

MIND IN NATURE:

A Popular Journal of *Psychical, Medical and Scientific Information.*

Volume 11. }
Number 9. }

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 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. Nats., Memb. Scientif.
Soca. of Washington, Cor. Memb. Soc. Ital. di Antropologia,
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 Homeopathic
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 COUES, 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. Dept. of Agr., Washington, D. C.
S. B. BUCKMASTER, M. D.,
Supt. Wis. State Hos. for the Insane, Mendota, Wis.
PROF. E. P. THWING, M. D., Ph. D.,
President N. Y. Academy of Anthropology.
HAROLD N. MOYER, M. D.,
Editor Chicago Medical Journal and Examiner, Chicago.
HONORE D. VALIN, M. D., I. LANGASTER,
REV. L. P. MERCER, H. N. FOSTER, M. D.,
URSULA N. GESTEFELD, H. W. CONANT, M. D.,
A. N. WATERMAN, A. J. PARK, A. M., M. D.,
PROF. R. U. PIPER, M. D., C. G. DAVIS, M. D.,
Chicago.
REV. WILLIAM TUCKER, D. D., Mount Giload, Ohio.

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.

False Lights—R. W. Conant, M. D.	130
Memory	130
The Philosophy and Logic of Science—Rev. William Tucker	131
He was Born Drunk	132
Some Curious Facts—R. W. Shufeldt	133
Fear does not Reason	135
Of Such Stuff are Doctors made	135
The Unconscious Self—H. G. M. Murray-Aynsley ...	135
Reasons For Belief—A. N. Waterman	137
Planchette—John Wetherbee	138
Classification of Mental Diseases	140
Can Minds hold intelligent communion During Sleep?— G. D. Bayard	141
The Science of Mind—H. Slade	143
Canine Telepathy	144

FALSE LIGHTS.

R. W. CONANT, M. D.

"What is truth," asked Pilate. The question has traveled down the ages as through a whispering gallery, echoing from mouth to mouth until in our day it is repeated on every side.

The human race is neither as good as the optimist could believe it, nor as wicked as the pessimist would make it. A large percentage of all error is due to ignorance and not to intention. But perplexing as is the search for truth, it is wisely ordained. For if the right and wise way were always plain, that important element of character called judgment would almost disappear.

At no time has there been so wide-spread and sincere a search for truth in all departments as at present. Thousands of eager minds are grappling with the most obtruse problems, and if their ability were always equal to their enthusiasm the results would be brilliant. Unfortunately, however, those minds are few which really possess the rare combination of qualities requisite for a good investigator of truth.

These qualities must be both mental and moral, both innate and acquired. Before all others stands *a love for truth for the truth's sake*. Socrates said, "I am one who would gladly be refuted, if I should say anything not true—I would gladly refute another, should he say anything not true—but would no less gladly be refuted than refute." This love must be so perfect as never to be seduced into suppressing or twisting any fact in favor of a theory or prejudice. Nay more, the mind must be kept at all times perfectly open to conviction by sufficient evidence, no matter if it overturns the belief of a life time.

But such perfect openness to conviction would produce merely a mental weather-cock, unless regulated by the second most important quality—the *judicial*. This is of all most difficult to acquire and rarest born. The ability to weigh and discriminate; to not only sift truth from error but hardest of all, to assign each fact its due place and value; to detect and promptly reject all the insidious whisperings of prejudice—this is the perfect fruition of heredity and experience.

Closely allied to this faculty of appreciating true values in the third requisite, *a proud humility*. This paradox represents that attitude of mind, which scorning super-

stition and fear, yet recognizing its own limitations, despises not the opinions of others nor presumes with its little plummet to sound the depths of the infinite. In the reaction from theological to positive methods of thought many persons endowed with more zeal than discretion have rushed into extremes. Imagining that telescopes and microscopes have made them as gods, knowing good and evil, they are ready to ignore both God and man, from little stocks of ill-assorted knowledge build up their little towers of Babel in hopes to reach the very heavens. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Last in importance, though often placed first, comes the perceptive and acquisitive faculties for the accumulation of material of all kinds. No fact is neglected because it seems unimportant; each is pigeon-holed for future reference. This must be supplemented by quickness in detecting hidden relations and ingenuity in forming theories.

Such should be the investigator of truth. It is of course an ideal unattainable in this life, yet it is well in days when so many voices are heard crying "Lo here" and "Lo there," to bear in mind a standard of comparison. Just so far as we are able to approach this ideal we have the true scientific spirit; and just so far as would-be prophets are lacking in one or all of these qualities must we be cautious in following them. No wonder there are so many cranks of all stripes and shades, that the blind are led by the blind, and the ditches are filled.

The true scientific searcher for truth is honest and judicial, humble toward the divine and considerate toward the human, tireless and versatile in the pursuit of knowledge.

MEMORY.

There have been men who, when ill, have spoken a foreign language, which, when well, they had forgotten. These revivals of memory seem to point to the conclusion that we do not really forget anything in the strict sense of the word. It may be that we can not at a given moment recall this or that to mind, but still it is laid up, we know not how, in a secret storehouse of the brain. Sometimes the memory thus revived is one of early childhood, as in the case related by Dr. Carpenter of a clergyman, who, on visiting Pevensy Castle, felt convinced he must have seen it before, and that when he did there were donkeys under a gateway and some people on top of it. By inquiry he ascertained that he had been there with a picnic party, who made the excursion on donkeys when he was only about eighteen months old.—*Queries*.

*THE PHILOSOPHY AND LOGIC
OF SCIENCE.**

REV. WILLIAM TUCKER, D.D.

Science has its philosophy, and its logic. There are certain principles and facts in man's nature, and the universe that underlies all science, and the existence of which make all science possible. The knowledge of these principles and facts constitutes the philosophy of science, and the method of their use in the study of nature constitutes its logic.

Science is knowledge, but is knowledge possible to man? Can the human mind attain certainty?

Such is the nature of the mind that by a law of necessity it seeks to know, desires certainty of knowledge, and demands assurance of information. This is the mental source of all philosophy and science. They have grown out of the mind's desire for knowledge, and the demand of the reason for truth.

The conscious unity of mind gives the assurance that man's capacity to learn must be equal to man's desire to know; and if so the knowledge so much desired is attainable, and science is possible.

The factor law, which appears to be universal, viz., that Nature or the God of Nature makes provision for all our natural wants appears to guarantee to man the attainment of the knowledge demanded by his intellectual, rational and moral nature. If it does not then this universal law, which we find in all other departments of life, fails when it comes to man's highest and most pressing wants. This failure is impossible if nature is constant in her laws.

If it were a fact it would destroy not only the unity of mind, but the unity of nature, and leave in the place of the rational order we observe universal chaos. But that man not only has the ability to know, but has actually attained to knowledge is a fact of consciousness, experience, and history. We have a large body of facts, ideas, doctrines, principles and laws in relation to matter, force, life and mind, which we have observed and verified, and therefore know them to be true.

