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pain and solitude and homelessness. I picture her to myself as one of those whose presence comes like sunshine in a shady place, speaking words of hope and comfort to those who needed them, the guardian-angel of the boy whom the providence of God had committed to her charge, striving by act and word, and yet more by prayers, that he might be kept pure from evil and "daily increase in all holiness and wisdom." It was given to her to see, as the growth of the seed which she had thus sown, the "blade" and the "ear;" but the "full corn in the ear," the ripened holiness of the pastor and the confessor, she did not live to witness. Farewell, dear sister of a saint! Though "one soweth and another reapeth," there shall come a time when thou shalt not lack thy meed of praise for that which thou didst contribute to its saintliness. As I have dwelt on that home, retaining its calm and cheerfulness and even mirth in the midst of the confusions of the age, I seem to myself to have understood, almost for the first time, what it was that made the poet of our own age, whose spirit was most akin to Ken's, to fix on it as an oasis in the dreary wilderness of controversy. The succession of the witnesses for a higher and serener life seems, at first, a somewhat strange one. First St. Jerome, and then St. Lewis, and to complete the series—

> "A fouler vision yet; an age of light—
> Light without love, dawns on the aching sight;
> O who can tell how fair and sweet,
> Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,
> When, wearied with the tale thy times disclose,
> The eye first finds thee out in thy secure repose?"[1]

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

ART. VI.—CURIOSITIES OF CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

No. V.

IF the brain be the medium of the mind, it is evident that upon its healthy action depend in a great measure, not only the vigorous processes of thought, but also the moral regulation of our daily life and conduct. Whether we accept this theory or not, philosophize or dogmatize as we may, there can be no doubt whatever that any alteration which takes place in the substance of the brain almost always is attended with a corresponding change in our character. Few persons

[1] "Christian Year." Advent Sunday.

are at all aware of the subtle influences (arising from some obscure diseases of that organ) which exercise an imperious dominion over us. Neither religion nor philosophy can control that man's character whose brain-tissue is undergoing or has undergone some lesion in its exquisitely delicate and sensitive structure.

The border-land between sanity and insanity is not easily defined. It is veiled in mystery, and presents some of the most perplexing problems which have exercised the ingenuity of the most eminent physiologists of this or of any other age. One thing, at least, is certain, that with a change in the organic structure of the brain there is always a change in the normal condition of the man. All of a sudden the reticent become talkative—the shy and reserved become forward and self-asserting—the gentle and unsuspicious become irritable and jealous—the temperate and sober fall into habits of intoxication—and persons of pure and holy conduct and conversation become sensual and coarse. The censorious world is not slow in recording its adverse criticism upon such persons, little dreaming that in many instances they are objects more of pity than of blame. Any physician who has passed some time in the study of mental disorders in one of our lunatic asylums can have no difficulty in endorsing this statement. How the brain becomes altered is not the question. All that I venture to assert is that when it is altered the man is altered too. He may have been himself the sole cause of it. By his own reckless misconduct he may have gradually set up a state of cerebral irritation which, while it lasts, renders the individual an almost passive instrument in the hands of evil. The drunkard, the sensualist, and the severe student all run the risk of inflicting serious injury on the brain. They are unquestionably each of them responsible for the steps which lead to such an unhappy result; but when once the organ of the mind has undergone the process of disintegration—such, for example, as that which is popularly called "softening of the brain"—from that moment the individual becomes, in the majority of cases, a forlorn hope.

During some years of medical study I attended lectures for six months at a well-known lunatic asylum for about two hours a day. I visited many similar institutions in France and in the United States, and from a careful survey of the facts which were presented to my notice, I am compelled, whether I will or no, to come to the inevitable conclusion that many of the sad and sudden alterations in the character and conduct of persons whose life had been habitually upright and pure in every respect up to a certain date, may be ac-

counted for by some alteration in the organic structure of the brain.

