

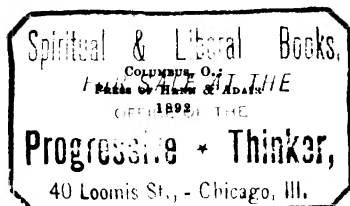
# GLEANINGS FROM THE ROSTRUM

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BY

A. B. FRENCH

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## DEDICATION.

TO MY ARISEN SISTER, SARAH FRENCH FARR.

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If I except our own dear mother, among all women you to me have been the most wise counselor and devoted friend. When a mere boy, an unknown power came upon me, which separated me from home, school classmates, and friends. I could not divine its meaning, and my young heart was stung by the poisoned arrow of intolerance. But you believed in me, and gave me the wealth of a sister's love and devotion. In later years, when worn by care and public work, my spirit found rest in your cosy home, sitting in loving confidence by your side.

In an unlooked-for hour death touched you, and took from me the strength I so much needed to complete my work. With trembling voice, and heart broken, I tried to say the last kind word at the head of your casket, and helped to lay you to rest by the side of our mother and the dear ones who have gone. Since then an unhappy fate has brooded over me, and unlooked-for clouds gathered

heavy and dark. I could not have endured their cold and gloom had not the light of your spirit drawn over them a rain-bow of hope.

A hundred times have you importuned me to publish my lectures in some enduring form, and as often have I promised you to do so. As the clouds in my life-sky are now breaking, and the sunset looks more luminous, I hereby fulfill my promise to you and give this book to the public as a kindly tribute to your memory.

Go, sister mine, I pray you, with it to the homes it shall visit, and inspire in those who peruse its pages some small degree of the interest you have felt in my lectures. And as I journey toward the twilight, behind the thick folds of which lies the land of sunlight where thou dost dwell, be thou to me the same loving and faithful guardian thou hast been both in life and in death.

Affectionately inscribed by the

AUTHOR.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF  
A. B. FRENCH.

---

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Farmington, Trumbull County, Ohio, September 13th, 1838. His ancestry were of old Puritan stock, and were among the earliest pioneers in the wilderness of Northeastern Ohio.

He was a precocious boy, and at school far ahead of those of his age, and kept, without apparent effort, with his classes. Soon after the spiritual rappings first startled the country at Hydeville, they were heard in his native town. The French family appear to have been highly mediumistic, for his mother and sister were among the first to become influenced. The boy, then only sixteen years of age, was attending the Western Reserve Seminary at Farmington, with an enviable record; with an exalted ambition and brilliant prospects ahead. During the summer vacation he was at home assisting his father on the farm the latter cultivated. Weary and thirsting he sought the house, and on entering found his mother and sister both entranced. To him it was a strange



manifestation, which filled his mind with dread and awe at its mystery. He attempted to leave them, but the invisible beings controlling them commanded him to stay, for they had a work for him too great to be revealed at that time. He sat down and soon felt a strange feeling, like sleep, and yet not sleep, steal over him. His mortification was great, and he strove to shake off the influence, to arise and go away, but he found that he could not move and was powerless to resist. He began to talk, and continued talking and responding to his destiny; he went out to the school houses and halls in the surrounding towns lecturing. He had entered the recitation room for the last time. The inspiration of the spirit world was upon him; its broad education was to be his; he found no rest unless he was doing its bidding.

He constantly rebelled against the influences pushing him forward, and every time he went out to fill appointments for lectures, it was with fear and trembling, often vowing that he would never speak again. There was a public ostracism — mostly silent — which the sensitive boy felt keenly, and he had not the prophetic eye to see the glorious results the years would bring. He did not foresee, and rebelled against the power which set him up as a mark for public scorn and ostracism. Before he attained his twentieth year, he had more calls

than he could fill, and his fame was widely extended. His audiences were spell-bound by the new thoughts and the charm of their presentation. He was greeted by crowds wherever he went, who saw the revival of pentecostal time there in their midst.

It may be well to illustrate psychic phenomena, and the great wave which swept over the country. When Mr. French began to speak he was mostly unconscious, and often stood before his audience with closed eyes. His condition slowly changed until it became blended with the normal state, yet the peculiar feelings accompanying the inspiration are yet retained. It comes on him like an overwhelming flood ; he loses control of himself, and thoughts surge irresistibly for utterance, at times carrying his audience to the heavens with cumulative energy. His powers have been mostly used for speaking, but at times he engages in writing, and appears equally successful. His articles, practical and thoughtful, attract wide attention.

In the summer of 1859 he removed to Clyde, Ohio, where he has since resided. In the year 1863 he there engaged in the nursery business, which he has continued to the present time. The prospect of success was not flattering, as his means were limited ; but his liberal dealing and untiring

energy have been amply rewarded. His business now ranks among the largest in the State, employing more than fifty laborers and salesmen.

In the year 1870 he began reading law, and in the winter of 1871-2 he attended the law department of the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan. While there he did not cease to make himself heard on the rostrum, lecturing every Sunday in some of the towns of central Michigan. Returning home, in the spring of 1872, he was admitted to the bar in District Court at Tiffin, Ohio, and entered into partnership with Judge J. M. Lemmon. For three years he engaged in this business, which rapidly increased, and was retained in many important cases. At the end of that time his health failed, and he retired from the law and gave his attention to the nursery business, which he had continued in connection with all his other responsibilities. He also continued to lecture on Sundays and various public occasions, where his services were eagerly sought, and attend funerals. He has probably delivered more funeral discourses than any other speaker of his age, and his happy manner of presenting the glorious truths of immortality pleases all, of whatsoever sect or belief. He gives a new and fresh view of life beyond the fleeting shadows, freed from the dry and harsh bonds of creeds, which to behold is a joy.

In 1876 he was unanimously chosen by the Re-

publican party of his county to represent them in the General Assembly of the State. The Democratic majority averaged about eight hundred, but Mr. French was defeated by a little more than two hundred, receiving in his own township the largest vote ever given for a candidate. In 1878, when absent from home, he was again unanimously nominated, but declined the honor. From 1881 to 1888 he gave almost his entire time to lecturing, and from 1888 to 1890 was a member of the Lyceum Bureau, of Chicago; and while lecturing Sundays before Spiritualistic audiences, appeared before literary and church societies over a territory, reaching from Omaha to Boston, with marked success.

He has every element of a popular orator, and the enviable reputation he has won has been attained under difficulties known only to his most intimate friends, all of whom will rejoice to know that he soon expects to retire from active business cares and complete his public work.

Mr. French has only reached the prime of life, and has abilities for better work than he has yet accomplished both as a writer and speaker, excellent as his past labors have been. His contributions to the Spiritual journals are voluminous and widely copied. His has been a busy life, and he well illustrates the blending of the psychic faculty with rare natural abilities.



## WILLIAM DENTON.

Memorial Address Delivered before the ~~Cassadaga~~ Free  
Association, at Lilly Dale, N. Y.

**M**R. PRESIDENT—More than a thousand miles of land and three thousand miles of water lie between us and the little village of Darlington, Eng., where William Denton first saw the light. What mysteries shroud the birth of a human being! How wonderful the dawn of consciousness! No matter how lightly society may regard the advent of a young stranger into the arena of life, it is a significant thing to be born.

Birth means conflict. It decrees to us experience. To be born and live is to feel the sharp tooth of hunger, the sting of pain, the shaking chill, the burning fever, the loneliness of love, the madness of hate, the fire of passion, the shadow of regret, the sunshine of joy, and, at last, the icy touch of death.

William Denton was born to drink the full measure of all this experience. Could the wondering eyes of the little stranger, when they first looked out upon that January morning, in 1823, have seen all this, how gladly would he have re-

turned to the mysterious realm whence he came ! Nature is cruel, but she is also kind. She veils our eyes from the fate before us, and often bids us smile on the brink of danger.

