

MIND IN NATURE:

A Popular Journal of Psychological, Medical and Scientific Information.

Volume II,
Number 6

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1886.

\$1.00 per annum.
10 cts. per copy.

(Entered at the Chicago Post-Office as second-class matter.)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE
COSMIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,
J. E. WOODHEAD, MANAGER,
No. 171 WEST WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

THE RT. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., Chicago.
H. W. THOMAS, D. D., Chicago.
PROF. DAVID SWING, Chicago.
GEORGE C. LORIMER, D. D., LL. D., Chicago.
THE RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D., LL. D.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
PROF. JAMES D. BUTLER, LL. D., Madison, Wis.
R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D., Med. Corps. U. S. Army,
Memb. A. O. U., Memb. Am. Soc. Nat., Memb. Scientif.
Socs. of Washington, Cor. Memb. Soc. Ital. di Antropo-
logia, Etnologia e Psicologia Comp. Florence,
Italy, etc.
H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY,
Gt. Brampton, near Hereford, England.
A. REEVES JACKSON, A. M., M. D.,
President College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
A. E. SMALL, A. M., M. D.,
President of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, Ill.
HENRY M. LYMAN, A. M., M. D.,
Prof. of Diseases of the Nervous System, Rush Medical
College, Chicago, Ill.
D. R. BROWER, M. D.,
Prof. Nervous Diseases, Woman's Medical College, Chicago.
N. B. DELAMATER, A. M., M. D.,
Prof. Mental and Nervous Diseases, Chicago Homœopathic
Medical College, Chicago, Ill.
EDGAR READING, M. D.,
Prof. Diseases of the Nervous System and Respiratory
Organs, Bennett Medical College, Chicago, Ill.
OSCAR A. KING, M. D.,
Prof. of Diseases of the Nervous System, and of the Mind
College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
ELLIOTT COVES, A. M., M. D., Ph. D.,
Prof. of Anatomy, Nat. Medical College, Member Nat. Acad-
emy of Sciences of the U. S. of A., Washington, D. C.
PROF. C. V. RILEY,
Div. of Entomology, U. S. Dep't. of Agr., Washington, D. C.
S. B. BUCKMASTER, M. D.,
Supt. Wis. State Hos. for the Insane, Mendota, Wis.
REV. E. P. THWING, Ph. D., of Brooklyn,
President N. Y. Academy of Anthropology.
HAROLD N. MOYER, M. D.,
Editor Chicago Medical Journal and Examiner, Chicago.
HONORE D. VALIN, M. D., I. LANCASTER,
REV. L. P. MERCER, R. N. FOSTER, M. D.,
URSULA N. GESTEFELD, PROF. JOHN FRASER,
A. N. WATERMAN, A. J. PARK, A. M., M. D.
PROF. R. U. PIPER, M. D., C. G. DAVIS, M. D.,
Chicago.
DR. E. A. FRIMONT, Ozuiluama, Mexico
R. W. CONANT, M. D.,

MIND IN NATURE

Furnishes, 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. Gives a *resumé* of the investigations and reports of the Societies for Psychical Research.

Committed to no psychical "ism," it collates facts and incidents, and presents the laws which may be deduced from them by unbiased, competent, scientific observers, and is, therefore, of great value to all interested in these important questions.

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 all the cases worthy of note, recorded in different journals and met with elsewhere, 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.

MIND IN NATURE, free from all tendencies to crankness, occupies a field which has been entered by no other periodical.

MIND IN NATURE will be published the first of every month, and sent, postpaid, for one year, upon the receipt of one dollar, or a single copy for 10 cents.

To those who will induce their friends to subscribe with them we shall send Four Copies for Three Dollars.

Persons receiving a sample copy of "MIND IN NATURE" will please send their subscription for one year, and then hand the sample copy to some friend and bid him do likewise.

CONTENTS.

Mind in Nature—Rev. O. H. P. Smith.....	82
The Language of Nature in Man—H. G. M. Murray- Aynsley.....	83
Cumulative Evidence of the Manifestations of an Individ- ual Spirit—J. E. B. Purdon, M. D.....	85
Mind or Machine—A. N. Waterman.....	87
The Correlation Between Mental Work and Physical Force—Prof. A. Cuthbertson.....	88
What was It?—Pierce Burton.....	89
A Faith Cure.....	90
An Experiment in Telepathy.....	91
Is Death Worth Dying?—Franc B. Winkle.....	92
The Singular Case of Mr. Nathan Brown.....	94
The American Society for Psychical Research.....	95
Intelligence of the Elephant.....	95
"The Path".....	96
Sarcognomy and Psychometry.....	96
Mind in Nature.....	96

MIND IN NATURE—I.

REV. OLIVER H. P. SMITH.

Using these words in their generally received sense, the two Realities with which we deal, are Mind, and Nature ; for Mind is that which perceives, thinks, wills, feels and desires: Nature is the World—the Universe, of matter ; and matter *as* matter can neither think, will, feel, nor desire ; but is inert and occupies space ; while thought, volition, feeling and desire, have no ascertainable form, density or limit. Therefore, to the majority of the race of mankind, a gulf that can be measured by no stride, spanned by no arch, sounded by no plummet, yawns eternally between these two shores of Reality.

Nature thus, is an assemblage of Forms, tangible, fixed and hard, breathed upon by no spirit of life—dead matter ; while Mind is alive, volitional, elusive, ever active. And this living Mind walks in a vast cemetery filled with monuments of death ; death but not corruption, for it takes down these towers of silence, these walls of emptiness, and builds therewith for itself workshops, forges, factories, homes, palaces, temples, in which Life may labor, rest, reign and worship. So, as the corroding atmosphere crumbles the chalk cliff, Mind breathes upon Form, and it falls, to rise again in new forms and relations, with new limits and directions. But, seeing that Nature is thus continually undergoing transformation, and that what is transformed is *form*, and that form is apparent to the senses, and continually, in spite of all change, occupies definite and fixed relations, and can always be measured and weighed, many there are who practically deny any inherent fixedness in things, and assume that, since Nature thus is moved from place to place, and, farther, that the human mind does not direct *all* these movements—and, indeed, but a small part of them—for wind and tide, geologic development, atomic flow, planetary motion—the continual flux of all things, though untouched by human finger, take place,—they assume, I say, that Things are the only realities *as things* : that in each lies hidden the germ of future forms, these, in their turn, to establish new relations ; and, finally, that whatever does not conform to the known laws of matter, is not real *as a thing*, but constitutes only a relation, or a mode of motion, Among such modes of motion they class heat,

light, sound, electricity, chemical action, as the result of given determinations of the basal realities, atoms—not as real *things*, but as real *relations* or *states* of things. And, consistently, they class Thought, not among things, but among the infinite modes or states of things ; not an atom nor assemblage of atoms, but a mere mode of atomic relation. And when the relation changes, the quantity and quality of thought also changes or disappears ; and, while no Thing can be annihilated, thought being not a thing, but a mode, can be thus, utterly—NOT. And, since Mind directs but so small a part of the changes among things, this class of thinkers deem it only logical to assume that these very mental activities are modes determined by larger activities which are obviously not directed by Mind. And, as there is no proof of a Thing—a human Mind, standing independent of Nature there is, neither, any proof of *any* Mind other than that resulting as a mode of motion, from the incessant play of things. Mind, then, is in Nature, as perfume is in the flower ; and, like it, is the crowning evolution from inherent activities.

But there is another class who look upon the Universe with very different feelings. These see not an interminable procession of dead Forms—corpses with death-masks behind which no face appears ; but each shape seems as it were but the drapery enfolding a spirit ; and such men walk the earth, not among monuments of Death, but among palaces and towers from which shine Lights or Life. For, from the eye of the poet, the light of Mind seems to burn its way through the crust of each little and great world, and meet the central fire ; and the two, commingling, form a radiance in which every object appears but a symbol of other objects too great to find room outside of the Universe behind the universe. And he *feels*, whether the intellect accepts this feeling as a conclusion, or not, that that which perceives is at least as great as that which is perceived—that that which is delighted is at least as great as that which delights—that the faculty which is filled is at least as great as that which fills it. I say, *the faculty which is filled* : but every man knows that his measure of appreciation is not filled—that the world was not large enough for Alexander's ambition,—that the immeasurable Universe opens before us, and is still immeasurable.

