communications.

But of this I need not further write. Nothing could induce me to repeat the experiment or encourage others to do so.

In explanation of the phenomena attending my development, I will merely add that I was *magnetised* by a superhuman influence, of which I have my own opinion.

None but a fool is always right.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The North American Review for November has a valuable assortment of articles, among them, "Slang in America," by Walt Whitman; "Statecraft and Priestcraft," by Dr. Philip Schaff; "Race Prejudice," by Gail Hamilton; "Style and the Monument," a timely unsigned article; and E. B. Washburne discourses on the theme on which he both talks and writes so well, and of which he never wearies, "Abraham Lincoln." The editor announces that on and after January the *Review* will be issued on the first of the month of which it bears date, a most sensible change.

The Pulpit Treasury for October is of special interest to Chicago, having a well engraved portrait of Rev. P. S. Hensen, with a sketch of his life. It also discusses various questions of interest to clergymen.

In the last number of *Christian Thought*, Rev. Geo. D. Armstrong, of Virginia, discusses "Primeval Man."

The Century for October has a well illustrated and instructive article on the great rivers of Alaska.

St. Nicholas is full of good things for old and young. The traditional St. Nicholas never loaded his sleigh with anything so enchanting as this magazine would have been to "ye olden childe."

The American Naturalist is full of valuable information, which its publishers ought to print on better paper.

The Phrenological Journal has among many readable articles, one on "Baby-Faces—a Study in Psychology"—that will interest mothers, who all wonder if any one can see in baby's face what they do.

Good Housekeeping has passed the "honeymoon," and served up so many wholesome dishes, the memory of those wonderful meals mother used to cook, are fading away, we pass our plate for more hash, and drink long life to our good house-keeper in a cup of her own tea.

Here is what the "Great American Scientific 'Almighty'" has to say about MIND IN NATURE: "All our patrons are given notice that in Chicago a pamphlet is published, entitled MIND IN NATURE. It does not mean mind in the writers of its articles. If it did we should have a cause for dispute with its publishers. We can see a great deal of mind in nature."

"The typographical work of the publication is grand. All the composition, so far as grammar and compounding of sentences are concerned, is first-class. A cover of exquisite beauty is on the work. All that we can discern that is wanted is a good conception of the subjects written upon by those who write. As it is, we consider it only another bundle of rubbish placed upon the affairs of creation, which merely increases the heap already on the work of nature. The heap is so great, a scientist is not living who can climb over it or out of it. A short time will pass and a good-bye to all such stuff can be given."

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

NOVEMBER NUMBERS.—The *American Naturalist* is particularly varied and interesting. Mr. Charles Morris continues his suggestive talk on "the relations of Mind and Matter," and a Chicago man, Mr. I. Lancaster, contributes an interesting paper on "the Problem of the Soaring Bird." Several striking examples of "Iconoclasm by the conquerors of Mexico," are given Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. Amos W. Butler has some "Observations of the Muskrat," and under General Notes there is a great amount of admirably selected information on psychology, zoology and a great many other "ologies" and "scopies."

The Pulpit Treasury is made bright and readable by contributions from Prof. W. M. Barbour, D. D., Pres. D. S. Gregory, D. D., Doctors Warfield, Draper, Cuyler and Butler, and, last but not least, that raciest of lecturers and most versatile of ministers, Rev. Arthur Mursell, who may be studied at his best in "Not Dead, but Sleeping." The *Methodist Pulpit and Pen* maintains its reputation for abundance of news specially interesting to Methodists, and variety of articles interesting to every Christian reader; and *St. Nicholas* is, what this monthly under the conduct of Mrs. Dodge never fails to be, the best written and best illustrated child's magazine in either hemisphere.

Queries, published by C. L. Sherrill & Co., of Buffalo, will be found invaluable by all students of literature, art and science, as well as all interested in education. So far as we know, in character and composition, it is unique.

The Laws of Life should be studied by every family for its eminently sensible advice on health, as should also *The Herald of Health*, if only for one article,—that on nervous exhaustion, by Edward Wooton. A biographical sketch by Rev. Stephen Tyng, D. D., followed by some suggestive contrasts of heads and faces, introduces the *Phrenological Journal*, the only disappointing paper in which is one with the tempting title of "George Eliot's Private Life." *The St. Louis Illustrated Magazine* keeps up its reputation as a lively journal through contributions like Mr. Eugene Parsons should when they attempt poetry, select some less difficult form of verse than the sonnet.

"Five Noted Women" is the title of an illustrated paper in *Literary Life* by Will M. Clemens, and the quality of the fame which the writer extols may be guessed from the presence of "Jennie June" among the five.

The Journal of Heredity, a new Chicago quarterly, made its debut in October. The need of it is apparent on every hand. The only question is, can its managers induce those to read it who most need the information it contains? We invite attention to Dr. Valin's article on "Heredity of Memory" in this number of MIND IN NATURE.

The Day Star, of New York, enters its fifth Volume November 19th. We can verify the claim it makes in its "Greeting."

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Great care is exercised in the advertisements admitted to our pages, yet we fear we have been deceived in one of them. The advertisement for "Stylo Pen" had appeared in several leading journals, and we did not therefore investigate as thoroughly as we ought. C. L. Downes & Co. are frauds. They keep money sent them, and don't send even a cheap pen.

As previously announced, we desire to make MIND IN NATURE a valuable medium for advertisers, and our subscribers can very materially aid us in this by purchasing of those who advertise with us, and always mention MIND IN NATURE.

We are daily cheered and aided in our work by the kindly words of encouragement received, not alone from all parts of our own land, but also from Europe. MIND IN NATURE has already established a reputation of which the manager is justly proud.

The *London Quarterly Review* devotes a page of the October No. to MIND IN NATURE, commencing thus:

"This useful Chicago journal contains some careful papers on psychical, medical and scientific matters."

The following from Prof. W. Underwood, M. D., F. S. Sc., well known both in this country and Europe as an eminent microscopist, is a sample of the letters we are constantly receiving:

MILTON, DEL., Nov. 18, 1885.

We are delighted with MIND IN NATURE, an able journal in elegant dress. Please enter my name as a subscriber, and do us the special favor to send all the back numbers that we may have a complete set."

Rev. Wm. Cone, of Earlville, Ill., writes: "MIND IN NATURE came promptly. I hope to induce others to treat themselves to a perusal of its pages. I am an old line Methodist preacher, but I let the dead bury the dead; any one can dig a grave or make a box, but we need live men to the front for this age."

One dollar per year for a journal printed in the style we issue it, leaves no margin for profit, and does not enable us to advertise it as we would desire, we must, therefore, depend largely on our readers to increase the circulation by bringing MIND IN NATURE to the notice of those who would be interested in it. In so doing they will confer a favor on their friends as well as us.

HEREDITY OF THE MEMORY.

H. D. VALIN, M.D.

Certainly one of the most valuable contributions to the science of the mind is the treatise on "Heredity," by Th. Ribot, in which all forms of inheritance are reduced to definite laws; and a flood of light is thrown on phenomena of mental heredity which were formerly relegated to the limbo of superstitions. This author looks upon memory as "an incipient habit," in which I fully agree, and as habits are most commonly transmitted by inheritance we should expect memories also to be transmitted in many cases. The same argument is applicable to memory which is thus applied to the intellect by the same author.

"Intellect is a function whose organ is the brain; the brain is transmissible, as is every other organ, the stomach, the lungs, and the heart; the function is transmissible with the organ; therefore intellect is transmissible with the brain." However, Ribot comes to the conclusion that "when we search history or medical treatises for facts to establish the heredity of the memory in its individual form, we meet with little success." Indeed he fails of mentioning a single case of such inheritance, and only gives instances where the power for remembering (not the memories themselves) has been transmitted. I will, therefore, contribute one example of the inheritance from parent to child of a memory of language.

E. D. is a little girl aged fifteen months. She is bright and healthy, though rather delicate. She has blue eyes and auburn hair, but her hair was long and black at birth. Her father is a French Canadian, and has black hair and blue eyes, while her mother is an American of German descent. E. D. has inherited most of the features of her father, even some anomaly in the motions of the lips, the same shape of the nose, a peculiar way of fixing the eyes, and of joining the hands; his peculiar mode of laughing; besides pronounced tastes for half a dozen articles of diet which her father likes and her mother dislikes. Again, from the time she was six months of age, she has always turned away any toy, dolls and the like for a book, the father being an ardent student. These are all common points of observation with which many fathers and mothers are quite familiar, and, as Ribot shows, heredity from

father to daughter, or mother to son, is the most frequent, but we now arrive at the main facts of the case.

This little girl has heard but two languages spoken to her, German and English by both parents and the servant; the first word she ever spoke was *mouman* when five months old. Her first words of assent and dissent were *oui* and *non* when eight months of age, and she does not yet know *yes* or *ya*, though she seems to have forgotten *oui*. When a year old she was presented with a poodle dog named *Venus*, which she called *Nanan*. About the same age she used freely the words *bon* and *pus*.

I could cite more such words, each of which she spoke occasionally and always appropriately for several weeks, but ultimately forgot. Now, these six words are French, and the very ones that her father is likely to have exclusively used when a babe. The *u* of the last word was sounded as in French, of course, and so were the nasal sounds of *non* and *Nanan*, a feat impossible for her mother to accomplish. The first and last of the words quoted should be spelled *maman* and *plus*, but the pronunciation, when spelled as above, gives the French Canadian dialect as spoken by that little girl, and their meaning is: *Mamma, yes, no, candy, good, and no more*. *Nanan* must have been suggested by *Venus*, but it is, all the same, one of the very first words that a French child talks.

She said *papa* when seven months of age; but that word is French as well as German and English. Her first German words, of which language she hears the most, were *haben* and *nehmen*, which she first said when eight months old, and now that she is starting to talk German a little, she says *gib mich*, instead of *haben* for *let me have*. She also firstly said *essen* for *eat*, but that was more probably a combination of English with German than low-German. Any one that is not already greatly prejudiced will be hereby convinced that the heredity of the memory of language is a fact, and this solves the problem, is language more easily learned by one whose ancestors spoke that language in the affirmative. For, in the above instance, the child who started talking French when less than six months old, and can hardly talk a few words of German now that she is fifteen, would certainly have learned the former language, which she thus knew from inheritance, far sooner than German or

English. For those who would call my veracity in doubt, I am ready to produce two witnesses to the above facts which all came under my observation.

A case like this is of a nature to throw some light on the formation of languages. The modern school of biology are inclined to the belief that language was primitively an imitation of sounds which conveyed as good a representation of natural sounds as picture-writing did of objects and events. ("Tylor's Anthropology," Language.) It is most probable that our earliest ancestors could only utter a few imitative sounds, but that these being transmitted, in some degree, by inheritance, enabled each successive generation to acquire more imitative sounds until articulate language became possible. And this must have contributed the most to the evolution of language among those races, like the American Indian or our Aryan ancestors, who had no fixed system of writing.

The inheritance of memory has been observed in the case of birds. Witness the often recorded fact that when telegraph wires are first erected in a country, a great many birds kill themselves by flying against the wires which they do not perceive, but those birds that survive, having been witnesses of these deaths, take better care to distinguish these wires and transmit to their descendants this "incipient habit," their power of observation, so that in the course of one or two years it is extremely rare for the progeny of these birds to fly against these same wires. This might receive a different explanation, but not one more to conform with the facts. At any rate the same fact in man is no longer to be questioned. Indeed far stranger instances of inherited memories have been observed in man, though the only author that I know of who mentions the subject is Chauncey Wright (Philosophical Discussions), who says of those dreams of strange places and events that often recur to one in his sleep, with the intimation of being familiar though never seen in a wakeful state—that they are inherited memories. Some writers are spoken of in the "Scientific American" (1875-1879), as believing in the transmission to the child *in utero* of some impressions made on the mother at the time. I know of personal observations which may prove of interest to my readers.

I reported, a couple of years ago before the Chicago Medical Society, the case of a

child who was born with a very crooked nose, which anomaly was ascribed by the mother to the fearful impression made on her some time before by the sight of a man whose nose was half destroyed by a cancer; and medical, literature and tradition abounds in such instances, but I wish to speak from personal experience of one such strange case of mental heredity.

My mother was brought up and educated in a most romantic country village, which she revisited a few months before I was born. The first time that I visited it I remembered vividly having been there before. In fact I could tell at that time what next would follow in the scenery, and I argued with my relatives who were denying my former knowledge of that place; my mother having died when I was about nine months old, and I had not had any description of it from any one, nor conversed with any one in regard to the village scenery. For many years I wondered over the, at that time, inexplicable fact. I was twelve years old when this incident happened, and, as I was possessed of a good memory for places, I never could doubt that this was a plain case of the heredity of memory.

The next instance of the kind that I came across was one in the family of Mr. J. E. Lanou, a very intelligent and well informed man, with whom I resided while attending college in Burlington, Vt. Here a little girl had inherited so good a memory of an uncle, whose funeral had been attended by her mother, not long before this little girl's birth, that she could give a full description of him, and she knew his picture at once the first time that she ever saw it. The fourth case I heard of was one communicated to me by the manager of MIND IN NATURE, and is too valuable and interesting to be long left unreported by him.

Of the preceding only the first instance is a plain case of hereditary memory: the second and third cases seem of the same nature to me, but they may be cases of *maternal impressions*. Though analagous cases are often met which are ascribed to certain disposition on the part of the mother having influenced the progeny before birth, most such cases are to be referred to peculiarities of character inherent not in the parents alone, but even in the grand-parents, and transmissible by heredity.

Nevertheless, few physicians would deny

maternal impressions in totality. Indeed, just as puppies, having a cat for foster-mother, have been known to wash cat fashion, their faces with their paws; just as a child brought up by strange parents takes often a great deal after them in its habits and features; so the influence of a mother over her progeny *in utero* may well extend to higher phenomena yet, for the relation is much closer and more direct. Such heredity is a sort of link between true heredity and the influence of education. In fact it is most probable that a mother *thinks* for her unborn child just as well as she *eats* for it. The communication between the two need not be nervous, for it is protoplasmic, and protoplasm is endowed with the properties of all tissues; and such cases are not easily excluded from the laws of heredity, though here necessarily unilateral.

MRS. SPURGEON'S WISHES.

