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PART I.—ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Delusions. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Lond.

"We are of such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."—*Shakespeare.*

"Was ich *soll?* Wer löst mir je die Frage?
Was ich *kann?* Wer gönnt mir den Versuch?
Was ich *muss?* Vermag' ich's ohne Klage?
So viel Arbeit für ein Leichentuch!"—*Platen.*

"It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."—*Goethe.*

The meditations of the philosopher cannot be uninfluenced, nor the heart of the philanthropist be unmoved, by the fact, which statistics prove, that there are at the present moment in England alone more than thirty thousand people who are deprived of all their active rights as human beings, and made, as far as possible, nonentities in the world. About twenty-six thousand of these are actually shut up in lunatic asylums; and of that number but very few are ever likely to leave their undesired abodes until they take their leave of life itself. It cannot, then, be unprofitable to endeavour, in one department of an extensive subject, to follow the gradual course of mental degeneration, and, by the exhibition of it, to justify the world's manner of dealing with the particular discords in nature's general harmony.

The world's treatment of those on whom it supposes a delusion to have fallen, so that they believe a lie, is not to be accepted as just, merely because of its existence. General agreement in an opinion is no sure guarantee of its truth; and the question may be fairly asked, on behalf of the imprisoned minority, which was asked in vain by Pilate of old, "What is truth?" It is certain that the greatest reformer must at first be, as it has been said, in a minority of one; he for a time is the only believer in himself, while his opinions are generally

derided as the enthusiastic delusions of a fanatical imagination or as the foolish creations of an intellectual vanity. Well is it for him if he is not fiercely persecuted as a dangerous being, whom it is the duty of mankind in some way or other to silence. The world does not like its ancient convictions to be rudely disturbed, and although history, revealing a succession of revolutions of thought, shows that the opinions of one age become the laughing-stock of the next, and tells in mournful story how the author of each revolution has been in turn reviled and rejected of men, yet the world goes on contentedly as heretofore, and systematically opposes the new doctrine. Torture, poison, imprisonment, stoning to death, burning alive, crucifixion, death, indeed, in all its cruellest forms, have been the ungrateful rewards which mankind has presented to its greatest benefactors. The slow death-agony on the cross of Calvary of Him who had not where to lay his head in life is but a type of that which happens in the case of every great reformer.

Though it is certainly not the fashion now to stone, burn, or crucify those who put forward new doctrines, yet such innovators are still subjected to much persecution. For the persecution of opinion in modern society is often as real as, and sometimes scarce less cruel than, the torture of the stake. And he must be a strong man who can brave the world's censure, and rise in despite thereof to acceptance and success. A fear might naturally arise in some minds that sincere reformers, having noble aspirations and high resolves, may often fail pitifully in the struggle for lack of strength; and a suspicion might not unnaturally be entertained that important truths, which it would much advantage mankind to take closely to heart, are even now withering unregarded in the desolation of a lunatic asylum. When Paul, with earnest utterance, proclaimed great truths before the judgment-seat of the Roman governor, his enthusiasm seemed foolishness unto Festus, and it was the opinion of worldly self-sufficiency that much learning had made the apostle mad. Is it not possible, then, that a similar unjust opinion at the present day may be frustrating the usefulness of some sincere and genuine reformers?

When we consider the matter more closely, however, it seems really well, as it is inevitable, that the new doctrine should meet with opposition. How else could it be tested? Were men content to accept with kind acquiescence everything which an enthusiastic being might promulgate, it is plain that error would soon be predominant upon earth. The result of the application of the severe test of opposition is to try the doctrine, which, if a truth, must surely come forth refined and triumphant from the crucible. Let the kings of the earth combine, and let the rulers take counsel together, to oppose truth, and the humblest inhabitant of the earth uttering it sends forth that which is stronger than kings, rulers, and counsellors, which has the force of the universe on its side, and must

in the end prevail, by a law as sure as that by which a stone must fall. But if it is error which is put forth, the persecution happily kills it; in the error which lives there is some truth which keeps it alive. The truly great reformer, earnestly conscious of that, sincerely does his work, and manfully goes on his way of duty, "though all the tiles in Worms are devils," and though it "rain Duke Georges for nine days running;" he does not think so much of himself as of the truth which he has, and which he knows well that neither devils nor Duke Georges, be they never so virulent, can harm. Thus he endures the fire of persecution, and is taught and strengthened by suffering; his truth is proved by the test, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

It is very different with the unduly self-conscious being who claims to be a reformer, while he is really, potentially or actually, insane. He is the victim of a great self-feeling or egoism, and cannot by any means forget himself; he feels acutely that the persecution hurts him, and, identifying his selfhood with the truth, fancies that it is injuring the truth. Accordingly, sincere in his conviction, but feeble by reason of his great egoism, he angrily expostulates with destiny or wildly proclaims himself the victim of an unrighteous envy. J. J. Rousseau, for example, actually believed and said that there was a general conspiracy on the part of humanity to isolate and degrade him. And a certain metaphysical philosopher, named Stuart, whose writings have received the distinguished praise of so great a master of English composition as Thomas De Quincy, but who was unquestionably insane, fancied that the kings of the earth would form a league to destroy his works; and he begged, therefore, of his friends that they would carefully wrap up some copies, so as to preserve them from moisture, and bury them, taking care to declare on their death-bed, under the seal of secresy, the place where they had buried them. Such men might enunciate some truth, but it is plain that they had far too much feeling of self, and improperly identified their selfhood with the truth.* The pure metal was in them so combined with a morbid egoism that its value became extremely small, and the test of opposition at once disclosed the nature of the alloy.

It is the misfortune of great selfhood that, while it imparts the

* It seems desirable that some such word as selfhood or "egoism" should come into regular use to express that selfness which is not selfishness, but which is concerned in all passions, and which lies at the root of self-conceit, self-complacency, self-opiniated, &c. To speak of it as the idea of self or self-feeling is not always correct, because implying a consciousness of it, whereas the selfhood may be very great without an active consciousness of it. Self-feeling, too, is used to denote the æsthesis. It is curious to observe that the words "selfish" and "selfishness" are not above two hundred years old, obvious as they seem. "Suicism" and "philauty" (φιλαυτία) were both tried before the gap was filled up by the Puritan writers, as Dean Trench remarks.