This knowledge is not infinite, because man is not an infinite being; it is not absolute, because man is not an absolute

*Read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and furnished for publication in *MIND IN NATURE* by the author.

being; it is not unconditioned, because man is a conditional being; it is relative, because man is a relative being, and it grows out of his relations; but it is real, true, certain and practical. Science does not claim to be a system of infinite, absolute, unconditioned, and infallible knowledge. Its failure to be that which it never claimed to be, and to do a work which it never claimed it could do, is certainly no evidence that it is not true. Because man does not know everything, we are not to conclude that he does not know anything; and because he is not infinite, absolute and perfect, we are not to infer that he does not exist. Science is the result of the effort of finite minds to deal with the phenomena of the finite universe, and its success can only be rationally understood and appreciated when measured by its nature and its claims. It is human in its origin, and partakes of man's imperfections.

The ground of the certainty of knowledge which makes science possible is found in the fact that man's senses, intellect and reason are reliable faculties for the investigation of natural phenomena. This we assume in all our efforts to learn the truth, to acquire knowledge, or interpret the facts of nature. If the being that knows is untrue in the very elements of his mental constitution there can be no certainty in what we call knowledge. If the knowing faculty is unreliable, certainty of knowledge to man is impossible.

Scientific knowledge is the result of man's confidence in the use of his own faculties. It is the outcome of his faith in his own senses, intellect, memory, reason and imagination. Science is therefore really grounded in faith. The first step we take in scientific investigation is an act of faith. Faith in man and in nature lies at the foundation of all true science. The power to observe, compare, classify, interpret, and draw conclusions from facts is necessary to all correct scientific investigation, and this power belongs to man.

To make science possible there must be a perfect adjustment between man and nature. They must be adapted to each other. The thought revealed in nature must be like man's thought, or he could not understand it. Mind in Nature must be like mind in man, or he could not interpret it. The order of nature must be adjusted to the reason of man, or he could not see and admire it.

Science is the idealization of nature. It is the interpretation of the thought relations of the universe. For this to take place there must be an established harmony between Nature and man. It is because of this fact that the reason of man can give law to the phenomena of nature. The unity of nature which man seeks, and on which he builds his science is found in the unity of mind which it reveals, of plan and purpose which is manifest, and of order and arrangement which it shows.

The basis of all knowledge is found in the trustworthiness of man's nature, and the common and universal element of all knowledge is found in the fact that man knows himself as knowing, and in knowing all other things. The personal conscious intelligence of man is therefore the one common element in all forms of human knowledge. It is the grand fundamental fact in all science. It is the result of human effort. Science has been created by man. It is man's interpretation of the universe—his reading of the thought of God in nature. Under science nature becomes humanized, and takes on the forms of human thought, and the laws of the human reason. Man interprets nature by the use of principles and laws which he derives from his own intelligence and conscious action. The thought relations of phenomena are interpreted by his intelligence and its dynamic relations, by ideas derived from his conscious exercise of force in every act of will.

The reason and the will of man thus become real factors in science, of great practical importance in the construction of its philosophy, and in the correct interpretation of phenomena in which all true science consist.

The logic of science, which is the method of scientific investigation, is inductive and experimental. It consists of observation, comparison, inference, interpretation and verification. In this work the great logical instrument is hypothesis; for in induction we do not try to demonstrate a theorem, but to solve a problem, and that hypothesis that will account for, explain and harmonize all the facts, gives the solution of the problem presented in the phenomena of the universe.

Nearly all the great discoveries in science have been made in this way.

In inductive reasoning we pass from the particular to the general, from the limited to the universal. We have more in our

conclusion than we have in our premises. It is a reverse method from deduction. In deductive reasoning we pass from the general to the particular, from the universal to the individual.

Deductive logic is based upon the law of thought that the whole contains all the parts. Inductive logic is based on the law of thought that every part is necessary to form the whole; being a part of the whole, it is like it, hence we may reason from the nature of the parts to what is or was the nature of the whole. In inductive reasoning analogy occupies a prominent place, and teleology, homology, and morphology enter as important rational elements. Final cause in nature gives the philosophy of our faith in its uniformity, which faith underlies all inductive reasoning. There is in man a universal faith in the general constancy of nature. This faith is doubtless partly instinctive, partly the result of experience, and partly the conclusion of reasoning on man's relations to nature. Whatever may have been the origin of this confidence in nature's general constancy we have it, and it is the practical basis of all inductive logic. Here again science is grounded on faith.

The results of the application of inductive logic to the solution of the problems presented in the phenomena of nature have been grand and sublime. Modern science, in all of its discoveries, inventions and doctrines, is the outcome of the use of the inductive method in the study of nature. We thus have in the nature, constitution, faculties, and wants of man, and in their relation to the external universe, the philosophical and logical foundation of all science.

HE WAS BORN DRUNK.

The infant son of a well-known citizen of Westfield, N. J., though old enough to walk and talk, appears and acts like an intoxicated person. A local physician says, it seem that the parents were very exemplary young people, and began their married life without a cloud to dim their future. No one in the town had better habits than the young husband, but some months after his marriage he lapsed a little from the path of strict temperance.

One winter evening the man went from his home ostensibly "to watch with a sick member of the village lodge." He really visited Sam Goschalk's tavern. The

trusting wife discovered at 9 o'clock that her husband had forgotten to purchase meat for breakfast and she went to the market. A stormy wind was blowing and the snow was falling, but as she passed the hotel the sound of a man's voice in song came to her ears. She listened but a moment. There was no mistaking her husband's voice, and, scarcely knowing what she did, she looked into the bar-room window and saw her husband there in a state of beastly intoxication.

Some time after this little episode a son was born to the parents—a fine, healthy infant, bright and comely. When the child began to walk and talk, they took him to the physician. The little one could not walk without staggering in a most unseemly and ludicrous manner, and could not lisp baby words without a strange hiccup and hesitation. The doctor, averring that if he had seen such symptoms in an adult he should have pronounced them due to intoxication and nothing else, with little difficulty obtained an account of the unfortunate maternal impression that provoked the peculiar malady with which the child is afflicted. No line of medical treatment could be of use in such a case and reluctantly the physician gave up the boy to endure his strangely miserable life.