William Denton did not come to this world with royal blood coursing in his veins. He did not open his eyes in any of the gorgeous palaces of England. But he had a better legacy than wealth. Nature gave him a noble mother, who did not shun the care of her child. The children of queens and princes are often taken from the maternal breast and committed to the care of strangers ; but fate generally gives to the child of poverty the wealth of a mother's tender ministrations. And it was no misfortune to William Denton that his faithful mother, struggling with want, carried in her heart a warm religious faith. It is some comfort to a poor woman, sheltering her little ones in the midwinter of poverty, to feel that a kind Father's hand will one day lift her burdens. Far better is it to have some faith in the darkness than to believe an unintelligent chance has woven around one a net of woe never to be broken ; much better is it to trust and be deceived than to live in perpetual doubt.

William Denton's mother, with a fourth child now added to her burdens, had this deep religious faith. But with all her burdens she did not neg-

lect the education of this child. At three years of age he began the studies which continued to the hour of his death. There is no finished education. Life is a school, and every day a rehearsal. Nor do the greatest minds derive their best thoughts from books. Nature is everywhere a teacher, proclaiming with eloquent tongue her eternal truths.

Although William Denton started at three years of age in the paths of the schools, no beaten track could long hold his independent thought. So rapid was his progress, that at four years he could read the Bible to his toiling mother.

He early manifested his love for books. The first ones he was permitted to read were furnished by the Sunday-school. This class of literature, like the novel, is at best poor food for the mental growth of children. The Sunday-school book, as a rule, proclaims most unreasonable ideas of God and a future world, and the novel the most improbable things regarding human life and this world. Both are deleterious to mental growth. They disease the imagination and cripple the judgment. It is to be regretted that doting parents will feed their children with poisonous confectionery they would not themselves eat, and their minds with misleading ideas they have spent years in outgrowing and casting away.

Little did William Denton then dream of the



riches in store for his inquiring mind. His boyish feet had not touched the verdant fields of science. By a strange providence in life, which the thoughtless often designate as chance, a new teacher came to the day school, one who had caught the rudiments of phrenology and who was experimenting with the galvanic battery. This opened to Denton a new field of thought. He now began to read the magazines and to take his first lessons in geology. But he could not spend much time with books. Every hand was needed to help bear the burdens of the family. He was hired to a currier as errand boy, at about sixty cents per week. Afterward his father hired him to a clergyman, from whom he learned that dishonesty is to be found in the pulpit as in other professions. His father soon permitted him to go back to the school-room. So rapid was his progress that he was made assistant teacher, and a small salary paid for his services. This, no doubt, encouraged the mother, who sent him to the grammar school in his native village, where he acquired quite a liberal education.

His school-life, however, was early broken. Gaunt hunger hovered over and about the family hearthstone. Bravely did the careworn mother fight to drive the skeleton from the door, but, with a sick husband, no alternative was left

her, and William was again taken from school. At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a machinist. His good mother probably did not reflect that her son was not born for a machinist. Those who have the means to encourage the natural inclination of their children rarely reflect upon their gifts. How could William Denton's parents reason? The cold, hard hand of necessity was upon them, and he must be made self supporting. But as the bird is impelled by a power it cannot define to seek a more congenial clime, so an unseen magnet was drawing him in the path of destiny.

He joined a literary society which enabled him to procure books to read, and his evening hours were spent with Lyell and other geologists.

At this early age he began to study the rocks. While other young men were idling away their hours in foolish amusements, William Denton, with his hammer in his hand, was breaking the clasp to Nature's great stone book and gathering up fossils of departed ages.

At about his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Church and began his first public lectures. These were principally temperance talks and religious exhortations. Like all other young converts, he was zealous in this first religious experience. The old hymn says :

"Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love."

To deny the reality of religious conversion would be to deny the testimony of thousands of credible witnesses. In this experience he was no doubt sincere. But with his knowledge of psychology in after years, he would have offered quite another explanation. He then, no doubt, felt God especially quickened his heart; but in his later life he would have referred it to human rather than to divine influence. So active was his nature, he could not be idle under this new impulse. He traveled with the clergy, and gave out hymns and led in prayers. But this psychic influence could not long fetter the channel of his thought. He read liberal books and made the acquaintance of church reformers. Soon the radical tendencies of his nature assumed supremacy.

He was now nineteen years of age. This is a period when young men generally manifest greater independence than discretion in their opinions. He was so zealous in the temperance cause that he refused to repair some machinery in a brewery, and his employer discharged him. Soon after he began his work as a school teacher and lectured frequently nights and Sundays. So zealously did he fight for the cause of temperance that he was

often in personal danger from the rum-drinkers. Before he had reached his twenty-first birthday he had been pulled from an open air platform by liquor dealers and their friends, who were smarting under his keen wit and bitter sarcasm.

About this time financial disasters again overtook his father, and while he was expending all his income to relieve the family, he was discharged from the school for heresy. This was the most trying financial crisis in their domestic history. He could not obtain a position. He was a heretic; he believed in total abstinence and religious progress; the school-room was, therefore, closed to him. His ability and faithful service as a teacher were fully recognized, but he was radical, and time-honored conservatism generally carries the keys to all public institutions. He at last obtained a clerkship in a railway station in London, and from this office he was transferred to Ashford, in Kent. Here he wrote his first essay upon the deleterious effects of tobacco, an accursed weed, which has more willing slaves to-day than any monarch on earth.

At Ashford, in Kent, he first felt the sting of Cupid's arrow. This was, no doubt, a turning point in his life. Everything changes when love touches the human heart. Love's first dreams transport us into a new world, where not a cloud

dims the rays of the summer's sun, nor a shadow hides the sweet face of moon and stars. It is indeed a world fragrant with tropical flowers, and whose laughing, dancing rills, green meadows and sighing oceans outrival the wayworn pilgrim's dreams of heaven. It was, no doubt, a great strength to him while battling with poverty and the hydra-headed monster intemperance, as also with religious bigotry, an equally dangerous foe, to know that some one loved him. Love nerves the weakest arm, and makes it strong to protect its own. Here at Ashford, in Kent, criers were often heard in the street announcing a lecture from William Denton. He was too poor to hire a hall, but he could use God's great temple, the open air. This church is always open, and all are made welcome beneath its starlit dome. Here, also, many a torn and ragged rock was investigated by him. He read from the great stone book of Nature, the pages of which grew dearer to him each subsequent year of his life. It was also here he was made to feel most keenly the power of religious intolerance.

He advertised a Sunday lecture upon "A Hireling Ministry," and a large audience gathered to hear him, but he was pulled from the chair while speaking. He went to the rooms of a friend and finished his lecture from the window. The lec-

ture, however, cost him his position as clerk. The hireling ministry against whom he had lectured influenced his discharge. Once more thrown out of employment, he resolved to leave the land of his birth. To his intuitive mind the New World offered a field for his future labor. He sailed to this country in the year 1848, landing in the city of Philadelphia. When he reached the Quaker City his estate consisted of between twenty and thirty dollars in currency. But another misfortune immediately overtook him. His purse was stolen, and he found himself in a strange land with only three cents in his pocket. This was an hour to test true courage. Behind him lay the pathless ocean and all his heart held dear. Before him a land of strangers, and his purse empty. There was little time to reflect, as he had not enough to buy a meal. A hundred miles distant was a friend whom he had known in England, and he started for him, making the journey poor as the poorest tramp. He reached his friend hungry, his last penny gone. He was again doomed to disappointment, as his friend was too poor to assist him. He returned to Philadelphia without a cent, and pawned his watch to obtain food. He soon succeeded in getting a position as school-teacher in Jenkintown. He taught school until he saved money enough to bring to America his father's

family and she who had stirred in his heart love's first dreams at Ashford, in Kent. Shortly after their arrival he married Caroline Gilbert. It was about this time that he began to write out his "Common Sense Thoughts Upon the Bible." He was now working in an office as clerk during the daytime; in the evening he would write out his radical thoughts and Sunday evening lecture upon temperance.

