

Beyond.

BY DAVID SWING.

Man's senses do not disclose the world to his mind; they only suggest it. The eye is of amazing utility, and yet it sees only a small part of the landscape. Standing on the shore of the deep man can make a survey of twelve miles of wave and sparkle. The main ocean lies wholly out of reach of his eye and ear and touch. Yet from such an outlook, from a coast, this sensitive creature turns away toward his cottage with his heart full of the thought, that it has seen immensity. Perhaps the heart did; the eye did not. This same mortal climbs a hill inland and sees a valley outstretching in all directions, and he once more feels that something awful has just come into his soul through his sight. True enough, but that grand something was not that valley. In both these instances the objects so viewed and admired were greater than those dimensions taken in by the sense. These surveys by the eye only suggested a vast expanse that was not seen. Sense, therefore, suggests rather than reveals. Man is an animal wholly pervaded by the—Beyond. What his sense perceives he at once multiplies by thousands and millions, and thinks not of the unit upon which he began his mathematical operation. His five senses are only the little seeds which, by an instantaneous process, not known to gardeners, rise up into trees and in a second pass to leaf and flower and fruit. In music the ear becomes not a realization but a suggestion, for no sooner does a performer awaken pleasure than away the mind goes in pursuit of a larger, orchestra and a more heavenly music; and when this delighted soul is done with the actual listening it has been off in the clouds, it has been multiplying its ones by tens and its tens by hundreds. Its original penny has turned into a fortune.

We pity those women of India who pass life in houses which have no outer windows but have only windows that open into an interior court, and who, when transferred from one house to another, are conveyed in close carriages which have a window only in the top. It was when man got away from his physical standards and began to use that faculty which looks into the "beyond," that the universe began to appear and the woman and the apple and the whole Eden affair to assume small proportions in the midst of the vast scene.

The conclusion is therefore gently forced upon us that man possesses a separate faculty called "imagination," or "idealism," which is his real instructor and surveyor. Estimated by his senses, man is remarkable for his poverty; estimated by the treasures his imagination brings he is remarkable for his riches. From the little visible he proceeds to the immense invisible. In the physical senses the Creator made only a moderate provision for his rational creature. Those outreaching answers the purpose of the Indian, who desires only plenty of buffalo, and for the Esquimaux, who need only seek for the white bear and the walrus; but the moment man would cross the line of barbarism a demand springs up for some new power of acquisition and of happiness. Providence relents, and in the zenana houses and carriages of the imprisoned mortal he cuts large windows which look out upon the boundless. Marching up to these windows, the mind, rising in even rags from a bed of straw, gazes sweetly out into all that is measureless.

To the common, prosy, sleeping eye only a few unimportant things are visible. It stands so close to its candle that it is oblivious of the sun. A few houses, a few feet of railway, a piece of a street, and a few policemen are in sight, but before the spiritual vision there lie empires, arts, govern-

ments, industries, wonderful men and women, gold for labor, and laurels for poetry and learning and eloquence. When the physical senses of a humble German cottager fell into a sweet sleep, suddenly the inner facilities of his mind began to multiply the cottage by millions. The thatched roof rose grandly into great slate-covered rafters, the square holes through which a little light had wandered became Gothic openings through which a great flood of glory poured; the chimney widened its base and became a spire in whose far-up height rang softly a chime of bells, his fire-place became an altar, and the steam from his boiling kettle rolled up as delicious incense. Thus the German saw truly and grandly. His dream is a fragment of man's history, for when the coarse outer sense makes room for the larger perception of the spiritual power the tangible realities become only steps on which the soul ascends to the heights. The ideal is the explanation of life. Man is an animal whose world is not under his feet like the world of the elephant and the ox, but it is far away in the front. The present and near are not his ocean, but only the little water that is under his ship. Hence in journeying man always sits looking forward. Women of gentle intellect and absorbed in fashion can ride backward, for their sweet instinct is to keep dust out of their limited eyes. In the general man moves toward the bow of the vessel, that he may look not at what is behind him, but out toward the untried and unknown. The true human being declines riding backward, not from reasons that are physical, but spiritual. It makes man sick to have his soul reversed.