There is nothing like catalepsy about the case; there is no healthier child in town. As near as I can explain it, the child has muscles and nerves in that condition of action which its father showed when the mother's impression of his intoxication was received. There are no fits or convulsions, though a tremor is always present. In spite of this fact there is no mental weakness. There is no coördination in the movement of the lower limbs, and the hands are almost as bad off. His gait is heavy and insecure, a regular drunken reel or stagger. As to his speech, it is not only incoherent and rambling, but he has all of the phenomena of exhilaration or excitement characteristic of the early stages of intoxication. His ideas seem to flow rapidly, and all of the senses are wonderfully acute, but there are the muscular tremblings and the actual shambling gait of the drunkard. It is a hopeless case, impossible to cure. That boy, if he lives, will have the continued appearance of drunkenness, and it can not be helped. He is drunk, naturally drunk, and though he may become a great scholar he will never outgrow this malady.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

Thank you, I am better now, but I am just recovering from a relapse. Professor Coues is an old friend of mine, and I have had the pleasure both to meet and correspond with Professor S. H. Scudder, and I unguardedly read "Feline Telepathy" in *Science* several weeks ago, and notwithstanding my former experience, I again read it in the October number of MIND IN NATURE. Hence the relapse; but never mind, as I say, I am better now, and I doubt whether a recital of the extraordinary symptoms of my attack, *coming from me*, would add anything of interest or value to the literature of facial spasms, followed by general paralysis, and the rupture of first one visorius muscle and then the other. But I must write with caution, for the very thought of the cause of my trouble inclines the poor, mutilated stumps of the muscles in question, to twitch.

I am a member of the A.S.P.R. myself, but not one of those members who would have approved of the election of Professor Simon Newcomb to the presidential chair of that society. This I say with all due respect to that learned and wise astronomer and political economist, and not without reason, for I was associated in a series of experiments with Professor Newcomb several, or rather, a year or two ago, when this conclusion was forced upon me. Be it enough to say here, however, that I am compelled to believe that a person in order to be capable of properly investigating the class of phenomena now attracting so much attention, and generally alluded to as psychical ones, must have had a peculiar schooling in certain lines of research. For instance, a man should at least be familiar with modern physiology; he must not be prejudged in the premises; and finally he must be more or less in sympathy with the subject, and have had at least five or six years' association with people who have given special thought and study to such matters.

To return, however, to the question of feline telepathy, I would like to state that Professor Scudder's case is to my own knowledge not unique. When I was a small boy my father's home was at Stamford, Conn. There we lived in an old-fashioned, comfortable house on Long Island Sound. On the first floor of this house there was a large dining-room,

furnished with green leather and oak furniture, and draped with heavy curtains; in short, one of those kind of rooms with its large comfortable lounges, mats and rugs, that one might have to hunt for the book, perhaps, that they had been reading, and mislaid, somewhere in the room. This apartment led by opposite doors into a library and parlor, similarly furnished. We had a number of pets about the house, but at that time no cats—in fact, cats were debarred the premises, for only a year before I had been bitten by one, and nearly lost my left hand in consequence.

My younger brothers, however, were very desirous of possessing one of these animals, and were constantly begging their mother to allow it. One evening they picked up a miserable little gray cat under the hedge in front of the house. They brought it in and hid it under a large baby shawl in one of the great oak chairs in a recess between the library and dining-room, where it soon went to sleep, and was forgotten by them. Mother was out at the time, but when she came home it was quite dark, and the dining-room only lit up by the fire that shone through the circle of windows in the great "oriental stove" in it.

The boys had gone out, but two lady members of the family came in. None of us knew anything about the cat in the chair, but were all sitting about the stove enjoying the quiet that comes with that part of the evening. There was a ring at the front door bell, and a female visitor was ushered in. She was a recent acquaintance, and a person who had made "first impressions" a study. Her studied carriage on this occasion was, however, seriously interfered with, for she had not been in the room more than a moment, when she brought her hand up to her throat, an action that was followed by a curious wheezing, and painful expressions of countenance. Finally she gasped out, "There is a cat in the room!" We had all started for water or cologne, to relieve if possible her strange attack. Her exclamation and explanation was met by my mother saying that "it was impossible, for they were not even allowed to bring one into the house." The lady, in spite of this, still coughed and held her throat, and finally to satisfy her, I made a hasty search of the room, when, to my utter surprise, I uncovered the sleeping kitten in the dark recess, in the great chair, where my

brothers had placed her. Relief immediately followed for our visitor when the animal was removed to the kitchen.

Possibly Professor Coues' explanation in *Science* may account for this class of phenomena, but I am inclined to believe that they will bear further investigation, which, mark my word, they will surely receive.

There was another curious thing that one time happened while we lived in that dear old home of ours, and it was this. It occurred before the incident I have just related, when I was quite a child, some thirty or more years ago. For several days my baby-brother, Charlie, lingered at the point of death in the old nursery upstairs. When he was well he was one of those happy, little sunbeam youngsters, of the very loveliest disposition, and the envy of all the mothers who had ever seen him. But now both my boy brothers and myself knew that we were to lose him. The very "looks of the family," the solemn, painful air of the house, instinctively told us children so. It came one night, an hour or so after midnight. I remember it only too well. I was asleep in mother's room, but was awakened by some movement in the nursery. I started up in the pitch dark, and crossed the room into the hall, where it was equally dark. The nursery door was open, and the room feebly lit by a little sick-room taper on the hearth. My father was standing at the foot of Charlie's crib; my aunt was in the room, and mother was leaning over the little sufferer. All were quietly waiting the end, and I dared not enter. Charlie had on a soft little blue flannel jacket, fastened by two pearl buttons at the top, and was lying on his back. I had been mutely gazing upon the group but an instant, painfully realizing all of those sensations that come over a child's mind under such circumstances, when I became conscious of the fact that the two little pearl buttons were shedding forth a feeble but peculiarly soft light, that gradually illumined my little brother's face, and then all that corner of the room where the crib was.

What followed I have never known, for my father turned and saw me, and I ran back to bed.

The day Charlie was buried I overheard a remark that satisfied me that what I had seen that night in the nursery had been

observed by those in the room, but for months we rarely spoke of Charlie's death, on mother's account. Many years afterwards, though, my father, an old naval officer, was home from a long cruise, and when we were alone one evening, he suddenly said, "My son, were you in the hall-way the night your little brother Charlie died?" to which I replied that I was. "Do you recollect seeing ——" I knew what he was about to say, and I quietly replied, "Yes, sir; I saw it all." That was twenty-two or three years ago. The subject has never been broached in the family since, but remains one of those incidents which we *know* to be true, but never speak about. Let me say here, too, that on this account they are only the more difficult to submit to *exact scientific investigation* and explanation before our learned societies for psychical research.

FEAR DOES NOT REASON.