The philosopher recognises no such thing as accident. Every phenomenon has a cause—some antecedent fact adequate to its production. To him the normal and the exceptional conditions of the physical and moral world are only so many illustrations of law and order. Cause and effect are ineradicably fixed. He knows that the passions, the appetites, the instincts, the weaknesses of man are, as they ever were, the source of all one's moral disturbances. The body has its condition of health varying in energy and power, from the verge of imbecility to the almost Godlike intelligence of thought. But at times a blight passes over the mind, converting what was once the image and likeness of God into the semblance of a fiend. A man who has led a life of consistent sobriety will "take to drinking," as the phrase is, and no power whatever can prevent him from pouring liquid fire into his system, though he well knows its withering effect upon his health, upon his character, and upon his mind. Neither education nor the want of it has any apparent influence over such a man. Argument is useless. I have never read more forcible letters against drunkenness than those which were written by a gentleman of high intellectual powers, who hardly allowed a day to pass without being more or less intoxicated. In dealing with such persons it should be borne in mind that it is not our *knowledge*, but our *desires*, that originate our conduct. Such a man may know and believe that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," and yet, such is the imperious sway of this uncontrollable appetite when misdirected, that, in spite of all consequences, and at all hazards, he continues to drink on. Will any sensible man of any practical experience undertake to say that systematic drunkenness is not a disease? It is a form of insanity, and it requires no small amount of care and personal effort on the part of both the physician, the patient, and his friends, if ever the victim of this morbid appetite for strong drink is to be cured, if cured at all.

I am not concerned here with the theological aspect of the case. I know very well that sin is something for which we are ourselves responsible. "Every man is tempted when he is led away of his own lust and enticed." So says St. James, and so feels every man who knows anything of the workings of his own heart. But, above and beyond the spiritual operation of the mind, there are material influences at work at times which, by deranging the structure of the brain, drive the patient into the commission of evil, which he can hardly, if at all, resist by the normal exercise of reason and self-

control, simply because they cease to rule. There are certain changes in the brain which are attended with corresponding changes in the character of the man; and, while that abnormal action exists, the victim is liable to lose the moral control and healthy regulation of his appetites and passions. The balance of his mind has been disturbed, and his actions are no longer weighed with accuracy or care. He is a lunatic to all intents and purposes, and as such he ought to be dealt with accordingly. Let me not be misunderstood. The man is often responsible for the causes which have led to the perversion of his instincts, but when once they have reached a certain point of disorganization he becomes unable to resist. The moral regulator has been banished from its throne; and when reason and self-control, the two guardians of the moral character of man, have taken flight, nothing is left but the lawless reign of animalism. In many instances, as Bishop Butler says, it is "the repetition of irregularities that produces habits;" and even a perfectly sane mind may and does often become depraved solely by reason of such habitual irregularities. In the following case, which came under my notice in parochial life, and the history of which was taken, at the time, from the lips of the man himself, we have a striking example.

Jerry Donellan was, without exception, the most extraordinary and eccentric man I ever met. By birth he was an Irishman, but by residence he was practically an Englishman. In appearance he might have hired himself out to artists as a model for Hercules. In stature he was six feet four inches, and when in full health his weight was sixteen stone. His natural ability was of no common order. He was, in his youth, a great reader, a forcible but erratic thinker, and an impressive and able speaker. He was a native of the county of Galway, where his parents resided all their lives. But Jerry was a wild boy, full of fun, pugnacious from the sheer love of fighting, and not from any ill-natured tendency. He was born in the year 1814, and at the age of ten he was apprenticed to a cobbler in his native village, where he remained until he was sixteen. The sedentary life of mending old shoes did not quite suit Master Jerry's ideas of things. Accordingly, one day when a recruiting-sergeant appeared in the village, he resolved to become a soldier, and "go to the wars." After he had been six or seven months at soldiering, he found life altogether too slow for him, and watching a favourable opportunity, he deserted; and being near a seaport town, he obtained employment on board a ship bound next day for Quebec. His experience in this rough life pleased him immensely for a time. The only drawback to his happiness was the absence of excitement in the way of battles. He had read all the books