It is an axiom that "a thing can not act

where it is not": neither, then, can a state, or a mode of motion, result where there is no action. If Mind be the state constituted by the action of the physical organism, how can that state take cognisance (to say nothing of the question, how a *mode*, not being an individual *thing*, can know anything as an individual *know*, and as the individual thing *known*) of any fact existing outside of the limits of this organism? How can it know the outer world? But, farther; as without knowledge of the outer world there can be no primal distinction of the Ego and the Non-ego, how can it know itself, even as a mode? But this "mode" is granted to be "Mind", and the definition of "Mind" from "Matter" consists in its "knowing", "perceiving", "willing", "feeling", "desiring"; and, if Matter, not being Mind, can not know, perceive, will, desire, how comes it that any possible combination or interaction of Matter, devoid of will-power, can be conceived to furnish an effect not found nor to be found in the cause? Mind, therefore is not a "mode"—a "state", but as truly a Reality as that which is *not* Mind—Matter.

A thing can not act where it is not: but the Mind, in memory is as truly in Venice, in the Sahara, in the stormy ocean, in the golden days of childhood, as when, years ago, these realities were present facts. It wanders through sun-kissed lands, through Polar snows, over Andean heights, in still valleys, brooded over by the solemn stars and the wings of the night-wind; it rises above mountain-height, and strides from sun to sun through the ever outreaching galleries whose mosaic floor is of golden worlds; it wanders out, and on, and up, never weary, never dizzy, never satisfied: it looks back at length, and can not find the little world it left, because the glory of greater worlds obscures it,—and does not miss it; it stands, finally, on the arch of Eternity, and questions the planets as they rush by on their wings of fire; but they are not great enough to answer it; and it descends to its little Earth, and walks uneasily up and down its dungeon. But it dwells henceforth on the Past, the Present, and the Future; for with MIND all is a universal now. And, if Mind acknowledges no limit, and if the forms built up into garments, systems of knowledge, homes, cities, ships, and all machinery, take their places at the command of MIND, who shall dare to say that there is any other cause of motion, or

that worlds, systems,—universes of worlds and systems are not obedient to the will of a Great MIND from Whom all other minds proceed as sparks from the central fountain of light! And who will not say with Jean Paul: "Yonder in the blue, glimmering abyss dwells all the greatness which has disrobed itself on the earth, all the truth that we guess, all the goodness that we love!"

Merrill, Wis.

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE IN MAN.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY.

Nature has her language of sound, which affects our external senses—such as the carolling of the birds, the lowing of the kine, the rustling of the wind, and the noise of the waves; but she also speaks to us all in a still small voice, she speaks to man, both in his civilized and in his savage state, and to the higher animals, for the human race shares with the brute creation an inherent love of its offspring.

The saying, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," is true as far as the affections and instincts are concerned; in this respect the civilized man differs but little from the rudest savage, and the higher forms of animal life; if we contract the circle, we shall find that it applies also to different races and peoples on the various continents of our globe.

It is not an uncommon idea in England that those who are bad sleepers should lie with their heads towards the North; I have myself tried it, and have derived much benefit from the change to this position. If—as has been supposed by some persons, our remote progenitors were of the Aryan race and came from the northeast portion of Central Asia, we (or at least some of us), their descendants may be involuntarily and unconsciously attracted thither by a feeling somewhat similar to the yearning desire which an expatriated mountaineer feels to return to his native country.

We English people, are rarely subject to such influences, we are too cosmopolitan in our tastes and habits—we have no word in our language to express the German *Heimweh* (home sickness), we live in too busy a world, we give our thoughts but little time to concentrate themselves, but it is possible that when we are in the land of dreams inherited recollections may influence us, and render us more completely at our ease when

the brain (or the thinking part of us) is in the direction whence our remote ancestors came. The same feeling, perhaps, influences us in the predilections which some of us English experience (without knowing why) for particular foreign countries or languages.

In the well-known legend of Ganesha, the elephant-headed god of India, whom the natives say was the son of Saiva and Parbuti, we find the same idea as regards the point of the compass in sleep. His parents had asked all the gods to go and see their new-born infant, but unfortunately they forgot one Shani or Saturn—he arrived in a terrible rage, uninvited, on the scene; his first glance caused the infant's head to drop off, on which the other deities, after consulting together, agreed that this deficiency must be supplied by the head of the first animal which was found *sleeping with its head towards the North*. I have not been able to ascertain whether the natives of India at the present time have any superstition regarding the position of their bodies in sleep.

In Europe, the peoples of Teutonic or of Latin descent seem to be naturally drawn to those of their own stock by cords which are to themselves invisible—the cords of sympathy—like seeking like; "Blood is thicker than water," is a proverb which needs no explanation.

The population of England is a very mixed one, more so, perhaps, than that of any other country in Europe; the blood of the ancient Briton, of the Saxon, of Scandinavia, and of the Teutonic and Latin races is intimately co-mingled; time has so amalgamated them, that the outward resemblance to these various peoples has become, for the most part, very indistinct, though it occasionally re-appears in individuals. The Danish type of features and coloring is not unfrequently met with in our Eastern countries; and the round column-like throat of the Norman, together with the dazzlingly white skin which seems rather to give out light than to absorb it, is also sometimes seen amongst us.

The sympathy existing between races and peoples belonging to the same original stock, should probably be put down to instinct rather than to reason; may it not be due to some faint recollection in us which has been transmitted through numerous generations, is it not possible that the language of the country whence our remote ancestors came,

would seem to us like a far-off echo, and be more easily acquired by us than any other foreign tongue?

I had written thus far a good many weeks ago, when other avocations intervened, and the sheet was laid aside, till, when reading a paper by Dr. Valin on the "Hereditary of Memory," in No. 10 of *MIND IN NATURE*, the same train of thought was recalled. It is most interesting to find that another mind has come to the same conclusion as oneself. Dr. Vallin, has, however, been able to give proofs of his convictions, he seems to consider this problem solved beyond a doubt; the examples he quotes are very striking ones. It is of common occurrence to find likeness of feature, similarity of attitude, of handwriting between a person (who died perhaps years before they were born) and his direct and even his collateral descendants, if, as is frequently the case, this resemblance is transmitted through three or more generations, there need be no limit to the re-appearance of any peculiarity of character or of gesture in our descendants.

A grave thought then arises—that the effect of our actions is not confined to the life of one man or woman only, the real estimate for good or evil of our thoughts and deeds can not be deemed to end with ourselves, for, as personal likeness is transmittable, so to a greater extent is disposition and character; an evil habit, an evil passion indulged in, may cause an inheritance of woe to descend upon unborn generations.

But, let us return to our original subject, "The Language of Nature," from which we have insensibly drifted away.

The voice of nature speaking in us influences both our words and actions. We use the word "nature" in many different senses. "It was quite natural;" (according to nature) "that I should do so and so under the circumstances" is a common expression, and of savage races, we say, that they are living in a state of nature; we picture them as unclothed or half-clothed at most, and yet amongst some races and peoples such as the Jains in India who are far removed from the savage state; the half-clothed—or even the absolutely unclothed human figure is used by them to represent their highest type of god—they term such, sky-clad.

Such a circumstance as that which I am about to relate—which occurred in our own civilized England about thirty years ago,

could hardly arise in these days of board schools and education for the masses; it is curious as exemplifying how easily and rapidly (even in a Christian country) man reverts to the savage condition.

At that time we had just gone to live in a small parish in Somersetshire, bordering on the Bristol Channel. Many of its inhabitants had been smugglers, indeed some were thought still to pursue that calling as they were without the visible means of subsistence. One household consisted of a married couple, who had then three or four children, the eldest about eight or nine years old, certainly not less. The man rented a small patch of land, which either did not pay, or else he was too lazy to work it, most probably the latter, as he might be constantly seen loafing about, doing nothing. The mother, therefore, had to come to the rescue, and assist to maintain her family by buying tiny chickens, fattening them up, and selling them when fit, at a small profit. When her children were very young, she used to dress them very early in the morning and put them under a hen-coop in order that they might not get into mischief whilst she was absent on her long wanderings—no doubt she returned too late at night too tired to do more than undress them and put them to bed. I was assured by the curate that when he first went to this parish (about a year previously) these children could not speak English, nor any other known language for that matter. They had invented a kind of gibberish, which they spoke to each other. Not many months before our arrival the two eldest (both girls) had been, with much difficulty, induced to attend the village school, and were becoming a little humanized, though I well recall one occasion, when their mother being ill, I wished to send her some kitchen physic, and had begged the schoolmistress to send these children to me when school was over, that they might take the soup back with them to their home. I was presently summoned to the cook's assistance, I found her at the back door firmly grasping the arm of the eldest girl, and on my appearance I was entreated to hold the child firmly lest she should escape. I had some difficulty in doing so, whilst the cook filled her panikin with the broth, and as soon as the little girl received it she stated off like a hunted deer. These children were as nearly in a wild state as any one can be who is brought up in a Christian

country by civilized (?) people. Their mother was a particularly well spoken nice woman.