An instance out of my own experience will go to show how fear does not reason. About ten years ago, when I was in Baden, near the Black Forest, I was in the habit of walking alone in the evening till late in the night. The security was absolute, and I knew very well that there was no danger; and, as long as I was in the open field or on the road, I felt nothing that resembled fear. But to go into the forest, where it was so dark that one could hardly see two steps ahead, was another thing. I entered resolutely, and I went in for some twenty paces; but, in spite of myself, the deeper I plunged into the darkness the more fear gained possession of me, which was quite incomprehensible. I tried in vain to overcome the unreasonable feeling, and I may have walked on in this way for about a quarter of an hour. But there was nothing pleasant about the walk, and I could not help feeling relieved when I saw the light of the sky through a gap in the trees, and it required a strong effort of the will to keep from pressing toward it. My fear was wholly without cause. I knew it, and yet I felt it as strongly as if it had been rational. Some time after that adventure I was traveling at night, alone with a guide in whom I had no confidence, in the mountains of Lebanon. The danger there was certainly much greater than around Baden, but I felt no fear.—*Popular Science*.

OF SUCH STUFF ARE DOCTORS MADE.

Twelve years ago, in France, a poor woman was bitten by a dog, undoubtedly rabid, near Notre-Dame, and taken to the Hoted Dieu, where the wound was at once cauterized. Several months after she was recognized in the street by a student who had seen her under the operation. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "you are not dead? The dog which bit you was nevertheless mad!" The poor woman dismayed, was soon after seized with spasms of the most violent kind. Admitted *d'urgence* to the clinique of Dr. Bucquoy, she was put under treatment, but without avail, and died soon afterwards.

THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY.

The article headed "What Was It?" by Pierce Burton, in *MIND IN NATURE* for August, 1886, recalls to my mind a curious incident which occurred to me about fourteen months ago. I had been writing one evening, and had almost, if not quite, completed the article on "Soul and Music" which appeared in the September number of the same journal. After I had gone to bed and had fallen asleep, I awoke suddenly *en sursant*, as the French say, and without any conscious effort on my part, the words "Music appears to act as ballast," rung in my ears—not the actual sound of a human voice, but the voice of my inner self—which words, and the thought conveyed by them, I introduced the next day into my paper. I would ascribe both this and Pierce Burton's experience as due to unconscious cerebration.

I have also not unfrequently had experiences of a totally different nature; sometimes during the hours of the night, and also in the day time. For instance, if anxious or in doubt about a thing, I put a question to my inner personality; the answer, if obtained, is correct, but sometimes, strive as I may, no reply comes. About two months ago I was returning to our lodgings in London by the underground railway, having given myself but little time to dress and dine before accompanying friends to the theatre. I wished, therefore, to know whether I should find any letters awaiting me on my return, as I might have to answer them. The persistent reply I received was, "Two letters and a half! Two letters and a half!" On arrival I found two letters which had come by the post; the *half* was represented by the visiting card of a friend on which was written an urgent request for my assistance in an emergency which had arisen in her family. I could multiply incidents of a similar character in which in some manner I frequently find myself acquainted with things either before or after their occurrence, or before I could have known them in the ordinary course of things.

Once, and once only—many years ago—did I hear a voice external to my own and also to that of this inner intelligence. It said distinctly, "One of your name is dead,"—at about 3 A. M. I awoke suddenly with a start—not as one usually does, gradually

return to consciousness—and these words fell upon my sentient ear. A few hours later a post letter brought me the news that a little nephew had died very suddenly of croup. We only knew of him as a fine, healthy boy.

Few of us are not occasionally reminded that we possess both a conscious and an unconscious self. Our inner consciousness enables us to see “as in a glass darkly” what has happened at a distance from us, and also (as in cases of second sight) what is about to occur; in both the knowledge has entered our mind in a way—we know not how—but quite apart from the ordinary channels. Such knowledge has sometimes come to me unsought, and sometimes (as in the case of the letters) only after questioning my inner self. Had a friend been with me in the train on that occasion, a proof might have been obtained which would have satisfied the most skeptical person as to the reality of this experience. I am not subject to dreams; if they do come to me it is rarely indeed that I can recall them afterwards; but I frequently have various forms of waking prescience, and also some feeling which I believe may be due to mental cerebration. With regard to this latter form, it seems quite possible that we may know a thing (that is to say, it is there, locked up in our inner self) and yet that we may not be conscious that we do know it. The following case, related by Moritz, would seem to show that this is not a contradictory hypothesis. He tells a story of a poor basket maker who could neither read nor write, and who yet, when in a state of somnambulism, would recite long and fluent sermons, which were afterwards recognized as those preached by a divine to whom he had listened when a child, more than forty years before. It is not improbable that the heredity of memory and inherited tendencies contribute largely in influencing our physical movements, and our actions both of word and deed. I have been told of a gentleman who was very partial to argument, and whenever he had the best of it he was in the habit of uttering a peculiar chuckle of triumph and rubbing his hands together. He died a few months before his little son was born, and yet this child, who had never known his father, very early in life made use of the same sounds and movements, and showed the same taste for disputation. When we are in the land of dreams, inherited recol-

lections would naturally have the most powerful effect upon us, for then, and also when we are in the hypnotic or mesmeric trance, the mind (or sentient part of us) and the body seem to be for a time divided, as in the singular but rare waking condition which happened to myself some years ago, cited in “Mind and Will Cures, etc.,” *MIND IN NATURE*, April, 1886. A friend told me very lately that in early youth she frequently had similar experiences, and rejoices that she has now entirely lost them. In these and allied instances we seem to be given a brief glimpse into the past or into the unknown world, beyond our ordinary ken. But, to quote the words of St. Paul, “Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell.”

All persons do not appear to be equally receptive of such impressions or feelings; visions, apparitions, and voices are seen and heard by some persons, whilst they are invisible or inaudible to others who are near them—the right cord has been touched in the one case but not in the other. It seems not improbable that like comets or meteors they follow certain natural laws, but what is the agent in both, whether mesmerism, electricity, or some force akin to these, science has as yet been unable to discover.

With regard to the portion of a sermon quoted by Pierce Burton, apparently the preacher has overlooked the context to the passage he cites, viz.: “I am the way, the truth and the life;” and again, “The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.” Nor, in my opinion, can his text be held in any way to apply to the inward voice, to the unconscious self; were it so, how rarely would such sanctifying grace fall on us, though it may possibly sometimes do so unheeded.

YET when I go out doors in the summer night and see how high the stars are, I am persuaded that there is time enough here or elsewhere, for all that I must do.—*Emerson*.

The intellect of the wise is like glass—it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—*Hare*.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.
—*Shakespeare*.

REASONS FOR BELIEF.

A. N. WATERMAN.

It is reasonable to believe in the existence of phenomena outside, similar to that within our observation; and as in the things we behold there is great diversity, and some are much more common than others, so that we speak of the most uncommon as wonderful, it is reasonable to believe that there may exist things of greater diversity and much more wonderful than any we have seen.

The extent and character of the diversity, in the existence of which it is reasonable to believe, depend upon the nature of own observation and the amount and kind of testimony by which the things we do not see are evidenced.