Mrs. Spurgeon, the wife of the famous preacher, is the subject of an astonishing story in the *Presbyterian Monthly Visitor* of London. "During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon," says that paper, "she told Mr. Spurgeon that she had been wishing for a piping-bullfinch and an onyx ring. Of course he expressed his willingness to get both, but she made him promise not to do so. He called to see an invalid on his way to the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house, the mother of the patient, to his amazement, asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. S. would like a piping bullfinch, that they had one, but that its music was trying on the invalid, and they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call at the Tabernacle, and, after reading a voluminous correspondence, came at last to a letter and a parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and, as a slight token of her appreciation of these services, asked his acceptance of the inclosed onyx ring, necklet, and bracelets, for which she had no further use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up into his wife's sick-room, and placed the objects she had longed for before her."

Common sense is genius in its working dress.

HYPNOTISM.*

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The history of hypnotism can be outlined in a few words:

We are all acquainted with the name of Mesmer, an Austrian physician of the eighteenth century, who, although possessing the merit of having directed general attention to certain strange and, in his time, inexplicable phenomena, also succeeded in bringing them into disrepute, because he found it in his interest to surround them with a mysticism, which was partly the outcome of self-deception, and partly calculated for the deception of the public.

In the fourth decade of this century Jas. Braid, a surgeon in Manchester, of whose merits in regard to the investigation of our subject it is impossible to speak too highly, raised the study of hypnotism to the plane of modern physiological science. He may be considered to have anticipated certain physiological truths, which in his time were not yet understood. Hence it came that his works were forgotten and have only within late years been resuscitated.

Five or six years ago a Danish mesmeriser, by the name of Hansen, traveled through Germany and Austria making platform exhibitions of his art. His demonstrations were considered a perfect novelty, and he was, I believe, arrested because his exhibitions were considered a fraud. In Breslau he succeeded in convincing Prof. Heidenhain, the physiologist, of the reality of his performances. Heidenhain, without a more than nominal knowledge of Braid's works, published a pamphlet which, although hardly more than a re-discovery of Braid's work, has succeeded in awarding to hypnotism a place in modern science from which it never again can be ousted.

The British Socy. for Psy. Res. has, since its foundation, given most valuable additions to our knowledge on the subject.

When we study that abnormal mental condition for which mesmerism, hypnotism, the biological state, artificial trance, etc., are synonymous terms, we are perplexed to find that the writers on this subject are very little in accord, not only in explanation of the phenomena, but also in regard to the existence or non-existence of certain phenomena themselves.

If we begin with the *induction* of trance,

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we find the investigators split into two sections : into the adherents of mesmerism and those of Braidism. The former believe that by making passes over certain subjects, a specific force, which they do not hesitate to designate as magnetic, emanates from the operator and passes to the subject.

The latter, the adherents of Braid, claim that no such force exists, but that the subject falls into trance, independently of any peculiar power in the operator.

Both methods may be briefly described as follows :

In mesmerising a subject, passes are made in close proximity to the body from the head downward ; these passes are repeated until the subject falls into that trance condition, which shall be described later.

The method of James Braid is as follows : The subject stares at some glistening object, held close to the eyes, in such a position as to cause convergence of the eye-balls ; after several minutes the eyes will feel strained, tears are secreted, the images on the retina become blurred, and soon after the eyelids will quiver and droop and the subject falls into a trance.

The trance condition produced by mesmerism differs in no wise from that produced by Braidism.

Another method, which the writer considers valuable, as illustrating the lightest form of trance is the following : A waking normal subject is told to place his hand on a table ; the operator makes passes over the hand, or makes the subject, who may be told to look another way, *believe* that he is making passes ; he then asks the subject whether he feels any abnormal sensations in the hand ; the subject will almost invariably reply in the affirmative, and his answer can be modeled at the will of the operator ; for if asked whether he feels heat or cold, tingling, spasm or pain, he will generally feel just that sensation, which the operator suggests.

By further suggestion the subject can be persuaded that he can not raise his hand from the table ; the subject, who is perfectly conscious, will be surprised and often amused to find his power of volition in regard to the motion of that one hand withdrawn. In a similar manner his eyelids can be sealed, and if left further to himself he falls into the trance sleep.

The trance condition can be induced by any other monotonous procedure which dominates the attention of the subject ; the

omphalopsycics fell into trance by staring at their navel, the fakirs of India by staring at the tip of their noses, the dervishes of Egypt by moving their heads in pendule fashion and incessantly crying Allah, the oracle at Delphi by watching the vapors arising from the earth, other particularly sensitive persons go into trance by listening to the ticking of a clock. The mere thought of being put into trance is sufficient in very sensitive persons to throw them into that state.

In view of all this evidence it seems extremely hasty and injudicious to assume for the passes of the mesmerist any other interpretation, than that they act as a uniformly monotonous, all-absorbing impression on the subject's expectancy.

Certain experiments of the English Society, it is true, suggest the *possibility* of an influence which we, for want of a better word, may as yet term mesmeric.

Before describing the trance state itself, it might be well to raise the question : What material changes take place in a mesmerised or hypnotised individual? For surely a person in trance is not a normal individual.

It was suggested by Braid that certain very transitory changes must occur in the central nervous system of such individuals.

In the forty years since Braid's earliest writings, physiological knowledge has so far advanced that Heidenhain was enabled to indicate those brain portions in which material changes must take place. The simpler phenomena of trance can really be explained in this manner. But for the more complicated conditions his explanation is entirely insufficient. We must, therefore, content ourselves with the conviction that, although certain cerebral changes stand in causal relation to the trance state, these changes are not as yet sufficiently known to explain all phases of trance.

To all those who may feel justly dissatisfied with so vague an explanation, it may be quite consoling to hear that we know just about as little of the nature of natural sleep as we do of the mesmeric sleep.

When a person is thrown into trance he will, if not interfered with, remain statue-like in one unchanged position and gradually merge into natural sleep, from which he awakens as if nothing had happened.

But if not let alone, he will act as an individual whose actions are produced and governed by suggestions from without, as

an individual devoid of all spontaneity of action. His consciousness and power of volition are generally impaired and, especially in the deeper stages, entirely withdrawn.

We can not do better, by way of illustration, than to put an imaginary individual into trance; he stares at some shining object, the operator approaches him, gently presses the eyelids and tells the subject that his lids are firmly closed. The subject makes frantic efforts to open them, and finds his attempts fruitless; he will, however, succeed as soon as the operator permits; if an arm of the subject be placed in any position, it will remain immovable for an indefinite period: the subject after awakening feels no fatigue in the outstretched arm. If told that he can not strike the head of the operator with his hand, he will make fruitless lunges at the head in question. If told that he has forgotten his own name, he will not remember it; if it be suggested that he has changed his identity, has become an animal, for instance, he will act the part of the animal suggested. It might be mentioned, in this connection, that a modern German philosopher believes that the transformation of *Oduseus* and his companions into swine by the sorceress Circe on the island of Aenaea, when they returned from Troy to Greece, was a hypnotic trick. She mesmerised them and told them they were swine, whereupon they began to grunt, roll in the mud and perform all those feats for which this animal has become so famous.

No suggestion offered in certain stages of hypnotism will meet with resistance on the part of the subject. He is entirely devoid of critical judgment and acts as an automaton. In some individuals and in certain stages of trance, we find a remnant of consciousness left: the subject will, for instance, smile incredulously when told that he is a frog, but if a few passes are quickly made he will not dissent.

Sensibility is partly or entirely suspended; pricking with a pin is not felt, the conjunctival reflex can disappear, a bottle of ammonia will be tolerated close to the nose, bitter substances are swallowed without demonstrations of distaste.

But upon suggestion bitter will taste sweet and sweet bitter, perfumes will have a foul smell and foul smells will be inhaled with rapture.

Muscular irritability is in certain stages exceedingly heightened: the arm when stroked will stiffen in spasm, and by stroking trunk and extremities rigidity of the whole body will set in.

The subject can be awakened by blowing into his face, by a clap of the hands or by simple command of the operator.

These are the simpler phenomena of trance.

To the English Society belongs the credit of having made very valuable additions to the facts enumerated above. These facts, although not entirely new, have the value of original discovery, because they have for the first time been fairly and critically inquired into and firmly established. The Englishmen took nothing for granted, and in the course of their investigation reached conclusions which were directly opposite to those suppositions with which they had started out. They have, for instance, raised the question as to the existence or non-existence of a special rapport, a community, between operator and subject.

The subject was put into trance and placed into a room separate from Mr. Smith, who was his control: parts of Mr. Smith's body were pricked, pinched and otherwise maltreated; the subject would, with expressions of impatience, almost invariably feel disagreeable sensations in such parts of his own body as corresponded with those which were touched on Mr. Smith.

In a similar manner transference of taste could be observed: the subject would taste substances placed not into his own mouth, but into that of the operator; he would even get mixed sensations of taste if the substances in the operator's mouth were quickly changed.

In all these experiments there was no contact between operator and subject.

Another species of rapport consists in the exalted susceptibility of the subject to auditory impressions received from the operator. It is a well known fact that the subject will often follow no commands unless given by the operator; he is deaf to the address of any other person; in a perfect babel of voices he will hear and recognize only that of his control, even if spoken in a whisper so low as to be inaudible to the normal ear. A condition, which might be compared with that of a person who could distinguish the flame of a candle held against the sun.

These experiments, for the details of which I must refer you to the report of the English Society, were uniformly successful.

The difference in the will-power of the hypnotist and that of any other person over the subject was strikingly manifest and the proof of the existence of a special rapport between operator and subject simply overwhelming.

Prof. Barrett several times exerted his will against that of Mr. Smith, that is to say, willed that the subject should or should not respond. In every case Mr. Smith's will triumphed.

These experiments were conducted with all possible precautions, so as to exclude any possibility of error, and they would appear simply inexplicable were we not acquainted with the undoubted existence of thought-transference even in the normal waking state.

Other experiments, conducted with the strictest precautions, to determine whether inanimate objects over which passes had been made, would be recognized as such by the subject, were, under exclusion of the possibility of thought-transference, uniformly successful.

So that we in the face of this most reliable evidence offered us by the English Society, must (reluctantly) admit that in explanation of *some* of the hypnotic phenomena, we can not at present refuse to admit the *possibility* of a so-called mesmeric power in certain individuals. Before assuming the conclusiveness of these experiments, however, we must await their repetition and confirmation by other *investigators*.

Before closing this paper, you will perhaps permit me to refer to one application of hypnotism to which, as yet, the English Society has given no attention, and which, aside from timid attempts in Paris and in Germany has since Braid's time been neglected.

I mean the use of hypnotism for medical purposes.

No experiments could possibly be more dangerous, no field of investigation more beset with traps for error and none should be undertaken by fewer persons than these.

And still, when we read Braid's essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics, we are astounded at the results which this clear-headed, cautious, sceptical observer obtained.

The fact that Esdaile, a surgeon in India, performed several hundred minor and

larger surgical operations under hypnotic anæsthesia of his patients, is so well known that I need merely recall it to your memory.

But Braid went still farther; he reasoned that in the normal waking state many functions of the body are strongly influenced by the mental condition.

Under certain emotions, for instance, we blush, that is, the blood-vessels in our face relax and receive a larger blood supply; under strong embarrassment some perspire very freely; in grief our lachrymal glands secrete tears; in a hungry man or animal the sight, smell or even thought of food will cause the mouth to water.

On the other hand certain normal secretions will be checked instead of increased.

Or their chemical constitutions may be altered, as in the well known example of the deleterious effects of nurses' milk on the infant, when the nurse meets with some sudden and deep mental shock.

How much more does this hold good for the hypnotized individual, whose body seems to have changed into a reflex mechanism.

The mere stroking of an arm will set it into spasm and the blood supply and innervation of different organs can, according to Braid, be heightened or lowered at the will of the operator by various manipulations.

It is principally, but not exclusively, in the field of so-called functional nervous diseases, such as chorea, epilepsy, hysteria, that Braid claims to have achieved his triumphs; he also straightened contracted limbs, relieved spasm in lock-jaw, relieved pain and swelling in gout and rheumatism.

Other disturbances which need not be enumerated here, are claimed by Braid to have been so wonderfully influenced by him, that if we take all he says for granted, our credulity is put under the strongest possible test.

At any rate his experiments in this direction have added new marvels to the study of hypnotism, and if we add his observations to the others enumerated in the course of this evening, we must urge that in hypnotism we have a field of inquiry which in fascination and surprising results can hardly be equalled by any other study of animal functions.

I hope that in the course of time our society may succeed in adding more knowledge to this subject which is still capable of so much enlargement.

INDIVIDUALIZATION.

REV. H. SLADE.

We may imagine, if we will, that time was when God was all, and only God was ; and within him all the constituent elements, properties, and attributes of existence centered, as the seeds of infinite variety. And may we not also conjecture, that as man finds himself possessed of intellect, memory, consciousness, free-will, and the faculty of locomotion, so God must have possessed all these ; and still was not a composite being, but was one, while manifold in his functions, one consciousness, one will, one intelligence, one person.

According to this view, if we are right in it, creation was, and must have been no other than a going out from God ; the individualization of finite created forms, from the uncreated, Infinite Spirit. It is well to understand that there is no such thing as absolute creation from nothing. We must get rid of that idea. There never was, or can be, a single particle more or less of substance, than at the beginning. All seen things, which are temporal in their nature, came from the unseen, which are eternal. This is the plain Bible view of the matter, expressed in no uncertain language. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God" (or the divine energy) "so that the things which are seen were not made of the things which do appear." And of what then were they made? Why, of the things most surely which do not appear ; the visible from the invisible, the temporal from the eternal. Notice what is said, "the worlds were framed," as we might frame a building. It is not the creating the materials of which the frame is constructed. Creation rather is formation ; the shaping and moulding of things from the elements already in existence.

Now of the souls of men shall I say, that they are the individualized expressions of God ; or the innumerable personalized manifestations of Him ; images of His being ; thrown off like coruscations of light, or heat from the sun ; or as sparks from the anvil by the blacksmith's stroke ; as Paul would intimate in quoting a line of Grecian poetry—"For we are also his offspring," because we sprung off from Him. It is needful to understand, that the millions of earth-born men and women, are but so many Deific expressions that have ema-

nated from the underived Infinite Spirit Creator, and that the universe of God, the earth and sky and heavens, are as full of compendious being, or of individual spirits, as a beam of light is full of motes.

It may indeed stumble us, as the greatest problem of all, to conceive how the life and being in us, is rooted and grounded in the Eternal Being. While we know, and can know so little, where the divine ends, and the human begins ; where they are identical and where only approximate ; we may consider that the divine energy, like the electric forces of our being or the electric currents in the air, are coming and going all the while, and we no more live (as has been said), by the life that came to us yesterday, than we see by the light that came to us yesterday. Our life is constantly radiated from God. Every pulse of our being is made to vibrate with currents from the heart of the Eternal ; and yet God so creates everything that it may possess its own identity, or self-hood, and be itself, and not Him, or any other.