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sincerity and earnestness which are the essential qualities of a successful reformer, it tends in almost equal degree to prevent just insight. Hence that which is an advantage in enabling the promulgator of a new doctrine to meet opposition may become a serious evil by supplying strength to unjust conviction and force to unjust action. That a man be sincere and earnest is plainly not sufficient to constitute him a hero; if it were so, admiration might be properly claimed for insane convulsions of thought on account of the earnestness and sincerity of them. The lunatic is often the most sincere of mortals; he has such earnest faith in his conviction that he adheres to it under the certainty of perpetual loss of liberty, and when he is the only person in the world who does so believe. And his faith is not one of words only, but a vital faith, governing all his actions, as the following well-known example may aptly testify. Matthew Loval, a shoemaker, of Venice, imagined that God had ordered him to die on the cross. For two years he meditated on the means of accomplishing this, and occupied himself in preparing the necessary apparatus. He then crowned himself with thorns, and after stripping himself, sat down on the middle of the cross which he had made, and adjusting his feet to a ledge fixed to the lower branch, pierced each of them with a nail five inches long, which he knocked in with a hammer to a great depth. He next pierced his hands with long nails, striking the heads of the nails against the floor of the chamber; after which he raised his hands so pierced, and adapted the nails to holes which he had made beforehand at the ends of the arms of the cross. Before fixing his left hand he made a deep gash with a knife in his side; then, with the aid of ropes and light movements of the body, he swung the cross out of the window, and remained suspended till next day, when he was taken down. Loval afterwards thought it his duty to starve himself, and so died from fasting. As a sacrifice to his conviction, what can a man give more than his life? The lunatic will sacrifice liberty, happiness, life itself, but he will not sacrifice his delusion.

> "You may as well
> Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
> As or by oath remove or counsel shake
> The fabric of his folly whose foundation
> Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
> The standing of his body."

The selfhood which imparts to the insane their earnest feeling and sincerity to themselves perverts, in almost equal degree, their insight, and renders them insincere or false in their relations to nature.

The answer which society gives to such people is complete and just. It is the lunatic asylum. That is the reply which it makes to the pretensions of a delusion. You demand, says society, why you may not be right; and the answer is, that your want of success,

your present deplorable position, are sufficient proofs that you have not apprehended the truth; or if you have obtained some smattering of a truth, you have drowned it in a flood of egoism, and are clearly not a man of sufficient insight and strength to promulgate it. According to the constitution of nature it is the plain duty of a man to live in relations with his kind, and if he has allowed his egoism to grow into some delusion which is incompatible with the maintenance of those relations it is evident that he is rightly put into confinement. He is himself a contradiction to truth, and must always be in a minority of one; even his fellow-patients in the asylum will laugh at him. The earnest belief of another in an idea is some presumption in its favour. "It is certain," says Novalis, "my conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it." And we may well understand, therefore, the infinite comfort which it was to Mahomet when Kadijah expressed her faith in him. When Ayesha, his young and favorite wife, asked him whether he did not love her more than Kadijah, who was old and a widow, he replied, "No, by Allah! She believed in me when no one else would." It is the unhappy lot of the lunatic that his conviction is not capable of any increase in strength; he could not believe more firmly in himself if all the world believed with him, and he holds sincerely to his delusion though everybody else in the world laughs at it. Accordingly there is no union amongst the imprisoned minority; there is no true minority, but an aggregation of individuals who cannot combine, and each of whom is in a minority of one. The power of a united majority wisely responds to the incoherent energies of those unfortunates of fate by gathering them together into a spot where their discordant activity may not interfere with the harmonious progress of nature.

The reply, on the other hand, to the earnest sincerity of the reformer, and to the altruistic use of his force with insight, is the reformation which he accomplishes; his success is his justification; and it is a positive advantage to the reformer, as far as the production of an effect upon his own generation is concerned, that he should be fully possessed with one idea by which his selfhood is affected. Thereby the idea is intensified by feeling into strong conviction, and all the force of it is employed in a definite direction.* He who possesses great judgment and has his feelings completely under the

* "In itself," says Müller, "no idea relating to external things is ever in this sense intense or strong, but merely distinct or indistinct, and convincing in different degrees. By intensity or strength of opinion, therefore, we here mean only the *power* or *quantity* which they acquire through the influence of passion in consequence of the striving self." In a few pages of his 'Physiology' Müller has given an admirable and profound account, on physiological principles, of the laws of mental phenomena, of which account such works as the valuable one of Mr. Bain, and such articles as the elaborate one on "Volition," by Mr. Lockhart Clarke, in the 'Psychological Journal,' contain a laboured exposition.

control of his reason is not likely to be a great reformer in his lifetime. Succeeding generations may discover what great insight he was possessed of and what important truths he calmly uttered, but his calmness will probably scarce at all impress his own generation. While the man of feeling is absorbed in his one great conviction, because it seems the one important thing in the world to him, many and various relations disclose themselves to the man of wider and deeper insight, so that he discerns positive error in the exclusiveness of the one idea. He sees more truly, but acts less energetically; for the one-sided man puts all his force into a special action, and, as passionate earnestness is always infectious, carries people with him. The latter is *intense*, the former is *extensive;* one, like lightning, is tense, quick, disruptive—the other, like light, calm, constant, creative. Accordingly, one-ideal mortals make the best reformers, and in that lies the reason of an observation which has been made, that all reformations have been effected by lunatics. The mission of the one-sided is to awaken attention to and to propagate the one idea with which they have been charged. This they effectually do; and as centuries pass on, the judgment of humanity puts the idea in its proper place.

It needs not, then, the penetration of a very profound insight to perceive that the man of one idea, even if it be a just idea, might cause much mischief in the world were it not for the existence of other men of one idea who counteract him, and of men of insight and judgment who sum him up. For such a being must be intolerant, and cannot rest content until he has made everybody acknowledge his idea; he is a Mahomet propagating by the sword—a Calvin burning Servetus—a Knox fulminating intoleration. But it is in the world as it is in a lunatic asylum, when two insane patients with opposite delusions are made to occupy the same room. One of them fancies that he is being artificially played upon with fire, and feeling in himself such a great heat, opens the windows, and would put out the fire. The other fancies that he is being maliciously frozen to death, and makes up the fire and gets close to it. They quarrel, and the stronger has his way for a time; but the persistency of the other never ceases, and in the end a mutual toleration is established. One opens the windows and screens himself from the fire; the other makes up the fire, gets close to it, and screens himself from the window. In a similar way the one idea of a reformer comes into collision with the one idea of another reformer; and, after a period of persecution, toleration results, and religious liberty is established among warring sects. The world moves on in the diagonal of opposing ideas.