Few people have ever met a man one hundred years old or seven feet tall; yet no one disbelieves in the existence of such persons; with reason we might believe that people had lived to be a thousand years old and were ten feet in height; but it is manifest that the evidence in support of such a statement, to make a belief of it rational, must be vastly greater than that required to establish our faith in the reality of a centenarian, because the alleged phenomena would be much more wonderful and beyond the range of our observation.

If we find a particular thing ordinarily followed by another, it is reasonable to believe that the first is a cause of the second.

A physician gives medicine, he reasons as to its effect entirely by the subsequent symptoms of the patient; he gave the prescription because he knew that much observation had determined that it had a certain efficacy; and for this reason and with reason his brethren will sustain him in his treatment, although the medicine fails to produce the desired result and the patient dies.

The allopathic doctors used to speak most contemptuously of the homœopathic, calling them charlatans, humbugs, fanatics, etc.; and many an old school practitioner thought and thinks now that he had conclusively shown the absolute absurdity of the high potencies by a mathematical demonstration that there was not one chance in ten thousand that any of the medicine pretended to be administered had been given at all; yet predicted effects, cures, following this attempted administration of highly diluted remedial agents are as numerous,

usual, and well established; as are such phenomena as a succession to the administration of palpable doses the blackness and bitterness of which the sick man can see and taste. The men who prescribe the high attenuations are among the most learned and scientific physicians of the age; they have for patients an intelligent part of the community, their success is good, and yet following the atomic theory it is mathematically demonstrable that there is not one chance in a thousand that they give any medicine at all.

It is reasonable to believe, because of results, and because of this alone, that what they give cures.

Advance the metaphysicians. Of course they ought never to have come, but here they are, pointing to results; and all the pathics are in arms saying "it was good nursing that cured, or time, or there was no sickness anyway;" which all may be true not only of the metaphysicians' "cures" but of all those thought to have been wrought by all the practitioners of the most ancient and regular schools.

We have within the past two centuries made great progress in our knowledge of the causes that produce physical phenomena, so much that there is now an universal disposition to deny the existence of motion whose origin and laws we can not fathom; but we have made little or no advance in our understanding of the mind and its relation to the body; our comprehension in this regard is merely apace with that of three thousand years ago.

It does not follow because metaphysicians cure, that they have grasped the relations of soul and body, any more than it follows that the servant who builds a fire understands the chemical laws that regulate combustion.

You strike a match and apply it to the tinder and a flame follows, you say the fire was lighted with a match. You summon a metaphysician, he comes, and the patient gets well. You say what?

What is it reasonable to say?

When cures thus following, are proportionately as numerous and as well established as those that attend the treatment of the "regular" M. D's. what, gentlemen of the old school, is it reasonable to say?

Habit with him was all the test of truth: "It must be right; I've done it from my youth."—*Crabbe.*

PLANCHETTE.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

I was interested in what R. W. Shufeldt said in your July number on this subject, but do not come to the same conclusions, either as to the fact, or the theory, one of which, briefly stated, reads thus: "If it had been a living fact, that it were possible to really communicate with the departed through the agency of any such instrument, it would not have disappeared almost entirely in a few years as it has." I might say here that if tinder boxes had ever been a living fact as a light producer, they would not have disappeared; but I will reply to the above quotation in another way. *First*, it has by no means disappeared, though a table which answers the same purpose only heavier, but having the advantage of being handy, no house without one, hence is used and even preferred to a regular planchette. In a gathering of a score of persons one can most always be found who can draw out a movement more or less intelligent either by tipping it or rapping. There have been so many sensuous ways of reading this intelligence, such as it is, that the slow one by the alphabet and the inconvenient and often scraggly one by the planchette, have been somewhat neglected, but not at all approximating to a disappearance. *Second*, the uncertainty and unreliability of the intelligence that come in this occult way may have made the pursuit of it not worth the candle, so that if the planchette, or the table as a larger planchette, had disappeared, it would have argued nothing, because men want bread more than they want sac. Beyond the simple fact of intelligence from the departed, there seems to be nothing of practical value in the intelligence but the simple fact, which, if demonstrated, irrespective of the quality or reliability of the problem makes every other discovery in human history pale by the side of it. This may be in the reader's mind as begging the question, but not from this writer's standpoint; but more on this point further along.

The article referred to says: "Let me beg of you in conclusion on no account to attach any spiritual agency to such phenomena as these." "It is only the low order of spiritualists who make the spirits of the departed do the ridiculous at their earthly visits and perform senseless feats,

etc." It will make most spiritualists smile to think of making the spirits of the departed do this or that, for the spirits or psychic force, or whatever the power may be, are masters of the situation and do what they please. The laws of nature do not conform to anyone's special notions of what is senseless or ridiculous, and many undignified things are done in their connection in the pursuit of knowledge which became sublime by their association with sublimity; as Emerson says, crabs and goats become dignified when used as signs in the zodiac. Professor John Tyndall when lecturing in the Lowell Institute, spoke of questioning nature and getting replies, illustrated the very point our friend does, when he speaks of "senseless feats," where he spoke of students of science who seemed to observers to have been triflers playing with toys, and now says Tyndall, watching Draper and Herry in their investigations from the standpoint of to-day, we might call them trivial, but what they led to make even playing push-pin like Sir Isaac Newton or kite-flying like Benjamin Franklin become sublime. If it is ever admitted that there is a spiritual agency in these sensuous phenomena, how respectable will all these "senseless feats" appear! I put the "if" in, not that it belongs there, but for the respect I have for the general reader who has not had my experience.

Wm. Stainton Moses, of the London University says (and I am inclined to think he is right): "The spirits who are able to deal with gross matter, so as to produce physical manifestations, are beings who are not possessed of high moral consciousness; whether they are instruments in the hands of more progressed intelligences or not, the fact remains that they can not be relied on as judged by the laws of human integrity."

It may be such kind of unreliable intelligence which has sent planchette into obscurity if such were the case and where it is the case, as well as the kind advice "not to attach any spiritual agency thereto." Allowing Mr. Moses to be correct, and he certainly is approximately so, then the residuum of value, all the value there is perhaps, is simply the intelligence as a simple fact, and it is none the less intelligence because unreliable. Wherever there is intelligence, good or bad, true or false, reliable or unreliable, there is, or was a man—a human being. I may be making a strong assertion in saying the genesis of

intelligence is human, but I challenge contradiction,—of course I am speaking of the dictionary meaning of intelligence. That being so, the intelligence behind the manifestations is human, either a man in the form or one out of it, and it is nothing against the spirit claim because false or unreliable.