If William Denton could recount to-day with his own eloquence the story of his life, he would, no doubt, pay a most touching tribute to the happy days he spent in the Quaker City. But alas for him they should have fled so soon! What life would not always linger in the first bright spring of wedded bliss? In those days fortune provided for the limited wants of all the family, and love shed a halo of light around every care. Why could they not last? Why does fate delight to lift a cup of woe to lips wet with the dewy kiss of love? Why does an inexorable law of destiny push us on, while we vainly boast of our own free will? Why does death covet life's most perfect fruit?

We shall fail to follow the rapidly-turning life-path of William Denton if we enter into philosophical discussion. In the midst of his joy a shadow came. It was the unwelcome presence of

death. She whose love had nerved him to cross the ocean, and who had subsequently braved the dangers of the deep to join him in the New World, was suddenly summoned to the land invisible.

He had faced the intolerance of the church ; he had felt the malice of the slaves who wear the cankering chains rum has forged about them ; but the-e did not shake his firm resolution and intrepid spirit. He had been so poor he gave his last penny for a meal, yet never did plumed knight fight more bravely than did he with squalid want and icy poverty. But now in the midst of his success, and in the mellow sunshine of love's rosy morning, death drew over the sun of his life a somber veil. This is no new experience in the history of the race, but it was a new one to William Denton. It has not been given me to picture it to you. What tongue can portray the unutterable loneliness of hearts weeping by the grave of buried love? Is it any wonder that he whose rapidly-unfolding talents were to endear him to the hearts of thousands, should have then sought refuge amid the forests and hills of Virginia? Or that the orator should for a time have closed his lips, and begun the work of pioneer away from the haunts of men? The wounded bird seeks the loneliness of solitude in which to heal a broken wing, so wounded hearts often re-



cover soonest when left alone. But he could not long remain in the forests of Virginia. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may." We find him next in Cincinnati looking for a position whereby he might provide for his father's family. He followed the canal to Dayton, O., and there obtained a position as teacher.

During his work as teacher in the public schools at Dayton he finished writing "Common Sense Thoughts Upon the Bible." There is no other radical book in print which has served its purpose better. More than thirty years have now come and gone since he published that little volume, yet it stands to-day the most concise, pointed and able work against the plenary inspiration of the Bible in print. In its pages may be found every objection raised by Mr. Ingersoll, and his school of thought. William Denton put before the public all the mistakes of Moses twenty-five years before Ingersoll. In fact, Mr. Ingersoll and many others are to-day reaping in affluence where William Denton sowed in poverty. Mr. Ingersoll reveals the discrepancies of the Bible at one dollar per head in the great cities of the country, but William Denton revealed the same facts, and many more, in school-houses in poverty, and at the cost of the position from which he derived his living Inger-

soll rides in palace cars to attack ancient myths ; Denton walked on foot in mud and storm. Opportunity and great talent make Mr. Ingersoll the orator of to-day. But William Denton was one of the bold pioneers who have paved the way for the triumphant march of Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll's manuscript is eagerly sought by the best publishing houses in the land ; but William Denton and his good wife, who now survives him, set the type for "Common Sense" with their own hands.

During his experience as teacher in Dayton and vicinity, he became more fully enlisted in his work as a public speaker. He began to be interested in psychometry, a science with which his name will be associated in all future history. While he did not neglect his geological studies, he began to feel the reality of the invisible side of the world.

His sister, Annie Denton, was found to be a most excellent psychometrist. Indeed, I must here say, that noble, loving woman ranked among the best practical psychometrists I have ever known. She, too, has gone up higher, and left behind her the imperishable legacy of an earnest, devoted life.

During his life as teacher and lecturer at Cincinnati he met Elizabeth Foote, who became his wife, and who now remains his widow. Her

marked intellectual strength and her great love of knowledge formed, no doubt, a needed lever to lift William Denton to the position he so nobly won, and the work for which he was unconsciously ripening. Mrs. Denton proved to be a most excellent psychometrist. Her marvelous gifts were to him a talisman in every social and intellectual trial in his subsequent life. Indeed, his life with Elizabeth Foote opened up to him a new world. She was, no doubt, to him a balance his wonderful gifts needed to make them most effective. Did his ardent imagination lead him too far beyond the domain of solid fact, her more critical and skeptical mind helped to hold him within the bounds of scientific inquiry. Did his confiding nature induce him to trust too much to others, her keener intuition and marked psychometric powers were a ready witness to warn him of approaching danger.

Failing health drove him from the school-room, and at last he settled down to the real work of his life. He published "Common Sense," to which I have already alluded, and a volume of poems. Now he traveled, delivering radical and scientific lectures, which soon brought him in the field as a public debater. Returning from Kansas to Ohio and Indiana, he held some of the most notable debates of his life. I shall never forget the first time I saw William Denton. It was the occasion

of his great debate with Rev. Carlton in Parkman, Ohio. The question involved the divinity and authority of the Bible. The discussion was held in the Universalist church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Carlton delivered a most powerful speech in which he claimed that all nations deprived of the Bible had no just conceptions of God; that the Bible was the first book in the world to reveal to man a benevolent Creator. Denton's reply was the most wonderful half hour address I had ever heard. I shall probably never hear another so full of keen satire, brilliant eloquence and merciless criticism as his attack on the God of the Bible. As the well-rounded sentences fell from his lips, like claps of thunder from a clear sky, some rose in their seats, unconsciously lifted by the power of his eloquence. So thoroughly had he disarmed his antagonist and overpowered his audience, that in a single address he had virtually won the discussion. Carlton rose to reply. He was pale and nervous, and it needed no seer to note that Denton had won a victory which could not be wrested from him. The debate continued to the end of the specified time, but Denton was almost universally acknowledged master of the contest. Nor was his antagonist in any sense an ordinary foe. He was a man who had reached the noontide of life, who had proved, perhaps, the most

successful debater among the Universalist clergymen of Ohio.

It was in this iconoclastic era of William Denton's life that he was saved from the hands of a Christian mob by a friend, in Conneautville, Pa. A discussion had been arranged between Rev. I. W. Dun and William Denton, to begin Nov. 1st, 1858. The subject agreed upon was as follows: "That the Bible contains a true revelation to man from a Supreme Being." At the appointed time a great crowd gathered at Boynton's Hall. Many were unable to gain admission. Denton failed to appear at the hour. Just as the friends of Mr. Dun began to whisper that William Denton dare not meet him, Mr. Schofield, a citizen of the village, and friend of his, received a dispatch from him, stating that his stage was at Albion, ten miles away; that he would reach the hall at half-past eight o'clock, and requested his opponent to wait till that hour. At that time there was no railroad between Girard and Conneautville, as now, and the distance, twenty miles, was made by the primitive stage-coach. The roads at this time were almost impassable. So soon as this dispatch was read Dun and his friends began to manifest great displeasure. They claimed that Denton had not tried to reach the hall, and that they would not hold the discussion. Mr. Schofield, the man to

whom he sent the dispatch, is a Canadian by birth, and as brave a little man as ever faced a foe. He had already dispatched a groom to harness his chestnut steeds, the fleetest in the village. In the midst of the excitement this little man mounted a seat and told Dun and his friends if they would adjourn the debate forty-five minutes by the watch he would have William Denton in the hall or drop the discussion. They consented, thinking Denton could not reach them. No sooner did they assent than Schofield ordered his groom to drive and meet the stage and bring Denton on time. The stage was met, and when perhaps fifty watches had scored forty-three minutes and all were fearing the discussion must close, Schofield's panting steeds landed William Denton at the hall. He had ridden all day and all the evening in the cumbersome stage-coach ; no time to eat, no time to bathe, and the horses had covered his head and face with mud. When William Denton entered that hall, frail and mud-covered, there was cheering upon another side. Rev. Dun opened the debate, and when plain William Denton rose to reply hisses were heard on every hand. But no storm of hisses could frown down so brave a man as he. Long before he had finished the first address prejudice began to melt away, and the orator had again revealed his wonderful power to meet a

great emergency. So powerful was his first address that when Dun arose hisses and murmurs of discontent were again heard. The man who began the debate amid rounds of applause now began to feel his power weakening.