It will be furthermore evident that the reformer who is so fully possessed with his one idea, and is in such a state of earnest feeling about it, is not very far removed from the monomaniac. The idea

may be a noble and valuable one, and his passion may be very necessary to launch it into the minds of men, and yet he himself, by reason of his exclusiveness and earnestness, is incapacitated from seeing justly things which do not stand in relation to his idea. As the idea tends to increase the passion, and is in turn intensified by the passion, it may easily degenerate into an idea which is not just, that is, into a delusion; and as there is never any passion connected with an idea save when the idea of self or the self-feeling is concerned, the delusion really represents or results from the undue increase of the self-feeling. The exaggerated self-feeling is mistaken for truth, and the individual is a monomaniac. Accordingly we find that great reformers have not unfrequently been in a perilous condition from that danger. Whilst a monk in the convent, Luther was much troubled with melancholy and hypochondriac feelings; he even believed himself likely to die soon, and fancied that he was doomed to eternal damnation. Then, again, it is not to be supposed that the devil did really appear to him, and yet that he did actually see the devil and fling his inkstand at his head is certain. He says, moreover, that the devil made a noise to torment him; that he once appeared to him in his own garden in the form of a black boar; that, for his own part, he thoroughly knew the devil, and had eaten more than one bushel of salt with him; that the devil had much more frequently and closely lain in bed and slept with him than his wife Catherine; that he was wont to walk about with him in his bedchamber; and that he had had him hanging about his neck. The devil which thus persistently tormented Luther, and against which he fought so well, was his own self-feeling objectified into Satanic form by his great earnestness.

When we reflect, again, it is impossible to believe that Mahomet was throughout his career a mere cunning quack, who imposed upon others without imposing upon himself. An excellent encouragement for quackery, truly, to commence the most hopeless and most dangerous task which a man could well undertake, to disgust and alienate every friend and every relative, to give up an honorable position in his tribe, and to be compelled to hide in caverns and to flee for his life. He was forty years old when the truth was revealed unto him, and in three years he had but thirteen followers! The most sanguine and ambitious of quacks would have refused Mahomet's task, and the cleverest of impostors could not have done Mahomet's work. If the laws of nature will admit of the raising of such a superstructure as the Mahometan religion—a religion which at the present time counts more believers than any other save Buddhism—on mere imposture, then most assuredly the scepticism of the cynical as to human progress is justified, and the faith of the most hopeful may rightly despair. The sincerity of Mahomet is unquestionable, but we vindicate his sincerity to some extent at the

expense of his sanity. Certainly it is not to be admitted that the angel Gabriel appeared to him and carried him up into heaven, but that he, the earnest epileptic, did in his visions really see the angel Gabriel is a supposition which may more justly claim the candid consideration of the charitable than the hasty sneer of the scornful. Whether, however, Mahomet was conscious of it or not, it can admit of no question that his egoism was the devil which successfully imposed on him.

Recently there has been published the story of the life of Edward Irving, whose mind, as his friends think, broke down under the vast labour to which he subjected himself. His biographer has thought fit to publish some very remarkable letters of Irving to his wife, and with some animation claims for them the unqualified approbation of the world. Perhaps no more melancholy letters than these ever have been printed, and admiration can be claimed for them only on the same principle as it might be claimed for the hectic beauty of a rapid consumption. The letters are beautiful, but it is with the beauty of disease, for no one acquainted with the laws of the human mind can fail to perceive in them the fatal symptoms of an oncoming, incurable insanity. Irving's career illustrates the gradual growth of the unconscious selfhood into insanity; he was in a perilous state long before these extravagances appeared in him which alienated his injudicious friends; and though no one can read the story of his life without affectionate sympathy, it is not a life which can be pointed to as a sound and healthy one—not a life to be imitated, but to be pitied. His admirers might say that its early part was grand and holy as the swell of cathedral music, and that, had it but stopped short of its melancholy conclusion, it would have remained a noble monument in the burial-ground of the past. But how can a life stop short in its inevitable progress? As well might we say that the flushed cheek and brilliant eye of consumption would be well if it stopped short of the hollowed lung and lingering death. The sickly beauty of the earlier part of Irving's career was symptomatic of a condition which inevitably terminated in the ultimate wreck. But of Irving as, perhaps, of Mahomet, it may be truly said, that in so far as he was deluded, he was himself the most sincere and earnest believer in his delusion.

Many other men might be instanced, were it necessary, the stories of whose lives reveal a similar one-sided earnestness. The careers of Whitfield, George Fox, founder of the Quakers, Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, seem to show that the extreme earnestness and sincerity of a little insanity are almost essential to move a man to the unhopeful and laborious task of combating the heavy opposition of the existing state of things. Cromwell was very subject at one time to hypochondriacal melancholy. A Huntingdon physician told Sir P. Warwick that he had often been sent for at midnight;

Mr. Cromwell was very "splenetic," and thought he was about to die, and also had "fancies about the town cross!" Dr. Johnson, as is well known, was similarly afflicted; and Aristotle says that all the great men of his time were melancholy and hypochondriac. In such men the self-feeling or selfhood is great; and when, therefore, their energies are directed outwards for the realisation of some idea or plan, the earnestness of great feeling enters into their convictions, and is put into their actions. It is this happy direction of force outwards which cures them of their melancholy and prevents them from becoming insane. Great self-feeling confers the liability of becoming a lunatic or the power of becoming a reformer.

These considerations may in some degree assist the recognition of the relations in which genius and madness often stand to one another. For it can scarce be questioned that some who exhibit what is called genius only just miss madness, and, on the other hand, that some who become insane lack but a little of having genius. Across the murky atmosphere of madness lightning-flashes of the deepest insight occasionally shoot, and the light of genius is at times but the light of a falling star. If, instead of directing force outwards for the good of others, and thus undermining by self-abnegation the internal morbid feeling, the latter be nursed by the encouragement of an unhealthy self-consciousness, it is greatly invigorated, and luxuriates into madness with a marvellous ease. While genius is manifest in an altruistic development of force, insanity is often produced by an egoistic development thereof.

It will not be unprofitable to endeavour to illustrate the way in which the self-feeling operates in the causation of insanity. All passions, but notably the egoistic passions, with which we are at present concerned, may be referred to the pleasant or unpleasant feelings which result from gratification of, or opposition to, the striving of the self to maintain its integrity and increase its power. Such inherent striving of the self is manifest both in consciousness and out of consciousness; and as in organic action that which favours development produces a pleasant sensation, and that which opposes development produces a painful sensation, so in mental activity the idea which is favorable to the striving of self is accompanied with an agreeable emotion, and the idea which opposes such striving with a painful emotion. As, indeed, inflammation of organic structure is the reaction against injury thereof, so in organic consciousness anger or great passion is the reaction of the mind against opposing ideas. Great self-feeling is a great weakness in a character; for the greater the self-feeling the more quickly is passion excited, just as inflammation is more easily produced in structure which is not strong and sound. Now, it is with the insane as it is with any one who is under the influence of some passion arising from an opposition to or gratification of the self-feeling—the reason is blinded by