I grieve to say, that at that time I was not much interested in the science of language, and did not take pains to discover whether their gibberish bore a resemblance either in words, in intonation, or in rhythm to any known language. I now mention it, in order that should the attention of any one be called to a similar case (though this seems hardly possible) the result of their tests and enquiries might assist to determine whether the suggestion which I have thrown out,—that the mind at rest—or the mind which has received few impressions, involuntarily harks back to ancient ancestral forms of language to find a mode of expressing itself.

CUMULATIVE EVIDENCE OF
THE MANIFESTATIONS OF
AN INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT.

JOHN E. B. PURDON, M. D.,
Of Trinity College, Dublin.

In the year 1871 I took up the study of modern spiritualism and the allied branches of natural science, which I have unremittingly prosecuted ever since, as I believe this to be essentially the work of the scientific physician.

In the fall of that year, my wife's sister, Mrs. Kate J. Wright, was visiting us at our home at Sandown, Isle of Wight, where I was in medical charge of the Military Hospital. This lady's visit extended through the winter and up to the beginning of April, at which time she returned to her own home in the west of Ireland. She was suffering from pulmonary consumption and being to some extent interested in my researches, she said on one occasion that if it were possible, she would endeavor to come back for our own satisfaction in the event of her death.

Our beloved sister, who was beautiful both in body and in spirit, took her place among the departed on the 28th of October of the same year (1872). One week after consigning her earthly remains to the grave, my wife and I were in London at the home of our kin and intimate friend Mrs. Cook, mother of Miss Florence Cook, then in the development of her wonderful mediumistic power. We had a seance at which Mrs. Bassett, at the time a well known London medium, was also present. During the seance

I had evidence, to me, of the presence of an intelligent being who acted just as our sister would have acted, had she really been there: my ears were pulled and petted in the same manner as they used to be when she was alive. After so many years I do not remember the particulars of that dark seance very distinctly, but I have a most vivid remembrance of the fact that a lot of nonsense was rapped out through Mrs. Bassett, which my present experience shows me was due to the (I presume) involuntary workings of that lady's own brain; for she made our sister say, or imply that she was acquainted with my father, the fact being that Mrs. Wright had never met him, whereas Mrs. Bassett had just returned from Dublin where she had met my father at the home of a friend who was interested in spiritualism. I am now better able to judge than I was fourteen years ago that such very natural blundering on the part of a medium, proves nothing against the individuality of a communicating spirit in the face of more positive evidence. During the same week I arranged with Mrs. Jennie Holmes, who was then in London for a seance, my wife and I in company with Mr. Fabian Daw, Miss Florence Cook and others whose names I have forgotten. At that time the materialization of faces was the only stage to which mediums had developed, and at this seance we had the pleasure of witnessing some very remarkable manifestations. Several faces appeared at the opening of an improvised cabinet, and when one particular face appeared I recognized it at once, for the light was quite sufficient and our sister was too handsome to have her face easily imitated. I did not say anything to my wife who sat beside me when the face first appeared, but she also instantly recognized it. After the seance I remarked: I do not say that was our sister's spirit, but if it were possible for her to manifest her presence, that would be the appearance she would present. In fact, in a cautious way I acknowledged that I had seen what I had hitherto known as *her* face. I have always in a matter of such extreme importance as the acknowledgement of the individuality of the departed, been very cautious; for here rests the whole value of modern spiritualism, physical science and extension of physical law, to embrace the large issues cannot help us.

The individuality of the living as well as

that of the dead is a question which calls for the criteria of metaphysics or of common sense, according to the taste or mental bias of the questioner. I profess to be able to follow the physical and the physiological side of spiritualism, but touching the metaphysics of spiritualism I cannot but be cautious, seeing that even in this life where men can stand up face to face in permanent communication with each other, it is almost impossible to get two who agree on any one point of purely speculative interest. I am inclined to think that the great portion of the individuality of the manifesting intelligence is best determined by the common sense of intelligent men who are well educated but who keep clear of metaphysical subtleties regarding the nature of the soul.

Now turn to the secondary evidence regarding the appearance of the same person. In the month of November following Mrs. Wright's decease, we had a visit from a friend, Captain John Blunt of the 102d Fusiliers, at that time stationed in the Isle of Wight, part of the regiment being in Sandown Fort, and under my medical charge. He called to inform us of an extraordinary occurrence that had just happened to himself and wife. While returning from a walk by the sea cliffs, walking arm in arm along the path a few feet from the edge of the cliff, simultaneously they both noticed a lady coming toward them, whom they observed very critically, remarking that she was a stranger. Captain Blunt moved aside to let the lady pass, and in so doing noticed the lovely profile of her face; she passed them and as they turned to look after her, she had vanished. Curious to see where she had gone they walked back to the stile they had just passed, inquired of a man who was at work in the field if he had seen any one, to which he replied, "no one but yourselves." They then remembered the peculiar gliding motion, unlike ordinary walking, with which the lady had passed them, and concluded they had seen an apparition. Captain Blunt described the lady as dressed in a small round sealskin hat and a gray muffle shawl with a black border and fringe, worn square and not diagonally in shawl fashion. On hearing his extraordinary story I simply remarked, "Would you know the shawl if you saw it? He replied, "I certainly would." I went at once into the next room, took the shawl of our late sister, returned,

placed it on the back of a chair, Captain Blunt being engaged at the time looking into a photograph album, and did not observe what I was doing. Laying down the album shortly his eye caught the shawl when he became greatly agitated, and exclaimed, "That is the shawl the lady wore." Wrapping the shawl up I returned with him to his own house, his wife repeated the same story, confirming the captain's report in all particulars. I then produced the shawl, which she recognized as similar to the one worn by the apparition.

I would here state that this cliff walk was a favorite with our sister, and that she and I had daily walked it for months. There was a sheer fall of about 100 feet on one side, and an open field without cover on the other. I had been consulted by Captain Blunt, who knew nothing about spiritualism and therefore very anxious regarding his wife some months previous to the above experience, and my answer as a professional expert, after hearing his whole story was, "your wife is perhaps one of the best clairvoyants in England." Neither Captain Blunt nor his wife had ever seen our sister, my wife being in Ireland when their detachment arrived to occupy Sandown Fort, had but recently made their acquaintance. Our subsequent intimate acquaintance with Captain and Mrs. Blunt showed them to be very high-minded and trustworthy persons. When I last had the pleasure of hearing from them they were residing at Illfracombe in Devonshire.

In the year 1874, while at Secumderabad, India, we had further experience of what is generally regarded as the manifestation of the presence of a departed spirit, from one of my patients, Mrs. Welsh of the 107th regiment, whose case I was studying with the view of tracing the relations of hysterical vision to the clairvoyant faculty. This woman who was doing some lace work for my wife saw repeatedly a lady, whom she accurately described and whom she identified as our sister by selecting three different photographs from our albums. She did not know anything of our sister's history, and strange to say recognized her by her hands before she traced the likeness of the face in the photograph to that of the apparition.

NOTHING great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful ; it is by abandonment.—*Emerson.*

MIND OR MACHINE.

A. N. WATERMAN.

A machine does not think ; it has no will of its own ; if out of order, it has no thought as to the cause ; nor does it ever indulge in introspection or by ratiocination endeavor to learn from whence it came, what it is and what is its destiny ; at least, this is the case with such machines as man has thus far been able to make.

Man does these things ; nevertheless two noted schools of philosophy who agree in nothing else, are in accord in their conclusion that mentally man is a machine, without will, wish, thought, judgment or action of his own.

