

that this indescribable entity which they call soul has any existence whatever, either in the flesh or out of it. When does it enter the body of human or animal? At birth? If so, where was it, what was it doing, and was it conscious the decillions of ages before the birth of the body it goes into? Or, if it is created at birth specially for the particular body it is to be put into, is it created perfect—fully developed? Or is a small embryo soul made so that it can grow and develop with the body? But, then, how can this soul be "independent" of the body if it must keep time with the body? Are the souls all created *alike*, or is a *different* soul made for every body? If they are all made alike, and the subsequent differentiation is caused by the body, how can the soul be *independent* of the body? If they are created differently from the beginning—of all grades, good, bad, and indifferent—is this fair or just? And are those having *bad* souls responsible for the same? These are questions which ought to be answered. And, further, where is this soul when the subject is insane? Or where is it during sleep? Or when the brain is compressed, producing utter unconsciousness, where is the soul? There is no sign of it. It is *non est inventus*. And if the soul was not created at birth, but was pre-existent, was it conscious? If so, it was a consciousness not only apart from, but different from ours, as we have no recollection of it. If, then, it was a different *ego* from us before birth, why would it not be a different *ego* from us after our death? In that case, of what account would such a future existence be to us, if we are not to be ourselves, but somebody else? That would be as dubious an identity as that of *Ami*, of peripatetic fame. To digress a little, the story of *Mr. Ami* runs thus:—This philosopher, whose brief surname happened to be *Ami* (accent on the consonant), took lodgings at a village tavern while in a condition of *spiritual* or *alcoholic non compos*. Before he retired to rest, or rather before he was put into a state of reticacy, some mischievous wag (*Mr. Ami* wore a full beard), shaved one side of his face, leaving the other in a "state of nature." On rising next morning, not fully recovered from an unusually deep sleep, our hero, as is natural to some men, and all women, essayed to recognize his individuality in, or through, the looking-glass; but, on discovering a dubious nondescript, he thus cogitated: "Am I *Ami*, or am I not *Ami*; and if I am not *Ami*, who am I? Now, if this theory of the pre-existence of the soul be true, when we get "over the river" we will probably find ourselves in as great a quandary as to our identity as *Ami* was.

This ancient theory of a soul entity is so encompassed with mystery and absurdity that it is not surprising it is losing its hold upon the modern mind. Whether it may yet appear in the unfolding of nature that mind has a posthumous existence or not, the hypothesis of soul as an entity apart from the mind is rapidly vanishing. The mind, including all of the emotions, is the only *ego*—subjective or objective—that we know anything of, or that we have any consciousness of. Of any soul beyond that we know nothing. The only rational and tenable hypothesis, therefore, is, that what has been called "soul" is simply *mind*—the sum of our activities resulting from organization. Now, as mind is a *process* not an *entity*, a *property*, not a *substance*, it follows that it cannot be immortal. The idea of a mere function or property being indestructible and immortal is absurd. The mind is the *function* of the brain. We find mind in connection with brain only, and never apart from, or independent of it. All our knowledge on the subject goes to show that the mind or soul is utterly dependent upon the brain. Mind is the function of the brain, the same as digestion is the function of the stomach, or circulation of the heart and lungs, etc. As digestion in any organism forever ceases when its digestive organs are destroyed, and circulation when its organs are destroyed, so do thought and individual consciousness forever cease when their organ, the brain, is destroyed. While there is a living healthy stomach there is hunger, thirst, and digestion; heart and blood vessels, there is circulation; brain and nervous system, there is thought—mind; but there is no such thing as hunger apart from a stomach, or sensation apart from nerves, or mind apart from a brain.

A month or two ago, Rev. Joseph Cook delivered a lecture in

Toronto, on the subject, "Does Death End All?" Judging by the *Globe* report, Mr. Cook failed to throw any new light on the subject. One feature of the lecture, however, strikes the Materialist as not a little extraordinary. The Rev. gentleman, conscious, no doubt, that something stronger than revelation was needed to convince his audience, essayed to prove a future existence by the aid of science. Now, the scientists tell us that they are unable to find one tittle of evidence in nature—in the whole present field of scientific exploration—that the mind consciously survives the death of the body. Albeit, the Rev. Joseph Cook, who is not a scientist, but a theologian, declares *per contra*, that science does establish the immortality of the soul! The *Globe* tells us that "by a process of reasoning on purely scientific methods, he arrived at the conclusion that death does not end all." Now, this theological reasoning on "scientific (!) methods," and the "conclusion" arrived at, may be eminently satisfactory to Mr. Cook, and reassuring to the orthodox Christian; but they will scarcely avail to disperse the thoughts of thousands of thoughtful people in the churches, much less move the cultured rationalist or materialist.

When Prof. Tyndall, a year or two ago, in his new celebrated Belfast Address as President of the British Scientific Association, ventured to touch upon what was claimed to be theologic issues, the theologians raised a great hue and cry about science "presuming" to decide theological problems. The Professor was roundly berated and denounced for having the "arrogance" and "presumption" to trench upon sacred ground—even ecclesiastical ground. And, be it remembered, Prof. Tyndall did not essay to pass upon any *crisis* of theology from a theological standpoint, but simply, by implication, from his own standpoint of science. He had a perfect right to do this. If it is found that the logical and inevitable outcome of certain scientific facts and generalizations is the destruction of a time-honored dogma in theology, is the exponent of science to blame for merely pointing out the fact? The scientist has nothing to do, directly, with theology,—to him it is an exotic weed, and he never meddles with it except to uproot it when he finds it in his way. He himself never enters the theological field, though his scientific artillery may reach over into that domain and do fearful work. But what does the theologian do? What does Mr. Cook do? He does not rest with trying to prove a future existence from theology and revelation, but coolly and "arrogantly" steps over into the field of science, (where, by the way, he is as much out of his element as a fish on land), and complacently tells us that science proves the immortality of the soul. It was very "arrogant," of course, for Tyndall simply to point out from his own ground the falling of the old rotten trees on the theologic side of the fence by the scientific lightning from his side; but there is no arrogance, forsooth, in Joseph Cook crossing the fence and calling desparately upon us to look at the great living oaks falling, when they are not falling at all—his theologic thunder having had no effect on them.

Mr. Cook dilated learnedly—aye, and dogmatically—upon the "abstruse principles of diurnal biology" (whatever that can be) with, as the *Globe* puts it, the "skill of a master,"—and we may add with the *finesse* of a theologian. Biology, of course, under the theologic manipulation and elastic exegesis of Mr. Cook, proves that "death does not end all." Let us see. Prof. Huxley, admittedly the very highest authority in biology, says, "But in the interest of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean, all the while, that my organism has certain mental functions which, like the rest, are dependent upon its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die."—"A Modern Symposium," p. 82, Rose-Belford Pub. Co., Toronto, 1878.)

If such philosophers and theologians as deal with the "soul and future life" in that wonderful "symposium" just mentioned, have not one ray of light to give to the world on that dark subject, we may well despair of Joseph Cook's being able to clear away the mist. In striving to prove immortality by the aid of biology, Mr. Cook only exhibits his lack of knowledge in that department of science as it stands at present. And, in defining *matter*, he is as far behind the natural philosophy of to-day as he was in his metaphysics in trying to explain *conscience*. He gravely told the