the storm, and instead of seeing clearly he feels intensely; he is blind without knowing it. How quick is anger against one who has offended to perceive faults where none appeared before! And yet it is not the offender, but the angry man, who is changed. If the force of passion be directed outwards—if, for example, the offender be knocked down—there is a chance of clear vision being restored and a reconciliation being effected; but if the passion be nursed in the mind, it degenerates into envy, malice, and hatred, and produces permanent blindness. Anger, like every other passion, is truly a short madness; and a passion which becomes permanent is madness. In many cases the insane are under the sway of a permanent passion, so that they cannot see correctly, and see as objective realities what exist only in their own morbid feeling. The delusion then becomes the natural evolution or expression of the predominant passion. The vain person who cherishes an ambitious passion may in time be so possessed by it that he is utterly unable to see things as they really are; his erroneous notions cannot then be corrected by impressions from without, and his excessive self-conceit terminates in a delusion that he is a priest, emperor, or king. Accordingly there are in all asylums emperors of the world, prophets favoured of heaven, and such-like mortals too big for earth. "I was frequently followed at the Bicêtre by a general who said that he had just been fighting an important battle, and had left 50,000 men dead on the field. At my side was a monarch who talked of nothing but his subjects and his provinces. In another place was the prophet Mahomet in person, who denounced vengeance in the name of the Almighty. A little further on was a sovereign of the universe who could with a breath annihilate the earth." One man always signed these letters after his name—D.D., R. R., D.M.; Dominus dominorum, Rex regum, Dominus mundi; Lords of lords, King of kings, Ruler of the world. A certain Capability Brown must have nurtured self-conceit into an outrageous development when, on surveying a conquest of his in the way of levelling hills, arranging trees in picturesque groups, and such like, he could exclaim, "Ay! none but your Browns and your God Almighties can do such things as these."

The hypochondriac broods over his bodily discomfort with such persistency that in time the feeling of it becomes that of an unspeakable affliction. It is idle then to reason with him and to point out how slight is the actual cause of his calamity; the feeling is the real thing to him, and he interprets it as its magnitude and importance seem to demand. A common disturbance of some function, which is the fact, seems to him a completely inadequate cause of so great suffering, and he supposes that he has a ball of fire in his side as Pascal did, or that he is filled with snakes as many do, or that whole armies are fighting in his inside. Dr. Rush mentions a man who believed that he had a Caffre in his stomach, who had got in

once at the Cape of Good Hope, and tormented him ever since. Some dread death at every moment, and others believe that they actually are dead. The sufferings which a hypochondriac may undergo are sometimes exceedingly great, and it is a great error to laugh at his affliction as an unreal thing. One writes to his physician thus :—"My poor body is a burning furnace, my nerves red-hot coals, my blood is boiling oil, all sleep has fled, and I am suffering martyrdom. I am in agony when I lie on my back, I cannot lie on either side, and I endure excruciating torture when I seek relief by lying upon my stomach; and to add to my misery, I can neither sit, stand, nor walk." Of what avail is it to such a one that his nerves are not red-hot coals nor his blood boiling oil; they are so to his agonising feelings. Pain is a very real thing to the sufferer, though nature seem indifferent.

As in the sound mind it is a law of perception to project outwards the ordinary states of consciousness which objects excite in the mind, and to regard such states as qualities of the object, so in like manner the hypochondriacal melancholic often assigns his extraordinary subjective experience to extraordinary objective causes. His anomalous sensations seem to be the work of external malicious agencies; the heat, or other sensation, which he feels, as the result of internal disease, is the undoubted work of concealed enemies, who are playing upon him with artificial fire, or are operating upon him with a galvanic battery, or are bewitching him with their devilish influence. So man creates the goblins which he fears.

The grief which follows some great worldly loss or domestic calamity may drive a person of feeble and ill-regulated mind into a state of gloom and despondency; and if, in place of rising up to vigorous action, and thus undermining the feeling by directing force outwards, he gives way to the indulgence of it, which is the easier plan, the feeling increases until he is completely possessed by it, despondency becomes despair, and he cannot see beyond the dark cloud in which he is enshrouded. In time the vast and undefined gloom condenses into definite form, and the delusion that he is ruined for time and eternity is established. So it happens that an individual who is reasonable upon other matters may believe that he has committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, and that he is doomed to eternal damnation.

As anger is a short madness, so the ardour of love is a temporary insanity. The lover's passion creates the excellencies with which he invests the object of his admiration, and he worships an ideal of his imagination rather than an actual being. Hence love is proverbially blind, and Shakespeare has admirably represented its blindness in the story of Titania, who falls desperately in love with Bottom's ass's head. There is no reasoning with a person in love; and if anything is said in disparagement of the object of his affection by his

nearest friend, who speaks the words of truth and soberness, he will inevitably deem him prejudiced and unjust, and, in spite of himself, will abate in his regard towards him. Uninfluenced by passion, the looker-on sees truly; whilst he, having his self-feeling exceedingly gratified, "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," or finds Lucretia's virtue in Lais' purchased charms.

> "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact:
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
> That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name."

In a lunatic asylum some are found who are under a permanent passion of love; and instead of clothing a real object with delusive excellencies and imaginary virtues, they go a little further, and create the object and its excellencies also. They converse in words of endearing affection with lovers whom no one can see but themselves, and are happy in the visits of those who exist nowhere but in their own imaginations. Some enthusiasts who have been canonised as saints unquestionably suffered from this form of mental disease. Of St. Theresa it has been said, "She possessed an ardent and sensitive disposition, transported, no doubt, by terrestrial affection, which she strove to exchange for a more exalted ardour for the Deity; for devotion and love are more or less of a similar character. Theresa was not fired by that adoration which is exclusively due to the infinite and invisible Intelligence which rules the universe; so much so, that she not unfrequently reproached herself with bitterness that these raptures were not sufficiently unconnected with corporeal pleasures and voluptuous feelings." Another, St. Catherine de Sienne, thought, during her ecstasies, that she was received as "a veritable spouse into the bosom of the Saviour." Of such imaginative ecstatics Dryden's lines are certainly true:

> "There is a pleasure, sure, in being mad
> Which none but madmen know."