Calvinists and materialists, the faithful and the faithless, those to whom God is everything and those who deny his existence, stand upon this common platform ; extremes have met and the respective battle cries of "predestination" and "invariable law", of these factions, mean one and the same thing. The Calvinist insists that all things are foreknown to God, and being thus foreknown are predestined. If this is so, then the judgments, conclusions, opinions of mankind are foreknown and predestined with everything else. If all things are foreknown or predestined, then the bent of mind, study, reflection, judgment and conclusion by which some believe one thing and some another, are fixed from all eternity and no one can have any reason for thinking his judgement correct but can only say it was predestined that I should believe this and therefore I do, my brother believes the contrary, because it was predestined he should. The materialists laugh at this reasoning, and then say, "Every effect has a cause, and every cause has a natural and inevitable effect, the reign of law is universal and unending ; all things have been evolved in an orderly and progressive manner and whatever is, is because as no new thing has or can be introduced into the universe and there can be no change in its laws, it is impossible things should be otherwise than as they are." From this it follows that it is impossible that materialists should have opinions other than those they are in and equally impossible that Calvinists should have failed to believe in predestination.

In obedience to eternal and unchanging law, opinions have arisen and reasons for them have seemed good.

All things, according to both Calvinists and materialists, are fixed and there is nothing for anyone to do except to take things as they come.

Mind in any proper sense is a thing which, according to both materialists and Calvinists does not exist, and we are physically and mentally mere machines.

THE CORRELATION BETWEEN MENTAL WORK AND PHYSICAL FORCE.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD CUTHBERTSON.

Concluded.

If there must be a sufficient supply of nerve force on demand, then a second correlation is that there must be a sufficient time set apart each day during which this force is generated and gathered. It does not appear to be definitely known how this wonderful power is got, but we do know that people who work a proper time every twenty-four hours with the body have the necessary amount of force, and those who do not have not. Then, after a few day's ordinary toil, one being wearied goes to sleep, and the following morning is quite strong. Hence, another relation is that there must be, each day, a sufficient time allowed for gathering bodily force. A third correlation about force is that there must be sufficient material out of which force is generated. This also is not very well understood, but it appears that those who have the best muscular tissue and use it properly have the best supply of bodily force.

A fourth important correlation of force is, that it must be regulated according to age, sex, constitution, etc. People who are old can sit and think much longer than young people can, without injuring the bodily health. When the body is beginning to wear down, rather than built up, less stimulus is required and consequently less activity. Hence people advanced in life may sit and study a long time without bodily injury. This appears to be quite natural and necessary, for the old person having passed through a number of years has gathered the material out of which useful experience is made, and is thus prepared to sit quietly and reflect, and as the ancient elders did, give advice in the gate. The state of the body during advanced age admits of much more thought than in younger years, because there are scarcely any bodily feelings arising by which the

mind might be disturbed: thus thinking can be carried on with less interruption.

Sex: While the average young lady of the modern American city ought to be much more active than she is, yet it is a fact that woman can be healthy with much less bodily activity than is required for men. Apparently children of both sexes require to be treated as to the amount of bodily activity, nearly equally, but with matured women the case is different. Man appears to get his development from activity; woman from womanhood and motherhood with the activity necessary for either of these.

Disposition or Constitution: This is an important condition respecting the amount of energy required, because any active person will require to generate and secrete much more than a quiet acting person will. Dickens and Carlyle are good examples of this. Carlyle was from a very active, hard-working race and thus inherited a disposition and bodily constitution which required that he should be very active in body. Charles Dickens was the same, and did a Herculean amount of walking, which he found to be the means by which he could keep his mental faculties working, for thus, the body was able to attend to itself and leave the mind undisturbed.

The time comes, however, when valuable work must be put into manuscript form, hence new care is required so that the body will be healthy while engaged in the sedentary task of writing, for the old difficulties arise about keeping the body healthy while inactive. One may think vigorously, the body being, the while, very active, and yet there would not be any injury to the body by such thinking. Again one might sit idle and not do any thinking, yet have trouble in the head, and similar feelings to those experienced by thinkers.

Now, it may be noticed that we have been careful not to speak of brain in connection with mental work, for we do not believe that the brain is at all engaged in cogitative process. Many learned men speak of brain work and mental work as being synonymous, but there does not appear to be any psychological evidence for such an interchange. We believe that much more than a nerve is required to produce even feeling, for there are a great many nerve impressions which never rise to even feelings. Herbert Spencer says, in his "Data of Ethics," that "Mind is feeling and the relations amongst feelings." But a progressive thinker can easily see that this is a

definition of, not mind, but knowledge which is the product of mind. What the psychologist wishes to know is what relates to feelings? and to this there is no answer by Herbert Spencer's school, for when such a question is put to them they can only do as does the ostrich, that is, hide their heads in the sand. It would be just as true to say that a living human body, or stomach, is "bread, butter, potatoes, pork, etc. and the relations amongst these." The body, by its various digestive and assimilating systems can use food for its own up-building, but these are *not the living body into which they are put.*

Then there is a misleading experience amongst authors that their minds are very productive when in a highly wrought up nervous condition. By this means emotional and imaginative matter may be produced, but the cogitative value of substantial, vigorous, calm thought will be entirely lacking. The value of literary and intellectual production should be tested by, whether they are the effervescence of emotional irritation or the product of logical thinking. Much of the memorizing in even mathematical formula and mental philosophy in psychological principles can be done while the nervous system is strung to its most tense stretch, but this is the only possible means of keeping the violated organs of the body from demanding an instantaneous cessation of the injurious course which has been carried on too long. The real truth is known when the strain is taken off and the collapse comes. But cause any such mental worker to turn from the task of acquiring and begin to produce anything original which will be of value, this would show how much mental vigor any one possesses while in this condition. We do not know of any two processes farther removed from each other than mental acquiring *versus* producing.

There is a general belief that large brains indicate superior intellectual powers. But this is quite erroneous for all that large brains do is to give power by which the body may continue to perform its own functions while the mind is occupied with its work. If physiological scientists have demonstrated any fact, respecting nerve matter, it appears to be that the more nerve matter any animal organism possesses in relation to the amount of muscular tissue, the greater will be the bodily durability of the animal i. e. in the human body the

larger the brain the greater the physical durability. Hence, the better able will the body be to live while the mind is occupied with thinking, and this is the great correlation between physical force and mental work.

WHAT WAS IT.

PIERCE BURTON.

It is not clear how circumstances, similar to the following, can become subjects for scientific investigation, as but one person is a party to them, and he is unable to *prove* it to another person. I presume, however, that this case has many parallels which would make interesting reading.

One night, some years ago, I had been dreaming a not uncommon dream, in which appeared a landscape, consisting of fields, roads, trees and the like. After awaking, I asked myself the question, "Where was that landscape?" I answering myself readily, "It was in my own mind." I then asked, "suppose the scene had been materialized where would it have been?" And again I answered, "Its location could not have been changed, it would still have been in myself. Then there came, without any effort or thought on my part, words which seemed to be printed on my "innermost conscious with soft word-types, one word at a time as follows; 'Creation is God's thought materialized.'" I was startled and surprised not so much at the idea conveyed as the method used. Here appeared what would seem to be an intelligence within me, yet distinct from mine, with power to impress on my mind thoughts and words not my own. I have never had a similar experience, although I have often since tried to get it.

This one circumstance would be of no value in a scientific investigation, for the investigation would readily explain it as an hallucination,—a dream; but I would like others who have had similar experiences, give them in MIND IN NATURE, which seems to be the appropriate place for them.

I do not pretend to say where those words came from, but think that any one who has had a similar experience can readily understand how the ancient prophets could say, "The word of the Lord came unto me saying," and "Thus saith the Lord," and hundreds of other things called revelations, including not only those mentioned in the Bible, but the "Inward Voice" of Swedenborg, and others.

Not long ago a preacher delivered a sermon from the text found in the prayer of Jesus for his disciples "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." His sermon was on the sanctifying power of the Bible of which he considered his text a proof. Was not the minister mistaken in thinking that Jesus referred to a book which then had no existence? I imagined that I could understand what was meant by the text, for certainly nothing could have such sanctifying influence over the life of any man as a voice within him, but not of him, speaking to him.

The thought conveyed in the words mentioned, as coming to me, is of course not new in the world, it being substantially the same as held by a number, perhaps most philosophers. But can those who have had similar experiences explain what they were and whence they came?