Possibly there may be a wisdom in befogging this intelligence even if it be spirit agency, so as to make it of no practical value. Suicides increase every year, alarmingly so, perhaps. If the reports and visions of the beyond were uncontradictory, or as distinct and reliable as the reports or visions of the other side of this world are and as easily depended upon, such terminations of mortal life would increase and the "bare bookin'" come into more general requisition; discounting a future life, meeting death so to speak, before one falls due. I do not say this would be so, but a perfect knowledge of the doings and the wishes of the departed might be injurious to the necessary material progress of mundane life. I think the workings of nature, or Providence, seem to be very wise, that is, there is an intelligent design, but that, so as to speak, unconscious intelligence, as far as we can judge, is not the intelligence of which I am speaking and very probably the workings of Providence and the laws of nature are as incomprehensible to spirits as to mortals. The intelligence back of these phenomena which I admit is of no great practical value, still there is evidence in human experience that sometimes this intelligence is of value even enough to make respectable the rest or the bulk of it which is not. So we will waive any high claims for its source and say as yet the mission of modern spiritualism with its planchettes, tables, slates and other manifestations, is just to supply the hungry demand of the soul that the man does not end with his body in dust and ashes, and also that we can not depend upon our older brothers, the departed, with their strength and wisdom, to do our work for us—do our hard sums, so to speak, but that we must get to be mathematicians ourselves. We come to grief generally when we swing clear of our own ability and trust to the spirits to paddle our canoe for us. Is there then only a small percentage of value, only the bare evidence that death does not end the man, but enables him in the language of Oliver Wendell Holmes :

"With tranquil eye to read,
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *Finis*, but the end of volume first?"

I certainly think not ; every discovery in human history pales by the side of it, if it be true. Even the skeptical editor of the *Scientific American* admits that and in strong language, but of course emphasising the "if," and intelligence alone must settle that "if."

In this connection we will quote the Rev. M. J. Savage (who is an able and scientific minister, and prominent in the American Society for Psychical Research ; he is not a spiritualist, neither is he a bigot) who says, speaking in his pamphlet on Modern Spiritualism, "There is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof on any other proposition whatsoever. One fact alone can establish it and that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present." I fully agree with the reverend gentleman ; intelligence must settle it. Not necessarily true intelligence, or wise intelligence, or original intelligence, but simply intelligence. But it must be spirit intelligence, and there each will have to judge for himself. What would satisfy one would not satisfy another, hence, to-day it is a matter of experience, and not argument.

I can state many instances of the "presence and activity of an intelligence" that was not, and could not have been, the intelligence of persons present ; but the subject not being a matter of argument, I will not state them, but I will relate one incident connected with a planchette. I had one, but I could not make it budge. A friend whose name was Freeman happened to visit me, and our business was on the estate of a person who had lately died. During the time we were together, he noticed the planchette, and said: "What is that you have there on the table?" pointing to it. I explained it, put my fingers on it, and moved it mechanically, to show him how it worked. He was no believer in any such nonsense, but he put his hands on it with mine and it worked, and he said I did it. I knew I didn't, but I put a large sheet of paper under it and we put the ends of our fingers on it gently and it moved, and the pencil wrote plainly this message: "*There is no such thing as a dead man,*" and then the name, "*C. Vanderbilt.*" The man was astonished, particularly after being

fully satisfied that it was no trick of mine. We were neither of us acquainted with the old Commodore who bore that name, only by reputation. Mr. Freeman knew nothing of spiritualism, but rather thought one world was enough, and believed in no other. Here was an intelligent message. It seems a lie to Mr. Freeman, for our business at that moment was concerning a dead man. It did correspond with my ideas, and mind-transference was a possible thing; but the moment one begins to reason, it seems like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel to call this a solution. I had no effect on the planchette, and it moved under Freeman's hand when mine was not on it. It seems to me if it was mind reading, it would have been Freeman's mind, and that the cemeteries were full of dead men, instead of there being no such thing. It was very evident that the intelligence who wrote that message could hear, as well as write, for we had been talking of a dead man, and his affairs. Now if a dead man, that is, one released from his dead body, had been listening to our conversation and had got a chance to reply, it was the most natural thing in the world for him to have said what he did. Now the source of that communication would settle this whole matter. If it was from a departed spirit, it might have been a bogus Vanderbilt, but any departed spirit saying so would settle it affirmatively, and the fact that he was an alias assuming to be C. V. when he was not, would have made no difference. That was an intelligent message, and must have come from a human being. The only human beings connected with the phenomenon was Mr. Freeman, the writer and the intelligence that wrote the message. Every one must admit that if that message did not come from our own thoughts, it did come from a spirit. Seems to me it is more rational to believe that a departed spirit did it, and consider Longfellow's lines truth as well as poetry when he says:

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Rests like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense,
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Man is a military animal, glories in gunpowder, and loves a parade.—*Bailey.*

Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.—*Jackson.*

CLASSIFICATION OF MENTAL DISEASES.

A conference was held at Saratoga, September 8th, in response to the invitation of Clark Bell, editor of the *Medico-Legal Journal*, and member for North America, of the International Committee, appointed at the Antwerp congress held by the Belgian society, on "classification of mental diseases as a basis for a uniform system of international statistics of the insane." There were present representatives of the various societies in this country interested in the subject, Dr. Pliny Earle was chosen chairman.

Mr. Bell submitted to the conference the various plans, or basis of classification, that had been submitted by the different members of the International Committee. These various plans were carefully considered, discussed and compared with each other. After a general discussion, the following points were considered as settled by the conference.

1. That the proposed classification should be framed, with special reference to its practical use, for the purpose of securing a uniform basis for International Statistics of the Insane.

2. That it was not deemed desirable to make a complete, detailed Scientific Classification of Insanity, which should embrace all known forms or subdivisions of the Insane, but as simple a classification as could well be framed, for the purpose we had in view, viz: that of securing a basis for uniform International Statistics, that should be representative of American thought under our present knowledge of the science.

Mr. Bell also addressed the meeting at length, giving the action of the Belgian Society initiating the movement; the transaction of the Antwerp Conference; the composition of the International Committee; the labors and plans of such countries as had submitted their plans already; the course he had taken to secure the co-operation of the most distinguished of American and Canadian Alienists and Publicists, and the success which had crowned his labors in the present Conference.

Dr. Henry P. Stearns, of Hartford, explained the previous labors of the members, in agreeing upon a basis which he carefully explained and submitted, and concluded an interesting address by moving its adoption, and that it be recommended by the Conference.

*CAN MINDS HOLD INTELLI-
GENT COMMUNION DURING
SLEEP?*

The following article was published in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. On writing to the editor to know if the report was verifiable, the following reply was received:—

Brooklyn, Oct. 17, 1886.

Dear Sir:—The article in the *Eagle* to which you refer is a narrative based on my recollection of events which happened nearly twenty years ago.

They occurred substantially as I related them.

The only thing that could affect their value would be the suspicion of collusion between the ladies in question, and I have every reason to believe that no such collusion took place.

Very respectfully,

GEO. D. BAYARD.