It is the same with the remaining egoistic passions as with those which have been mentioned; when vehement and habitual, they end in delusions. The *nature* or kind of the delusion will be determined by the nature of the passion in which the self-feeling is engaged, but the particular *form* which it assumes will depend on the individual's education and on the circumstances in which he was placed. Thus the vain and ambitious mortal, who has enjoyed a religious training, will assume a character in accordance with his sentiments, and

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will claim to be a prophet favoured of heaven, or even Jesus Christ. Tell him, then, that he cannot be Christ, because Christ is in heaven, and he will reply, as one lunatic did, "Heaven is wherever I am." Amongst those insane who are of the Catholic religion it is not unusual to find women who claim to be the Virgin Mary. The politician will be a prime minister or a king; the man of science will profess to have solved the problem of perpetual motion, and will assume miraculous powers. The insane white who sees the devil sees him black, the insane black sees the devil white. The circumstances of the time also influence the form of the delusion. When witchcraft was believed in, the insane frequently fancied themselves tormented by witches; since the police have been established, they often suppose the police to be pursuing them. At the time when Napoleon was setting up and pulling down kings, many people were admitted into French asylums who supposed themselves to be kings and emperors. And Esquirol asserts that he could write the history of the French revolution, from the taking of the Bastile to the last appearance of Napoleon, from the character of the insanity which accompanied its different phases. Strange and unaccountable, then, as the delusions of the insane may appear, it is certain that if we were intimately acquainted with the character of the individual, and with all the circumstances in which he had been placed, it would be manifest that a delusion is formed by laws as regular as those which govern the appearance of any other phenomenon in nature.

The account of the mode of origin of a delusion is a commentary on the untrustworthiness of self-feeling. Some are apt to boast confidently of the faith which they have in their feelings, and seem to fancy that they are never deceived by them. They would, perhaps, speak more correctly if they were to say that it very seldom happens but that they are deceived by them; when they fall back upon their feelings for the justification of an opinion, they often have recourse to their infirmity for an obstinacy which their reason cannot justify. In proportion as they gain obstinacy from the excitement of personal feeling does the danger of missing truth increase. The power of insight is in proportion to the degree of renunciation of self, and with the incarnation of Divine Wisdom we are taught that there was an annihilation of self. Delusion is the certain companion of extravagant development of self.

Furthermore, there exists a sufficient reason for the untrustworthiness of the egoistic feeling in the intimate relation which exists between mind and body, whereby it happens that a temporary or permanent derangement of the latter very notably affects the former. So seeming slight a matter as the presence of a little bile in the blood produces great depression of feeling, and accordingly things have a marvellously different aspect or events a very different outlook

then from that which they have when there is a sound state of health. The mind cannot resist successfully a feeling which is the result or dynamic correlative of a certain condition of the cerebral molecules; but the restoration of the action of the liver, by removing this condition, changes the whole aspect of nature, and transports the individual from misery to bliss. Life seems a wretched penalty during the irritation of some diseases; in a state of buoyant health and vigour 'the very fact of breathing is happiness enough.' So close, indeed, is the relation between mind and body, that it may justly be said that not an impression falls upon the body without the movement palpitating through the soul; and, on the other hand, that not a thought stirs in the mind without the motion vibrating through the body. How, then, can we rightly trust to feelings which do not consciously recognise the disturbing influence of bodily states?

As a temporary bodily disturbance plainly affects the feelings and through the feelings the faculty of right insight, so a chronic disease of some internal organ sometimes permanently disturbs the nice relation which exists between the brain and the organ. The morbid condition of the organ is reflected in an altered condition of the cerebral structure, and the physical disturbance is manifest to us in the disturbed feeling of the individual, a feeling which he cannot successfully resist, because it is the morbid expression of a morbid state. All ideas which arise under these conditions will not be the just representations of objects, because the faithfulness of their relation will be perverted by the undue idea or feeling of self. This will happen when the disturbance exists only in a moderate degree; but when, from an innate feebleness of nervous organization or from other causes, the feeling of depression passes into hypochondriacal melancholy, the ideas will be proportionately more unjust—they will, in fact, become the strangest delusions. The delusion is the sufferer's interpretation of an extremely morbid feeling, which claims, in consciousness, a cause commensurate with the magnitude of its morbid affection of consciousness. It is found that chronic diseases of the internal organs are common amongst the insane, and the disturbed feelings which they give rise to are attributed to the most absurd causes. Pinel even considered that, in general, the primitive seat of insanity was in the region of the stomach and intestinal canal, and that it was from that central part that mental aberration was "propagated, as by irradiation." It is not improbable that careful investigation would prove this opinion of Pinel to be often strictly true of the gradually produced emotional insanity.*

* It is sometimes possible to form a tolerably certain opinion as to whether the primary pathological condition of insanity is in the brain or in the viscera from the character of the disease and from the mode of its invasion. The emotions may be shortly said to depend upon the whole organism; the intellectual faculties depend on the brain itself. Hence injury to the brain structure from advanced disease or

When the nervous structure of the mental organ is directly affected by actual injury to it, or by disease, or by the exhausting effects of debilitating vice, a notable symptom is an increased emotional susceptibility. As the nervous material passes through decay, the selfhood sprouts up luxuriantly; weed-like, it flourishes well amidst ruins; and the correlative degeneration of nervous force is accompanied or expressed by the emotional display of great self-feeling. Few things are more irritating to the temper than an attempt to reason with the self-constituted wreck which the persistent onanist is; with an unceasing iteration he will talk of his peculiar feelings, and with a wearisome self-confidence will relate the delusions of his self-conceit. He is the incarnation of unbounded self-confidence in a deceptive self-feeling.

Not less remarkable is the wondrously perverted development of the self-feeling in that degeneration of nervous structure which is the condition of general paralysis. Correlative with the decay of material is the decay of its functional action, as it is progressively manifest in increased emotional display, extravagant delusions of personal power or grandeur, and final extinction. It is interesting to reflect that an individual thinks most of himself in that disease in which the nervous system is most hopelessly decayed. Regarding only the mental aspect, we might say that exaggerated self-feeling is the fungus which causes and constitutes decay; limitless, therefore, in grandeur, are the delusions which it produces. "I am," said one of Dr. Tuke's patients frequently, "Duke of Devonshire and Marquis of Westminster; I shall marry the Countess of Blessington and live in the Vatican, which I have ordered to be pulled down and rebuilt at Kensington. My wife is the handsomest woman in the world; she and I are the best singers. I am to appear in 'Othello' to night. I have won five millions on the Derby. I am the strongest and the happiest of men."