Aurora, Ill.

A FAITH CURE.

On the 16th day of April, 1883, I fell down five steps on to a hard gravel walk and sprained, twisted and bruised my ankle and foot very badly. A physician was called. It was swollen so much that it was difficult to determine the extent of the injury. He treated it with electricity and liniment several times. I sat with my foot and limb in a chair for several weeks suffering intensely—using liniments. It was badly swollen and black with bruises. The physician finally decided it to be a bad sprain, and said that nothing would do but rest. I remained as quiet as possible. Time went on and months passed by and I got no better, walking only a little about my room on crutches, repeatedly told that rest was the only remedy. Eight months had come and gone, and I still on my crutches with no decided improvement. I had read a book of Dr. Evans, of Boston, on mental cure which related how he had made a cure on an absent patient living a great distance from him, which suggested the idea to me that possibly I might be cured in the same way. I had heard of Dr. G. A. B., of Chicago, a magnetic healer and was induced to write to him. I inquired the nature of his treatments, if he could cure people living at a distance. He replied that he cured by the laying on of hands—that he believed God was as able now to cure the sick through human instrumentalities as in the days of Jesus and the Apostles, and re-

ferred me to an example of Jesus curing one at a distance. He assured me that if I wished to be cured, and had faith, that it should be done according to my faith. I stated my case to him and told him my faith in God was unlimited. That I was a lady 63 years old—had been on crutches eight months—that my foot and ankle was badly swollen, and that my physician pronounced it a sprain and that I wanted him to cure me. He assured me if I would observe conditions with him I should be cured although I had never seen him and he then living two hundred miles away from me.

He directed me to retire at nine o'clock every evening—to place my mind on him and pray to God for one hour that I might be healed. He said he would retire at nine o'clock every evening and place his mind on me and pray to God one hour that I might be healed. The evening and hour was appointed to commence the treatment. I retired accordingly with my sore, swollen foot and ankle. I found it very difficult to place my mind on a man I had never seen. I prayed with faith in God that I would be healed. I arose in the morning greatly relieved of the soreness, and as I rubbed it I found the swelling had gone down, but one of the bones of the instep was raised up about an inch above the rest, and as I gently rubbed, it took its place among the rest.

Each succeeding treatment I found relief, and when I had taken three treatments I threw away my crutches and walked. The whole limb and foot was weak but gradually became strong by use. Seventeen years before this I had received an injury in the same limb—a ruptured muscle about four inches above the inner ankle joint. The physician called it a muscle leading from the knee to the ball of the foot. I had worn a bandage on it most of the time since the injury to act as a compress, as it sometimes gave away in walking. I then wrote to Dr. ——— about this, asking him if he could cure this also. He replied: "Never mind, go on with the treatment, asking God to heal you," which I did until I had taken nine treatments. I had thrown away my crutches—was walking about our village happy, rejoicing and praising God and telling the people what he had done for me. My sprained ankle and foot and ruptured muscle was cured and I have been entirely free from pain, and am active in my foot and limb ever since.

Mrs. S. C. DeFrees.

. ST. MARY'S, Ohio, June 22d, 1886

AN EXPERIMENT IN TELEPATHY.

OFFICE OF THE "HERALD OF HEALTH,"
New York, June 2, 1886.

EDITOR OF MIND IN NATURE:—

Dear Sir: In the June No. of *The Herald of Health* you will find an article entitled "An Experiment in Telepathy," by Dr. Adele Gleason.

The author, who reads your journal regularly, sent it to me, saying: If you do not care to publish it, or if it is not adapted to your journal, please send it to MIND IN NATURE.

I decided to publish it. Should you find part or all of it suited to your journal, you are quite welcome to use it.

Allow me to thank you for the bound volume for 1885. You are making a very sensible and thoughtful monthly; and I am glad to say, you do not allow correspondents to go very far off in balloons.

Yours very truly, M. L. HOLBROOK.

In October last, while conversing with a friend who saw visions, persons and landscapes appearing vividly before her, the question was asked, "Do you see into the other world? are these things simply unreal, or are they things and people at a distance seen by second sight?" My friend said she had often tried to settle this question, but had been unable to do so.

I proposed to her to institute a test to demonstrate, as I believed that these appearances were of real persons or things belonging to earth. My plan was that I should try voluntarily to appear, or cause a vision of myself to appear, to her at a distance. I soon went to a city 500 miles from where she lived, she not knowing where I went or how long I was to remain. I said nothing to any other person about the experiment I intended to make.

At intervals I endeavored to go to her mentally, but I never wrote to her, nor she to me, nor had we fixed any hour for the experiment. I made numberless unsuccessful efforts, though I did not know how nor what was the best way to proceed. The efforts of a child to fly by moving the arms would not have been more ridiculous or ineffective. I tried to put into practice the theories for Esoteric Buddhism by trying to project the supposed astral body, but no effect came, except profound exhaustion. The exercise of the will seemed to prevent the egress of that essence which should, as I supposed, pass from me and go to her.

I then conceived the idea of unwilling my own will, or of reducing myself to a negative state. But I concluded that I should have to go to India and sit twice seven years under the peepul tree and live on a diet of rice and water before I should be able to attain that condition, so I gave up this idea. I could not, however, forget the subject, as I had previously found that such a projection of my personality had appeared at a distance without volition, and thought that the problem was one I must some time solve.

Every form that the imagination can take mine took; I pictured the "recipient" vividly, and then thought of myself as with her, picturing forth the scene in its minutest details and then willing vigor-

ously, hoping that it might be realized, but there was no result. I also tried to yield myself up to a long mental journey on going to sleep, but without success.

One night I went to bed in a high fever consequent upon a sudden but slight indisposition. My mind was idly but nervously occupied by a great number of topics. Among other things I thought of a certain reception which I had to attend in a few days, of having no dress suitable for the occasion, but of one which I had at home and wished for. And then I wandered, by association of ideas, to think of a certain evening company which I had attended with the friend with whom I wished to try my experiment in telepathy. I thought of this idly, without volition, but as in fever the mind seems to cling to idle thoughts with great persistence, so these thoughts kept repeating themselves. I became weary of their persistence, yet could not escape them. I finally began to wonder why I could not appear to my friend, but did not try—only kept thinking of it.

Suddenly my body became slightly numb, my head felt light, my breathing became slow and loud, as when one goes to sleep. I had often been in a similar state. When I came out of it I lit the candle and looked at my watch. The next day I thought of the experience of the night as meaningless, and was ashamed of having considered a change of breathing as anything more than a premonition of going to sleep.

A few days after this experience I received a letter from my friend, forwarded from where she supposed I was, in which she stated that I had appeared to her on a certain evening, giving the time; that I wore a dress she had never seen before, but which she perfectly described; that I stood with my back to her and remained but a moment or two.

As I had not written to her of my efforts to appear to her, and as the opportunities of two months for guess-work or deception had elapsed I felt that my proof was as positive as I could desire. Not proof, however, of the outgoing of an astral body. Had I appeared to my friend as I was at the moment, in bed in my nightdress, the case would have simply paralleled many of which we have read; but my appearance in a dress that was 200 miles away, and which had never been seen by the percipient, forms proof of the best theory that has yet been produced by students of telepathy. It is the theory of thought-waves directly impinging upon one brain after being generated in another brain, producing a facsimile of the first thought on the second brain. The theory has arisen, as if in self-demonstration, in several minds. Dr. Holbrook first propounded it to me some years ago. It seemed no more improbable than the same theory in regard to light, heat, sound, etc.

That motion can be converted into heat and heat into light we know and can demonstrate; and this was always true, though for ages people did not formulate the law.

Mind-waves have fallen upon men's ears for ages, and yet the world did not know what mind was. Light does not seem to us a series of vibrations, and yet experiment has proved it to be just that.

We shall, I fear, never know what thought is. People are done with saying that the brain "secretes thought," and laugh at the idea; yet that some sort of chemical or other process goes on in a living brain when we think, no one disputes.

The ordinary way of passing thought from one mind to another is by sound or light waves. How the thought goes into these waves we do not know; but is it not probable that these waves are caused by vibrations in the brain substance?

Now accept the postulate that all these waves start from atomic or molecular vibrations in the brain, and that these waves might go directly from brain to brain, and look at the case in point. It fulfills the conditions of this theory and of no other.