The second night Dun refused to proceed with the discussion. The hall was crowded to overflowing. At the earnest solicitation of friends, Mr. Denton began a course of geological lectures. The public pulse ran high; religious prejudice was at fever heat; so bitter was the hatred of Christians toward William Denton, that they sought by violence to defeat the man they could not meet in argument. During this course of lectures they planned to mob him; they burned him in effigy in the streets; tar and feathers were brought, and a howling mob congregated to attack him as he left the hall. In this trying hour his friend Schofield proved as true as Damon to Pythias. He armed himself with two loaded revolvers, and, holding one in his right hand told Denton to take his left arm. They walked past the mob together. Schofield was ready to shoot down in an instant the bigot who should attempt to touch his friend. Nearly three decades of years have come and gone since that eventful night.

Those were days when it cost something to be a radical. William Denton has gone up higher.

His name, however, shall be remembered when the contemptible mob is forgotten, and the priest-ridden village slumbers in ruins. A month later, in the same year, our brother engaged in the great discussion of his life. He had now passed five and thirty mile-posts on the journey of life, and was nearing another. Although he knew it not, he had reached the noontide of this radical era. Other fields were about to open before him in endless perspective. After the Parkman discussion he delivered a course of lectures on Genesis and geology at Chagrin Falls, Ohio. At this time James A. Garfield, who afterwards became President, and whose tragic death we all deplore, was President of a college at Hiram, Ohio. He preached Sundays in the Disciple church at Chagrin Falls, some fifteen miles distant. The rough handling Denton gave Moses in his lectures was reported to Garfield. Thereupon Mr. Garfield began a series of Sunday evening lectures upon the relation between Genesis and geology. His lectures in review of Denton drew large audiences to his church. Garfield criticized Denton quite severely, and affirmed Hugh Miller's scheme of reconciliation. In the meantime Mr. Denton had left a challenge to any one who would venture to attack him. So at the close of Garfield's lecture a gentleman arose and asked permission to read a challenge. The chal-



lenge was read, and the following is the substance: "I shall be glad to meet in public discussion any clergyman in good standing upon the following proposition: *Resolved*, That plants, animals, and man came into existence by operation of the laws of spontaneous generation and progressive development, and that there is no evidence on this planet of direct creative energy. (Signed), William Denton."

Garfield for a moment seemed embarrassed, but remarked that he would confer with the brethren and act upon their decision. Correspondence followed, and it was finally arranged to hold a discussion for five days, three sessions each day, and both disputants to have two half-hour speeches at each session. The discussion occurred between Christmas and the New Year. The contest absorbed all interest in that section. People came fifty miles to hear it. The mud was frightful, yet the whole seating capacity of the hall was occupied fully an hour before each session. The antagonists had never met before. Garfield was accompanied by a number of clergymen, who assisted in taking notes and looking up authorities. Denton had no assistance. He opened with a brilliant speech, which fascinated the audience. Garfield followed with a less brilliant and more cautious address, which indicated great reserve force which

he did not care to waste for sudden effect. Denton's second speech was pronounced by critics the finest oratorical address they had ever heard. But little argument was entered upon the first session. At that time Darwin had not published his "Origin of the Species and History of Natural Selection," nor had Haeckel, Wallace and others committed themselves in favor of the development theory. About the only book upon Denton's side was the "Vestiges of Creation," a small work by an anonymous writer. Upon Garfield's side a voluminous literature was already extant. Hitchcock, Hugh Miller and others had labored to reconcile Genesis with advancing geological discovery. Hugh Miller was Garfield's favorite author, and none were more bitter upon the development theory than he. The weight of authority was all upon Garfield's side. Denton knew this, and he tried to force Garfield upon affirmative ground, assuming that the statement of the question involved an affirmative Garfield in fairness was bound to sustain. He claimed that the terms of the question required proofs from Garfield of direct creative energy, as much as they required proof from him of spontaneous generation and natural development. No effort of Denton's, however, could induce Garfield to defend the Bible and miraculous creative energy. Garfield claimed

he did not come there to prove anything. He came to see that Denton proved spontaneous generation and natural development. Garfield was shrewd, cautious and able throughout. Denton was self-possessed and eloquent. He brought forward all the arguments the state of knowledge would admit. Indeed, he anticipated in this debate all Darwin and others afterward proclaimed. He was, no doubt, disappointed in his failure to induce Garfield to defend special creative energy. Garfield went into the discussion with a strong element of advantage, which he turned to good account. Denton entered with a great task, which he performed with tact and eloquence.

It is rarely, if ever, two great men have met in so long and heated a debate where each won from both friends and foes such general praise. The most bitter orthodox did not hesitate to acknowledge the great ability of William Denton; while the most radical freely accorded to Garfield intellectual strength beyond the anticipation of his friends. Could those young men crossing intellectual swords by the waters of the rapidly falling river have read the scroll of destiny, they would not have believed it. Did ever two young men meet for whom the future held so much of praise and pity? Did ever two lives hold in their mysterious depths more to touch the lives of others?

Garfield, unconsciously to himself, was about to blaze forth like a meteor and light the heavens with glory. Denton had before him years of toil. But in those years he was to explore a world the grandeur of which Columbus never dreamed. Garfield was to climb to the highest summit of fame, and look with manly gratitude to the crown a nation had laid at his feet. Denton was to push forward like a bold pioneer blazing a track for the legions of progress.

*Both must die!* The one by the sad and solemn sea at Elberon. He dies, however, with a nation weeping over his dying couch. The other must die alone in a foreign land, far from the path of civilization—die with no friend to weep by his dying bed, no loving hand to wipe the cold death sweat from his manly brow.

*Both are buried!* The one with the pomp and pageantry of a nation; the other in silence by the hand of strangers. Garfield's inanimate body was placed in a pavilion black as the wing of night, trimmed with belts of gold. On his costly coffin lay a wreath from England's Queen, and about it flowers enough to build a mausoleum for the dead. Denton's body lay in a miserable hovel with no pillow for its head, no coffin for its final repose, and buried by the hand of strangers.

About the time of the Garfield debates, William

Denton reached the noontide of his radicalism. Human life has its cycles of thought, not less than physical transformation. Childhood trusts and believes; youth doubts, condemns and censures; manhood and womanhood reason and reflect; while age gathers up the lost jewels of faith and trust, and we reproduce the virtues of life's earlier years. Denton in the Garfield debate saw no need of special creative energy to account for the order and phenomena of life. He anticipated Darwin, as I have said, and put forth every argument Darwin was soon to publish. But in later years we find him gravely asking, "Is Darwin right?" He evidently saw that while Darwin's theory of evolution accounted for the *order* of life, it did not in any sense solve the yet unsettled question of its *origin*.