The account which has been given of the origin of a delusion by the condensation of emotion into idea, which may be afterwards projected into outward realisation as an object, is by no means applicable only to the unsound mind; the same process is taking place regularly in the sound mind, and is very strikingly illustrated in dreams. A person who goes to sleep under the influence of some depressing emotion may in his dream pass through events which have no resemblance to the events which really caused the emotion, but which have a very evident relation to the character of the emotion. Thus, he who has gone to sleep under a feeling of fear and depression may

from violence is likely to produce intellectual derangement and incoherency; disease of viscera will initiate emotional insanity. Of course, however, the molecular cerebral change which visceral disease may produce, and which is manifest dynamically in emotional insanity, may be caused by blood poisons or produced in the earlier stages of actual cerebral disease.

in his dreams go through the processes of being tried, sentenced, and hanged. People have sometimes found dreams to come true, because they have gone to sleep with a feeling which has in dreamland been resolved into ideas having reference to the matter about which they were interested. The fanatical religious feeling of Louis XI of France with regard to the Crusades, in his dream took the form of a battle between the Christians and Moslems before Jerusalem; and he then regarded his dream as an incentive from heaven to urge him to fight for the holy sepulchre. The uncontrolled frolic of the selfhood in dreaming, which happens in consequence of the removal of the corrective action of external impressions, accounts for the grand character of the ideas which often then occupy the mind, and may enable us to form some conception of the condition of the insane mind which is possessed with delusions of grandeur. For in dreamland the most important events take place with reference to self without causing any surprise; we are kings, and are not astonished; scavengers, and it seems quite natural; we are on the pinnacle of happiness, and are not greatly transported by it; or we flee in an agony of terror when no man pursueth. But we awake, and are thankful that it was a dream. The insane do not awake from their dreams.

It must certainly be confessed that all delusions produced by moral causes cannot always be traced in the individual out of the definite condensation of an exaggerated passion. Some are so extravagant, and are accompanied with such great mental incoherency, that it is necessary to go further back than the individual to account for them. The effects of moral causes, as surely as those of physical causes, do not perish, but endure in nature; they go on working through all time; and the previous generation will often render plain that which appears inexplicable in the present. The habitual passion of the parent becomes the insanity of the child, which then represents a further stage in mental degeneration. It is born with an innate tendency to delusions—is a discord in nature, displaying its incoherency almost as soon as it displays action. During the French revolution, when great fear necessarily pervaded all minds, many children were born who became insane from the slightest causes. Esquirol relates the case of a young man who throughout life was a prey to constant terror. His mother had had a great fright during pregnancy, and, as she lived amongst the fearful events of La Vendée, was constantly exposed to causes of terror. From birth to his fifth year the child was subject to convulsions, and at six he had an acute affection of the brain. Ultimately he fancied that he saw persons armed with daggers, pistols, &c., for the purpose of murdering him; and if he went out of the house he returned hastily, saying that a bullet had whizzed past his ear. He feared also that all who came near him wished to poison him. The case furnishes an example of passion

which had not taken form in the generation in which it arose, but which had, as it were, undergone crystallisation into idea in the second generation. When the delusions of an insane person are very extravagant and numerous, and are very calmly and decidedly expressed, as though not being something extraneous or adventitious, but really a part of the nature of the individual and essential, it may often be predicted with great confidence that the insanity is hereditary. If a person in good bodily health, whose insanity was not produced by physical causes, maintained that he was a teapot or a coal-skuttle, the most positive denial of any hereditary predisposition should scarce produce a conviction of the non-existence of some predisposition. The good and the evil in a constitution alike descend through generations; the habitual passion of the parent may become the delusion of the child, and the delusion of the child become the idiocy of the grandchild, which, as idiots are not commonly fruitful, is happily the extinction of the direct evil. This gradual degeneration of mind through morbid passion, delusions, and dementia, to extinction, frequently takes place—is, in fact, the regular course of insanity—in an individual life.

The inquiry as to what passions are deemed to be the most powerful causes in deranging the mental balance will conveniently make manifest the distinction between those feelings of self which do lead to insanity and those feelings for the not-self or for others which probably never do conduct to such a painful end. One author has said that men become insane from pride, girls from love, and women from jealousy; and, without doubt, such affections of the selfhood do often pass on to actual insanity. But it is commonly believed and said that religion and love have the most powerful effects upon the mind, and frequently overthrow its stability. The enthusiastic exaltation to which they both sometimes lead is not unlike, although the effects of it are different, for the enthusiasm of love is much more curable than that of religion. The infidelity of the object of affection or the dissipation of the lover's delusion by time and familiarity restores his senses and does away with his extravagances. Leander the lover may swim across the Hellespont for his Hero, but Leander married would scarce swim across a duck-pond for her. Petrarch wrote very moving sonnets to his Laura, but when Laura was offered to him he declined to accept her. The enthusiasm of love is a emporary hallucination which is mostly soon recovered from, but the love which does sometimes produce insanity is that which is disappointed by the infidelity of its object or by some other cause. In such case, however, disappointed affection is often but another name for wounded self-love, as the following example may aptly illustrate. A young girl of great sensibility and much self-love, who had been religiously educated, was not permitted to marry. She thereupon became melancholy, and imagined herself to be abandoned by every

one, and, making a vow of chastity, devoted herself to Christ. Falling short of her promises, she was seized with remorse, and believed herself damned and given up to the devil. Recovering from that after six weeks of dissipation, she again fell in love, was again forsaken, and renewed her vows, but again fell, was again in the power of the devil, who played all kinds of pranks with her body, burning and gnawing her heart and tearing her entrails. She thought herself enveloped in the flames of hell, refused consolation, cursed the devil who was torturing her, cursed God who was precipitating her into hell, and finally died exhausted. Love has, indeed, two very different directions of development, an altruistic and an egoistic development; in one case it is very much a self-gratification, in the other case it is self-forgetful, and has regard more to the good and gratification of the object. It is the egoistic kind of love that is concerned in the causation of the insanity which is attributed to disappointed affection, for the mortification of it is a serious wound to the self-feeling which has so much to do in the production of madness. Altruistic love is founded upon self-renunciation, and that way madness does not lie.

As it is with love, so also is it with religion. The religious ascetic of the middle ages fled from the society of mankind into the forests, lived in caves, mortified his body with stripes, and fed on the coarsest food, all the while deeming himself a religious hero. The fact was that his exaggerated selfhood had grown into madness, and he was labouring under a great delusion—he was simply possessed with a devil. It is related of St. Macarius that, having one day killed a gnat which had stung him, he was seized with such compunction that, as an atonement for his crime, he threw away his clothes and remained naked for six months in a marsh exposed to the bites of every insect. The result of that was that St. Macarius had his skin very much tanned, and the universe gained nothing thereby. But the hero of asceticism is unquestionably St. Simeon Stylites. "At the age of thirteen," says Gibbon, "the young Syrian deserted the profession of a shepherd, and threw himself into an austere monastery. After a long and painful novitiate, in which Simeon was repeatedly saved from pious suicide, he established his residence in a mountain about thirty or forty miles to the east of Antioch. Within the space of a mandra, or circle of stones to which he had attached himself by a ponderous chain, he ascended a column, which was successively raised from the height of nine to that of sixty feet from the ground. In this last and lofty station the Syrian anchoret resisted the heat of thirty summers and the cold of as many winters. Habit and exercise instructed him to maintain his dangerous situation without fear or giddiness, and successively to assume the different postures of devotion. He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his outstretched arms in the figure of a cross, but his most familiar practice