Science has rarely ventured to invade the wonderland of dreams. It is common to think that a perfectly healthful sleep is undisturbed by any such symptoms of mental perturbation. When we dream, according to the generally accepted notion, it is a sign of some physical disorder. The liver is a poet, or an orator, or a statesman, or a lover, if it is diverted from its natural functions and permitted to visit the realm of slumber. An untimely Welsh rarebit, midnight lobster salad, an ear of underdone corn, or an indigestible steak may emancipate that organ and thus explain the phantasmagoria of dreams.

But there is another aspect of the subject in regard to which science is less confident—which it does not, in fact, pretend to understand. No local organic derangement could have furnished Condorcet in his sleep a key to the solution of the difficult problem that had defied him during his waking hours. Dyspepsia might have awakened in the imagination of Tartini the strains of the "Devil's Sonata," but it never could have aided a mathematician with a suggestion of any new use of the differential calculus. It has unlimited poetic possibilities for the sleeping mind, but it despises the utilitarian arts and sets up no claim to solid acquirements.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, whose "Psychological Inquiries" are probably the most interesting and instructive contributions to the discussion of the subject of dreams from the standpoint which he takes, holds that it would be presumptuous to deny that they may not answer some purpose beyond increasing the activity of thought during our waking hours. His reluctance to

dogmatize is an acknowledgment that in his opinion there may be an office for them in the soul economy which future experience and investigation will fully reveal. Lord Bacon himself has confessed that, although the interpretation of dreams is mixed with numerous extravagances, it is not impossible that we shall find in them the evidences of the existence of a natural law, of the exact relations and operations of which we are at present totally ignorant.

I make these reflections for the purpose of introducing an account of a dream phenomenon that is within my own personal knowledge, and that can not be accounted for on any theory or explanation made by Carpenter or Brodie, or any other authority with whom I am familiar. The year 1867 was one of unusual gayety in Europe. It was the year of the Paris Exposition. The waves of the political excitement created by the brief and lurid campaign of Sadowa had subsided. The ferments of the furious era of the Franco-German war had not yet begun. The Continent reposed under the soothing influences of an interval of profound peace.

Sovereigns and people freely fraternized. William of Prussia, attended by the Crown Prince, and Bismarck and Alexander of Russia rode side by side with Napoleon III. through the streets of Paris and reviewed an army of 60,000 Frenchmen in the green ellipse of the Long-champs. The capitals and highways of travel swarmed with tourists. I never had before seen and never afterward saw so many Americans in a single season abroad. Our party consisted of two gentlemen, beside myself, and their wives. At the Hotel Bauer au Lac, Zurich, long to be remembered by all who have ever visited it for the beauty of its situation and the comforts of its hospitality, we made the acquaintance of an English lady and her two daughters. They were of the family of a retired banker at Leamington, and proved most acceptable companions. The young ladies had been carefully educated, were endowed with strong common sense, and exhibited more than an English partiality for their newly-acquired American acquaintances. The association continued so agreeable that as we were all bound north we concluded to make the journey together. The charms of the Rhineland, particularly at that season of the year (it was August), induced us to make many a detour not originally

embraced in the program of the trip. One of these resulted in our spending nearly a week at Ems, famous as the favorite summer resort of the then King of Prussia, and still more famous subsequently as the scene of the interview between the French Minister and Bismarck which precipitated the bloody events of 1870-71.

Ems is situated on the little River Lahn, a branch of the Rhine. The public gardens stretch along its banks and are full of bowers and cozy nooks favorable to rest or meditation. In one of these, while reading a novel on a drowsy afternoon, the eldest daughter of our English traveling companion fell asleep and dreamt the dream whose curious complement or sequel is the occasion for this article. There appeared to her while she slept a lady friend at that time sojourning in Northern Italy. They had been schoolmates and life-long associates. Leaving England together they parted ways at Cologne and had not met since. As the dream ran the visitor took her seat by the dreamer's side, and, woman-like, immediately plunged into a history of her adventures and experiences from the hour they had bidden each other good-bye. It proved to be an exceedingly interesting one, and contained incidents that made a very deep impression on the mind of the sleeping girl. A notable characteristic of the dream was that the latter did not reciprocate her friend's confidence by recounting her own experiences. I met her shortly after she awoke and heard the story of her vision.

The following month our party broke up, the majority returning to England, while one of the gentlemen and his wife accompanied me to Milan. Returning to the hotel late one afternoon about two months subsequent to our departure from Ems, I saw my friend in eager conversation with a lady who was a perfect stranger to me. I would have passed on to my room but they called me back for the purpose of introducing me. The lady's name struck me as a familiar one, and without much effort of memory I recollected that it was the same as that of the dream visitor to our late companion at Ems. I did not see her again until the following evening, when I improved the opportunity to let her know that I had been so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of one of her class-mates. This knowledge smoothed the road of conversation, and led to my disclosure of the

circumstances of the dream. Before I had got well under way with the recital her face expressed the greatest interest, and at its conclusion she rose with the exclamation, "How very extraordinary!" and begging me to excuse her for a few moments left the room. She returned in less than five minutes carrying a small portfolio, in which were numerous loose scraps of paper written on both sides, and evidently serving the purpose of a diary. She then explained that the story which she had heard from my lips corresponded with an experience of her own. The very day and at the very hour when her friend sat dreaming in the bower on the banks of the Lahn, she, too, had fallen asleep and had a dream. And marvelous to relate the two dreams substantially corroborated each other. She dreamed she was seated by her friend relating the story of her journey, and the account tallied in every essential particular with that which I had received from the absent lady. She correctly described the bower, the dress of her friend, the style of hat she wore, and mentioned that she had been engaged in reading. She informed me also that she had a dated memorandum of her dream, and after some searching in the portfolio produced a paper recording the fact, and adding some slight details which were in complete harmony with my own knowledge of the remarkable incident.

I subsequently ascertained that there had been no communication between the two ladies during the interval between my departure from Ems, and my becoming acquainted with Miss R. at Milan. I wrote to her friend at Leamington stating the substance of what had taken place at our interview, and received an answer expressive of the astonishment which so extraordinary a denouement would naturally excite. As the case is certainly free from any taint of fraud or deceit the facts can admit of but one construction—viz., that it is possible for two human beings to hold intelligent communion with each other during sleep, and without any regard to considerations of place or distance.

We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-creams—*Emerson.*

No man ever offended his own conscience, but, first or last, it was revenged on him for it.—*South.*

THE SCIENCE OF MIND.

REV. H. SLADE.

It is a most wonderful existence, this of the mind, and we shall probably never understand more than the A B C of it. We find it distributed throughout the universe, and operating upon, in and through all matter and motion. It is indeed God himself, living and acting forever, in all his works, and in us, "to will and to do of his good-pleasure." He is the All-Mind, the Whole, the One; as he is the conscious self of all spiritual being. It is "In Him that we live, and move and have our being," so that all our working depends upon the working of God. Our life is included in His life, and His being comprises our own, as the great ocean comprises the countless water-drops. God is the great spiritual life-force, in us and in all things, the current of His being flowing into us, and into all things, as the sap into the vine, and the vine into the branches. And were it that this was arrested for a single instant, we should drop as it were into annihilation, or non-existence.