And still ours is not an independent existence ; for we do not exist at all, only as we exist in the eternally existing One, as a projection from, and a part of the underived source of all being and life. There may be, indeed, a self-producing force in us, by which we, ourselves, can create force, and we may seem to be living on our own account as free and voluntary beings ; and yet we are dependent upon God each day, and hour, and moment of our lives. We get the thought here, in the Scriptures, that "as God hath life in Himself, so hath He given to his Son," and to us his creatures "to have life" in ourselves.

The question of a separate, distinct, and even eternal existence, is a different one from that of an independent existence. We must be careful to mark the distinction here. Everything may be eternal in God, as having subsisted in the elementary principles, or underlying essence of it, from everlasting. We, ourselves, as there is no doubt, existed in a certain sense in Adam, as all the planets existed at one time in the sun and were thrown off from thence ; as all the oaks existed in that first acorn, or all the acorns in that first oak. And even before that we existed in God, and sprung from Him. I could easily believe a river to have run eternally, if I could persuade myself that the springs from which it flowed had existed forever. And if there had

always been a sun, there would have been no beginning of daylight, as I can conceive; or the one would have existed as an instantaneous effect of the other.

We, ourselves, are to the Being from whom we originally sprang, what the running streams and rivulets are to the ocean. I have watched the falls of Niagara, seeing the waters pour over them, and thought of it, where does so much water ever come from; and where does it go to, that it should continually replenish itself. Stand by the banks of a river, the Mississippi, or any one of a hundred, and see its current flowing onward and onward. You call it the river as you see it coming and going. But is that simply which lies before you, the river, think? Only in small part, at least, can it be so called or considered; as the water you take up in your hand is not the ocean, only a little water, a sectional, infinitesimal part of the ocean. If it were the current between the two banks which you see, that constituted all of the river, it would soon roll on, and leave nothing but a dry bed or channel. And then that would be the last of the river; the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Amazon, the Niagara, the great and everlasting falls. No—the river in its true and lasting sense, is its flowing—on and on, constantly flowing, from the many little springs, or from the driblets on the hillsides, and they fed from the falling of the rains, or the great fountain of the ocean, whence they are ever supplied. And so we do not see the river, as we might say. Or we see it just as we see the ocean, when we see so much of it as flows within the range of our narrow vision. In this regard the river is a part of the ocean. Its waters first emanated from there to the clouds. From thence they were precipitated to the earth, in the form of rain, and snow and sleet. And melting and sinking away into the subterranean cavities of the earth, they soon sought the light in the shape of bubbling springs, and what we see is their hastening home to the great bosom of waters as fast as they can go.

Now this story of the rivers is, I think, our own story, at least in part. We emanated from God, the infinite ocean of existence. He is the Father of our spirits, and however widely we may since have roamed; and whatever the mutations through which we have passed, we may be sure that "we live and move, and have our being in God;" and His spirit is never sev-

ered from our spirits. It flows into us as the blood into our veins, as the sap into the vine, and the vine into the branches. We have our being in God, and He begets himself in us as the azure element among the flowers begets itself in the violet. The real soul and self of our being, as of all beings, is included in God's own absolute being, and becomes individualized in the phenomena of manifestation.

What, indeed, is the world of phenomena but this individualization, which makes all derivative existence no other than the manifested being of God. This world which God has made, and is pervading, is a mirror of Himself, and its activity of His activity. It is the expression of an infinite artist, and man the culmination of an infinite unfolding. To deny, however, as some do, this individualization, and say that there are no souls or spirits, is the same as to say that there are no drops of water, because there is an ocean. The souls of men are related to God as the drops of water are to the ocean, or as the rays of light are to the sun. Why talk of preserving our individuality as we retire from this mundane world, if we have no individuality to be preserved?

The rays of light from the sun exist in the air, and yet they remain light all the same. They retain their separate identity, and as such are distinct from the air. "God giveth to us all life and breath and all things," but he is not the "us" to whom He giveth life and all things—the creatures whom He fills with His own being, for He is the infinite, and we the finite. He is the cause, we the effect; He is the source, we the stream or issue; He is the great ocean, we the numerous rivers, or numberless drops, or unparticled atoms of water, that go to make up the rivers that flow into the ocean. We have to bear in mind, always, that the sea and the river are not one. As the entirety of being, embracing and equalling all, He (the Infinite One) is made up of all the parts of innumerable being, as a tree is made up of its several parts; but the roots of the tree in the ground, are not the same as the leaves, the blossoms, and the fruit, high up in the air.

We exist in God much as an effect exists in its cause, and we are separate from Him only as the sun's rays are separate from the sun. We have flown out of him into these material conditions, but are still held in the lap of God. He made us, and everything

that is made, or produced from the immensity of his teeming laboratory, to relieve an overflowing, creative thought, just as the birds sing when they are too full to suppress their song. We are the breathing of His own self-breathing; like the composing of sentences, and sweetest strains of music, in some great oratorio. All the things we look upon are the works of His word; "for He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast." "God thought of His creation, and 'twas done." For in God's nature thought and deed are one. Perhaps it is not strictly true to say that thinking is creation with God. A better sentence may be that of Starr King's, in which he remarks, that "All that is, is the continuation of a divine resolution"—a divine resolution going out from the Eternal to some effective purpose.

It is with us just as it is with the rivers that receive their waters from the sea, and return them to the sea again. God is the one to whom, as the ultimate end in their final tendency, all things aspire, and are to meet in Him as their common center. And yet in returning to Him, so that our spirits will coalesce with His in the most perfect agreement, we are not to be absorbed in Him in a manner to be lost in our existence, for ours is a being which the great parent of us all who created and inspired it, will never let die. Having projected us from Himself into separate existence, and individuality, we go not back again into God, for that would be to undo his own work. By the very act of creation God has laid upon Himself the necessity of continuing us in being, and now should He go to work striking out of existence the beings He has made, He would reverse the whole order and plan of his creation, which is to augment the number of human beings, since by so much as they are increased happiness is multiplied. Why should God, who takes no steps backwards, cancel his creation? I am aware that people sometimes talk of being "lost in God, as the countless water drops are lost in the ocean." But are they lost? Is not every smallest unparticled atom of water, just as incapable of losing its identity, or its individuality, as the single grain of sand, mingling with so many of its kind upon the sea shore? It might be difficult to find a needle in a hay-stack, but I presume if found, it would be no other than a needle. It would not be a hay-stack. And

so when all shall go back to live in God as they once lived in him, and were sent out on their mission to this earth-sphere, "the dust returning to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it," they will still retain their essential selfhood, the personality of their being, distinct from the personality of God. They will be drops in the great ocean of immensity and infinity; mere atoms in the system of systems of human souls.

And now if it were proper to even try to understand what God is, we might say that He "is not matter or motion; attraction or gravitation; but the refinement of these, which somehow or other He has evolved from Himself. He is not form, or formation, or organization, but the soul of them; their primal condition; not law, but the essence of law; not light or life, or electricity, or magnetism; but their life; the focalization, or sublimation of all conceivable and possible existences, entities, forces, laws, properties and principles; their last sublimation." Get back behind all these phenomena of nature; this ebb and flow of ceaseless action; deep down in the substance and reality of things; beneath all forms, and external appearances; and be assured, whether you know it or not; whether you believe it or not; God is there. If he were not, where were you and I; and everything of manifested existence. Bereft of God, we would instantly sink into nonentity.

THE publication of Mrs. Custer's book has revealed the fact, previously known to intimate friends of both, that the most perfect congeniality existed between the two. It is related that at one time the general returned home and said: "Let me get a book that I have been reading and which I have marked for you." At the same moment Mrs. Custer produced a novel which had been the companion of her lonely hours, and it was found that the two books were identical and the two congenial readers had marked, almost without exception, the same passages.

I BELIEVE that for every active mind, in its own direction, there is a thought waking every morning,—a new thought; that every day brings new instruction and facility; that even in dreams of the night, we are helped forward.—*Emerson.*

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

That we are what we make ourselves, physically as well as morally, seems to some an absurd statement.

We all admit the latter part of the proposition. A man is good or bad according to his government of himself. He is a free moral agent, free to choose the right or the wrong.

We have little sympathy for the man who pleads, "I can not help doing wrong; temptation is too strong for me." It is only just that he suffers the penalty of his wrong-doing. And the oftener he yields to temptation the easier it becomes, the less he struggles to resist it, and he finally becomes confirmed to evil habits.

Can anyone else make that man what he ought to be? Others can advise, encourage, point out the way, but he has got to walk in it himself.

On the other hand, the man who makes it the rule of his life to do what he believes to be right, under all circumstances, though he may have many a battle to fight, generally wins in the end.

If we would take the same ground in regard to health, and form the habit of being well, which we can do, ridiculous as it may seem, we should have a much healthier and happier race of men and women than we have to-day. That is not done by studying physiology and hygiene alone. As a rule, the people who regulate the quantity of their food and are afraid to eat more than so many ounces, follow a given rule for exercise and sleep, grade their clothing in strict accordance with the weather—and a busy time they have of it in Chicago—sleep with their heads to the north, and avoid all excitement as not good for the nerves, have no better health on the average than those whose time is too much occupied by things of more importance than health, such as business, money-making and enjoying life, and who depend upon physicians to rectify all mistakes and enable them to live as they please.

They simply prove the truth of the saying that we are the creatures of habit. Any departure from their regular routine makes them miserable, because their habits have become a law to them and any deviation from that law brings its penalty.

They have deliberately snapped a pair of hand-cuffs about their wrists, and then

complain because they can not use their hands.

Take the ground that just as a man makes himself an honest or a dishonest one, he can make himself a sick or a well one.

But we are not to blame for and can not resist hereditary disease, you say. Does a man's hereditary propensity to steal or to murder justify him in so doing? Is he not amenable to law the same as the man who has not inherited those propensities? And if he is not judged guilty in the same degree, he is still condemned and punished accordingly. This plea of inheritance will not save him; he has to bear the consequences of his own act. He is not necessarily a thief, or a murderer, because one of his ancestors was.

No more does it follow that a man must have a cancer or consumption because his parents or grand-parents did. Like the moral or the immoral man, he will be what he makes himself, and like the man with the natural inclination to steal he will have the harder battle to fight, but the greatest aid he can have in fighting is first to see that victory is possible. So long as he believes that it is doubtful, or well nigh impossible, he fights with but feeble will and suffers accordingly.

Do we not, every one of us, prove by our own experience that when we have "got used" to a thing, as we say, that thing seems a necessity to us? And when circumstances have forced us to do what was seemingly impossible, we have found out that we could do it.

"Oh! we have all got to be sick some time or other," is the common thought, expressed or not.

One-half of the people who are "enjoying poor health" to-day, might be comparatively well if they had neither time nor inclination to be sick; if they were compelled to make vigorous efforts in their own behalf. All physicians can number among their patients some who are not really ill, even from the material standpoint, who do not need the attendance of a physician or his prescriptions, but who would be morally offended if he told them so; and they are often supplied with some harmless preparation having no medicinal properties whatever. So long as they believe they are "taking something," it answers every purpose.

A large proportion of the other half who

are really afflicted with the various diseases which flesh is heir to, might regain health if they would learn to think differently. That they would naturally do if they gained a different understanding of disease and of the relations of mind and body.

Think for a moment that man is mind. Not a mixture of mind in matter. And that that mind creates its body, ignorantly or understandingly. Sin, sickness, suffering and disease manifested on the body, the result of the first method ; health, strength and harmony, of the last.

What possibilities does not such a thought open up to us. If we can see truth in that statement, it destroys at once the belief that sickness is a necessity, and all inclination to submit to it. That fact once plainly discerned, would prove a lever more potent to lift the mountains of disease now pressing upon suffering humanity than all the druggist's stores now dispensed with so liberal a hand.

What is not possible to man if he only will ? Look at the advance he has made in the last one hundred years. Did he create the principles which made the Atlantic cable, the telephone, the electric light and all other inventions of modern science his servants to use as he will ?

He only discovered what already existed and applied his knowledge with results that are world-wide.

Why should not man find out something new about himself ? Surely the body has been studied long enough, and but with one result.

Oh ! if people only would think more independently and wake up to the grand possibilities that are theirs ; realize their dominion over all the earth and all that is earthy, they would say good-bye to the weak, sickly, suffering, miserable apology for man they have known so long and bring out the real one ; man as he was created and as he was meant to be and as he will some time or other be known.

The man who devotes his body to the advancement of science makes a great mistake. He is worth a deal more alive than dead ; and his progress while in the former state is what tells.

One strong, self-reliant, independent thinker, who does not begin his study of man with the belief that material man is all he has to work upon, is worth more than the entire contents of the dissecting-room.

NATURAL SYMPATHY AND MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

The invisible magnetic chord which unites a *natural* mother to her child is never severed. Distance has nothing to do with it, because the thought battery is swifter and more subtle than an electric battery. For example : My grandmother, Bethany Fuller Wood, who resided in Macedon, N. S., whenever one of her children died at such a distance from her that she did not know that they were ill, even, would walk the floor weeping and wringing her hands and exclaim :

"O, Lord, have mercy upon my child who is soon to enter Thy presence !" There was one instance more marked than the others. This was when Aunt Esther, a favorite daughter, died in Ohio. Again and again, grandmother said to those around her, "Don't you hear that double groan and the death rattle ? When the husband arrived he was asked if his wife suffered much in dying. "Yes," he replied, "to all appearances she did." And he described the double groan and death rattle exactly as grandmother heard it, naming the same hour and day as the date of her demise.

Last winter a gentleman living in my home was called on business to Central America, and as his wife was being treated by a physician of this city, she did not accompany him. After her husband's departure she became so anxious to join him in Guatemala that she consulted another physician, who told her she was in a most critical condition. She came home with the thought that she should never see her husband again. This threw her into such a paroxysm of fear and despair that she immediately wrote him, naming the hour, that her case was hopeless and that in all probability they would never meet again in this life. When his letter reached her from Acapulco, she learned that he, too, had experienced the shock which almost proved fatal to her ; for in it he wrote, "Only the sternest necessity prevents me from returning to you on the up-bound steamer, for I have suffered mental tortures since four o'clock, Wednesday, that have utterly prostrated me physically, and I am certain that you are worse, suffering, sick, dying, perhaps."

A few years ago I was spending some time in New York city, and every Sunday

for three months, at exactly 2 p. m., my time, I adjusted my mental battery and awaited dispatches from Los Angeles, Cal. A lawyer there of a somewhat metaphysical grasp had requested me to assist him with his occult researches. He had calculated the difference of time between the two places to a second and sat at his desk in his office at the appointed moment, with pen in hand and eyes and ears closed to all external sights and sounds. His mental vision saw me sitting at a table writing down his thoughts and mine saw him.