he could put his hands upon which treated of the warfare of the British army and navy, and his imagination became fired with enthusiasm to take an active part in campaigning, and to be himself a spectator of scenes similar to what he had read about in those books. After spending two years on board this merchant-vessel, and getting discontented with a condition of life which afforded him no possible scope for his militant tastes, he ran away from his ship, and enlisted in the Royal Navy. He was now at the height of his ambition so far as his sea-faring predilections went, but was sadly disappointed that there was no fighting. By this time he was a fine, able-bodied sailor, and a great favourite with his messmates and with all on board. Admiral Pascoe commanded the ship, and until the year 1836 he kept cruising about with him from place to place. In that year the Spanish Peninsula was the seat of civil war, and Admiral Pascoe's squadron was cruising off Bilbao. Donellan heard that there was fighting on shore, and that the so-called Spanish Legion, under Sir Hugh de Lacy Evans, was receiving recruits from England. Jerry managed to desert from his ship, and joining the ranks of the Legion, he fought battle after battle, and was wounded, almost riddled with bullets; but thanks to a splendid constitution, he pulled through, and surmounted all his difficulties, until, unfortunately, on one occasion when wounded and in hospital, he was recognised as the long-missing Jeremiah Donellan who had deserted from the Royal Navy.

When he was sufficiently recovered, he was taken on board his old ship and tried by court-martial. When asked what he had to say for himself, he replied as follows: "Well, I can only say that as there was no fighting going on on board ship, and being anxious to go to the front, I joined General Evans, and I have been under him ever since. I did not leave the ship because I was a coward, but because I could not keep out of the fighting when it was so near that I could sometimes hear the sound of the big guns going off. I am very sorry, and I hope you will be lenient to me." Admiral Pascoe let him off after reprimanding him, and telling him that "for the future he must be more steady." For Jerry Donellan to be steady, except under fire, was an impossibility. Restless, brave, and excitable, he soon found that life on board a man-of-war was something very different from his recent experience on fields of battle. He longed to be on shore again, but he had no chance to gratify his belligerent propensities. Accordingly he remained afloat until the ship was paid off, and then he took up his residence in Poplar, where he obtained employment in the Indigo stores during the day, and after work in the evening he supplemented his wages by selling "winkles" among his

comrades and others. It was here that he began to indulge in the use of strong drink. He had good wages, no wife or children, and consequently he became a frequent visitor to the public-houses in the locality, after he managed to dispose of his basket of winkles. As time wore on he became more and more a slave to his passion. The sale of winkles was given up, and finally he was dismissed from his situation in consequence of his irregular habits and inattention to his business.

Jerry had a friend who was called "Joe Thwart." He, too, had been in the Indigo line, but finding the work too heavy, he abandoned it altogether, and became a local preacher. One evening Jerry, hearing that Joe was about "to hold forth" as he called it, went to the chapel, and sat in the gallery at the right side of the pulpit. Joe discoursed forcibly upon the sin of drunkenness, and Jerry was much impressed. The influence was not permanent, and in a few days he took to his bed from the effects of his now uncontrollable vice. Jerry being a Roman Catholic, sent for the priest, who told him that he was seriously ill. "Then," said Jerry, "I felt I must confess all my sins, but they were so many and so heinous that I did not know how to begin. So I asked the priest if it would do for me to ask pardon for all I ever did without mentioning anything in particular."

"If," said the priest, "you are unable to remember them all, there can be no help for it; but surely you can call to mind the sins of the last month, or the last year or two."

"Oh yes, that I can! but can I not tell the Almighty that I am a great sinner entirely, and that He knows all about me?"

"No, you must confess to the priest all you can remember; and what you don't remember, you can leave alone."

"Well, Father, call on me again, and I will try my best."

After a few days, however, Jerry was in the London Hospital, suffering from the effects of his irregularities. In a few weeks he was out again, and now he determined to enter upon a new life. He tried hard, and succeeded for about six weeks, when the old enemy overcame him, and once more he gave himself up to unrestrained drinking. On one occasion, during twenty-eight days, he ate only half a herring and three oysters in the way of solid food, but night and day he was imbibing beer. As the result of such a mode of life, he was seized with delirium, and had to be taken to the hospital again. His description of the state of his mind during this fit of illness is very remarkable, so much so that one of the physicians who attended him published the main facts of the case. Donellan himself, too, wrote an account of it in very telling language, but so wild and ludicrous, that it read like the incoherencies of a feverish dream.