We ought to be able to take in the thought, that the only real foundation of anything, is the onward and upward pressing of the life of the Spirit, shall I not say, the onward and upward pressing of the life of God, the Infinite Spirit, and Presence and Energy of all that is. We may be sure that there is no strength in us but what is of God, and we can not act at all, save as deriving our power from the Eternal One. He not only maintains the being, but the force and energy also, of all created existence, without which maintenance they could not be sustained a single moment, or were able to turn themselves to this, or that, or in any direction. We are here as having our life and being in Him, and but for it we did not exist at all.

In one way God only lives, and we in, through and by Him. Nothing is absolutely real and eternal but God, and other things as they relate to Him, and as they are made to partake of the Eternity of Him who is the Creator, Defence and Life of all. "We are not unlike a man" as has been said "hunting about to find the atmosphere; not realizing, because we do not see it, that it pervades and contains us all in such a way, that if we were really to find ourselves we have found it, for we are enveloped by it, since it is round us, in us, everywhere. We

no more live by the life that came to us yesterday, than we see by the light that came to us yesterday; but by the life that is constant, and is ever being replenished from day to day.

We must conclude that the motion of things are never started in us; but that all Nature itself is moved by the first great Mover. Behind all these phenomena of Nature, indeed, behind the summer cloud, behind the firmament of light, behind the ebb and flow of ceaseless action; there is, there must be, an Infinite Being; else there could be no phenomena. (reaction as one body is pervaded by a Spirit; and that Spirit is life, is love, is Providence itself, forever active. One Power animates it, one Wisdom develops and orders it, and one Goodness directs it to its consummate end. It is thus that we learn to look upon the outer world, and discover what is back of its varied and beautiful creations. A changeless, tireless love is there; a goodness that is inexhaustible, a Providence that never sleeps. And in this manner is it that we defeat the flip-pant Atheist, who would set God aside, and nullify his power.

God is just as supreme in all matter and motion as we are supreme in these bodies of ours. And if He has given it to us to have life in ourselves, by which we are possessed of a self-producing force, how should that change the fact that He is the all-sufficing power of the universe, as we have taken Him to be. "There is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God." All forces and forms of being have their spring in him; in the order of time, and in the progress of their developments. He is the great prime Mover, as he is the Cause of all causes. Follow the chain of causation to its ultimate result, and you come to the great Causative Power. All forms of existence in Nature, are but the outward expression of the great first Mind, the multiform disclosure of the Infinite Thought.

And indeed, to advance a step farther, matter in some way is the outcome of Mind. We talk it is true, of the constructive forces of Nature, and of what matter itself is capable of. But matter has no capabilities. It does not know anything; it can not do anything. We must not ascribe to matter, which itself is inertia, or to man's physical organism any volitional power or agency whatever; for mind alone is volitional, capable of causing, planning and executing, for it

does all. It is the informing soul, and the grand self-determining power. All else is positively passive; without law, force or motion, or attributes of organization to produce aught of itself. Be it that different persons shall insist upon designating this Supreme Power by different terms, and the Scientist shall be pleased to call it Force, a boundless ether; and the philosopher Cause; what matters it if each alike import into the meaning of their words every attribute of the Christian's God. Mind it is that works all miracles; that brought again Jesus from the dead; that heals all diseases, and effects all cures. Jesus was so in rapport with the All-Mind that he could speak the word and it was done. He had power given him to lay down his life, and he had power to take it again. This commandment he tells us, he had received from his Father. Speaking to the self-center of a man's being, he could say to the man with a withered hand "Stretch forth thine arm; and he stretched it forth, and it was whole like as the other."

There was really no more mystery in this than in my moving my fingers. We do not know how we do anything; how we walk, or talk or breathe; how the mind wills; how it contracts a muscle, or performs any other act—how the thoughts of the mind become words. What is it that moves my hand in any given direction? How do I stir myself, or touch or handle anything? How is mind and body united? It is all a mystery alike, about which we may said to know nothing. All that we know is that there is the Mind-power, which is the principle of all life and motion, and in other words is the God-power, and it is all mighty and infinite. It is just as efficient in curing mortals as in anything else. It is not then "Faith" that cures; it is not "Prayer" that cures; but the Inspirer of these, and of all endeavor; the Infinite One, who is working his blessed will in all things. Now this is all plain, if we will but conceive that there was centered in God at first, all the constituent elements, properties and attributes of existence as the seeds or germs of infinite variety; and that all has originated, and come forth from him.

A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself.—*H. W. Beecher.*

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—*Haliburton.*

CANINE TELEPATHY.

Dr. Huggins, the very distinguished British spectroscopist and astronomer, had, at one time, a magnificent mastiff named Kepler, who was the possessor of rare canine gifts.

At the close of a dinner or luncheon party, Kepler would march sedately into the room and sit himself down at his master's feet. The Doctor would propound to him various arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake—even extracting square roots off-hand with the utmost promptness. Where complicated processes were involved Kepler would give some consideration, and sometimes hesitate as to where his barks ought finally to stop; but he always gave the right number.

The cake which was to reward him was held up before him during the exercise, but Kepler never removed his eyes from his master's face until the solution was arrived at, when the cake disappeared instantly.

The explanation of these wonders is that while Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to the Doctor himself. Kepler was in fact a mind reader.

QUERIES.

MIND IN NATURE.

When this magazine was started in 1885, for psychical research, the field open to it appeared, at first sight, stony and repellant, but it has proved rich and fertile, and the consequence is, it fills a niche unquestionably its own. The present book comprises all the numbers of the first volume, and contains many valuable articles of a psychical nature from the pens of some of the most advanced students of psychology in the country, among whom are noticed such names as Prof. James D. Butler, Bishop Coxe, Prof. John Fraser, H. W. Thomas, D. D., Dr. E. P. Thwing, and others. These articles are written upon all departments of psychology, and form a volume of valuable contributions on this science. Its typography is excellent, and is executed on a fine quality of paper.

Thus saith *The School Journal*, of 25 Clinton Place, New York, the oldest and most widely circulated Educational weekly in the United States. Such commendation is as pleasant as the mountain spring to the thirsty traveler, especially when we realize how large a proportion of humanity are content to fill but a small portion of some other man's niche.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—*Colton.*

Narrowness of mind is the cause of obstinacy, as we do not easily believe what is beyond our sight.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Oh, the difficulty of fixing the attention of men on the world within them.—*Coleridge.*

I can not live with a man whose palate has quicker sensations than his heart.—*Cato.*