The subjects of the "mental telegraphy," as we termed it, were tenaciously held fast to and vigorously treated. The first ten minutes he questioned me with closed eyes, writing down whatever came into my mind, and the next ten I closed my eyes and answered these questions. Then it was reversed and I questioned and he answered. Each one knew the subject to be discussed and we had our questions carefully written out beforehand. We sat forty minutes and mailed our transcriptions within twelve hours after they were copied. Each kept the original MS.

The subjects treated ranged through the heavens and earth, the seas and under the seas, and were both amusing and instructive, for the gentleman is both witty and learned in that wicked art, science, or absurdity, called law, but I do not think either of us were perfectly satisfied with the sum of results. However, I am interested enough in the phenomenon to try it again with any scholar and thinker for twenty minutes at nine o'clock every Sunday morning, giving five minutes to each instead of ten, for questions and answers. That gives me time before church and my mental *vis-a-vis* time after church—providing the participant is in the Atlantic or Eastern states.

Mrs. J. W. Stow.

San Francisco, Cal.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD once gave the following directions to a person afflicted with a nervous cough: Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same means. Pressing also in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside, may have a good effect. And I may say the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the walls of his hospital, "The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food today." It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then.

CURED BY FAITH.

PARALLEL CASES.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 18.—For the last year or more Miss Sallie MacDonald, of Boyle County, has been bedridden during the whole time. Last Sunday she was visited by the Rev. Mr. Burchfield, of Cincinnati, who prayed with her and received from her assurances that she had faith that God could and would restore her to health. At the conclusion of the religious exercises Mr. Burchfield placed his hands on her head, when she arose perfectly restored. Up to this time she has suffered no relapse and says that she has no apprehension that she will. Miss MacDonald is the daughter of Mr. Jesse MacDonald, a respected citizen of the county, and is herself a perfectly reliable woman. Mr. Burchfield took part in the recent camp-meeting at Junction City, where he was known as "The happy preacher."

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 18.—At Nevada, O., Miss Ella Betts, aged eighteen, the beautiful daughter of one of the most prominent families, has just been marvelously restored to health from what appeared to be a dying pillow, and believers in the Christian religion are claiming it as a prayer cure. These are the facts: "Three months ago she began to feel and show symptoms of pulmonary consumption, which is hereditary in the family, and a fortnight since went to bed, as it was supposed, to die. She refused all religious ministrations, although apparently but a few days from death, until Sunday, the 13th inst., when she told her mother she would like to see a minister. The pastor of the Presbyterian church thereupon made two or three visits, when Miss Betts asked to be taken into the church. Her spiritual frame seeming to him to be suitable, he promised to comply with her request, which was done last Sunday afternoon. This weakened her greatly, and when her spiritual advisers left it seemed impossible for her to survive the night. For three hours she lay with eyes closed, breathing a constant prayer, oblivious to surroundings. About midnight she called her mother and said that she was saved; that Christ had saved her father and her also. She asked for a chair, arose, walked a few steps and sat down, stating that she was cured. Shortly after she dressed herself, went into the parlor, seated herself at the organ and commenced playing softly. All this time she appeared to grow stronger, and at 4 a. m. called her father up to breakfast. At 7 o'clock Monday morning the minister called, when she told him she was feeling as well as ever, only a little tired, and that she should be in church next Sunday to hear him preach. Apparently she is perfectly cured.

MIND-CURE.

Under every popular craze there is always a truth—a truth for which the world is ready. Some picturesque fancy catches the popular attention. It is the bait by which Providence is luring on the masses to the consideration of truth. The evolution of popular intelligence is along the line of feeling, thought, conviction. The many *feel* a truth which is bearing upon them in the social and moral atmosphere, and welcome any incarnation of it however grotesque. The more highly developed and sensitive minds receive the truth spiritually, and look with kindly indulgence on the picturesque object-teaching, by which the multitude must be led to its reception. These delusions run their course, from a mild indulgence to such an absurd extreme that the popular mind reacts, laughs at it—drops it—and yet in spite of itself has taken in a truth which ever afterward is a part of its life.

The decorative delusion reached the Oscar-Wilde extreme of picturesque nonsense, and fell from its pedestal amid sneers and laughter, but we were brought by that "craze" to a truer perception of the use of beauty. We may laugh at Oscar Wilde, but his absurdities caught the popular attention, led to discussion and greatly helped on that movement which is redeeming our homes from barrenness and barbarism.

There is to-day a Boston craze called the "mind-cure." What is the truth which is underneath it? What the eternal principle which is pressing upon popular attention through this selfish interest—*health?*

It is the grand truth of the supremacy of mind over matter. Long enough has the mental atmosphere been darkened by materialism. A new dawn of spiritual supremacy is at hand. All this excitement is but its herald, proclaiming: "Prepare ye the way." All our civilization has been along this line, but there is to be an application of this principle to medical science such as has never been dreamed of. So much we can accept without all the absurd pretensions by which the people are excited, and, accepting so much, let us open our ears and our hearts to the teaching of the hour, and find out how we may apply this principle to our daily lives. We may accept as medically axiomatic that a large share of our physical ills have their seat in the mind. We have long dimly known this, but few of us ever apply it. When we have dyspepsia we fly to the hot water treatment, and try every way but the right way, which probably is to stop *worrying*. One cause of many ills is monotony of brain-life. The mind must have variety of food as well as the body. We

need change of mental atmosphere and not medicine, and we must remember that going to Long Branch or Saratoga does not always tone up the *mind*, unless we leave our cares behind. Let us apply this truth in the care of our children, studying their mental needs. Is your boy fretful? look to the atmosphere of his soul-life. Is his higher nature stirred? Does he receive mental and spiritual sunshine? Oh, that we had more teaching in practical metaphysics! How little of it we learn in our schools and in our homes. This laughed-at, sneered-at "craze" is blessed if it leads to this; and it will lead to it. This is its mission.

We have had our "craze" over physical education, and, though we turn now with disgust from our newspapers, because of the ever recurring accounts of base ball, walking-matches and boat races, yet a grand work has been done. The most of us do now train our children to observe the physical laws as sacredly as the moral laws. It is time we taught them the care of the mind; that a disordered imagination will inevitably produce a diseased body, that uncontrolled passions break down the delicate nerve tissues as surely if not as swiftly as alcohol. We need alcoholic legislation, but we need more grievously the training of our children in such knowledge, self-control and spiritual power as shall make such legislation unnecessary.

We are moving in this direction. Let us welcome, at least to wholesome discussion, whatever helps thought toward this end. When the term mind-cure shall have ceased to appear on the printed page, and the dealers in this so-called Christian Science shall have gone into more lucrative pursuits, the influence of all this discussion and enthusiasm will remain as an ally of the spiritual forces of the world. The superstructure of perversion will fall, but the truth will remain.

Let us not miss the truth of the hour, however disguised, for "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—*Maria Upham Drake in the Watchman.*

PEOPLE say sometimes: "See what I have overcome; see how cheerful I am; see how completely I have triumphed over these black events." Not if they still remind me of the black event.

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. —*O. W. Holmes.*

TELEPATHY.

Nearly eight years ago, being in ill health, I was under the care for a number of months of a physician connected at that time with Bennett College, of this city, and whom I will call Dr. B. One day, during that time, feeling unusually ill, and it not being the day for his usual call, it occurred to me that possibly I might summon him by a kind of mental telegraphy. I therefore concentrated my mind upon him, asking him to come immediately to me if possible. In a little less than a half hour, the time it would take to come from his house to mine, he presented himself at my door. His first salutation was, "Did you send for me?" I said, "Yes, I did, mentally, send for you." "Ah, yes, I see," he replied, and continued: "I had just returned from the college, where I had an unusually fatiguing day, and was lying down to get some rest when I heard you call me by name, and asking me to go to you immediately; so here I am." Of course I was much pleased and astonished at the success of my experiment.

Once after that I brought him in the same way, and, on entering, he exclaimed, "Well, what is it this time?" He had heard the summons as before and answered it as promptly. These two occasions were the only ones in which I attempted to call him in this way, and in both instances they were met with a prompt and unmistakable response.

H. T. L.

Ashland Ave, Chicago.

COINCIDENCES.

One eve, some time since, two gentlemen called on a couple of ladies to spend the evening. One of the young ladies feeling indisposed it was agreed that the young men should leave at ten o'clock. Everything passed off so agreeably no one thought of the compact until an irresistible longing seized one of the young men to look at the clock. When lo! the hour and minute hands both pointed to 10, the time for their departure. Since then an irresistible longing seizes upon every young man who is spending the evening there to look at his watch at exactly the same time. I can not explain the action of this subtle power, compelling every one to look at the time at this stated hour. But I know it is a fact, and the desire can not be resisted.

It is a psychological problem beyond our explanation. Yet the time will come when the workings of the soul will be more thoroughly known. Another occurrence happened while I was in the library writing this letter. One of the students coming in, without looking up I said this is——, and then looked up and saw the person whose name I had called by my side. He had just entered. He gave the number of the book that he wished to return. Instantly the name and author flashed across my mind. I was correct. Now the room was perfectly quiet, although two other persons were in it. In both cases I was so thoroughly convinced of the correctness of my surmise that I would have staked anything on my decision. The other two were reading when this person came in. Why did I not know what they were reading!

L. H. F.

SIGHT RESTORED BY FRIGHT.

San Francisco *Alta*: Mrs. Charles has for years been a great sufferer from neuralgia, and one time was attacked with congestion of the brain. From a gradually failing sight the lady, three or four months ago, lost entirely the use of her eyes, and became, as it was thought, hopelessly blind. Expert medical attendance failed to effect any relief and gave the lady little hope of ever regaining her sight. Recently the sudden and alarming cry of "Fire" rang from the lips of one of her daughters. Realizing her imminent peril, it seems that in the despair with which a drowning man grasps at a straw, the lady made an effort to open her eyes. The long unused nerves responded to her will. The alarm proved to be without foundation, but the fright it caused restored her sight, which physicians had given up as hopeless. In an interview with a physician the reporter learned that it was more than probable that during the long time that Mrs. Charles had suffered from neuralgia, the optic nerves had become weakened and a loss of nervous current had ensued, which was partially restored by the sudden shock which the fright produced. The lady is now enjoying comparatively good sight and the impression prevails that she will fully recover.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—when one ascends the other descends.— *Bishop Hopkins.*

Those who wish to obtain the bound volume are requested to send orders early. In sending your subscription for the new year, why not include one or two for friends to whom it would prove a most acceptable present?

We give a few extracts and letters as samples of those we are constantly receiving:

"MIND IN NATURE is a valuable and interesting publication, each month is better than the one before; it is one of the few that will interest all who read it. I take pleasure in directing attention to it."
S. SIAS, Schoharie, N. Y.

Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, writer of the following letter, is a well-known physician and surgeon—President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago; also President of the Western Society for Psychical Research:

CHICAGO, December 12, 1885.

J. E. WOODHEAD, MANAGER.

My Dear Sir.—When I examined the first issue of MIND IN NATURE I thought it too good to last. While realizing that the field it was designed to cultivate was a large and fruitful one, I feared the laborers would be too few to succeed in reaching and reaping the harvest. I did not know then, as I now know, how much energy, judgment, and good taste there was concentrated in the management, nor how much able and willing help you would have from others. But the stages of infancy, childhood, and adolescence are safely passed, and already the enterprise displays the attributes of full maturity—vigor, sound thought, and beauty. It is deserving of long life, and the cordial support of all interested in Psychical Research and mental phenomena.

Yours, faithfully, A. REEVES JACKSON.

Mr. C. Bjerregaard, of the Astor Library, New York, writes:

"I have received MIND IN NATURE, and am delighted with it. How can you furnish it at the price? Please raise the subscription, rather than let it discontinue. If you or your contributors should ever want to refer to some literary authority whose works you do not have on hand, write me, and I will do what I can here at the Astor Library—*free of cost*."

The Midland, of St. Louis, the United Presbyterian Home Visitor of the West, says:

MIND IN NATURE is a very presentible monthly published in Chicago. We are glad to know that the prospecting in this as yet not fully explained field is in such competent hands. "Heredity of the Memory," by H. D. Valin, M. D., sounds a note of alarm that parents ought to heed. The truth is the whole mental atmosphere is as full of mighty unused forces that are soon to be utilized, as was the physical atmosphere of electricity before the present century. It may be that MIND IN NATURE is to be a Franklin that should mark an epoch in knowledge and utilization of existing mental possibilities.

Furnishing in a popular manner information regarding psychical questions, the relations of mind to the body and their reciprocal action, with special reference to their medical bearings on disease and health, giving the most striking and interesting facts and discoveries of science; its columns enriched with special contributions from men in both hemispheres who have attained eminence in the spheres of science, mental philosophy, and theology; giving a full *resumé* of all the investigations and reports of the English and American Societies for Psychical Research, and of the Branch Societies to be formed in different portions of our country; MIND IN NATURE is committed to no psychical "ism." It will collate facts and incidents and present the laws which may be deduced from them by unbiased, competent scientific observers, and must therefore prove of great value to clergymen, physicians, and educators, as well as the general public.

One of its chief aims is to gather from original and trustworthy sources valuable information on the various subjects grouped under "Telepathy, or the influence of mind upon mind apart from ordinary perception," which will be of important service to the investigators of psychical phenomena. It will summarize cases worthy of note, which come under the head of mind cure, and also of faith or prayer cure, presenting the latter in a reverent as well as in a scientific spirit.

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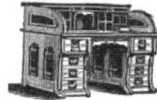
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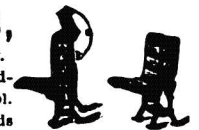


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EXTRA

MIND IN NATURE.

CHICAGO, January, 1886.

Another number completes the first volume of *MIND IN NATURE*. While the subscription list has not been as large as we would wish, yet the circulation has been largely among those whose commendation and approval are evidence of its merits, and that it has been conducted with an honest purpose to fulfil the promises made in the Prospectus. Unique in aim and purpose, boldly venturing along the border line of the unknown,—to many the unknowable, and to our Scotch friends the “uncanny”—which, although claimed by some to be the unreal, yet to others is in fact the most real side of our life; we have desired not to assume any untenable position, or to dogmatize; only to gather such facts as were attainable and discuss them fairly, in order, if possible, to formulate some hypothesis, which would be acceptable as scientific and reasonable.

The kindly words of encouragement and gratulation received lead us to believe there is a field for *MIND IN NATURE*, which it is its mission to cultivate.