During his delirium he imagined that he was visited by two spirits—the one white, who was the Spirit of Poetry, and the other black, who was the Spirit of Evil. Whenever the white spirit appeared, though Jerry was handcuffed and held down by four or five men, he became calm and tranquil as a child. Then he would say that the Spirit of Poetry was teaching him beautiful hymns, some of which he repeated to the bystanders, and afterwards to me when he quite recovered. I have forgotten many of the hymns, all of which were peculiarly plaintive, and entirely out of the ordinary run of such poetry. One of them, on account of its singular beauty and its philosophic piety, I well remember. Although it is now five-and-twenty years ago since I first heard it from the lips of Jerry Donellan, I have never met with the lines anywhere. I have often repeated them to my friends, and they, like myself, never saw them. If any reader of THE CHURCHMAN can throw any light upon their authorship I shall be extremely obliged to him by communicating the fact to me. The physician in the hospital never heard of the poetry, and to this day no one whom I know has ever heard of it.

Jerry, of course, insisted that the lines were the original production of the white spirit, and that they were specially intended for his edification alone. He was no spiritualist—never heard of such a thing. Up to the time of his illness he was no student, nor did he care for anything in the way of reading since the days of his youth. His intemperate habits precluded the possibility of such a thing. He had no thought for anything but strong drink and fighting. His character was generous and open, candid and straightforward, yet his drinking habits had made him a complete sot. He was not, therefore, the man to invent beautiful poetry.

The alternate visits of these two antagonistic spirits produced quite contrary effects upon Donellan. When the black spirit was present he became frantic in the extreme. It required more than ordinary restraint to keep him in his bed. He howled and yelled as if in awful terror, and while this mental phantasmagoria lasted he was a source of considerable trouble to the nurses and attendants. Perspiration poured down his face, and he became wild and furious, awe-stricken and terrified.

He said that this spirit held up before him every sin, however minute, of his whole life. He would present to him a panorama on which were traced the principal events of his chequered life. Every lie he told, every time he was drunk—even the men he killed in battle were marshalled out in grim outline; every sin and every person with whom he sinned were all made to pass in review before him. "You could not tell

the priest all your sins the other day," said the spirit. "You have no such excuse now." Jerry positively assured me that sins he had entirely forgotten were brought to his memory during those days and nights of delirium by this imaginary visitor. If it were not for the tranquilizing influences of the other spirit Jerry told me that he must have died from the terrific strain upon his nerves during the paroxyms of fury when he thought he saw the black spirit.

If all the other pieces of poetry which were thus put into Jerry's mind possessed equal beauty with the following one, it is no wonder that his mind became relieved and his thoughts composed under the influence so genial and good. Before Donellan repeated these lines he had been handcuffed, and several strong men were required to hold him down in his bed. But when the white spirit appeared he said, as was recorded by the attendant physician: "Oh, let me go! the black spirit is gone, and the white one comes. Stop! he is going to say something! He is beginning to speak. Oh, he is so beautiful! You need not hold me now; I am calm. Go on; I'm listening." Then for a few minutes Jerry lay in a very attentive mood, as if someone were addressing him. Then he began to repeat the words which, from whatever cause, were borne to his ears. These are the words which, slowly and solemnly, he repeated word for word:

"Full many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not one thought or deed shall perish,
Not one but he shall bless or rue.

"When by the wind the tree is shaken
There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling heed is taken
By One who sees and governs all.

"The tree may lie and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain,
Yet from its juices, rank and rotten,
Springs vegetating life again.

"The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies;
Things that are destroyed in seeming
In other shapes and forms arise.

"And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen works by spirits wrought;
There's not a work but hath its issue
With blessing or with evil fraught.