was that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet, and a curious spectator, after numbering 1244 repetitions, at length desisted from the endless account. The progress of an ulcer in his thigh might shorten, but it could not disturb, this celestial life, and the patient hermit expired without descending from his column." As it is the part of sound religion not to rail at and escape from the ill, but to sympathise with the good and to make a man one with his kind, Stylites' lofty column and mistaken mortification represent to us the loftiness of his selfhood and the delusions which sprang from it. As may be supposed, the ascetic often saw visions, was favoured with the visits of angels or apostles, and was distinguished by the special persecution of Satan. It might really seem, from the accounts which some of these saints gave of themselves, that the devil left everything else in order to devote all his energies to shake their righteous steadfastness. And it was a great triumph for them to relate how he had been foiled. St. Athanasius informs us that St. Anthony was frequently whipped by the devil, and St. Jerome says the same of St. Hilarius. Of Cornelia Juliana it is said that in her room one day "the other nuns heard a prodigious noise, which turned out to be a strife which she had had with the devil, whom, after having laid hold of him, she fustigated most unmercifully; then, having him upon the ground, she trampled upon him with her feet, and ridiculed him in the most bitter manner." What with St. Dunstan's red-hot tongs, Luther's ink-bottle, and Cornelia's tongue, the devil has come off badly in his warfare with the saints. Amidst the manifold extravangances which holy men at sundry periods have been guilty of, some, like St. Francis, founder of the Franciscans, have stripped themselves naked in proof of their innocence, and have even appeared in public without garments, as Diogenes did, and as lunatics are sometimes prone to do. Their follies have been the symptoms of an insane selfhood which had identified itself with religion, just as happens at the present day in an equally offensive manner with the sanctimonious self-righteousness of the Pharisees who unctuously thank God that they are not as other men are. Man finds it wondrous easy to deceive himself, and while feeding his vanity fancies that he is advancing religion. But as an ape appears the more deformed from his resemblance to man, so the aping of humility by religious pride makes it the more odious.

Religion cannot, then, be justly considered as the principal cause of the madness of asceticism any more than it can rightly be considered as the cause of the numerous and bloody wars which have been undertaken under its holy name. The just aim of religion is to plant self-denial, charity, long-suffering, and peace amongst mankind; and yet we see that the selfish passions of men have, with a marvellous, but often unconscious, audacity, made it the excuse for their insane extravagances, and the unrighteous pretext for watering the earth

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with blood and filling it with groans. It can admit of no question that fanatics would have acted as madly as they have acted, and that nations would have fought as fiercely as they have fought, if there had been no such thing as religion among men.

There exist certain valid reasons why religious delusions and religious fears form so large a part of the phenomena of insanity as they unquestionably do. In the first place, religion is a matter about which almost every one has some knowledge, and the only subject almost of which some know anything; so that when insanity is established in such cases, it becomes a necessity that its delusions should have reference to religious notions. In the second place, the ideas which are furnished by religion are the only ones which can adequately express the immense fear and despair from which some who are melancholy suffer or the grand notions which some who are maniacal have. It sometimes happens that an insane person is possessed with a vast and undefined fear without being able to say what it is which is the cause of such a great dread; there is a state of exaggerated and unnatural emotion, without the ability to realise it in idea or to body it forth in words. Suppose that this vast horror is ultimately expressed in words, such as may render it conceivable to lookers-on. There is but one idea in the whole of human conceptions which can adequately convey the great fear, and that is the idea that an unpardonable sin has been committed, and that the soul is for ever lost. So that, for the adequate utterance of the severest emotional insanity, it is necessary to have recourse to religious conceptions. In like manner, for the expression of an insane feeling of ambitious vanity, an individual will naturally look to that which in his ideas stands highest in greatness and glory; he desires admiration and worship, and he claims to be One who is most worshipped—he is Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost. Manifestly, then, in many cases of insanity in which there are religious delusions and religious fears, religion has not been concerned as a cause. In the third place, the miraculous nature of many religious events silences the opposition of reason to the pretensions of excessive self-feeling. "God appeared to Abraham, to Isaac, to Paul," exclaims the self-inspired lunatic, "and why not to me? Christ wrought a miracle for the benefit of a poor widow; and is not the conversion of an unbelieving world before a fast-approaching judgment, which I am sent to proclaim, of importance enough to require many miracles? How long will ye doubt, oh ye of little faith?"

The relation of religious ideas to the supernatural, again, or, in other words, their non-relation to the natural, seems to operate sometimes in making religious delusions of a very extreme and desperate nature. Thus, for example, Pinel tells of a missionary who believed himself to be the fourth person in the Trinity, who killed two of his children, and would have killed his wife had she

not escaped, deeming it his duty to save the world by *the baptism of blood*. After being in confinement for some time he murdered two of his fellow-patients. A vine-dresser killed his children in order to send them to heaven; and some, wishful to die, will not commit suicide, because they would then be damned, but commit murder, in order that they may be hanged and may have time to repent. A similar reasoning unreason was displayed in Greece after Plato had propagated his doctrine of the immortality of the soul; many committed suicide, thinking it better to die and be happy than to live and be miserable. Esquirol relates the case of a captain, aged thirty-four, a strong man, who, in consequence of some crossed inclination, became sad and solitary, and after some weeks burst out into raving, fancying that he had a mission from heaven to convert mankind. Accordingly, he seized a pewter pot and struck an attendant three blows on the head, from which the latter died after a few days. He was then restrained and became furious, believing that he was commissioned by God to regenerate mankind by the baptism of blood. Already he had killed, he said, twenty millions of people whom he had regenerated. He invited Esquirol, calmly, with the accents of benevolence, to go to him. "Approach, that I may cut your head off; it is the means of ensuring your future happiness." At times he was conscious of his condition, and then lamented his position. To such desperate sufferers the voice of heaven seems as real as the voice of God seemed to Abraham when it commanded him to sacrifice his only son Isaac.

It is undoubtedly true that in certain cases religious excitement may cause insanity, although it is even then not the whole cause. A predisposing cause has most likely existed in an infirmity of organization, and religion has been the exciting cause of an outbreak which, without it, might have happened from some other cause, such as disappointed affection, wounded vanity, or domestic calamity. Still, as it is certain that a person of sound constitution may be rendered temporarily susceptible to the influence of disturbing causes by reason of depressing external circumstances or of some bodily disorder, it is plain that great religious excitement may be injurious, as it unquestionably was in the recent revivals. When the body is cool and strong, a draught of cold air may play upon it and do no harm; but if it is hot and perspiring from exertion, a draught of air may produce inflammation of the lungs; it is well, then, to avoid draughts of air at all times, and necessary to do so when the body is heated and exhausted. So with religious excitement; it is well that devotion should be calm and sober at all times; it is necessary that it be so if there is any innate or temporary susceptibility to disturbing mental causes. For the feebler a mortal is in nervous organization, whether as a natural fact or from accidental causes, and the more marked is the morbid self-feeling, the more proneness, there-

fore, is there to insanity. The sensation which she excites and the notoriety which she gains are gratifying to the self-love of the weak, hysterical woman, who falls down in convulsions or bursts out into raving incoherency as she listens to the wordblasts of an exciting preacher. But as convulsion is not strength of body, so noise and raving are not strength of mind. Both manifest the degeneration or unkinding of superior force.

