

"But what is the soul, old Pine? Did it grow with the body? Or, what is the mind? Are the intellectual faculties the soul, or a part of it?"

"The old Pine cannot tell," I said. "Will not Ellen tell?"

"If Ellen tries to tell," she said, "she will begin with a question which includes all these: What is creation, and how was it created? Creation is what we see of the Universe, and what we do not see. The world and all that is therein, together with the heavens and all that they include. We have seen that it must have been created by God, and that He of necessity has existed from eternity. From eternity to eternity He is God. Then how did He make this Universe? Of what is it composed? What knowledge of this has he unfolded to us?"

"One key to the mysteries of creation, as Ellen thinks, is the innumerable number of pieces or parts of which it is composed. Because of this quality is the infinite variety and success of nature's works. For as things become more etherealized, they become more and more manageable and wonderful, until at last the more remarkable and most remarkable, as known to us, take place, the thoughts and emotions. Nor, indeed, would the Universe otherwise seem to be possible. And, so too, because of the innumerable pieces from which they are made, the different things in nature can be largely broken or disunited without destroying them. Air, water, earth can be separated indefinitely, and even those things that have life are capable of being largely dissected without that life being destroyed. In man all the organs of sense may be destroyed, and the life continue. In both plants and animals many limbs may be cut off without destroying, and often without injuring the life.

"And we see, too, in the creation of the Universe, things are made very largely, if not entirely, by a system of antitheses. Thus we have life and death, joy and sorrow, good and evil, bitter and sweet, true and false, hard and soft, mind and matter. And thus, too, in electricity there are two kinds or phases, known as positive and negative, and wherever one is produced, just as much of the other is also produced. Indeed, all nature abounds in these antitheses or opposites, through which alone, apparently, its manifestations are intelligible, if not possible.

"There is another wonderful principle in full action everywhere—infinity. It meets us in space. It meets us in time. It meets us in the material from which things are made. Whatever way we look, whichever way we turn, the workings of the infinite are visible. And we should always remember that through this principle of infinity only, can the infinite be explained. Forgetting this fundamental truth, many scientists and superficial thinkers advance the atomic theory of creation.

"And what is that, Ellen?" I asked.

"It is," she said, "that a limit in size is finally reached of the material or particles from which the Universe is made. And thus with indescribable folly does this class assume to measure the infinite by the finite; and when they reach—what is very easy to reach—a limit to their own understanding, mistake this to be the limit of that which is infinite.

"But the most wonderful of all things which Ellen sees in nature is that there is nothing of the miraculous in her works, but that everything has its adequate cause, and so far as we are able to perceive these causes, they are simple, and intelligible to our minds. Ellen has a right to believe, and does believe, that this is true throughout all of nature's infinite works.

"Another marvelous thing in nature everywhere visible is the order, or system, which pervades her works, nor does Ellen think that this order stops with man's ability to perceive it,—the little limit of our vision; but that not only those things which we see are in order, but equally so those that we do not. It is impossible that this should be otherwise. Order is



WINTER.

"I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
'Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow."

universal in nature."

"And, Ellen," I asked, "is not this universally recognized?"

"It is not recognized at all," she said, "by that vast army of scientists who profess to tell the secrets in nature's arcana. They are a slim lot as Ellen thinks, being unable to perceive this first and greatest of nature's laws."

"But surely, Ellen," I said, "you must be mistaken that they do not recognize it."

"Not at all, Ellen is sorry to say. On the contrary they fly from it at the first opportunity, with pretty much all the world following, presenting an illustration on the largest scale of the blind leading the blind. For everything known in nature is formed of what we call matter, combined and held together by forces, and subject to laws of disintegration. The things known make a most harmonious, complete, and wonderful demonstration of the system adopted by nature for the creation of the Universe. It would be hardly possible, with her known tendency to universal order, that she would have or could have any other. And yet the very first phenomenon which occurs, where the processes are partly hidden—that of sound—is at first assumed and then declared by this vast army of scientists, remarkable only for knowing so many things that are not so, to be formed under an entirely different system, by what they call a mode of motion, unaccompanied with its appropriate substance. A more gratuitous assumption it would probably be impossible to make, and certainly in the way that it is proposed a more absurd one could not be made."

"You refer, Ellen, to the undulatory theory of sound?"

"Precisely that, old Pine, and the remainder of the brood,

that of light, heat and color. But we must not and cannot dwell on this now. Ellen will come again, if the old Pine wishes, and discuss this subject."

"The old Pine would certainly be most pleased both to see and hear Ellen."

"All right, Piney," she said. "We will consider next the material from which, or of which, things are made. This material is called matter. The text books teach that it has impenetrability, extension, divisibility, porosity, compressibility, elasticity, mobility, and inertia. And then they speak of forces as manifesting themselves to us by the changes which they produce, or tend to produce, in the motion of matter."

"And does not Ellen accept all of this?" I asked.

"Some of it she does not accept," she said; "and she has but little use for any of it, because it tells her nothing of the essence of that thing which is called matter. What Mr. Locke says is to her far more satisfactory, although it is only a declaration of ignorance. Thus Mr. Locke says:

"When we speak of any sort of substance, we say it is a *thing* having such or such qualities; as, Body is a thing that is extended, figured, and capable of motion; Spirit, a *thing* capable of thinking; and so hardness, friability, and ductility of iron, we say, are qualities to be found in a magnet. These, and the like fashions of speaking, intimate that the substance is supposed always *something* besides the extension, figure, or other observable ideas, though we know not what it is. Hence, when we talk or think of any particular sort of corporeal substance, as horse, stone, etc., though the idea we have of either of them be but the complication or collection of those several simple ideas of sensible qualities which we find united in the thing called horse or stone, yet because we cannot conceive how they should subsist alone, nor one in the other, we suppose them existing in and supported by some common subject; *which support we denote by the name SUBSTANCE*, though it be certain we have no clear or distinct idea of *that thing* we suppose a Support. The same happens concerning the operations of the Mind; namely, Thinking, Reasoning, Fearing, etc., which we, concluding not to subsist of themselves, nor apprehending how they can belong to the Body, or, produced by it, are apt to think the actions of some other substance, which we call Spirit; whereby yet it is evident, that, having no other idea or notion of matter, but *something* wherein those sensible qualities which affect senses do subsist, by supposing a *Substance* wherein Thinking, Knowing, Doubting, and a power of reasoning, etc., do subsist, we have as clear a notion of the *Substance of Spirit* as we have of the *Body*; the one being supposed to be (without knowing what it is) the Substratum to those simple ideas we have *from without*, and the other supposed (with a like ignorance of what it is) to be the Substratum to those operations we experiment in ourselves *within*. It is plain, then, that the idea of *corporeal* Substance in matter is as remote from our conceptions and apprehensions as that of *Spiritual* Substance or Spirit; and therefore from our not having any notion of the *Substance of Spirit*, we can no more conclude its *non-existence* than we can for the same reason deny the existence of the *Body*; it being as rational to affirm there is no body because we have no clear and distinct idea of the Substance of matter, as to say there is no Spirit because we have no clear and distinct idea of the *Substance* of a Spirit."

[To be continued.]



SOUTH FROM ELLEN'S MOUNTAIN—BREAD LOAF MOUNTAIN AT RIGHT.
"Hill's peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."