In the Carlton debate he saw many faults in Jesus which he passed in silence in later years. Indeed, in after-life we find him asking with philosophic calmness, "What was he?" Had Garfield and Denton met twenty years later and talked over the same question there would have been no issue between them.

While William Denton at this period won great laurels in public debate, his greatest work still lay before him. This work was made public just as he was reaching manhood's noon. It was nothing

less than the proclamation of a world William and Elizabeth Denton had been exploring together during all the years of their married life. This world does not lie on the bleak wastes of pathless oceans, nor yet afar in the regions of interstellar space. It is a world lying all about us. As every flower has its aroma, so all external nature is but the materialized expression of the invisible soul. What we call the real world is only the camera in which the soul is photographed. All external objects are simply leaves in the universal library. The hardest rock, the frowning mountain, the ancient ruin with crumbling wall and broken tower, the Grecian relic or Roman coin, a chip from the Pyramid or cold, hard breast of Memnon — all are leaves in Nature's universal library. Sensitive souls carry the keys which unlock the treasure-house of the world.

William and Elizabeth Denton had walked together along the sunlit and starlit borders of this world. What treasures were theirs! Did poverty lift its cold, hard hand over them in the external world, and was the battle hard and fierce to provide for a rapidly increasing family, they still had treasures of which the motley throng we call humanity did not dream. How many an hour, when all was still save the heavy breathing of their sleeping babes, have they explored that world to-

gether! Could Elizabeth Denton, now old beyond her years and bowed down by the shadow of her great bereavement, recount that experience, she would no doubt tell us those were life's halcyon hours when the air was musical with delight.

In 1863 Mr. Denton gave the world the first volume of "The Soul of Things." Prof. Buchanan and perhaps others had anticipated the realm they were exploring, but it was reserved for William Denton to reduce the facts to scientific analysis. This work was in due time followed by two others, making the most complete treatise upon the subject of psychometry now in print. When psychometry shall take its place, as it one day will, among the established sciences, William Denton's name will be inseparably connected therewith. His radical lectures will serve their day; they voice the sentiments of a growing army who are breaking away from ancient superstitions.

In geology Mr. Denton was far the most earnest and patient investigator of the science I have ever met. He traveled thousands of miles, and lectured almost nightly. In the midst of all this mental work, he did not neglect to study the face of Nature. By the wreck of an ancient earthquake, or in the crater of an extinct volcano, William Denton loved to linger as a child among its toys. Hundreds and thousands of miles did he

walk bowed down by the weight of fossils he bore away as the trophies of his labor. He was as familiar with the face of the earth as a child with the face of its mother. Indeed, the earth was his mother, and tenderly he clung to her stony breast. Among all the men who have helped to write the history of this planet, it is doubtful if there is one who has traveled so many miles to gain experimental knowledge as did he. It was no doubt his own work in this and other fields which broke his health, and paved the way to his early death. No man could envelop the cold, hard facts of science with a halo of poetry more successfully than could he. His geological lectures were the hardest adamant of fact, made soft and tender by his wonderful eloquence. Those who lack the indefinable fire we call eloquence, often couple it with superficial thought. This is the narrow criticism of jealous minds. It generally comes from those who ridicule the gifts of others, because partial Nature has refused to share the same with them. No man has done so much to make geology a popular science as has he. He could dress the frowning Alps with the chisel of a Grecian sculptor, or paint over the world's primitive night the roseate tints of coming day. William Denton's scientific works will be read by thousands when his critics are forgotten.



But, my friends, I do not stand here to-day to analyze his intellectual side. Among the great minds of the world he has won a place. Others will come and offer the intellectual banquet of mankind gifts rare and sweet. Others will build upon the broad foundations he has laid :

“But the work that he has builded, oft with bleeding hands  
and tears,  
In error, and in anguish, will not perish with the years.  
It will be at last made perfect ; in the universal plan.  
It will help to crown the labors of the toiling hosts of  
man.”

Much as we admire his brilliant gifts, they were all made luminous by his great personality. Those who survive us will read his works and admire his thought. But those who knew him personally will carry to life's last hour kindly recollections of the man.

Among the great men of our age he stood an intellectual giant, but to us who knew him he had the heart of a child. The artless simplicity of his nature is rarely found among intellectual men. He was a stranger to that vain pride which delights in personal adornment. In the crowded hall of a great city, in the country school-house, in the heat of debate, in the palace of the rich, and in the unpretending cottage of the poor, he was still plain William Denton. So tenderly did he love

children, that wheresoever he went he sought their companionship.

I have never met a man more strictly conscientious in his habits of life. He ate and drank from principle. So simple was his diet, his friends often felt aggrieved that he should pass their dainty dishes by. To William Denton rum and tobacco were two fiends all true men should seek to destroy. His temperance principles were grounded in the virgin soil of his early manhood, and they remained with him to the last days of his life. In the last letter he ever penned to his loving wife, he mentioned the fact that his son desired to traffic in tobacco with the natives of New Guinea, but that he had quickly frowned down every attempt to deal in the poisonous weed. Whatever William Denton believed, that did he advocate. He would not withhold a truth his heart accepted to gain the favor of a world, nor would he spare his criticism of error in the face of a mob. A diplomatist with the talent he possessed could have commanded almost unlimited wealth and fame. But he knew no wealth but knowledge, and desired no fame but truth.

On the 22d of February, 1881, he bade farewell to the family and started on his last long journey. All the years of his life had he been a constant traveler, hence he often bade the dear ones at the

fireside farewell. Yet this parting was in every sense uncommon. The shadow of oncoming events brooded like a somber cloud over the home altar. The ever-faithful wife and mother was the first to feel it. Why should she not? It was but the exercise of her wondrous gift. The bird when chilled by winter's breath can scent a summer air hundreds of miles away. The meanest worm has strange instincts by which it feels the web fate weaves around it, and even the coarsest lives are, in some supreme moments, made luminous by the sun of prophecy. Elizabeth Denton has psychometric powers so rare she can touch the sepulchre of the past and long mute lips will speak again. And it was but natural her gifts should first report the hurrying feet of Death to meet them.

William Denton had long planned this journey. It was in no sense a sudden impulse. So eager was he to accomplish it that he entirely forgot himself. But had he looked in the mirror he might have seen deep furrows cut by years of toil; had he consulted the family record it would have reminded him he had but one more milestone to pass ere he should reach the eventful sixty, which has proved a stormy equinox in so many lives. The first white frosts of wintry age had touched his manly brow. But so intent was he upon his great work he had not felt Time's icy finger or

beheld his own lengthening life shadows. The journey as originally planned included the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, China, Japan, India and Palestine. He, no doubt, intended to return from this five years' tour by way of his native land, and once more face an audience in the great city of London. But he would not go back as he left it, a young man with the first wild fires of radicalism burning in his bosom. Nor would he go with the cold, hard hand of Poverty clutching at his vitals. He would go back with his great brain stored with useful knowledge, to claim his well-earned place among the great orators England has given to the world; go to rank with Wallace, Darwin, and the great scientists of the age.

Perhaps he may have dreamed of walking once more among the stone quarries at Ashford, in Kent, or lingering for an hour, in life's ripe years, in some dear spot, where, with Caroline Gilbert by his side, he had rehearsed love's old and yet forever new story under the light of the stars. No doubt in planning this journey the brightest side of all was the thought he might one day return and lay before his many friends in America the jewels he had gathered in foreign lands. Then he could sit down in life's decline at his own fireside, and, with a grown-up family around him, talk

over the hardships of his life and point them to the victories he had won. To some of us the planning of such a journey would be madness, but it was natural to William Denton. The earth was his mother, and he loved her tenderly. Why should he not look at her time-worn face, pitted by thousands of dead volcanoes and wrinkled by uncounted earthquakes in her youthful days? To him to meet and study primitive man face to face, and thereby trace the origin and migration of the races was of more value than to inherit a crown. His sons, Shelley and Sherman, accompanied him. They journeyed by rail to San Francisco, lecturing on the route. Some of you will remember this last brilliant lecture tour. Wherever he stopped large audiences gathered to hear him. His engagement in San Francisco was one of the most successful courses ever delivered in the city. I cannot forget that it was in this city he wrote the last letter ever penned by him to me. Little did I then dream he was encouraging me in a work the performance of which has impelled me to speak a kindly word for his memory.