If those who have received either pleasure or profit from a perusal of its pages will repay part of their indebtedness to the journal by an earnest effort to extend its influence, the coming year will place it in a position that will command attention and respect from those who even yet are somewhat afraid of it, not knowing exactly what sort of a creature it is, or is to be.

Knowing that many of our readers have loaned their numbers to friends to read, and that they have been so well read they are not suitable for binding, we intend to issue a limited edition of this first volume complete with title page and full table of contents handsomely bound in dark green, fine English muslin, with yellow edges, and sold for one dollar and twenty-five cents. No handsomer book was ever published for the money. Valuable alike for the typographical beauty of its pages, the quality of paper, and neatness of binding, as well as the wealth of its contents. A fitting and worthy present to a friend, a choice addition to any library.

As a further inducement to our readers to aid us in extending the influence of our journal, we have reduced the price to small clubs—and will send four copies one year for Three Dollars—the bound Vol. 1 and one copy one year for Two Dollars. The bound volume will be sent for One Dollar to all who subscribe for Volume Two. We further agree that if each of our present subscribers will send a club of four for the new year, to increase the size of the journal to twenty-four pages. We want our readers to realize that our interests are mutual; we expect for several years to put more into it than we get from it, and in increasing our list of subscribers you are benefiting yourself as well as the journal.

"MIND IN NATURE."

It is highly gratifying to those who venture into unbeaten paths, and feel that both friends and others are inclined to consider them presumptuous, to be able to so comport themselves as to obtain the plaudits of friends and win the respect of others. The kind reception accorded *MIND IN NATURE* is due to several fortuitous circumstances.

The subjects discussed and to be discussed have become very prominent the past few years.

Investigations in physical science had by the bold aggressions of a few able leaders drawn to its support numbers of those who perhaps, both by temperament and ability, were able to comprehend that only which they could see and handle, and by continual boasting of "what we know" conceived that they had disproved that which perhaps all can not know. That because they could not divide the spirit into its component parts and label them there was not, and could not be, any spirit.

This line of investigation had been carried so far, it was likely to produce disastrous results in some parts of Europe. These investigators had neglected to use Voltaire's precaution to send out the servants and shut the door, before beginning the scientific discussions, and the communist and nihilist had quickly caught the spirit of the materialist in exchange for the spirit of which the materialist had robbed him, very logically concluding if death end all, that life is a farce, and justice, love, and righteousness are glittering generalities. If there is no God but force, then "Life is not worth living," since the forces of this world were always opposing them, and always too strong for them.

A few more years' training in this direction would sound the death-knell of every Government of Europe. The leaders, therefore, have wisely concluded to pay more attention to mental science.

They will doubtless bring to the investigation of psychical phenomena, the same careful methods which have accomplished so much in the material world, and in this they will be ably assisted by those who, equally desirous that their knowledge should be based on a sure foundation, were conscious that man could never be known by investigating his bones and tissues merely. While contending for what they

called Bible truths, they did so, not because they were Bible, but because they were truths, and are willing they be subjected to the most searching analysis.

In our endeavor to aid somewhat in these researches we have been most ably seconded by those whose articles have made our journal what it is, and to whom we are very grateful. In order that this may still be more successfully accomplished in the future, we desire to direct the attention of our readers to the manager's announcement, and ask their aid in increasing the circulation. Remember, friends, the manager can not pay the printer with your good wishes, and though willing to meet the deficiency this year, can not be expected to continue to do so.

MIND DEVELOPMENT.

PROF. JOHN FRASER.

Absolute originality is becoming hourly less possible. This century of ours, in very truth, has no original ideas—no invention—for that, it has come too late; all had been thought before it, and it is, therefore, an era of maturation and civilization only. Research and application are the chief glories of the nineteenth century, and when one comes to study the nature and history of most so-called modern inventions he is driven to acknowledge the truth of M. Fourmer's statement that there is no individual inventor. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique heavens, or its astronomy could not have existed. The Emperor Shan, 2225 B. C., in employing the movable tube which is used to observe the stars, put in order what regards the seven planets, as Thornton in his *History of China* abundantly proves. Alexander's copy of the "Iliad" enclosed in a nutshell could not have been written without the microscope; the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam-railways, mesmerism, hydrophobia, all were familiar to the long bygone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt! Printing, like so many other inventions, only became what it was, because it came exactly at the time when thought required the expansion that this could furnish. Had it been discovered

earlier, it would have doubtless perished, as in one sense it was discovered and practically did perish, in China, Chinese thought and civilization at the time of its invention by them not being advanced enough to turn it to perfect advantage. The elder Disraeli believed, indeed, that the Romans were acquainted with the secret of movable types, but would not let it be known, for fear of the spread of knowledge and the consequent loss of aristocratic monopoly of enlightened thought. DeQuincey held that printing was long known to the ancients, but that it made no progress for want of paper! Gunpowder had very long been a pyrotechnic plaything; before it was elevated to its present sad pre-eminence, in obedience to the increasing wants of the world.

Another noteworthy phenomenon connected with the development of ideas, is the great similarity that is thereby suggested between mind in all ages. As the same mechanical and dynamic ideas have pervaded all research in these departments towards a true solution of problems, such as those connected with the power of elastic vapors, and the substitution of inorganic forces generally for human or animal power; so in the forms of error that have vitiated the study of mental problems, men's minds have ever run, as it might be said, in the same channels.

For instance, it may surprise some of our readers to learn that one of the spiritualistic manifestations of the present day was a diversion or an imposture in classic times. Tables were turned for the benefit (or otherwise) of the Roman Emperors, as related by Marcellinus, and spirits rapped in China and Thibet long ages probably before this, with perhaps as important communications as now. To this we may return in a future paper. Meanwhile, the forms of error and truth have ever presented such striking returns and cycles, as to suggest to the psychologist the important inquiry whether, as from physical aberrations the true nature and direction of force may be calculated, so in like manner, from the vagaries of mind, its essential nature and tendency may not some time be inferred; but from this day we are still far removed.

The philosophy of one century is the common-sense of the next. — *H. W. Beecher.*

"THE OCCULT WORLD."

R. W. SHUFELDT.

The *Weekly Star*, of Washington, D. C., under date of the 20th inst., announces the fact that Professor Elliott Coues, of that city, has visiting him, Baba Gopal Vinayak Joshee, the Brahmin pundit and Fellow of the Theosophical Society of Bombay, India.

It seems from the account given in the above paper that one of its reporters was permitted to interview these gentlemen, and derive the following from Doctor Coues, which I quote just as the *Star* gives it to us: "I cannot tell you what Theosophy is," said the doctor, "and worse than that, I can not give you my reasons for my secrecy. I am conscious that this must be very unsatisfactory and seem silly, yet if you understood Theosophy you would appreciate my position." * * * * *

"I have made a scientific study of the soul, and have absolutely proven its existence. I am not at liberty to tell you anything about Theosophy, but we know absolutely the truths that Christians take on faith. The Catholic priest tells you you have a soul. We can prove it. No, I am not at liberty to tell you how, but the proof is purely scientific. You ask me why this secrecy? There are many reasons for it; but this alone is enough: If everybody knew what Mr. Joshee and I do the social organism of the world would be thrown into chaos. The knowledge could be used for harm as well as for good, and in the hands of bad men it would be a terrible weapon. I find it difficult to talk to you on the subject, because I have to be careful not to tell you what I have no right to. On this account I seem to be talking in riddles and surrounding myself with a great deal of mystery. It is not my desire, though, to appear mysterious. I wish I could speak more freely with you."

This whole matter is of such an extraordinary nature—especially when taken in connection with what Doctor Coues has already given us in his "Biogen Series;" his statements in the *New York Nation* (Dec. 25, 1884), and in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago (March 7 and 21, 1885); his championship of the Theosophists in the United States; and finally, the appearance of this notable Brahmin amongst us—that I believe a few passing remarks will hardly be out of place. Let us introduce these, by a friendly comment upon

Doctor Coues' initial statement to the *Star* reporter, to whom he is made to say, "I can not tell you what Theosophy is." May we ask, is this necessary? Mr. Webster's definition in his unabridged lexicon gives this very concisely, and seems to be supported by all that has been brought to light either by the Indians themselves, or by the scrutiny of generations of learned historians living among them. *It is not very deep*, or beyond the comprehension of the ordinary American scientific mind.

Farther on, Dr. Coues tells the reporter, "the Catholic priest tells you you have a soul. We can prove it. No, I am not at liberty to tell you how, but the proof is purely scientific." During the past eighteen months Doctor Coues has invented and published for what he considers "mind" and "soul-stuff" to be, some *seventeen* titles, and has, moreover, as the *Star* reporter or anybody else may see, defined precisely how the veridical, phantasmic, biogenic, psychic, semi-material, astralized substance is to be investigated (see *N. Y. Nation* Dec. 25th, 1884). Of these titles, I think they can one and all, without any particular violence, be assigned to the old time-worn *ātman* of Indian mythology, and its derivatives.

Several years ago I witnessed what I take to be an example of the "projection of the double;" moreover, a year or more previous to it, I held a room full of people of all grades of intelligence, night after night, witnessing my operations with planchette—naturalists, officers, lawyers, antiquarians, authors and all, until the majority believed that the apartment actually teemed with "veridical phantoms," and then, months afterward, I demonstrated all I knew about it and offered my explanation of the whole matter. I have the power of mesmerizing certain people, and when agitated, have had both electric spark and report follow my handling small objects; finally, I have seen two or three such cases into which the Societies for Psychical Research are now making such diligent investigation. And yet, in face of all this, I do *not* believe, were it possible for Kapila, himself, and all the Theosophs of Bombay, to scream from the house-tops of Washington all they know of their philosophy, that there would be the slightest danger of throwing "the social organism of the world into chaos." Further, as a *kind of knowledge*, I can not conceive of its being a whit more dangerous a

weapon in the hands of bad men, than electricity would be, which, I believe, also has the power of "killing at a distance." Now, no one holds Doctor Coues' scientific attainments in higher esteem than the writer; nor has any one a greater respect for his opinion in certain lines of scientific investigation, yet I must say, with all candor, and purely through a spirit in search of anything which will benefit man's condition, that if the positive knowledge of the existence of the soul is to be a dangerous thing in the hands of bad men, then Doctor Coues' *discovery* will prove to be but little more than a terrible disappointment to the yearning millions whom for ages have craved this knowledge above all others! For pity's sake let it out upon us—the world has always risen superior to any of her convulsions, wiser, better, and purer, whether they have been social or physical ones.

If the Bombayan pundit comes to us with a knowledge he is not permitted to impart, the question naturally arises in one's mind, in what particular are we the gainers for his coming. He has brought nothing new with him, except his sneers at our western philosophy; he may, however, if he keeps his eyes open, take back with him to India some wholesome lessons from the vigorous young nation in whose midst he now is.

America in her civilization, has passed the point wherein she can appreciate the necessity of shrouding *any* kind of knowledge in the cloak of mystery.

Fort Wingate, New Mexico, Nov. 25, '85.

"Think of the value not only to religion, but to philosophy and to poetry; besides a reading-room, to have a thinking-room in every city! Perchance the time will come when every house even will have not only its sleeping-rooms, and dining-room, and talking-room or parlor, but its thinking-room also, and the architects will put it into their plans. Let it be furnished and ornamented with whatever conduces to serious and creative thought."—*H. D. Thoreau.*

THERE are about as many twins in the births of thought as of children. For the first time in your lives you learn some fact, or come across some idea. Within an hour, a day, a week, that same fact, or idea, strikes you from another quarter.—*O. W. Holmes.*

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

I. LANCASTER.

Prof. Piper having terminated his paper on that modern system of thought known as Evolution, I propose to continue the subject by introducing a few considerations neglected by him.

Having many years since been compelled either to accept Evolution, or abandon all attempts to assert my own private judgment, in which dilemma I closed with the new philosophy, it is not pleasant to sit quietly under Prof. Piper's implications and contemplate the imbecility of my understanding, or the weakness of my morality, which permitted me to do so. Neither do I relish the discovery that Herbert Spencer, instead of being pretty well up in physiology, is, on the other hand, even ignorant of the human muscular system; or that Charles Darwin's great work on the origin of species is so very "puerile" as to go to pieces at the first brush of a criticism no more potent than Prof. Dawson's.

I am free to admit that one may reject Evolution completely and still maintain the integrity of both his moral and mental status. He may be committed to the alternative theory, and be entirely excusable. He may never have had the evidences of Evolution presented to him, or being presented, could not comprehend them. These and many other reasons could be found to justify his not being an Evolutionist, even though the doctrine itself should not be intrinsically worthless.

But for one to deliberately abandon a wise and good doctrine, and adopt a foolish and bad one, presupposes a weakness which I prefer not to acknowledge. It also seems that the opinions of Wagner, Dawson, Tyndall, Huxley, etc., are not the proper grounds upon which to erect a system of philosophy which shall explain the universe. Neither can I comprehend that Carlyle could rightly wield any influence whatever in the matter, or that it was of the least importance what he said or did in regard to it. Evolution rests on the facts of nature, and is an inference drawn from those facts, and the most any man can do is to direct attention to the evidences. It is in the relations which the facts bear to each other and to the three suppositions which it is possible to make in regard to the cause of things, that evolution rests. The facts are admitted by all. Mivart, or Dawson, or any of

the other scientific opponents of Evolution admit these. They are what we find existing all about us. The inferences must be considered by each individual and adopted as true, or rejected as false, by the operation of his own intelligence to enable him to judge understandingly of the case. In any other event he would be a mere copyist, and certainly the world has had enough of this blind following.

The ways in which the present scheme of things may be accounted for, are, first, that it might have been eternal; next, that the Almighty Creator did by his infinite power and wisdom especially contrive and make it; and, thirdly, that it all came about by the materials and forces of nature developing according to invariable methods resulting from their constitution.

The first method is rejected for the reason that great changes have taken place, negating the presumption that the present order was eternal. The second method is rejected by Evolutionists because the facts as we find them are not such as they would be if the world had been thus constructed, and because no shadow of evidence can be found that God ever did "specially create" a thing which does now or ever did exist.

The third method finds its justification in the fact that it is the process now going on in nature. That it is now, at this present moment of time, operative and dominant in every molecule and combination of molecules which enters into the construction of either the whole, or of any part of the universe, and that its laws explain everything which does, or which can take place.