The foregoing considerations render it sufficiently evident that when religion and love are said to be powerful causes of insanity, the statement is not an exact representation of the truth. A question lies deeper as to the character of the individual and the kind of religion or love which prevails. Is it egoistic and a self-gratification, or altruistic and a self-renunciation? Those feelings which arise in a desire for the good of others, such as compassion and benevolence, the altruistic emotions, as they are called, do not lead to insanity, and the appearance of them in one who is insane from other causes is always of hopeful augury. Even those who become insane from grief at the loss of a friend, which is not a strictly altruistic grief, because the sorrow is not for the friend who has gone, but for the loss which the living self who is left has suffered, are much more hopeful as regards recovery than those whom envy, jealousy, wounded self-love, disappointed ambition, or any other of the purely egoistic passions, have deranged.

To live for others or to live for self, that is the question:—whether the actions shall be excited by the altruistic feelings for the welfare of others, or whether they shall be prompted by the egoistic passions for the gratification of self? The true reformer unshrinkingly devotes himself to accomplishing the good of others, and labours at self-renunciation; but human nature is weak, and the selfhood is very apt to thrust itself forward into the best works. It is the persistent devil against which the earnest reformer has to fight; it was the devil which hung round Luther's neck, and against which he struggled with such fearful earnestness. It was the devil which ultimately succeeded in imposing upon Mahomet; the devil which deluded the fanatic in his cell when it made him fancy that he was fighting with the devil; and the devil with which false reformers and the insane are possessed. No marvel, then, that the Scriptures describe the insane as being possessed with a devil.

The morality of all religions, in all ages, has enforced the doctrine of self-renunciation upon the individual as the condition of his welfare and salvation, but we do not observe that the doctrine has been duly enforced upon humanity as a whole. On the contrary, it is too evident that the selfhood of humanity has created, age after age, most extraordinary delusions, so that the history of human thought is the history of human delusions. Regarding themselves as the end and aim of creation, mankind have considered the arrangements of nature

as ordained and maintained for their profit; they have thought that the universe moved round man as a centre at the will of gods, who were deifications of humanity. For, assuredly, the selfhood of humanity has created its gods. The imagination of the barbarian, when he suffered, peopled the air and woods and storms with evil deities or spirits who were injuring him; while the gratification of his selfhood by prosperity was deemed to be the work of a good deity, who favoured him. Odin, and Thor, and Apollo, and Jupiter, and the rest of the dwellers in Valhalla and on Olympus, were human beings with impossible qualities. "If oxen and lions had hands and fingers like ours," said Xenophanes, "horses would paint and fashion their gods like horses and oxen like oxen, and would give them bodies of like shape to their own." But Xenophanes rebuked in vain the gross anthropomorphism of his countrymen. Man was made god, and the idealisation of himself was worshipped by him. And as we have seen it to be with the individual, so it has been with humanity—the opposition to the delusions of its self-feeling excited passion, and those who rejected its superstition fell victims to its anger. Self-renunciation is as necessary a condition of right insight to humanity as it is unquestionably the necessary condition of right insight to the individual.

The scientific spirit of the present age preaches self-renunciation. The investigations of geology, revealing the existence of the earth for thousands of years before man appeared on it—the discoveries of astronomy, showing how small a fragment the earth is in the vast immensity of the universe—the records of history, teaching the littleness of man in the mighty course of nature—and the researches of the chemist and physiologist, proving the very close relationship of man to the flower which he tramples upon and the dust which he despises—all tend to dispel human blindness and to humble human arrogance. How persistently has the selfhood of mankind opposed these revelations of its humble position in the system of the universe! Willingly or unwillingly, however, man must acknowledge them—nay, must indeed believe it possible that the sun may rise when there is no human eye to behold it, that the birds may sing when there is no human ear to listen, that the fruits may ripen when there is no human hand to pluck them, that the course of nature may continue though all men have perished. For it is a supposition which the history of the past does not reject, that after man has disappeared from the earth other and higher beings may take his place and rejoice in the beauties of nature as he has rejoiced in them.

If the lesson of self-renunciation is distinctly taught to humanity, with how much greater force is it taught to the individual mortal! It is a natural vanity in every one to think that he will be greatly missed when life's fitful dream is ended; and yet how little is the loss of the most distinguished felt! When he has gone to his ever-

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lasting rest it seems that he has rightly gone, and his place is so filled up that he seems no longer wanted. A little while, and who thinks of the touch of a vanished hand?—who remembers "the sound of a voice that is still"? Life refuses to carry with it the dead body of grief; for death is the condition of new life. "Oh! how beautiful is death," exclaims Jean Paul, "seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end!" The storied urn lasts only for a few generations at most, but the living work which a man has done never dies; it is a monument which outlasts time, which the universe cannot destroy unless it destroys itself.

It is well, then, for a struggling and suffering mortal that he learn the saving lesson of renunciation soon, that he early discover the holiness of endurance in the "sanctuary of sorrow." Through repression of self by a well-fashioned will, through altruistic development of feeling and altruistic use of power, he enters on that onward course of mental development which conducts to the clearest insight, the highest moral feeling, and the noblest moral action; he rises into a serene atmosphere, in which he sees life stripped of its delusions and death deprived of its horrors. But as surely as disobedience to the physical laws of nature results in disease and destruction, so surely does disobedience to the moral laws of development end in delusion and damnation. The sermon which scientific psychology preaches to-day is the sermon which more than eighteen hundred years ago was preached from the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem.

> "So live that, when thy summons comes
> To join the innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
> Thou go not like a quarry slave at night
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and nourished
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> As one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Asylum Notes on Typhoid Fever. By W. Carmichael McIntosh, M.D. Edin., Assistant-Physician and Superintendent Murray's Royal Asylum, Perth.

Fever and other diseases amongst the insane attract attention in their mental as well as in their physical relations; and if at the same time both sane and insane suffer, a comparison of the cases is interesting. Besides, in an asylum the patients are especially under charge from the first faint indications of the malady, and the previous history, habits, and constitution of the individual are familiar. In