He sailed from San Francisco on June 4, 1881. Within two years from that date he delivered near four hundred public lectures in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. On July 3, 1883, he sailed from Thursday Islands for New Guinea.

He was anxious to get a knowledge of the island, its geology, mineral resources and the character and habits of the natives. This knowledge was needed to prepare him for a review of a work by Wallace on "Island Life," and also for future scientific lectures in Europe and America. He joined with three gentlemen to explore the southern part of New Guinea. One, named Armit, was a newspaper correspondent; another, Mr. Hunter, and a half native, named Bedford, composed the party. They started to make a journey of some fifty miles through the mountains. In his last letter to his wife he informs us no European had ever made the journey. So strong was his thirst for knowledge he did not heed the warning that the jungle fever was a foe to all who tried to penetrate the mountains. It would require some weeks to make the journey. He described the natives, in this brief letter, at starting, and closed by saying, "From thy wandering William." How true the simple appellation given to himself! He had indeed been a wanderer from state to state and city to city. Prepared with a guide and necessary supplies, they started. In the early part of the journey they passed a deserted little village. It consisted of a few miserable huts fast going to decay. The Irving and Bedford ranges rise above the amphitheatre upon which it stands, and the

St. George river, fed by many a mountain spring, glides swiftly by. As the company moved on, William Denton lingered there. Who can tell what thoughts were his as he remained to view the little village of Berigabadi? Did he then have a premonition of death so near? Was he looking at this place, and thinking how peaceful would be his rest near the rocky bed of the mountain stream? He has not told us why he was so fascinated with this location? But by a strange circumstance he was permitted a burial upon the spot he so much admired.

As they pursued the perilous journey up the mountain, fever overtook them. Armit was the first to feel its heated breath, but William Denton was soon an easy prey. Patiently he pressed on, unwilling to yield to the destroyer. At last he was prostrated, and Hunter procured the help of natives to bear him back. The last day of his earthly life they carried him many miles in a drizzling rain. They reached at nightfall the little village of Berigabadi. Hunter propped up the floor of a deserted old hut, in which he laid with William Denton and Armit. With the approach of night the heavens grew intensely dark, and the rain fell piteously upon the wretched hovel where they lay.

It is near 9 P. M., and Willim Denton is dying. And yet so patient is he in death, his companions

knew not the icy hand had touched him. At last a spasm, and the death-rattle in his throat revealed to them that he had gone. His sons are only a few miles away, yet days must pass before they learn his fate. In the early morning Hunter, with the aid of the natives, dug a grave, then tied his handkerchief around his face, wrapped his body in a blanket, and buried it.

No marble, or granite, or block of stone guards the grave of William Denton. Yet Nature is kind. The bird will call its mate, and sing its early song from the fern-fringed jungles near the little mound, and the unbroken murmur of the mountain stream will chant his requiem. The same sun which shines over us will warm his grave, and faithful stars nightly kiss it with their pure sweet beams.

The stones we place at the graves of our dead are at best but the playmarks of a child time will quickly wipe away.

What of William Denton? Let us believe he has gone up higher. Let us try to feel the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy in which he believed, and which we delight to proclaim, and in its magic light look beyond our tears, and see that "death is but the gate to endless day."

All hail, brother mine! We soon shall meet you. We, too, are coming. We are coming with



the weary tread of aching feet ; coming with our hot temples throbbing with pain ; coming battle-scarred and wet with tears.

Oh ! brother, doubly blest by death's sweet kiss, swing wide the gates, and let our weeping eyes behold the garden of the soul's bloom where we shall live and love forever !

## LEGENDS OF THE BUDDHA: OR VICTORY OF THE SOUL.

Delivered in Boston, Mass.

THE continent of Asia is larger than Europe and Africa combined, and almost equal to North and South America. It extends from the waters of the Arctic Ocean on the north, to the Bay of Bengal and Indian Ocean on the south, and from the Mediterranean and Red Sea, afar eastward, to encompass within its grasp the Malaysian and Philippine Islands of the Pacific Sea. On this continent dwell to-day nearly one-half the human race. It is not improbable that within the environs of Asia man first appeared upon this planet. Here, he first spoke the name of God and brother. Here, he built his first altar, carved his first monument, and painted his first picture. Here, he first buried his dead, and wept his first tear.

One half the population of this great continent is confined to India and China, and in the olden time the percentage was probably much larger than now. India proper, (or Hindostan) is in

many respects the most favored part of this great Asiatic continent. It is a beautiful, tropical peninsula washed by the Bay of Bengal, Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean. The Ganges and Indus guard it on the east and west, while the snow-capped Himalayas look down from the north over its peaceful villages and happy cities. This is the home of the Hindu, one of the most peaceful, imaginative and poetic branches of the great Aryan race. Here Brahmanism flourished before authentic history, and a system of caste crushed with iron heel. India may not be the primitive home of mankind, but it is evident in his primitive age man sought this most favored spot to live his brief day and go home to the bosom of Nature.

In the latter part of the sixth century, before Christ, a wise and good king is said to have reigned in the Capitol of Kapelavestu, about one hundred and fifty miles north from where the city of Benares now stands. Just to the north of this capitol rose the mighty Himalayas in all their stately grandeur, and not far distant Mt. Everest lifted its snow-crowned head more than 29,000 feet in the clear blue of the Indian sky, the king of all the great peaks of the world. The people were sustained by their cattle and rice fields, and adhered to the old Hindu religion of their fathers.

This king, Sudd-ho-Dana, was the last of a great solar race, celebrated in the epic poems of India. His wife Maya is said to have been the most beautiful of all Indian women. The people clung to the wise King Sudd-ho-dana and the beautiful Princess Maya with childlike devotion. The princess was childless until her forty-fifth year. At this age she started (according to Hindu custom) to the home of her father to give birth to her child. Maya had been touched with strange dreams regarding this child. She had dreamed a star beamed in upon her from heaven, and quickened her unborn child to life, and a voice spake to her and said, "The Buddha has come." So touched was the queen with her dream, that she called in the gray dream readers, better known as astrologists, to interpret the dream, and they told her it was a good one, for the crab was in conjunction with the sun, meaning that the sun had reached the sign Scorpio, a prophesy that her child would have wonderful wisdom, and deliver mankind from ignorance.

The queen started for the home of her father, but stopped under the shade of a satin tree on the palace grounds, where the little prince was born. He received the name of Sakya Muni from his family, and Gautama from his clan. Here myth and legend, no doubt, came in, as it is said the

satin tree bent over and formed a bower to cover the queen mother; flowers rose up and furnished a couch; when ready for his first bath an adjacent rock poured forth a crystal stream, and his birth was painless.

The news of the birth of the young prince spread rapidly. They brought forth the most gorgeous painted palanquin and bore him to his princely home. Then the King Sudd-ho Dana ordered a great feast to celebrate the event and give him a name. The king's heart was proud because they told him his son was not only of perfect form, but he also bore upon his body the thirty-two marks which augured a prince such as are sent to this world only once in a thousand years.