A thought picture was complete and instantaneously transmitted from one mind into another, with consent of the thinker, but without real volitional effort, the recipient making no effort, but being in a passive state. The fever I suppose to have been an important factor in increasing the nerve tension, so that thought waves became more intense. How pathless through the distance could my will conduct these vibrations toward another brain?

I believe that some previous nerve "rapport" must be formed. I had told my friend I thought so, and had deliberately held her head in order that our nerves should be tuned in harmony, as two instruments must be that are to be played together.

I thought of many other persons that same evening, but did not appear to them.

It appears, also, when thought-waves are direct and of sufficient intensity they travel down the nerves, just as they may do when indirect, and set up the appropriate vibrations. In this case producing vision, the recipient saw me distinctly though she was in a darkened room. If the force of my thought-waves had been sufficient, and if I had thought some words instead of simply thinking my appearance, I see no reason why words should not have been repeated according to the same law in the recipient's brain and transmitted to her ear.

The recipient of the impression was not in a good state of health, having chronic hyperemia of the brain, which made it sufficiently sensitive to receive delicate impressions.

If this line of study could be pursued in a scientific, rather than credulous spirit, the causes of insanity, at least, might have light thrown upon them, and nervous diseases be accounted for, so-called spiritualism might be sifted of its errors, and that which is immortal in man might be better known before we cast off the mortal body.

IS DEATH WORTH DYING?

MR. FRANC B. WILKIE in an article in *The Chicago Times*, full of suggestive thought for both minister and layman, refers to the discussion of the question; Is life worth living? and changes its form by asking; Is death worth dying? From his reply we clip the following extracts.

A late article entitled "Growing Old" has attracted a good deal of attention from one class and another of thinkers and dreamers, but in which two are prominent. One of these points out faith as a remedy for the emotional disturbances which afflict some souls at the thought of an unknown and menacing future; and the other insists that death is the absolute end of existence. One supports a future constructed by the imagination and upheld by an imperial credulity; the other asserts that humanity, with all its functions, spiritual and mental, as well as bodily, ceases at the grave.

There has been much discussion over the question, Is life worth living? By an equally liberal use of words we may frame an inquiry something in the nature of the converse of the other, to the effect: Is death worth dying?

No emphatic, conclusive answer can ever be given to this question. Every element connected with its examination, its nature, even the existence of any sentient being beyond what is known as the mortal, is speculative, intangible, unknowable. Anything in the nature of exact demonstration relating to aught beyond the life of humanity has no existence; what is or seems to be there is the creation of hope, faith, desire. In any sense which can be recognized by logic, what may be beyond the veil between this and another life, has never, even through the tiniest aperture, been revealed to human vision. Such data as are relied on are assumed revelation, and, mainly in addition, the universal hope of humanity for an uninterrupted existence. Much is deduced from the belief of nearly all humanity in a future life, and still something more from an alleged cruelty which would exist were all men inspired with a desire which is dear, and yet which is without a possibility of realization.

Passing all evidence involving the truth or otherwise of a future existence, and omitting all considerations of nature's purposes, it will be curious, if nothing more, to glance over the views of mankind as to what will be brought them by death. In examining what is thus expected, something in the nature of an answer to the question: Is death worth dying? may be elicited. For the purposes of this article, it may be assumed for the time being that the varying hopes of humanity for immortality are well founded; this being done, the nature of the future asserted to exist by various peoples can be intelligently examined, and possibly then it may be answered as to whether the results enunciated are worth dying for.

After reviewing the various religious beliefs as to the future life he continues:

The religious beliefs referred to cover the cases of a majority of the human race, and are the compensations which human agencies offer for death. Apart from the domain of the religious systems is to be noted the cold materialism that recognizes death as the termination of man's existence and which, under the inspiration of the apostle of annihilation, Ingersoll, affects to find in this absolute effacement a substantial consolation. "It is rest!" say the believers in this brutal conclusion. "It is dreamless, undisturbed slumber!" they continue. "Rest," "dreamless slumber," is it? What rest is there when the tired sleeper never awakens to learn of this wonderful repose? What is rest but a freedom from toil during which the wearied frame gathers strength for renewed effort? The laborer sleeps through the night, and welcomes the breaking morning with satisfaction; the weariness of toil has gone, and a fresh vigor possesses his muscles and an inspiration born of the slumber of the night fills his soul, stimulates his courage and dwarfs the magnitude of the labor of the approaching day. This is rest. It is a renewing, an awakening to life, a reconciliation to its hardships. The rest of the materialist is the satiety of the gorged worm at the horrible feast of the banquet-hall of the grave, the total obliteration of the "sleeper."

When Antæus fell to earth, and lay on her motherly bosom, he gathered strength and in a little time

sprang to his feet with every muscle infused with earth drawn power and veins rushing with the currents of health. This was rest. Had he remained there; had the scavengers of nature invaded him as he lay, and removed him by piecemeal; had the air absorbed him, and the earth drunk him up; had all these agencies combined to hasten his removal, to rid the vicinage of something too foul for endurance—would that have been rest?

True rest is an awakening to brighter prospects, a return to home, children, parents and all those who are loved. There is no compensation in a death which affords such rest as this of the materialist. Of all the rewards offered for dying this, and this dreamless slumber, is the most contemptible and inadequate. Rest! Insensate, lifeless, unawaking, hopeless condition! Never again the warm sunlight; never the exquisite consciousness of self; ended all the ambitions of life, unfulfilled all its noble intentions, gone forever a soul, a something, whatever its nature, which could measure the stellar spaces, which could love, could take a planet when a wilderness and cover it with palaces, plunging ships, highways of iron, and wring from nature the occult, and almost place its stethoscope over the beating heart of omnipotence—this wreck, this wretched profanation, this savage destruction is glibly termed rest? As well thus designate the condition of the buried Pompeians, or the innocents slaughtered by the lecherous Herod, the Samaritan.

Scarcely more in other directions where awards for death are offered is the pessimist, pleased with the terms proffered or willing to accept them. There is something degrading in the conditions of that Brahman element which invites man to die that he may be born again solely, to be more readily tormented for the offenses of the life which he has just laid down. Even when the Brahman gives up his existence he is not conscious in his new life that he is suffering for the misdeeds of a former one. Now hog, then ignoble ass, again repellant snake, hated and shunned by all, he is slaughtered, beaten and overworked, or crushed by the heel of the son of the woman, and never knows that he is paying the penalty of a crime.

Buddhism, like the materialism of the scientists, is unfeeling and brutal in the composition and adjustments of its awards for dying. It offers death only as an escape from a life too intolerable to be endured. It has no suggestion of a hope that somewhere the humiliations, the ignoble sufferings of life may find an offset, as mariners, after a storm-tossed voyage, are compensated by a period of rest in some quiet port.

It does not even sugar the pill of its conclusions as do the materialists with the sweet substance termed rest; it distinctly and brutally says: "Die! Die, not to rest, but die to escape the torture of living! Die as the worn-out animal dies, because there is less suffering in annihilation than in existence!"

As to the awards which are presented, or rather which are promised, by the Mohammedan as the price to be paid for death, while repellant to civilized men on account of their sensuality, they yet thrill with a sensuous delight, and fill the souls of believers with a hope, a reliance known to no other faith. There is a tangibility in the rewards offered which prevent confusion; they are of a nature which appeals directly to the senses; there is no dispute among the teachers as to their character, and as little as to the time when they shall be given to the

faithful. The Moslem, when he comes to claim the award has long since learned that the moment he offers the sacrifice of his life, the compensation will be given him. The houris, the wonderful cities, the everlasting delights are waiting for him, and the moment he has laid down his body the payment is ready for delivery.

Exactly unlike this is the system of compensations offered by Christianity. The one is direct, unmistakable in its promises, the other vacillating and uncertain. He who presents himself to secure the rewards of death knows not just what they may be, or when they shall be delivered. It may be ten thousand centuries. He may sleep as unconscious as a stone for innumerable cycles; he pays his sacrifice with shuddering misgivings, with innumerable apprehensions of—he knows not what.