"And thou mayst think to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past,
Yet, oh! be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou wilt know its fruit at last!"

Jerry said that between the fifth and sixth verses his

amiable but invisible instructor paused, and said to him: "You have forgotten your dark past, but you shall see it all." He then went on to repeat the sixth verse, and having done so, he vanished from his sight.

I have given this story exactly as I received it from the man himself, and partly from the very short notice of the case in one of the medical journals.

The only solution that occurs to me for the suggestion of such words to such a man, at such a time, is simply that he had once committed them to his memory when a child, and they had been afterwards crowded out of his recollection by the impingement of all sorts of events, during a life of more than ordinary adventure—that in his illness the brain was affected, and, as frequently happens under similar experiences, the long-forgotten memories of old days, old friends, old books, old songs, old everything come uppermost, as if, to use the common phrase, a man's brain were "turned upside down," and downside up. It is said that nothing which has ever passed through the brain is really lost. There it remains as in a book. But circumstances intervene—one's life becomes quite altered—the old memories fade away into some remote corner of "the storehouse," as Locke calls it, and now and then, when the brain undergoes some organic change, these vanished recollections come out from their old hiding-place.

The interesting fact connected with this narrative is the recalling to Donellan's mind such verses at such a time. He had no knowledge of them whatever previous to his illness. He could not repeat a word of this little piece, yet ever after, till the day of his death, they remained fixed in his memory. It is hardly necessary to say that my poor friend Jerry mistook for palpable realities the phantoms of his brain. The organic condition of the sensory apparatus during the existence of hallucinations would appear to be one of congestion, or fulness of blood—a fact which may account for all the ghost-seeing experiences on record. Three or four leeches applied to the part of the forehead at such times would banish every ghost. No man in perfect health of mind and body ever saw such a thing as a ghost. It is a pure illusion.

One of the many predisposing causes of apparitions, as they are termed, is solitude, especially in the evening.

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall.

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more."

Longfellow, in these lines, has only given expression to a very popular notion. That persons see, or think they see, apparitions, no one will be disposed to deny. All I contend for is that such phenomena ordinarily arise from a disordered state of the mind under some external influence, such as the state of the atmosphere, or from the use of narcotics and alcohol, or from some interference with the healthy digestive processes. In Donellan's case the illusions arose from the use of opium, which was administered to cause sleep. De Quincey, in his "Confessions of an Opium-eater," has given a graphic account of his experiences in this respect. The use of narcotics for the purpose of producing visions and inspirations seems to have been known in all ages of which there are any authentic records. That the priestesses of the ancient oracles were excited to their "divine rage" by the use of drugs possessing narcotic qualities admits of no doubt:

> "Greater than human kind she seemed to look,
> And with an accent more than mortal spoke;
> Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
> When all the God came rushing on her soul."

Without some predisposing cause, which in some way interferes with the healthy and regular circulation of blood through the brain, no one will ever see "ghosts." The mind becomes morbid when its equanimity is disturbed; and under such a condition there is no knowing what anyone might see. But sight is not the only sense affected on those occasions. Hearing also enters into the delusion; but the strange feature of the case is that men do hear sounds which to them are real, as in Jerry's case; and they retain, as he did, the permanent impressions of what they hear. In this instance there was a degree of coherence by no means usual in persons suffering from this terrible disease. The man became known to me in the ordinary work of parochial visiting, and for the facts as they are here related I am responsible only in proportion to the fidelity with which I seek to reproduce them.

After his recovery he led a very steady life. His poverty, I fear, and not his will, consented. He worked at any jobs that chance threw in his way, and he maintained himself fairly well by honest labour. Still, I could see a great alteration in his physical proportions, He visited me once every week, when I was treated always to some new yarn—now concerning his naval experience, and now concerning his military exploits in Spain. He was very proud of his wounds, of which he had thirteen from bullets alone, to say nothing of sundry ugly-looking scars, honourable from their very position. At length, worn out by age, infirmity, and old wounds, he passed away at an advanced age, to the last fully

believing, in spite of all I could say to the contrary, in the reality of the white and the black spirits, and the weird details which the latter was said to have made known to him for his special warning.