In its ardent work this creative energy will often make mistakes. In its childhood its blunders are many, and sometimes serious. The rattle of its own footsteps will often be misunderstood by a child, and will seem the tread of an angry giant, as the noise of one's own blood heard in a shell will seem the old roaring of the sea. A tea cup held to the ear will dispel the dream forever. Not knowing the habit of the mind to throw itself outward into the beyond, primitive man transformed his sensations into external entities, and out of his longings made incarnations. When the brave men before Homer felt the pulse beat with courage, and their souls to be full of war, they mistook this inner roaring for the sound of a far-off sea, and soon believed in a Hercules catching a wild lion and performing other tremendous labors without fatigue. They expected daily to meet the strong man, or some one of his sons, in some gloomy wood or mountain shadow. When the primitive woman began to believe in physical and spiritual beauty she innocently began to suspect it was beyond and above her particular self and race, and as little children cause their fears to become external, and hear them moving in closets or letting fall mysterious footsteps on the back-stairs, so the early woman created an outer form, and called it Diana, or Venus, and felt that the vale of Tempe was full of womanly beauty and dance and music far beyond all that was human. The swarm of larger and smaller divinities which fill now the dead books of mythology came from one of the blunders of this telescopic vision of the soul; and after all this error was not very harmful, for it were better for the human race to imagine greatness to be in a Hercules and an Apollo and a Jupiter than not to be fully persuaded of a merit far beyond that already attained by itself; better for woman to fabricate a Diana and a Venus and a Minerva than not to have dreams of her own sweet and infinite possibilities. Heroism grew as much by the help of Hercules as by the philosophy of Socrates, as long as the man of ten labors was an assumed reality. Myth-

ology was a rather harmless mistake for the times where it dwelt. Had the ancients possessed only one god, he would have been a poor little god after all, for oneness does not involve quality; for were all the reptiles combined into one, that one would not be a dove, nor a nightingale, but only a big snake. It was not the unity of Deity that marked the necessary reform of religion, but the improved quality of the thing unified. The Mohammedans had but one god, but the bones of slaughtered millions remind us that better than that one was that group of celestials which in the age of Pericles sipped ambrosia on Olympus.

The gradual progress of the human mind has corrected many of the errors of this stupendous spiritual vision. Colors are now poured back upon the soul which were once poured out into the woods to make a nymph or an Aphrodite. Society reclaims its stolen goods, and makes a Beatrice or a De Staël or a Recamier. The mythological world is plundered, and out of its marbles we build up Madonnas and Evangelines and Luciles. The Hercules has thrown away his club to be simply a Prince of Orange or a Wellington, and the beautiful Cytherea has come in from the mirror-fountains to dwell henceforth in the spirit of any cultivated and beautiful woman. Thus has the heart of to-day really overtaken much of the "beyond" of yesterday.

From this inner and powerful sense of sight which has distinguished always man from the kingdom of brutes, and which throws man out of that animal world surveyed by Darwin's school, we seem authorized to feel that there is indeed a beyond for humanity. His development into greatness here so comes from such a gazing far away from his feet, so much of all that is good in his literature and art and personal character comes from this standing in the bow of the vessel and looking forward and from his deep unwillingness to look back, that the heart with difficulty rejects the conclusion that there must be a God in the advance who is leading along His children by means of an ever-increasing glory-track. As the slow and noiseless flow of deep rivers point out to one far inland the reality of the ocean, so this long and deep flow of the ideal sentiment announces in advance the reality of a Supreme One. The ideal is the wake of a great ship that has gone before. So perfect, indeed, will be the universe if this is true, and so imperfect would it appear if all human longings are to terminate in the grave, that in this emergency, and having a perfect freedom of choice, those may well be pardoned who shall believe that the imagination is a prophet in the bosom, uttering in all times the one rhapsody that man is a true child of destiny—a destiny amazing in its quality and duration—a destiny not for the race only, but for the individual heart.—*Good Literature.*

—“Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.”—*Christ.*

—The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, Scotland, though a very clever man, has met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said, “And you attended the class for mathematics?” “Yes.” “How many sides has a circle?” “Two,” said the student. “What are they?” What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said, “An inside and an outside.” But this was nothing compared with what followed. “And you attended the moral philosophy class also?” “Yes.” “Well, you would hear lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?” “Yes.” “Does any effect ever go before a cause?” “Yes.” “Give me an instance.” “A man wheeling a barrow.” The doctor sat down, and proposed no more questions.

Origin of Names.