"All that he hath will a man give for his life." It is the only life of which he has any actual knowledge. It is of lives like his own that he reads in history, whose heroism and sacrifices he admires, whose virtues he reverences, and whose memory and graves he venerates. Of his own life are the woman he loves, the mother who cared for him, the children whom he labors for. So far as he knows, so far as he feels, so far as he loves, hopes, hates, dreams, this life is all in all.

It dawned dimly on him at first, but gradually developed into a wondrous fact of beauty, utility and enjoyment. There were tears, but the sunlight of comfort came and threw the rainbow of joy and promise, splendoring from horizon to horizon, athwart the sky of his soul. There have been sorrows, but often the consolations have been so sweet and the reparations so ample that the balance of enjoyment has been in his favor, and he has even been blessed in suffering.

There is no deception in this life. It is here; it is all about; it is no obscure revelation or hoary tradition. Its stars shine in reality, its sun pours forth a substantial warmth. Its moonlight silvers the earth with a visible radiance. The bright eyes of its daughters are reflected on organs of sense, the voices of its singers are heard by physical ears. In every soul are Hesperides whose golden fruit is palpable, and whose golden hair is no more myth than the rocks or the sunlight. There is enjoyment everywhere; in the virile frosts of winter, the lethargic languors of summer; in the orange groves and forests; in cities with their excitement, and in the hamlets with their tranquil existence. Action, labor, are everywhere available, and stimulate life into healthful excitement. Friendship binds to earth, and gives to life infinite attraction. Man with his energy, his genius, his ambition, his resources, is the equal of the gods, and by his achievements puts to shame the puny labors which once constituted the glory of the immortals.

In view of the grandeur of living, of its actualities its possibilities, is it worth dying to secure anything which is thus promised as a reward of death? Does it pay to die? Is there anything offered which is sufficiently certain of payment to warrant man in exchanging for it this wonderful human existence? In other words, as the situation is now presented, is death worth dying?

ALAS for the cripple, Practice, when it seeks to come up with the bird, Theory, which flies before it.—Emerson.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF MR. NATHAN BROWN.

The subjoined account of a peculiar misfortune is found in a private record compiled with care by a venerable gentleman of a former generation for his own recreation. What a treasure such a case would be considered by the experts and scientists of the present time! The words of the original are given as far as consistent with the necessary condensation.

My uncle, Nathan Brown, was by occupation a cooper. He followed the seas in that capacity from early life. He is said to have been uncommonly bright and active as a child, and bid fair to become a useful man. He was taken prisoner during the French war, in 1755, and was confined on a prison-ship at some port in the West Indies, where he was brought into great straits for food and the common comforts of life. These hardships probably laid the foundation for the troubles which followed him, by their effect upon his mind.

At about the age of twenty-one he fell into a condition which his family and many others ascribed to the influence of evil spirits under the operation of witchcraft. I do not believe we have any such beings as witches among us in these days, but in regard to my uncle his friends have either been most grossly deluded by their imagination, or they have seen some very unaccountable things, and various experiments they tried confirmed them in their opinion.

It is stated that on the first appearance of this malady, either from involuntary distortion of body, or some other unknown cause, my uncle's vestments would suddenly become unloosed as he was walking the street, his waistcoat, though buttoned from top to bottom, would without any apparent cause fly open. His limbs became strangely affected, all his motions of body were repeated and re-repeated numberless times. It was a frequent occurrence for him to retire to his room on Sabbath morning to dress for meeting, and to be unable to leave it for the day. After taking off his undergarment and preparing to replace it with another, he would labor in vain to effect his purpose, drawing the garment toward him and extending his arms to put it on, and then pushing it from him alternately for hours together, laboring so intensely as to be in a constant perspiration in mid-winter. After becoming exhausted in this way, and all the time refusing any assistance, he would recover his self-control at the going down of the sun, dress himself with little or no difficulty, and spend the evening with the family as cheerfully as if nothing had been the matter. In his later years he allowed assistance, and less time was taken up, though the difficulty was not removed.

His walking was attended with a like trouble. In the street, either alone or in company, he would suddenly stop as if an impassable barrier or yawning precipice were immediately before him, as if a line were drawn which he could not possibly cross, and he would stand in the same place, making violent efforts to go forward in vain, for a quarter of an hour. He usually declined any help, and if force was used to get him over the place, he was never satisfied until he had returned to it, even if hours and days intervened, then he went through his usual motions to "get fairly over it," stepping backward and forward again and again, till by a sudden spring, like leaping a ditch, he would pass on quickly until another barrier presented. These halts would occur

eight or ten times in the distance of half a mile, and detain him an hour or more. These obstacles appeared equally whether he walked under a burning sun, in a pouring rain or driving snow-storm, as well as in fine weather. If obliged to leave his course by a passing team or other cause, he would return immediately and take a new departure. I have witnessed his situation as above described perhaps hundreds of times, and walked with him. The arm of a friend who would exercise patience, and indulge him in some measure in his infirmity, was agreeable to him, and if rightly managed would sometimes accelerate his progress, while the interference of others was injurious.

All the motions of body and limbs partook of the same character, so every change of place and dress was avoided as much as possible when he was at home. He usually wore his hat in the house, and for years slept with it and his other clothing on.

He worked at his trade as sea-cooper, making regular voyages while in this condition, and gave satisfactory work, only requiring plenty of time.

In latter life he was employed in discharging cargoes, and usually was detailed to certain duty that required him to "hold on."

The same trouble affected his speech. He had readiness of thought a retentive memory, and a pleasing manner of expressing himself when not hampered by his infirmity. He was a favorite in his circle of friends and cronies, but they were obliged to exercise patience in listening to his talk. Nearly every sentence would be repeated several times, and he would often recall words that he seemed to have gotten well over, especially if he had been hurried or forced at all, and even occasionally had to begin the whole subject anew. He had a pleasant and familiar habit of taking one by the hand and holding fast while he talked, or rather made violent efforts to do so.

If he was relating anything he had heard, he would say, "he told me," "he told me," "he told me," from ten to twenty times, and after a while forced his way to the next sentence. If his listeners exhibited impatience, he would say with a smile, "I will tell you by and by," using many more words in apology than he could command on the main subject. In this there was no deficiency of intellect, no lack of distinctness of thought, nor want of words to use, nor natural impediment of speech, but the barrier, like that in the path.

One other peculiarity was his aversion to stepping on a painted floor particularly if the color was yellow, and for this reason he did not visit certain near relatives for years together.

He was known and beloved by his townsmen, and was very kind-hearted and especially fond of little children.

My uncle was himself inclined to ascribe his trouble to witchcraft, and had in mind the names of persons to whom he was disposed to impute the guilt of bringing this misery upon him; but as he reached the ripe age of seventy-eight years, and outlived all those individuals, their enmity must have been handed down to others through the agency of evil spirits, if that doctrine is accepted at all.—*Mary Winchester, in Phrenological Journal.*

CONSERVATISM makes no poetry, breathes no prayer, has no invention: it is all memory.—*Emerson.*

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of July 24 there is a severe arraignment of the American Society for Psychical Research, by some one who "speaks as one having authority." The editor of the above journal has, in several instances, charged that this Society entered the field of research too heavily handicapped by scientific cranks to properly investigate the psychical phenomena; but here we have a fearless champion of Psyche who boldly enters the lists with the following theses on his banner.

Preferring the general charge that you are not what you pretend to be, we specify:

1. That you know nothing of psychic science.
2. That you do not know how to conduct psychic research.
3. That you do not know what it is that you are in search of.
4. That you would not know a psychic result to be such if you reached it.
5. That you do not know how to judge the evidence upon which psychic phenomena rest.
6. That you do not know of anything really worth investigating in psychic science.
7. That you do not know how to learn and do not really want to be taught.

And yet you are pleased to style yourselves "The American Society for Psychical Research." We say to you, gentlemen, that being what you are, your very name is an insult to psychic science, and would be, were it known, a just cause of offense to hundreds of thousands who have reached that goal toward which you have resolutely turned your backs. In discussing the charges which we bring against you we shall take occasion to show you that you are not in the line of psychic evolution, but surely tending in the opposite direction. If you do not heed our warning, if you do not desist and turn to the rightabout before it is too late, every hope that you entertain will be frustrated, your every endeavor will yield you shame and confusion, your goal will prove to be the pillory of public opinion, and your first real lesson in psychic science will have been learned when psychic research into your own souls shows you what it is to be made a laughing-stock.

