

obeys it in faith. This is the great reality, and the continuing, vitalizing and indestructible power of "Mormonism." It cannot be burned in the martyr's fire, drowned by the floods of sectarian hate, barred out by the iron walls of the dungeon, or legislated from the souls of men by act or statute. The Spirit of the living God is in it and in its followers, and in that will be its perpetuation and its final victory.

### PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

It is known that there are people who, although only slightly advanced on the scale of civilization, are in possession of secret arts by which they temporarily suspend the functions of their senses and put themselves in a position to see what is not actually present to them. The Lapps of Scandinavia are noted for such arts, whether deservedly or not. And some tribes on the north coast of Asia still more so.

A Russian traveler, Mr. Matjuschin, who accompanied Wrangel on his Arctic expedition in 1820 witnessed a weird scene in those high latitudes. From his minute description we give a few extracts:

On August 30, 1820, 9376 versts separated us from Petersburg. I was in the most wretched city of the world, Werchojansk, and tried to celebrate the birthday of the emperor. With my Cossacks and a couple of Jakuts as guides, I marched along the shore of Tabalog and came at length to a place called the Devil's Jurta, where a lot of Tungusians met us and would prevent our progress. But we succeeded in gaining an entrance in the Jurta and could view the scene that was enacted there.

In the middle of the jurta a bright fire blazed round which were placed black sheep skins in a circle. On these a Shaman walked round and round with firm steps while he muttered some mystic words. His long black hair covered his face and behind this veil a pair of glowing eyes sparkled. His dress was a long talar of skin, covered with strings, amulets, chains, shells, brass and iron pieces. In his right hand he held a kind of drum or rather tambourine, and in the left, a bow. He looked fearful. The congregation sat quiet around him. The fire went down gradually. It became dark. The Shaman threw himself on the ground and lay there for five minutes motionless. Then he commenced to groan. It sounded as if different voices were emanating from him. After a little while the fire was again kindled. The flames circled lustily upwards, and the prostrated form sprang to his feet. He placed one end of his bow on the ground and held the other end in his hand, running round and round with a velocity that was truly astonishing. Suddenly he stopped and made various mystic signs with his hands in the air. Then he seized his drum and played it, while he made the most curious movements with his body. While performing these ceremonies, the Shaman smoked several pipes of tobacco and

drank between each a glass of brandy. Again he fell motionless to the ground. Two men now ran and flourished two large knives over his head. This seemed to bring him to life. He was lifted up. His appearance was revolting. His eyes were staring and his face red. His whole body shivered. Once more he commenced his circular motion round the bow, but he soon fell to the ground, and I was told that he was now prepared to answer any question that might be put to him.

I asked him questions concerning our expedition. I was confident that none in the whole company had the slightest idea of it, yet he answered all my questions in a kind of oracle style, but with a certainty and assurance as if he were fully acquainted with all its details.

"How long will our expedition last?" I asked.

"More than three years."

"Shall we accomplish anything?"

"More than expected at home."

"Shall we all remain well?"

"All, except yourself, and you will not be sick."

To a question about where Lieutenant Anjou was, he answered: "He is now three days' journey from Balne, where he has saved himself with great difficulty from a terrible storm."

All these answers were afterwards verified in every detail. All our people were well during the voyage, except myself. I suffered some from a cut in a finger. The Shaman also spoke of my intended bride and her great blue eyes, to the wonder of his congregation who had never seen any but small, dark eyes common to the people in those regions.

As soon as everybody had satisfied his curiosity, the Shaman recovered consciousness, a process that seemed to be accompanied by physical pain. The inhabitants said that the devil was now departing.

Analogous to the faculty of perceiving distant things or events as if they were present, is the faculty of perceiving future events as if they had already happened. The possibility of this is certainly established, although perhaps more difficult to explain. The argument against the possibility of fore-knowledge has been stated already by Faustus Socinus, who contends that not even God can know anything beforehand. He admits that God knows what is knowable, but the future, he says, does not exist and can, consequently, not be known, since knowledge presupposes something to be known. Leibnitz furnishes the true answer to this when in his "Theodice" he says: "It is as certain that the future will take place as it is that the past has taken place. It was as true a hundred years ago that I would write today as it will be after a hundred years that I wrote today."

It must be remembered that nothing takes place without a cause. No event happened without something previous on which it depended. And the whole history of the

universe might have been read in the beginning by one who had a perfect knowledge of the existing causes, for that history is nothing but the necessary effects thereof. And this view by no means excludes the free agency of man, because this is one of the whole complexity of causes from which events result. If we can conceive of an intelligence that understands every part of the universe, visible and invisible, as a skilled engineer understands his engine, then we can understand the possibility of fore-knowledge, for a being endowed with such intelligence must necessarily, from the construction of the vast creation, be able to see clearly its future destiny. And in the same way, if we conceive of an intelligence that partly understands the different parts of the universe, we can see that the future must partly be discernible to him.

The watchmaker will from the construction of the works in his watch, predict the movement of the hands; the ship builder will tell you how many knots an hour the ship will make, even before it touches the water; a physician will sometimes foretell the hour in which his patient will die. On similar principles more distantly future events may certainly be known to an intelligent mind.

How this knowledge is communicated to human beings remains in most instances a deep mystery, but numerous cases from the experience of reliable persons can be quoted in proof of its reality. It comes in dreams and forecasts or visions or otherwise, often producing deep and lasting impressions on the mind.

A curious instance is related of Professor Bohm, of Giessen:

He was one evening in a company of friends and spent the time very pleasantly. All at once he felt that he ought to go home. He told himself over and over again that he had no occasion to go home at that time, but the feeling did not leave him, and he grew more and more uneasy. Finally he went, but could find nothing unusual in his room. As he was looking round, a prompting came over him to move his bedstead from its customary place to another corner of the room. He could discover no reason for this curious idea, but carried it nevertheless out. As soon as he had done so, he felt easy and returned to his friends. It was late when he came home again and retired, and he fell immediately in sleep. But he was roused from his sleep by a tremendous crash. A great piece of timber had fallen from the roof and broken through the ceiling and was now lying where the bedstead had stood. But for his removal of that piece of furniture he would undoubtedly have been crushed to death,