Evolution, then, is simply an explanation of that which is. It is a name given to the order of nature. Its fundamental postulate is the present existing state of things. It takes man just as we find him and shows how he came to be what he is. It acknowledges him to be a moral being, a religious being, and an intelligent being, precisely as we find him, and offers an explanation of all the elements of his character. Now, an Evolutionist may justly object to such views of their methods as those entertained by Wagner, who declares that it "converts all "noble thoughts" into "vain dreams," and makes of man a two-armed automaton, whose chemical atoms "resembles the dance of lunatics in a mad-house!" Dawson's statements may be likewise objected to, "that it makes man not merely

carnal but devilish. It takes his lowest appetites and propensities and makes them his God and Creator." If Dawson really believes anything so bad as this he must be excused for saying it, and certainly anything which is engaged in making "creators" out of "appetites," converting "noble thoughts" into "vain dreams," and making one's atoms dance like lunatics, should be avoided if possible. But, all this confirms the old adage that "one must go from home to learn the news," for no Evolutionist could ever entertain such notions of his doctrine. He would as soon think of charging them upon the multiplication-table, and could do so with as much propriety.

The next thing, which is a perpetual stumbling-block to every adherent of the new philosophy, is the very peculiar, not to say grotesque, notions which are manifested by the disciples of the old schools in regard to the nature of the evidence upon which Evolution rests. Dr. Wainwright's critic says, "Nobody claims, or ever has claimed, that Evolution as applied to the genesis of life, is an established fact," and Dr. Piper quotes Tyndall as positive that it is proven, and Huxley, both that it is and is not, involving the latter in palpable contradictions. Huxley says: "There is evidence that is perfectly satisfactory to competent judges that we have already learned the actual process by which one species, the horse, has come into existence," and yet, he claims, "It must, in candor, be admitted that the hypothesis must always remain in the strictest sense of the word, unverifiable."

Now, what does Huxley mean by this word, "unverifiable." Let us examine his position briefly:

Prof. Marsh has collected in the anatomical museum of Howard a number of fossils of the horse, which he found in the western tertiary deposits. From the top came the true horse as we now have it, with one bone, the radius, in its fore-arm, and traces, merely, of the ulna; one toe on its feet, and rudiments of two others. Next, from the upper Pliocene the same creature with a little more ulna, the same one toe, with the two others larger. From the lower Pliocene, one large and two small toes on each foot, and still more ulna. The upper Pliocene then gives three complete toes, and rudiments of another, and a well developed ulna; and the lower Miocene all these still more developed.

The upper Eocene gives four complete

toes and another rudimentary one, with well developed ulna; and the lower Eocene five complete toes and the radius and ulna quite separate throughout, completing the series of horse-derivation.

The period required for laying down the tertiaries is placed by geologists at not less than 100,000,000 of years, so that it has taken that much time to develop the one-toed from the five-toed animal, and, if Evolution be tenable there must have been not only these seven forms found by Marsh, but a vast number of intermediate ones either not preserved or not found.

The question now in order is, did these forms arise by the preservation of variations best fitted to the conditions of life, and the perishing of those not fitted; or did the Almighty Creator perform at least seven stupendous miracles to knock four toes and an ulna, little by little, out of a horse, in order that Maud S. might go a mile in 2:08¾?

The Evolutionist rests on gradual development, for that is precisely the way in which every horse and indeed every other animal, does now as a matter of fact come into the world and grow to maturity. The process by which a chicken develops from an egg is a case of evolution now going on. Did the Almighty Creator by an act of power create the egg in the body of the female? Did he set to work that marvelous play of forces *by special act in each egg*, which out of the simple parts, does in a few weeks, produce a creature of such marvelous complexity that an encyclopaedia could not describe it? Does he then, by divine act of power shiver the shell to liberate into the outer air the product of his skill? Oh, no; not at all. All this is done by a process of egg-development through its own inherent forces, without any outside agency of a creative character whatever, and the Evolutionist simply carries this process back in time and shows how not only present creatures were developed, but how all past creatures came to be. He formulates these laws and proposes to give his allegiance to them until shown that they are not competent to the task laid upon them. He fully understands that at least this planet presents greater complexity of organizations that inhabit it at the present moment, than at any period of the past, and any process competent to conduct its affairs now, could have always conducted them.

But then this is not "verifiable!" Dr. Piper and the critics quoted seem to have a

a strange notion of evidence. How is the scientific statement of the results of a process "verified"? Simply by trying it over again. When a scientist asserted that he had obtained infusoria spontaneously, Tyn-dall set about "verifying" the process and failed to do it. The statement is now made that the horse is developed by a certain definite process from a well defined form in a certain place during a stated time. To "verify" this, it would be necessary to procure a number of the five-toed beasts of the lower Eocene, convert the North American continent into a stock-farm identical in conditions to the past, go back 100,000,000 years, and spend that length of time breeding horses! Huxley recognizes the impossibility of doing so, and hence pronounces the evidence "unverifiable." He did not say that it was not demonstrative, however. There are many things which can be shown to be true which at the same time can not be "verified." Murder is one. I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction, however, based on observation of what stock-breeders have done in the last fifty years, that if 100,000,000 years of time were given them in which to operate they would quite surpass the utmost efforts of unassisted nature in that direction. They would doubtless be able to make in that period a very fine race of horses from a nest of rats.

Well, has the creation of any horse by miracle ever been "verified"? Isn't the entire "miracle" business a completely "un-verified" hypothesis. Evolution can be indicated on every hand as now going on. The world is full of it. It is entirely demonstrable and can at once be verified with the greatest ease. Miracle never has been, and can not be now. Evolution ceases to be "verifiable" in remote geologic ages, but miracle has no support in any age, and yet in its favor "puerility" is asserted of the antithetical process.

But it is when the order Bimana is the subject of inquiry that "special creation" becomes unbearable in any manner whatever, its objectionable features multiplying as we reach the species, man, where they culminate in one grand climax of total absurdity. To adequately realize the astounding nature of the work to which the miracle hypothesis commits the Deity, one needs to have before him photographs or at least cuts, of the multitudinous species of Simiadæ, especially Hylobates, Sapajons

and Nasalis, found from the size of a rat to that of a man, and of shapes so fantastical that nothing but the production of the creature could convince one that they existed. They have all sorts of tails. Some so very long that it is troublesome to keep them from visiting about while the owner stays at home; down to none at all. In the matter of hair, they are simply marvelous. With beards and without them; nature having anticipated the wildest flights of tonsorial art in the whole species. Great tufts spring from one part of the body and another, with no conceivable reason for their being where they are, or anywhere else. Their dental economy varies, often in the difference of one or more teeth only. Then their noses are stupendous. But want of space forbids enumeration. Now, I suppose that God had a right to create a monkey if he wished to do so; but why did he deliberately make a Hylobate with a heel on both ends of its feet, so that no sort of an intelligence could tell which way the thing was going if its track was met with? Then a miracle was performed to add a foot of tail, and another to take off what was already there. Neither would anything but an act of volition of the Divine Creator serve to set in or take out a tooth. A flat nose was made by miracle. Another fiat turned it away *up*, and still another away *down*, until finally an ape was created with no tail at all, with precisely the same dentition as a man, and differing from him in its physical structure in nothing discoverable.

Then came the crowning act, and man stepped on the scene, a high moral creature, and creation ceased. It must be confessed that a portion of the best cultivated human beings do stand pretty high. Their brains are splendid instruments and their minds the abode of many virtues and of much intelligence. But more is to come. Twenty-seven distinct species of tape-worm, specially contrived with grappling talons, to inhabit the human intestines, upon which they prey, causing this high being to die in agony in order that they might sustain their valuable lives. Parasites, created by special act of God, the active agents in carbuncle and cancer, so admirably fitted to destroy man's life that all the boasted intellect of the combined species is imbecile to more than retard the inevitable hour.

At least two of earth's mightiest men, Napoleon, and our own Grant, became the hosts of one of these specially made and

deadly creatures, and the lines written of the first may well be parodied of both :

'Armed with his spear and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field,
But when his spear and shield he laid aside,
God made a parasite to eat him, and he died!'

Some species infest the blood-vessels, excepting that they can not pass the fine capillaries of the brain, when another form was contrived by the Great Artificer, with exquisitely delicate spiral hooks, by means of which it could work its way through this fine network and pass into the brain-mass, where, having found the habitat for which it was created, it multiplies prodigiously, and dying, clogs up that fine instrument with foulness, reducing the masterpiece to an extremity of torture, insanity and death. And now the record is complete. God did not make man to adore him. It is all a mistaken idea. Man was created in order that *a mass of little worms might have a burying-ground!* The simple fact of the matter is that God does not work in that way. The hypothesis of special creation can not be made to fit in with any rational idea of Deity, for there are very many things to be found in the world which could not be made by especial contrivance by any all-wise, all-powerful and all-good agency, to perform the functions of their organizations. Simply to state the case, is to discredit it. Evolution rests on the great natural law of the "survival of the fittest," so far as it applies to animal life, and there is no option for the sincere student of nature who determines to neither praise nor blame, but to find the truth, but to suppose that the Creator brought this great scheme of things into existence as he now conducts it, by a process of development. Under this dominion there is no radical evil in the scheme of things. Pain is misadjustment, and it must and does inevitably follow that a better condition comes with every passing instant. Time is great nature's usher to introduce the good.—*Chicago.*

WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

A lady who had never been abroad, dreamed that a relative of her husband's, who lived in Europe, was dead. Neither she or her husband knew that he was ill, nor had they received any recent news from him. She saw the funeral procession, the arrangement of which was different from anything of the kind she had ever witnessed. The manner in which the corpse was con-

veyed to the grave, the dress of the men forming the procession, and the absence of women, were specially noted by her. She also saw plainly the streets through which it passed and the surroundings of the grave. She heard the people speak of her husband and ask if he was there, and the reply, "No, he is not here, but will be soon." A few days after, they received by telegraph information of the death of this relative. At that time her husband had not the remotest intention of going to Europe, but a few months after circumstances arose which made him decide suddenly to take the trip.

She accompanied him, and on reaching the place where the relative had lived and died, recognized the surroundings immediately as those she had seen in her dream, and on learning the details of the funeral, found it had taken place exactly as she had dreamed it, the order of the procession and the dress of the men were described to her as she had seen them.

On the day of her arrival the rooms of the house were shown to her, and one on the lower floor, pointed out to her as the one occupied by the now dead relative, while a guest-chamber on the second floor was assigned to her and her husband.

On retiring that same evening she remained awake after her husband had fallen asleep, and she saw something come from the door of the room like a greyish-white cloud, having the form and features of a man. It came to her side of the bed and seemed to bend over her, when she screamed and it disappeared. Her husband awoke and she told him what she had seen, insisting that his relative had died in that room. This was denied the next day by the whole family, but admitted later on in the visit.

They denied it at first because they thought that she would be afraid to occupy the room if she knew the facts.

At that period of her life she was for some time in delicate health, and while in that state had other similar experiences. Since regaining her health nothing of the kind has occurred.

U. N. G.

The facts given in the above statement can be relied upon. For obvious reasons we can not always give names or addresses to statements of this kind, as it might cause unpleasant notoriety, but the manager is ready at all times to furnish proofs to any one who desires to investigate the cases.

*PHILOSOPHY OF THE THREE
PATHIES.*

JOHN ALDEN, M. D.

A modern writer has said, "Teach your child to say 'I have a soul,' and not 'I have a body,' that he may be early led to recognize the dual factors of existence,—mind and body,—and to place the higher estimate upon the sentient controlling power within him."

But in all the ages from before the time of Aristotle, the careful, inquisitive philosopher, has sought to define the limits of each, and to explain the connection of these two factors, until there has been a strong reaction on either side of this philosophy of a dual nature into the dangerous extremes of Materialism and Idealism. According to Materialism, which finds its advocates in the teachings of Hume, Darwin and Haeckel, the organic body possesses inherent, vital powers of its own, sufficient to produce all the phenomena of life as we observe them. Idealism, on the other hand, according to the philosophy of such men as Kant, Fichte and Berkeley, denies the existence of matter as such *per se*—all that we know or of which we are cognizant being simply the subjective and objective forms of thought. Thought is paramount and alone. But, whichever theory is held for argument, mankind generally shows a wonderful unanimity of action upon the principles of the philosophy first named. Their criticism or applause, their condemnation or acquittal, depends on the right or wrong action of the prime mover—a free will within a sound body. While we may exhaust our brains to prove to one skeptic the existence of mind superlative to matter and capable of independence of it, and to another doubter attempt to differentiate between the mind of man and that phenomenon called instinct in animals, there will nevertheless be an immediate consensus of opinion as to the existence of a responsible governing motive, called the will, in the one, and the absence of it in the brute creation.

Taking, then, this common point of agreement,—the existence of a responsible will, we shall also assume as proven those other faculties which must exist to make that will manifest. Hence, we shall make use of the composite term, mind, instead of its contained unit, the will, alone. And, as best agreeing with the universal opinion of

mankind, as well as best accounting for the phenomena of our individual experience, we shall accept the existence of the body as essentially different from the mind, which it contains. In deference to the Idealists, call that body, if you choose, the Objective Thought of the Almighty—as is everything else in organic or inorganic creation.

Recognizing, then, the duality of man's nature, we accept the standard of his own well-being, as well as of his right relations to society, to be "a sound mind in a sound body." But sin, sickness and death are in the world, constantly warring against this standard, and causing unceasing deviation therefrom; and all along down through the ages have come the helpers and healers to restore that equilibrium, each aiming to accomplish a specific work in that direction, but all constantly at variance among themselves as to the how and why of their several methods, and each drawing after him a large following of zealous adherents. Have they helped or have they hindered in the work of restoration? Is there no "method in their madness"? Or have they all blindly touched a sub-stratum of truth, which, when rightly comprehended, will be seen to pervade all their systems and bind them into one?

To-day there are three distinct "paths" along which man seeks the road to recovery, when mentally or physically astray. These are: the Allopath, the Homeopath, and the Psycho-path, each of which promises him the highway to health, if he but follow its directions. The two first-named seek to exercise their art on the organic side of man's dual nature. To them it is the "be-all and end-all" of rational effort.

On the other hand the Psychopathist discards the potions and potencies of his co-workers, and accomplishes the same work through the mind. Each exhibits the trophies of his special skill, and refuses to believe in the *modus operandi* of the other.

But, let us go below their apparent claims,—first, to the organic factor of man's life, and then to the mental element, that we may discover, if possible, the reason for the changes wrought by their intervention. To do this, it is necessary to study the organic life of man, which he shares in common with the rest of the animal, and with the vegetable kingdom. By the organic conditions which obtain in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we mean the pervading of an objectively inert material with

an active principle which causes changes in the animal or vegetable structure, according to laws of its own kind.