The real reason why you have made yourselves up into that singular conglomeration of ineffectuality which you now present to our wondering eyes as a spectacle to be admired, is not far to seek. The reason is compounded of vanity and cowardice. You are vain enough to suppose that the moment you bend your benign yet penetrating gaze upon a ghost he will be kind enough to vanish and relieve you of the incubus which his further presence would entail. And you are cowardly enough to be afraid of being called cranks if you admit to your number people who know about ghosts and other objects of psychic research. You prefer to guess cards and throw dice with your little machine in the parlor where all is safe and polite. You prefer, then, to sit in your study and cipher out the rest of your psychic researches. You prefer next to print your sage conclusions. And when your proceeding falls under the eye of some man or woman who, while you were thus amusing yourselves, was conducting some deli-

cate experiment in psychic science with perfect success, can you wonder to find yourself an object of merriment? Very probably you would not be seen in the company of the person who has just successfully exploited where you have signally failed; for that person's views you would entertain profound contempt; he or she would be for you a crank, and you would remain for yourself a scientist. Supposing, now, just for a little experiment in psychic science, you could prevail upon that person to be offensively candid in the expression of an opinion regarding yourselves. It would be a valuable lesson, conveying vast psychic nutriment for you, if you could digest and assimilate it. You might even make a salutary discovery if you persisted in such a course. You might discover, to your profound astonishment, that a great many people know a great deal more about psychic research than you do.

Not to protract our banter, let us be blunt now. Gentlemen of the Psychical Society, there are thousands of persons all about you who are competent to instruct you in that which you have yet to learn—the first principles—the very rudiments of psychic science, the alphabet of psychic research. Where are these people? Why, walk out on the street, anywhere, and right there, every twentieth person you meet will be one who can tell you more in a minute about psychic research than you have ciphered out since you have been a psychic society. Who are these people? These people, gentlemen, are the entire body of enlightened, progressive Spiritualists of America, whom you call cranks, and who know what they know, and who have found it out without your assistance, and who know what you do not know yet—that the cranks are your scientific selves—yes, your most respected selves, dear sirs, who have been caught napping, and have not quite opened your eyes yet, and cut a most ridiculous figure of hopeless anachronism.

The editor of the *Journal* places its columns at the service of the society to answer these charges, and says:

It is not impossible that the animus which seems to have moved the originators of the A. S. P. R. may give way to a more sensible course. The policy of the managers was no doubt honest, but rested upon assumptions of ignorance. Having grown wiser, as we hope, these gentlemen may have the manliness to admit their early mistakes and make a fresh start.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ELEPHANT. — A horse which will promptly back at the word of command, or a dog that will bark or stand on its hind legs when told to do so, is considered quite accomplished; but in India any well-trained elephant, at a word or touch from his driver, who sits astride his neck, will "hand up," "kneel," "speak" (trumpet), "salaam" (salute with his trunk), stop, back, lie down, pull down an obstructing branch, gather fodder and "hand up" to his attendant, turn or lift a log, or drag it by taking its drag-rope between its teeth. He will also protect his attendants, or attack a common enemy with fury. I think I am safe in asserting that there are in India to-day scores of captive elephants who are capable of performing all the services enumerated above; but, of course, there are many which are not so intelligent. — *Hornaday's Two Years in the Jungle*, quoted by "The American Naturalist."

THE PATH.

The *St. John Globe* speaks as follows of this new journal and of MIND IN NATURE:

We have received three numbers of *The Path*, a "magazine devoted to the brotherhood of Humanity, Theosophy in America, and the Study of Occult Science, Philosophy and Aryan Literature." Its editor is William Q. Judge, and it is published under the direction of "The Aryan Theosophical Society of New York." We have carefully gone through the three numbers, and are forced to say that we do not get a very clear idea of the object of *The Path*. That it is in earnest is quite certain, and that it is learned appears to be certain too. Its mysticism and occultism and philosophy and symbolism are not to be easily mastered. One of its principal objects we gather to be "to investigate all systems of ethics and philosophy claiming to give hope to man," and especially that system taught by "our Aryan forefathers, philosophers and sages whose light is still shining brightly" although this is the age of darkness. Mr. Judge is a leading Theosophist, that famous brotherhood of which Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky are shining lights. The organ of the society is "The Theosophist," but it is published in India, and is not altogether suited for the whole of the American members. Hence *The Path*.

To the ordinary reader, taking up *The Path* for perusal is like going into some land where all the people, their habits, language actions and mode of life are entirely strange and very curious.

MIND IN NATURE for June is a very readable number of this curious journal. There is a wide difference between the methods and matter of this journal and those of that which we have referred to above. Theosophy is, we suppose, a habit of mind which MIND IN NATURE would enquire into.

SARCOGNOMY AND PSYCHOMETRY.

"*Therapeutic Sarcognomy*," a scientific exposition of the mysterious union of soul, brain and body.

"*Manual of Psychometry*," the dawn of a new civilization. Second edition.

Prof. James Rodes Buchanan, the author of these two volumes, is the president of the College of Therapeutics in Boston, was one of the founders of the Eclectic System of medicine, some forty years ago, and Dean of the parent school of that movement at Cincinnati. His labors in that institution were summarized by the Rev. Dr. Strickland, the President of the Board of Trustees, who says: "No other member of the faculty did so much to extend its reputation, to liberalize its principles, to introduce women into the medical profession, and to bring medical ethics into closer harmony with the divine principle of the founder of Christianity." In reference to "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," Prof. Winterburn, of *The American Homeopathist*, says:

"Of the very highest importance in the healing art is a work just issued by the venerable Professor Buchanan. We have read the book from cover to cover with unabated attention, and it is replete with ideas, suggestions, practical hints, and conclusions of eminent value to every practitioner who is himself enough of a natural physician to appreciate and apply them. The word Sarcognomy was coined by Prof. Buchanan, in 1842, to express in a word the recognition of the relations existing between the body and the brain. He advances the idea that the

whole body is expressive; that the entire form is an embodiment of character; that each part of the evolving surface not only possesses a physiological characteristic, but psychological powers; that each portion of the cutaneous surface exercises, through the nervous system, a direct action upon some particular part of the brain; and that these facts, now for the first time properly elucidated, may be advantageously used in the treatment of disease. Having been cognizant of the very valuable and original work accomplished by Prof. Buchanan in physiology, and having seen him demonstrate many times on persons of all grades of intellectual and physical health the truths he here affirms, the subject has lost the sense of novelty to us, and is accepted as undoubtedly proven. But to the majority of physicians these views, differing, as they do, radically from text-book knowledge and college instruction, will seem at first imaginative and fanciful. They will, however, stand the test of practical experience. They will repay study, and will add largely to the successful performance of professional service. No physician can afford to ignore the help proffered by this new philosophy. Upon the psychic function of the brain, Prof. Buchanan is the highest living authority. The leading idea of his philosophy is that life belongs to the soul, and not to the body. This is antagonistic to the views of most scientists of the day; but it nevertheless deserves consideration, and will ultimately find acceptance."

MIND IN NATURE.

One possessing the inspiration and courage to publish a magazine under such a title, cannot fail to edit it well, or to produce it in any style, other than the best of type, paper and press work. An original idea of subtle fineness demands, as a condition to its consent to being born, that it shall be cast in dies artistically suited to give it fitting expression. For this reason, MIND IN NATURE cannot be, without being artistic in body and mind.

The material of such a publication necessarily must be out of the usual, but it is not, as a sequence, without use or interest to the general reader.

To the medical profession it has a peculiar value. The science of medicine, the healing art, is the science of the restoration of life, of the transmission of life. The physician who studies the material form of life expression only, is but partially equipped for the duties of his profession. That the mastery of his science requires a study of the immaterial form of life expression—mind—as well as physical—body—is proven by the fact that mind condition must be considered as well as body condition, in any scientific treatment of a patient.

The multitude of publications treating of the body, which find a demand, attest the keenness with which research is carried on in that department of the science. It will be strange, indeed, if any less interest is shown in publications treating of the mind, especially as their number is few.

While the publisher of MIND IN NATURE is glad to send a sample copy to any address without charge, that his work may become known, it is hoped that every reader of this notice will at once venture \$1 in the enterprise, and thank its promoter for admitting him on such easy terms.—*The Physician's Magazine*.

WHAT is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.—*Emerson*.