The subject of illusions and hallucinations affords too wide a range for discussion in the limited space of a few pages. Wise men and foolish have boldly declared that they have seen visions and heard voices in their waking moments which were to them as real as anything in the world around them. "The Demon of Socrates" has been the theme of almost endless controversy. He was constantly in the habit of expressing himself as moved and influenced by the God—by a divine or spiritual influence, *τὸ δαιμόνιον*, or *τὸ δαιμόνιον σημεῖον*—translated by some as the dæmon, and the sign of the dæmon—by a voice, *φωνή, checking* him, but never *urging* him on. In spite of all his wisdom, he was singularly eccentric, not only as a child, but also as a man. He was clothed in the same mantle in all weathers and seasons, walking barefoot on the ice as upon the dry and heated soil, dancing and leaping, often alone, by fits and starts. Pascal and his famous "Amulet" is another instance. After his death there was found, sewed within the folds of his doublet, a parchment, on which was a very remarkable inscription. Nothing was known of this during his lifetime. The document began and ended with the sign of the Cross. Then the date was inserted with great accuracy, "The year of Grace, 1654; Monday, the 23rd November." Then follow the saints' days, after which these mysterious words, "From about half-past ten in the evening until half-past twelve, FIRE." Then a series of ejaculations, devotional, ecstatic, and renunciatory. Pascal imagined that he had been favoured with a vision of *Fire*. After death his brain was examined, and it was ascertained that there was some remarkable alteration, both in the skull and the brain. The former had hardly any trace of suture, and the latter had two points of softening, "in and around which some blood was suffused." It would seem that he was a man of exquisite sensibility, and possessed a highly nervous organization. It would be absurd to say that either Socrates or Pascal were madmen, yet under the influence of mental strivings and convictions of conscience the one spoke, and the other acted as though influenced by sounds and sights not usually vouchsafed to men.

The moral of the whole is, that the mind of man cannot be reduced to any system of rules, nor must we pronounce a person insane because he appears to have delusions. No one can define the limit of our hallucinations, which are merely the playthings of our physical organization. The human mind is a very delicately constructed piece of machinery, depending

for its activity and vigour upon "the fearfully and wonderfully" organized substance which we call the brain. Our natural heritage largely determines our temperament and constitution, our proclivities to health and disease, to mediocrity or genius, to vice or virtue. Our parentage stamps its traces on the whole of our complex nature—body, soul, and spirit. The whole aim of education, secular and sacred, should be directed to discover our weak points, and resolutely to fortify them against the insidious attacks of every form of corruption from within and from without. To build up a character is the aim of Christianity, which is not only an article of faith, but also an attitude of the soul. Anyone who reflects upon the varieties of human temperament from the moment of our birth, must see how some natures require more than ordinary effort to keep the body under, and bring it into subjection. There are men whose very temperament stands between them and certain forms of vice, and whose freedom from "presumptuous sins" is not to be attributed so much to their superior virtue as to natural disinclination. There are men who loathe the very taste of strong drink, and there are others who may be said to have inherited it from their very birth. The Grace of God can subdue and soften the most unruly will, and regulate the most sinful affection, and without it no man, whatever be his constitutional tendencies, be they strong or weak, can ever hope to obtain the complete mastery over himself.

G. W. WELDON.

ART. VII.—"MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY."

Men of Invention and Industry. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D., author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Industrial Biography," "Self-Help," etc. Pp. 380. John Murray.

"THE true Epic of our time," has said Carlyle, "is not Arms and the man, but Tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of Epic." Not of great soldiers or statesmen, nor of poets and philosophers, has the author of "Men of Invention and Industry" written Lives. In his earlier books he was the biographer of tool-makers, of engineers, of masons and mechanics. And in his later books—as attractive and as valuable—he has discoursed of homely virtues, of heroism in lowly life, of the dignity of honest labour. An eminent and most successful biographer, Dr. Smiles is quite as interesting when he illustrates Character or teaches Thrift.