It is not generally known that the Hudson is called North River in contradistinction to the South River, as the Delaware was formerly styled. Massachusetts was so dubbed because in the aboriginal tongue it meant “about the great hills”—that is, the blue hills. Boston, named after the English city, was originally St. Bartholomew's town, of which Boston is an abbreviate corruption. Albany was so christened in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, (afterward James II.) at the time it came into possession of the English in 1664. Catskill is the Dutch for panther or lynx, which once infested these mountains. Cataraugus was so designated by the Indians, because they had, for some mysterious reason, associated it with unpleasant odors. It meant ill-smelling shores. This is not so bad as Chicago, and Indian word, signifying a skunk. Chemung means big horn, from a fossil tusk found in the river. Crown Point is said to have been so called because scalping parties were sent thence by the French and Indians. Erie signifies wild cat (the Erie Railway has certainly been a “wild-cat” road, and the expression is understood in the West), and was borne by a fierce tribe of savages exterminated by the Iroquois. Manhattan is eminently fitting for the metropolis, its import being town on the island. Mohawk was applied by the New England tribes to the Iroquois, from their habit of eating live food. Niagara means neck of water; Onondaga, people of the beacon stones; Onondaga, place of the hills; Saratoga, place of the miraculous waters in a rock; Ontario, a village on a mountain—the chief seat of Onandaga; Schenectady, river valley beyond the pine trees; Seneca (not classic, as many have supposed), is a corrupt Indian pronunciation at the Dutch word cinnabar—vermillion.

Jersey is a corruption of Cesarea, the old Latin name of the largest of the Channel Islands, and very unlike our sister State, which got its title, perhaps, by contrast. Passaic signifies valley.—*Ec.*

A Teutonic Argument.

In the Legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should commence at a given point down or at a certain other up the river. “Who ever heard,” said a down-the-river advocate, “of beginning anything at the top? Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house begun at the top?” Up jumped a Dutch member from an up-the-river county. “Meester Brezident, de jentlemans zay dat dees beezness ees all von heomboog, because vee vants to peegeen our railroad mit de top ov de Shtate, und he make some seely conbarisons apout de houze und de schimney. I veel also ask de jentlemans von questions. Een hees bart ov de Shtate, ven dey pegins to built von vell, de dey pegins mit de bottom ov de vell, or do dey pegins mit de top ov de vell? Veel de jentlemans bleese answer me dat leetle von question?”

The laughter which explosively followed this Teutonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legislators, had the better of the argument.—*EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

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Literary Notices.

PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

We clip the following from the *New Church Independent*, Chicago: “A new work has made its appearance, as startling as it is novel. * * * The author has placed his wand upon the undulatory theory of light, the wave theory of sound and the transmutation theory of species, and they are things of the past. * * * He takes his line of march right through the enemy's country, like Sherman to the Sea. We at first wonder how he obtains his supplies, as he is constantly reducing battery after battery, but are soon relieved by observing that he not only preys upon the enemy's resources, but turns each battery, with all its guns, upon the next, so that in the end he has reduced them all. * * * He seems to be in no haste, or to wish to take undue advantage of his adversary; but lets him choose his own position, and then commences the attack with such telling blows that the reader is moved with pity for the defenders, and absolutely feels relief when the position is taken and the works destroyed. But the toll is only transient. The assailant is inexorable; he will not leave even a fragment for reconstruction, or a foundation upon which it can stand. Every man who is able to obtain it should read this book.” Hall & Co., 234 Broadway, New York.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE for June is particularly attractive in its literary and artistic departments, and brilliantly closes the ninth semi-annual volume. It is a publication which should be found in every household, for its literature is pure and healthy; it is always vivacious, and edifies while it entertains and instructs.

The miscellany is abundant and exceedingly comprehensive. The Rev. Dr. Deems contributes “Hard Places in the Bible,” and the “Home Pulpit,” contains a sermon, “Salvation to the Uttermost,” by W. Rudder, D. D. There are also “The Invalid's Portion and Thoughts for the Afflicted,” “Temperance Talk,” “Glimpses at the Religious World,” etc., etc. The engravings are excellent and very numerous. The annual subscription is \$3, a single copy 25 cents, sent post-free. Address: Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

Divorce.

An Eastern friend writes thus concerning divorce, and there is something to be thought of in what he says. Here, in California, it would seem that the growing tendency to all sorts of extravagance, and the difficulty of “living in style,” was not only hindering marriage contracts, but also working toward their dissolution.

Reformers such as Mr. Dike, who draw but one inference from frequency of divorce—that of a general corruption of morals—take entirely too narrow a view of the case. There are no other indications that New Englanders are becoming a licentious, immoral race. Indeed, the fact that twice as many wives apply for divorce as husbands—a proportion accurately observed, year after year—is utterly inconsistent with the theory of growing immorality. Women are not, with few exceptions, the immoral part of our population, and we feel certain that immorality is not the occasion of their applications for divorce. We attribute the frequency of divorce rather to woman's growing sensitiveness to the intolerable injustice of the common law marriage relation. Instead of submitting to injustice as of old, she now rebels against it. If our view is correct, the way to make marriage permanent is to make it just.—*Pacific.*

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