Under the mysterious chemistry of this vital principle, inert substances are converted into a part of the living organism by changes so gradual, and by processes so subtle, that no man can put his finger on the dividing-line and say, "Hitherto is the inorganic—beyond lies the living product!"

So, too, in man, the resulting phenomena of this organic life pass by insensible gradations into those of the higher, volitional domain. No man who reasons from a basis of common acceptance denies the existence of *lifeless* products, or that they are made a part of the *living* process, which is still further controlled for its higher purposes by *life* itself.

The two systems for the intercurrent phenomena of organic and of volitional life in man are the Sympathetic and the Brain and Nervous Systems. The Sympathetic system consists of numerous centres of substance, like brain-matter, called ganglia, distributed throughout the body. From these centers radiate afferent and efferent nerves, many of which are ensheathed with those of the Brain and Nervous system, thus showing the intimate connection of the two. The principal work of the first, or Sympathetic system, is to control the nutritive changes of the organic body in its involuntary functions. So, whether waking or sleeping, sensible or insensible, the house is kept repaired for its tenant. It is by the power of this system that the selection and adaptation of substances for nourishment to the body are made. These substances may come from the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom. Without the action of the vital powers of the organism on these substances, they remain as inert within as without that body. All substances do not assimilate for vitalization. They not only do not nourish the body to act in harmony with its laws, but produce changes in that body according to laws of their own. The great law of equilibrium obtains in the human body, which, when diseased, shows a tendency to vibrate back to health.

The selective operations of the substances introduced into the system as medicines have been repeatedly tested by two classes of physicians, the Allopath and the Homeopath, whose methods are at variance in theory, but akin in practice. Each seeks

to produce certain characteristic impressions upon the vital forces by means of physical elements. Without the action of these living powers, their means, we repeat, for emphasis, are of no avail. Their *difference* of procedure lies mainly in this: The Homeopath chooses the infinitesimal dose of that substance which he has found will produce disturbances similar to those which the disease is now producing. In the application of like to like, he claims to divert the abnormal action of the vital forces from the disease to concentration upon the effects produced by the drug; and by the change, vibration toward equilibrium is made more possible. The Homeopath would seek by repeated doses of his attenuated potencies to gradually and gently restore the natural automatic action. Continued action of force in a given direction is said to produce, in time, results in that direction relative to the disparity of the force acting and the object acted upon. It is said that if a wire be stretched from one end of Suspension bridge to the other, and a violin-bow be drawn across that wire repeatedly, the bridge will, in time, vibrate in harmony with the wire.

The Allopath uses that drug which combats or stimulates the centers of living force, according to his judgment of the necessities of the case, and in doses of predetermined, timely action, whence may also result the reaction toward health. Thus, we shall have to argue that the first two "paths" really merge into one before the "road to recovery" is fairly entered upon by the patients of either.

Now comes the third class, the Psychopathists, under whom we include biologists, mesmerists, mind-curers, etc., whose avenue of operation is through the mind. That they do reach the organic system of man's animal life and cause changes therein, is undeniable, as is also the fact that it is by impression on these same vital centers of powerful action, accomplished by the mind instead of by drugs.

We have spoken of the two nervous systems and their intimate connection, even to the binding together of many of their nerves in the same sheath. The higher of these two systems, the brain and spinal cord, is undoubtedly the avenue of communication for the phenomena of the volitional movements. The volitional control of many of the involuntary movements

such as temporary suspension of respiration, and, in rarer cases, a control over the heart-beat, attests the interchangeable phenomena and intimate relation of these two systems.

The brain may be called a big ganglion, and the spinal cord a series of ganglia.

The brain does not originate, but, according to its laws, obeys those higher volitional impressions made on it by the mind. As upon the ganglionic centers of the lower organism, repeated impressions produce changes of organic structure or operation, so upon the brain as a large ganglion the constant volitional impressions, by the rearrangement of cell-structure, become automatic actions—the resulting manifestations passing out from the domain of volitional into that of organic life. Hence it is that the constant efforts of the amateur player pass at length into the execution of the skilful pianist; and from the *mechanism* of his mind he can produce the sweet harmony of some well-known piece, even in sleep or drunkenness.

Attention need only be called to the well-known fact that concentration of the mind on any part of the human body will produce sensation, and, ultimately, change, in that part. So well recognized is this fact, that "it goes without saying" among the medical profession, that he who makes a specialty of any disease is more than liable to ultimately die of that disease.

Witness, also, the effects of fear, grief, or anger, on the system—to the death, even, of the nursing offspring! It is, further, a notorious fact that even seemingly local injuries have been produced by mental phenomena, when we might reasonably look to mechanical means as being their cause.

No physician undervalues a calm, trustful mind in his patient, nor does he fail to use every means to win that person's confidence in his ability to help him, well knowing that such expectancy operates favorably toward that patient's recovery. Now, through the mind do we claim that the "mind-curers" exert their power in producing impressions on those vital centers of the lower organic life of man, which impressions, too, are more constant than the variable drug effects, although both drugs and mental stimuli must work according to the laws of the vital organism,—as beyond certain limits neither can go.

As the inception and subtle essence of organic life are not subjects for consid-

eration, so neither shall we attempt to enlarge on the laws and phenomena of volitional life. We neither assert nor deny that mind may transcend mere matter, and have other ways of manifestation than its ordinary way through it. The cures brought about by the hypnotists, mesmerists and others, would seem to indicate, however, that without the consciousness of the patient changes may be brought about within the organism without that expectancy of change or cure first originating in the patient's mind. I am acquainted with the cases of children so benefitted by the so-called mind-cure.

In conclusion let us add, that, transcending the power of medicines or of mind, we recognize the power of Him who gave life to the organic world, and mind to man; who, when on earth, attested his divinity by giving, as was given in the new-created, sight to the life-long sightless eye, hearing to the unformed, unquickened ear, and greater than all, restored to its pristine beauty and worth for in-dwelling, the broken temple of the human body, fallen into the decay and ruin of death!

We readily accept those laws of the metamorphosis of the yellow kernel into the green blade, the immobile egg into the lively chick. These are of such common operation as to be patent to every mind. They are none the less wonderful because common, lying as they do, beyond the realm of our own might, or intimate knowledge. One of two beliefs must be entertained in regard to these self-same laws or causes: Either they bespoke themselves into existence, as the inexorable, inevitable, machinery of the universe, to work till it runs down; or back of these harmonious operations and fitting adaptations stands the Thought, the great First Cause.

If we accept the former belief, then the machine has evolved in man a result in some respects superior to the machinery itself. For in man resides some unseen force, which, by selective operation chooses certain of those *established* laws to produce *preconceived* effects. The incongruities of such a belief leave us stranded. If we accept the great First Cause, then we must ascribe a mighty power to the Author of such a harmonious system of causes and effects.

To admit His power in having once called these laws into operation, and then to deny his power to exhibit them now in

their creative or re-creative capacity would be inconsistent,—either that Thought is dead or slumbers. To bring to me a hundred cures, and demonstrate *effects* which must transcend all common causes, from their very extraordinary and striking application, and to assure me that such results are produced under circumstances of faith, which bridges the seen and the unseen, and calls into action other laws no less potent and no more to be doubted than the laws of common manifestation, is no more inconceivable to me at my present standpoint of observation, and requires no more faith than the assertion of a traveler to a native of the tropics that the lump of ice he brings with him from ship-board is water, and that in some parts of the same world he lives in, water exists in that form the year round. Nay, I must believe, at least, that some mighty cause is in operation to produce such marvelous effects. To raise the dead body to life, to snatch it from death when mortification has already largely claimed it,—such results as these do not follow the common laws of the living, fleshly body, and we may justifiably relegate these higher laws to the same Source that bespoke the other laws “in the beginning.” That we may speak to a beam of sunlight that shall tell the tale of our lips in our own tones to another’s ear a half a mile or a mile away, falls in credulous unbelief except upon those who have seen its operation and studied the laws which have only recently been proven, though in existence from the beginning. When, therefore, the so-called “Christian scientists” step out from behind their theories of no sin, no sickness, no externality,—theories as impalpable as fathomless space,—and show us results whose causes must transcend those under common observation, causes available to all, we shall acknowledge their rightful title to their chosen name, their work to be co-associate with the divine, and they will no longer fall under the ban of the “wizards of Egypt.”

Why should we look one common faith to find,

Where one in every score is color-blind?

If here on earth they know not red from green,

Will they see better into things unseen?

—O. W. Holmes.

*WAKING DREAMS AND VISIONS AND
COINCIDENCES AGAIN.**

BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.

It is singular that another sort of visions has attracted little or no remark from philosophers who have reasoned of mind and matter in their relations. The impressions upon the optic nerve which produce effects of light in the dark, as when one sees sparks or stars in the moment of a contusion, are perhaps not sufficiently accounted for. Much less do theorists account for those vivid impressions of color which are other than the result of actual vision, remaining when the objects are withdrawn, just after a sight of flowers or pictures, but which one often sees in the dead of night in waking fancies. In certain forms of blindness, the nerve not being obliterated, does the blind man see colors? Those only who were born blind would be proper subjects for this inquiry. But this in passing. I come to an experience, I dare say common to all mankind, which seems to me more unaccountable. Often, when our eyes are closed in a dark room, there come before us distinct, sharp-cut, well-defined visions of sights such as we never saw in life; features of men and of strange beasts; bats, owls, and vampires; heads of old wizard-like men and witch women; hateful-looking savages, black, red and pale; grotesque monkey figures and laughable imps and elfin shapes innumerable. Is it not so? I never wonder at the terrors of opium-eaters and of those who rave in the *delirium* of drunkenness when I recall these experiences of moments the most sober in life, produced I can not imagine how, in the marvelous mind in the deep night and when one lies waking and musing. It is not imagination, but vision. One sees these things, and has no active part in creating them. They come before the eye, and an artist might paint them were they not generally transient. They are distinct and clear and might be photographed were there any process to transfer them to a chemically-prepared surface. Sometimes they are not wholly evanescent. Features confront you with a stare that stays. Often have I looked and said: “How wonderful you are;” or sometimes: “Art thou a healthful spirit or a goblin damned?” But, on the other hand, sights of the supremest beauty come before us—the forms of radiant children with wings, glorious creatures like those of Fra Angelico, who caught his ideas, no doubt, from just such visitations. These, and then creatures of flesh and blood, majestic portraits; “the rapt one of the godlike forehead;” and women, mother and child; and young phantom maidens, appareled in misty rose-color, blue eyes swimming with purest emotion, lips parted to speak, and

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pearly teeth shining from the coralline setting with a glory superhuman. Paradise comes around one in such moments, as Tophet at others. How can all this be accounted for? The mind is passive. These impressions fall upon us. What creates them, and by what law? I have been inclined to think the vision of the Cross, which Constantine undoubtedly believed a reality, may be thus accounted for, if in no other way.

But, to recur once more to *coincidences*. I omitted a reference to the *Sortes Virgiliana*, which I am tempted to take up because I want to say something of the *Sortes Biblicæ*. A profane superstition dictated the one; a pious superstition substituted the other. I suppose them wicked, as well as weak; both alike. Yet as a mere game of curiosity even good men have tried both, the less conscientious opening the Bible for a chance oracle, while better men have preferred to trifle with the Mantuan rather than with evangelists and prophets. How poor Falkland and his king were paid for their folly is well known; but the story will bear repeating. They were at Oxford in the Bodleian, just as the war with the Parliament was becoming inevitable. Strange mind of man! How often, even before sorrow breeds insanity, we are disposed to laugh "amid severest woe!" How often the frolic of the lips and of the features belies the heart! It took a Cowper to write, "John Gilpin." Falkland, filled with mental anguish, was not indisposed to the *desipere in loco*. He playfully proposed to Charles to try the *Sortes* with a superb copy of the "Æneid," which they were handling and admiring. Charles opened to Dido's imprecation: †

"At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis, . . .
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funer: nec, quum se sub leges pacis iniquas
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
Sed cadat ante diem, mediæque inhumatus arena."

Or, as it is otherwise related, he opened to the verses: ‡

—"Jacet ingens litore truncus
Avulsusque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus."

Pope's lines closely square with these last words:

"Obscure the spot and untranscribed the stone."

It is said that Falkland, observing that an unpleasant impression had been inflicted on the royal mind, proposed, with a jest, to try his own fortune. He stumbled upon Evander's Lament for Pallos. "I warned thee, but in vain, etc." Virgil, because of his "Pollio," has always been treated with veneration by the Latin race and is ranked with sibyls, if not with saints, so that there was a sort of pagan piety in choosing his pages for prophesies. "Babylonian numbers" were forbidden even among heathen. "Scire nefas," says Horace. When it

†Lib. iv. 615, etc. ‡Æneid, ll. 557. I.Æneid, xl. 152.

came to treating Holy Scripture in this way even mediæval consciences protested. In France, bishops and even councils declaimed against this profane use of things holy. Yet who has not known pious Protestants ignorantly resorting to this source to get an answer to prayer? I have forborne to remonstrate when good souls in deepest affliction have told of the comfort they had found in such resources. They affirm, "The first words on which my eyes fell on opening St. John's Gospel were," etc. Yet this is not the use of Scripture to which Scripture invites us. We may fall back upon its "precious promises;" but let us beware of making it a luck-book. The Christian "Urim and Thummim" are not on this wise. But something clings to us of this disposition when we note the text for the day in "the Silent Comforter," as it hangs in the room of the sufferer, or when it is found in that admirable little contrivance of stationers which gives us a quotation from Scripture for every day of the month, as we tear off successive leaves, at our writing table. At times the coincidences are very sweet. But there is nothing preternatural in this. It must often happen so by mathematical chances. Yet there may be a preternatural adaptation of events to the date.

Less mathematically accountable are the coincidences so often brought to a parson's attention, where a sermon hits somebody's case, not in a single sentence, but with specialty and circumstance, so that it is hard to persuade the man that he was not singled out and portrayed with malice aforethought. A coincidence of another sort once occurred in my experience which, I think, may be worth narrating:

By the rubric of Morning-Prayer the Psalms for the day, in our service, may be followed by the *Gloria in Excelsis*, instead of the *Gloria Patri*. But the Morning Service is so long that one very rarely hears it in this place. When the Psalms are read on a week-day, with no music, one never hears it. Once, however, on a week-day, I was officiating, only a handful of devout persons present, when it occurred to me to close the Psalter with the longer doxology. I had never done such a thing before; I have never thought of repeating it. The service that day had nothing special in it. Nothing inspired me with unusual emotions of praise. It came into my mind to do so that once, and I read the *Gloria in Excelsis*. During the day I was called upon by one of the worshipers, a venerable widow and a lady of high position in society, of a family eminent in the history of our country. With some agitation she apologized for asking me whether I had been desired by any of her family to gratify her by departing from my custom in this respect on this particular day. I assured her I had not, and could not explain how it came to pass, though if it gratified her,

I was very glad, of course. She then said, she had always made this day one of special private devotion, as it was the anniversary of her husband's death. He died many years before, in her comparative youth. She had made an effort to be at church that morning on this account. "What was my surprise," she said, "to hear you break out with the *Gloria in Excelsis!* My husband, very reticent as to his religious emotions, lay dying, and I had longed to gain some expression of his hopes and confidence in his Redeemer, but forebore to elicit anything of the kind by questions. Suddenly he roused himself, and to the amazement of all recited the *Gloria in Excelsis* entire, dwelling upon the ejaculations, 'Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,' etc. Soon after that he expired. Reflecting on this as I went to church on this anniversary," she continued, "imagine my surprise when, *for the only time in a long life*, I found that *Gloria* so used by the officiating clergyman. I joined in it with feelings greatly excited, and come to thank you for so kindly considering me." I had never heard of the incident. Her husband was a total stranger to me, and I had never heard him spoken of, save in some casual mention of his name. The occurrence that so warmed the devout mind and heart of one who was "a widow indeed," was not premeditated; it was "a chance that happened."

Some will smile at the whim of the good lady who felt that the loving Lord who is "the widow's God" had comforted her by a special providence; but it is worth noting that, in English biography, we have one most remarkable whim recorded as a genuine miracle, not by a pious believer, but by a most pestilent infidel, the author of English Deism, the stout, wrong-headed Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. The Franciscans, who tell a somewhat similar story of their founder, St. Thomas Aquinas, are, of course, fair game for the scoffer. But how about this most decent and learned of all the Deists? He records his heathenish petition for a sign from Heaven to decide him upon the question of suppressing or publishing his pernicious work, "*De Veritate*," etc. He tells us the sign was given "with a loud though gentle noise . . . like nothing on earth," as soon as he had spoken his words, "kneeling on his knees." He adds, "This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the Eternal God, is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that I ever saw, being without all cloud; did to my thinking *see the place from whence it came*." This from the prince of "philosophers," after Gibbon's own heart must, of course, be credited: but, St. Paul's account of

his conversion suggests only a sneer. If one of the Christian Fathers, St. Augustine, for example, tells a story much less incredible, it is sure to be cited as a proof of the credulity of the Faithful. Leland does not question the sincerity of Lord Herbert; but we may be pardoned if we attribute the phenomenon to his imagination, as it would be unscientific to account for "the noise," as a voice, by aerial telephone from Tophet. Enough, the facts of such phenomena are attested "by saint, by savage and by sage." Law is inexorable, but not so an intelligent Law Giver, who may introduce a law of exceptions into his own system; signs of his superintendency and tokens that the universe is not automatic. Even in the physical realm of Nature we observe such exceptions; unaccountable things, like the spleen and the vermicular appendix, which exist for no conceivable purpose, or even in violation of utility and in flat contradiction of what Nature demands and logically requires. In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and elsewhere, for example, fishes lose not only the functions of the eye, but the eye itself. It is obliterated and disappears. A law of *non-user* seems established, very favorable to recent theories which would account for eyes by development, through the struggle for light and the power of light responding to the same. Conversely, take away light and the faculty it had developed shrinks back into nothingness. But, then, this law of *non-user* ought to have operated, ages ago, in the obliteration of the lacteal glands and the mammal apparatus of males among the *Mammalia*. But not so. It is quite evident, scientifically, that "*pre-historic man*" must have taken his turn in nursing his offspring. His natural instinct to do this evolved this complex system of the human breast, with which the masculine *homo* is as truly furnished as his mate. What nonsense! But it knocks the whole theory in the head. Ever since history takes note of this species, however, the brute has declined his task and thrown the whole burden of nourishing the infant upon the more compassionate bosom of the mother. Still, no such effect follows the ages of *non-user*, in this case, as we have noted in the case of fishes which live in neglect of their eyes. Man male is still furnished and equipped in spite of what inexorable law demands with all that qualifies him to be a "nursing father," literally. The bold figure of Isaiah, about "sucking the breasts of *kings*" is based on a natural aptitude in the *Rex*, as obvious to the anatomist as is the same in his *Regina*. My conclusion is that there is much of the preternatural in the realms of mind and of matter, too; much that implies variations from law and a law of variations. These variations are such as intimate, if they do not demonstrate that the mechanism of the universe does not run itself. There is engineering somewhere, and an engineer who makes his hand felt, though invisible.

THOUGHT.

PROF. H. W. BECKER.

Studying the earth's history from the leaves written by the hand of the Almighty, beginning at periods indefinitely remote, and running up through myriads of ages, to that catastrophe which left the surface "without form and void;" when darkness was upon the face of the deep and the "spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," we are brought to the same conclusion as was the psalmist, who could but exclaim with an admiring heart, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

In considering these facts, how daring and yet how true the declaration of the ancient philosopher, "There is nothing great on earth but man, in man there is nothing great but mind." Truly man is a microcosm, and it is he who links earth to heaven and then to God as their primal cause, sovereign, head and royal center. But we ask what it is that makes man great? Why is it that he predominates? It is because "man is the chief of the ways of God and work of almighty skill." He may say with Job, "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." Man is great because he was made in the "Image" and after the "Likeness" of the eternal One, God.

"Mind," says Sir William Hamilton, "is to be understood as the subject of the various internal phenomena of which we are conscious, or that subject of which consciousness is the general phenomena."

Mind can be defined only a posteriori,—that is, from its manifestations. Of what it is in itself, that is apart from its manifestations,—we, philosophically, know nothing, and accordingly what we mean by mind is simply that which perceives, thinks, feels, wills, desires.

Now the exercise of this intellectual or rational faculty in man is called thought. Thought is the bringing into action the intellectual powers, excluding the faculties, sense and perception.

"Thought," says Mansfield, "is not a mere fact; that fact may exist, whether we think of it or not." It is not a mere truth; that truth will exist, whether we think at all or not. Thought is made up of all those ideas, images, fancies, spiritual

operations which fill up, furnish, and inhabit the vast regions of the spirit.

How vast, how tenanted, how multitudinous, how solitary—how brief in time, or how far wandering through the chambers of eternity, no science and no history can disclose. They make up the volume of that great mystery which will never to this mortal world be opened!

It is this intellectual function that distinguishes man not only from the lower forms of creation, but man from man. It is the only criterion by which man is to be judged, and it is with this understanding that we are permitted to say, "Men are as their thoughts, for in thought their lives are wrought."

How grand, how noble, how elevating this theory in contrast with the ever drifting and degrading materialism, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" "All noble thoughts are but vain dreams, the effusion of automata with two arms, running about on two legs, which being finally decomposed into chemical atoms, combine themselves anew, and resemble the dance of lunatics in a madhouse."

Thought has ever been the great factor of civilization. The great conflict between spirit and spirit, good and evil, light and darkness, has equally, unceasingly and universally been carried forward upon earth in the conduct of men. Truth and Falsehood have ever been contending for the scepter. Yet as we look back through the ages of the past we find that as thought has been advanced, humanity has been elevated to a higher plane of civilization. It is this high order of thought that emanates from the people which elevates any government to an exalted standard of civilization.

As the cycles of time have rolled on into the great sea of eternity, thought has ever formed an epoch in the history of the world. Thus we speak of the Christian epoch and epoch of reformation which has been brought about by those great minds that have sought to benefit mankind, which is the great principle of magnanimity, for there is no greater mission offered to man than to aid in alleviating the suffering of the millions.

Thought is the culminating point of civilization, and has brought about true liberty, although it has been attained through a lurid lane of torments, reaching back in dim perspective, to the hideous ghost-peopled darkness of superstition; fenced with

the bristling spears of priestcraft; paved with the hot plowshares of proscription; canopied with the fagot smoke of numberless martyrdoms, and everywhere stained with the tortured blood of millions who could purchase freedom only with their lives. Each concession wrenched from the despots in state or church, marked an advance in freedom as also in knowledge, which is necessary to freedom. No ignorant, superstitious people can be free; no educated nation can ever be enslaved.

Thought has not only marked the progress of the past ages, but it is the factor in the present era which is "hallowing our day." By the enlargement of the scope of thought, and the consequent development of political science, knowledge has ceased to be speculative and has become practical. Learning is no longer the prerogative of a few, but has become the heirloom of many. Root says, "what to the Greeks was a mystery, locked up in the breast of Zeus, Franklin has solved with a kite string." Who can estimate what thought has wrought for mankind!

It has lifted him up out of the depths of degradation and has planted his foot upon a firm rock. It has freed him from the handcuffs of superstition and has caused ignorance to flee before him. Thought has guided the statesman in elevating a nation; it has kindled the golden eloquence of the orator; it has swept the poet's lyre, and waked Orphean harmonies.

Yet in view of these blessings I ask, has man reached the limit of his inquiry; has he mounted the keystone in the temple of wisdom? No; he is far from this ultimatum.

Although we do not sanction the belief that the world is retrograding and aver with Galileo "she still moves," yet there are many problems to be solved. Time will reveal the fact that many theories, as they have been in the past so they will in the future be found, "false doctrines."

Why, then, permit this all-important faculty to lie dormant. The world demands deep thinkers in this age of thought. Although we are willing to grant, as Emerson has said, that "the hardest task in this world is to think," and believe this to be the fact why so few become famous for wisdom, intellect and skill, yet we are far from believing it to be an impossibility; for "ignorance is the very curse of God."

We would rather believe the cause of this great deficiency is the not living well, for well has it been said, "to think well, one must live well."

Although history reveals to us many who have become prominent through untiring exertions of the application of thought, yet we find many in our modern times who have distinguished themselves. Thought was the peculiar talent of Swift and Cobbett, it marked the genius of Chatham and Webster, and has distinguished a Stephenson, a Morse, and a Wilford Hall. But we ask in conclusion, what is the grandest thought? The past and the present day have many noble thoughts, but what thought is agitating the mind of man more than that of his, man's, destiny? for this thought includes the response of the Oracle to Chilon, "Know thyself." It was with this understanding that Sir Thomas Browne said, "The world that I regard is myself, it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on." This is the grandest of all thoughts. Dryden said, "for that I am I know, because I think." This should be the ultimatum of our thoughts, for upon this depends man's eternal happiness. If he accept the doctrine of blind and erring materialism, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded by sleep," then indeed "we are of all men most miserable," for in truth for such a one the goal of his aspirations is the grave. But can we number ourselves among those who believe

"There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Then indeed he may boldly defy the demon of destruction and exclaim, I am immortal!
Young says:

"There are thoughts that make man man,
The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons);
How great in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involved in high presage,
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen.
Enlarged, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities;
To gaze on thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk with fellow candidates of joys
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourself the astonished talkers and the tale!"

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

POSTAGE ON MAGAZINES.

The absurd incongruity of the present postal law in regard to the mailing of monthly publications, need only to be stated to be apparent to all.

All weekly publications are delivered by mail free of postage to all subscribers in the county in which they are issued, except when delivered by letter carriers, and at the rate of one cent per pound to all other subscribers; monthly publications are delivered to all subscribers outside the city in which published at the rate of one cent per pound—but to all subscribers in the city in which published the charge is one cent per copy—if weighing less than four ounces. For example, G. W. McCalla, of Philadelphia, can send 1600 copies of *Words of Faith* all over the country from Bangor, Me., to Portland, Oregon, and have them delivered by carriers, for the same amount that he can have 100 copies delivered in Philadelphia. It costs four cents to deliver one copy of *The Century* four blocks from its office, and for same sum *four copies* will be carried 4,000 miles and delivered by carrier. Why should the Government treat it as an offence to be visited with a penalty for publishers of monthlies to obtain subscribers for the same in the cities where issued, and at the same time confer an unlawful gratuity on weekly publications? The Government has no authority either in right or justice to perform mail service gratuitously for any one. If the Government delivers a publication free, it must also deliver the contributions sent to the publication free, as the one is as necessary to its welfare as the other. It is certainly unrighteous for the Government to levy an unfair tax on a monthly publication in order to confer an unlawful gratuity on its *weekly* neighbor, even though the latter may take it as a bribe to assist in returning to Congress the member who voted for this perversion of public funds.

The question naturally arises, why have not the publishers of monthly magazines had the law amended? The larger magazines being almost always sold in the cities through news agencies, they are not pecuniarily inconvenienced, and there has been no united action on the part of smaller publishers. If one or two of the larger houses will only call attention to the subject, and suggest some plan of united appeal to Congress this winter, they will do

no injury to themselves and confer a valuable favor on their poorer brethren.

It would be an estimable boon especially to small benevolent and religious publications. Why should the Government deliver the New York *Police Gazette* at one cent per pound, and charge one cent each (one-fourth of the subscription price) for *Baby Land*?

BOOK NOTICES.

O, what a precious book the one would be That taught observers what they're not to see. —O. W. Holmes.

Mind Cure on a Material Basis, by Sarah E. Titcomb, published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, will be reviewed from a "Metaphysical" basis in our next number.

Rationalism in Medical Treatment, or The Restoration of Chemistry, the system of the future, by Wm. Thornton. Published by the author, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston.

As defined by the author, *Rationalism* is "The internal treatment of diseases by chemicals, of like nature to those that are found within the body in a healthy state."

It is very evident Mr. Thornton is not a believer in the elasticity of the average medical mind. On page 19 he says:

"I am conscious of the difficulty there is and will be, in the belief that a malignant disease can be cured by any means internally administered.

"For example, if twelve malignant diseases were selected by men of eminent ability for internal treatment by this Rational system, and one of the twelve patients was to 'die,' while the eleven others were cured, the belief in the incurability of these diseases is such that the eminent jury would rather pronounce the one that had 'died' to be the only one that had malignant disease, and that in the eleven other cases there had been a mistake in the diagnosis."

This surely must refer only to Boston M. D.s.

*The Physician's Visiting List for 1886** evidently supplies a want, having been published for 35 years. Why does not some enterprising advertiser make a note of this and carry his special preparation direct to the hearts of 80,000 M. D.s, by furnishing them a neat visiting list?

*P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

ESTHER T. HOUSH, EDITOR.

The character of this magazine can best be told in what the editor calls its creed: "We believe reverently in Christianity, respectfully in man, devotedly in woman, and lovingly in children; and that children need to be better cared for, woman better encouraged, man better helped, and God better honored." The testimonials of its readers and the Press, prove how carefully the creed is incorporated in its pages.

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