Never had the good king's palace seen so joyous an occasion as this. While the rich brought costly gifts to lay at the feet of the young prince, hither also came the poor with dancers and jugglers. It was an occasion when the iron bands of caste were for a moment broken; when wealth was forgotten, and the saintly touch-me nots were so absorbed in a great theme they forgot to cast a sneer at the poor and unfortunate. They named him Siddhartha, the all-prospering one.

Among those who came to the royal feast that day was a gray-haired asceta (or ascetic), who had

heard the Divas sing songs at Gautama's birth. So reverend did he seem, the fair princess was about to lay her child at his feet, but the old man cried not so, and bowed himself eight times to the dust, crying, "Thy child is Buddha, and will preach the law and save all flesh. I shall never hear thy lips proclaim the eternal truth. I am old, and must soon go the way of all flesh. The grave already gaps for me, but know, oh King Sudd-ho-Dana, that from thy house cometh the king of all men. And thou, sweet queen, who hast borne this Buddha, shalt soon painless pass beyond all pain and suffering." And on the seventh day she is said to have gone to sleep with a smile, and listening to the song of the Gods, her soul was borne away to heaven.

When Gautama had reached his eighth year the wisest man in all his kingdom was selected to teach him in all sacred and profane learning. So he took his slate to teach the young prince to write a sacred name. To his surprise the young pupil wrote all the sacred names. He traced the characters of the mound-dwellers and cave men, and read the master's verse in every tongue. Then he tried the young prince on numbers, and found that he was better versed than himself.

In the chase and all Indian sports young Siddhartha was the most active and yet the most

modest of them all. One day a flock of wild swans passed over to the northward, evidently seeking their nest in the Himalayan mountains. A cousin of Siddhartha shot at them, and wounded a white leader of the flock, so he fell with the blood pouring from his wound over his white feathers. Siddhartha took the poor wounded bird and tenderly soothed its fast-beating heart. He withdrew the arrow; laid cooling leaves and healing honey on the wound, and yet it is said, so little did the boy know of pain, that he put the steel to his own wrists, and, while wincing at the pang, turned to soothe the bird. While he was lovingly caressing it a messenger came to him and said his cousin had shot a bird which had fallen, and that he should send it.

Siddhartha replied that he would gladly return it to him, but the swan was alive and he had no right to claim him. His cousin answered that it was his, living or dead; that no man owned it when on flight, but when it fell it belonged to him. Siddhartha refused to yield up the bird, and the matter was taken to court where a long debate was held as to which of the cousins should have it, and when they could not agree there arose an unknown priest, who declared that the "Savior of a life owned more in that life than he who had sought to destroy it. *Give Siddhartha the bird.*"

When the king sought the priest, who had rendered this *just* decision, to do him honor, he could not be found.

We might pause here to moralize on the wounded bird. How many claim ownership from another, whose tender hands seek to heal the wound. Claim it not for any good they may be able to render the wounded heart, but that they may continue to wound and torture until the bleeding one finds rest in the solitude of the grave. This question of ownership is often a very delicate one. I have seen husbands who claimed ownership in their wives, and wives who claimed ownership in their husbands, not because they have saved a life and helped to lead it to a higher joy, but their only claim (if they have any) is that they had fettered its flight and broken its wing. And when courts and juries cannot decide this question, thank God there is an unknown priest, whose name is Justice, who will proclaim in never to be forgotten candor: They own most in a life who help to save it and bind up its wounds. *Give Siddhartha the Bird.*

Another touching experience in the life of Gautama soon followed. The king was anxious for the young prince to see his kingdom at its best, so he drove out with young Siddhartha in the gorgeous springtime's richest bloom. They rode



up the valley where his kingdom was well supplied with wells and gardens, and the peasants were plowing up the rich alluvial soil. Then they drove through the beautiful palm groves, whose gorgeous leaves gave shade to the wayworn travelers, and where the thirsty one usually finds a bubbling spring to cool his parched lips. The old king was greatly moved by the beauty of nature.

No sooner had he returned, however, with his son than the young Siddhartha seated himself under a bo tree and crossed his limbs, and became wrapped in deepest contemplation. His eyes saw deeper than those of the old king. He beheld the shadow side of human life. He saw that the peasants were toiling for a mere pittance; that the oxen must drag the plow with weary limbs in the heat of the day; that life everywhere feeds on life; that in the animal world all was mutual murder from worm to man, and that man himself is carnivorous. He exclaimed in the language of Arnold: "Is this the happy earth thou brought me forth to see? How salt with sweat the peasant's bread. How hard the oxen's service." Thus he spent hours in deep meditation. It is said that herein he revealed the fact that contemplation is the first step that leadeth to the Buddha.

From this date until his eighteenth year the young prince was given at times to deepest medi-

tation. The king saw this melancholy vein in the life of his son, and it greatly touched him. He feared for the happiness and peace of the young prince, and called together the wise men in counsel to devise how he could best divert him from the serious thoughts which possessed him. They decided that nothing would so quickly change his views of the world as to fall in love.

A day was appointed when all the beautiful maidens in the kingdom should come and receive a present from the young prince, and judges were selected to see which one most impressed him. They came one by one, received their presents from Siddhartha, and no change was discerned until a beautiful maid, Yasodhara, approached and asked: "Is there no gift for me?" The prince replied: "The gifts are all gone, but take this for amends," and thereupon he loosed an emerald necklace from his throat, and buckled it about her waist. The old king smiled when he saw the light of love kindling in the eyes of his son.

Siddhartha sought Yasodhara in marriage. When the appointed day came he met all the young men in athletic contest for Yasodhara. Siddhartha far excelled them all, and received the Sakya girl for the prize. Then the king prepared for the prince and princess one of the most magnificent palaces this world has ever known, and

gave orders that no sick, aged or dead should ever be seen within its walls. He placed the prince and princess therein, where gentle zephyrs should constantly fan their brows, and the sound of the harp and the tinkling of bells on the feet of merry dancers should greet their ears. Here so skillfully did the hand of art admit the light they could never see the sun rise or set.

By doing this and feasting the eyes of the young prince upon beautiful things, he hoped to drive all melancholy from his heart.

But the prince was not contented in the palace, feasting his eye on beauty and surrounded by wealth and luxury. And who can be? There is in the human heart a great void the wealth of this world cannot fill. One night they set a silver-stringed harp to catch the cool evening breeze, drawn from the Himalayas pure, snow-crowned heights through the palace. Siddhartha heard the sweet sounds of the harp, the voice of the wandering wind, and bent low his ear to catch the last sound, as it died away upon the air, then he sighed to himself, "This is the music of human life, now springing up like the harp, we know not from whence it came, and then dies away and vanishes we know not whither," and he dropped a tear while Yasodhara looked love upon him from her

large dark eyes, and tenderly kissed the lips she loved so well.

At another time an attendant told a tale of a fairy land to cheer the prince, but his heart was again touched, and he sighed to see something beyond the brazen gates of the city. So he sent word to the king that he desired to journey beyond the palace and see the world as it was. Then the king gave orders that the streets of the city should be swept, and that no old, sick, lepers or dead should be seen in the street as the young prince would drive through the city.

Then Channa, his guide, ordered the painted car, drawn with two white steers, and drove forth with Siddhartha beyond the gates. As they passed through a beautiful park, on the east of the city, they met an old man, broken and decrepid. He bent on his staff, and all his limbs and joints trembled. The veins showed through the withered skin of his emaciated body; his teeth chattered; his hair was white, and he could only utter the most unmelodious sounds. "Who is that man?" asked the prince. "His head is white, his teeth chatter, and his body is wasted away. Is there something peculiar in his family that he should be thus afflicted?"

"Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is shrinking under old age. His senses have become

obtuse, suffering has destroyed his strength and his relatives neglect him. He is a withered branch on the tree of life. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father and all your friends will come to the same fate." "What! must my sweet Yasodhara and my precious babe grow old? And their skins leathery like that? What pride is there in youth or beauty, if this is the end of all? Oh, Channa, drive me back. I would see no more if this is the end of living."

On his return to his princely home, he meditated on the certainty and sorrow of age. The king was deeply moved by the shadow which had crossed the path of his son. To add to the discomfort of the king he had dreamed a very peculiar dream, which greatly troubled him, and he sent for the dream-readers, but they gave him no satisfaction; and then a hermit appeared before him, and told him the seven sorrows of which he dreamed were seven joys; that his son would be a Buddha and rule over a universal kingdom. The old prince sent a gift after the hermit. They followed him into the temple of the moon, where he disappeared, and nothing could be seen only a gray owl fluttering over the altar.

The king then undertook to guard more closely the young prince. But Siddhartha went to him

and begged to see the world just as it was, and on the following day drove forth again. The city was busy with its daily trade; criers were on the street, weavers at their looms, jugglers with their tricks, all busy with their accustomed work. Siddhartha saw a man by the way with great red blotches on his face, his eyes red with pain and disease eating his flesh away. He ordered Channa to stop, and he went to the man and picked him up, but Channa told him not to touch him, or he himself might become a leper. Then the young prince asked Channa: "What is disease? Is this the fate of all? Does disease prey upon all flesh?" When Channa replied that such was the fate of man, he said: "Drive me back again," and he spent a sleepless night by the fair Yasodhara's side.

The next day he ordered Channa to drive him forth again, and they met a funeral cortege; on the bier was a corpse. He ordered Channa to pause again, and he looked at the pale, dead face, touched the icy brow, and then watched them as they passed on to the bank of the river, and laid it on the pile, where it was burned to ashes, according to the ancient custom of cremation in India. Then the young prince exclaimed, "Is this the end of man?" To which Channa replied: "It is the end. He whose body went out in yonder

smoke, ate, drank, laughed, loved and liked life well. Then came a gust of wind, a stumble in the path, a chill; life was over and the man is dead. No appetites, no pleasures, no pain; the kiss upon his brow is naught; he smelleth not his wasting flesh. The high, the low, good and bad, all must die, and then it is taught they begin anew and live, somewhere, somehow, who knows?" So again the pang, the parting and the lighted pile, such is man's round. The young prince wept, and turned his swimming eyes from earth to sky. His heart was touched. He saw the uncertainty of life, the reality of pain and death, the utter emptiness of earthly joys, and told Channa to drive him back, he would see no more.

He at once determined to solve the mystery of life. His soul was unsatisfied, and he would seek the life of a hermit to obtain, if he could, inward peace, and pave the way for others. This was no easy task, and here came the most touching incident of his life. He ordered Channa to bring his horse (the white Kantaka) to the palace gate at midnight, and while Channa had gone to get his horse Gautama turned to take the last look at his wife and child. He dare not take his child in his arms for fear he might awaken his wife, who was sleeping on the princely couch with her arm thrown around her child. Three times he gazed,

started, and then turned back for another fond look on the dear ones he was to leave forever, then in the storm of midnight went forth beyond the gates to become a Buddha, or an enlightened one, to save himself, and thus open a way for all mankind.

Where in history can you find another sacrifice like this? Mahammed defied the proud Koreish, but he had the good Cadijah by his side. Jesus faced the Jews, but he had the love of Martha and Mary. What more could mortal sacrifice than did Buddha for the truth and light? While Jesus made great sacrifices up to the tragedy of Calvary, the Buddha sacrificed more, because his position and opportunities were greater. Jesus was born in a stable; Buddha on the gilded throne of a king. Jesus never knew the tropical luxury of wealth; Buddha was ignorant of the cruel mid-winter of poverty. Jesus was without heritage or lineage; in Buddha's veins coursed royal blood. Jesus had not felt a father's love; Buddha gave up a boy who was heir to the throne. Jesus had no wife to leave for his cause; Buddha left the lovely Yasodhara, to whom his heart was knit with tenderest ties. Jesus had no home; Buddha gave up a palace and went forth alone to find the truth and save a suffering world. Jesus was great without wealth; Buddha was great in spite of it. Jesus in his hour of trial called on God for help; Buddha



in the darkest night started forth to meet his God and bowed submissively to his will. I fancy I see him now as he rides forth to save a world. I see him in the gray morning kiss a farewell to his steed. Now he gives to Channa his princely robes, jewels, sword and belt of pearls. Look! he is cutting off his fair locks of hair, and sends them with his love to his kingly father and loving wife. I fancy I hear him say: "Channa, bear these back to my sweet Yasodhara. Tell her we have loved by the clear streams and in the wooded glens. We met after the wheel of life turned many rounds in the gilded palace of a king. I cannot forget thy fond caress and tender words, nor yet our darling boy. But oh, Yasodhara, dearer than all else besides, I shall not see thee more until I have conquered age, pain and death, and saved a suffering world!"

It is said when Gautama went forth beyond the gates of the city the evil God, Mara, met him and tried to induce him to return to his wife and home and receive the honors of the throne. Gautama said a thousand or a hundred thousand homes such as he had mentioned would have no power to charm him. He became houseless, homeless, and took up his abode with several hermits in the caves of the mountains, and near enough the city to obtain occasional supplies.

Here he attached himself to an old Brahmin teacher, and under his guidance became an ascetic to obtain divine wisdom. Soon after he withdrew to the jungles, where he spent six years in penance and self-mortification. He gained some disciples, but after six years of self-denial he began to grow fearful lest he should die before he reached the perfect state. One morning, half clad, he wandered back to the village to get his morning meal. He sat down under a tree to eat it. This tree has ever since been known as the Bo-tree, or the tree of wisdom. Here he remained through the long hours of the day, debating with himself what next to do.

His suffering and penance brought him no peace. Old loves and desires came back to him. He felt as did Mohammed when he went to pay his respects to the old Gods of the Caaba, or as did Jesus when in that supreme hour he went alone to pray. But as the day died away and the calm Indian twilight stole over the distant mountains, his soul became illuminated. He became a Buddha, or the enlightened one. He grasped the secret of sorrow, pain and death.

From that hour he renounced his penances, as he needed them no longer. He had saved himself without any rites, ceremonies or priestly powers; without even calling down the aid of the

Gods, he had wrought out the problem of self-salvation, and thus paved the way for all men. He at once began preaching, and in three months he had sixty disciples, whom he sent out to teach, and traveled himself save in the rainy season. Once he visited his old home, and Yasodhara became one of his disciples, and the first of Buddhist nuns. He died at the age of eighty years; his body was burned with all pomp and splendor, and his disciples contended for the unburned bones, which were divided into eight parts and temple mounds built over each.

It has long been claimed that a tooth of the sacred Buddha was carried to Ceylon. A recent writer says that thousands of flowers are daily offered at the sacred shrine, where rests this tooth on a golden lotus leaf, in a case covered with rubies and diamonds too sacred for the touch of human hands.

Twelve hundred years after the death of Buddha a Chinese pilgrim was shown what then passed for the sacred tree. It was surrounded by high brick walls, with an opening to the east, and near it stood many topes and monasteries. The ancient books of the North and South agree as to the place where the topes were built, and no Roman Catholic relics are better substantiated. At the end of the fourth century of our era Chinese

Buddhists are said to have made a pilgrimage to the birth-place of Buddha and found the city in ruins. Another Chinese pilgrim visited the spot in 632 A. D., and could then trace the remains of ruined palaces, and the room occupied by young Siddhartha, who abdicated a throne to receive the divine truth.

The religion of Buddha numbers now about four hundred millions, or nearly one-third of the human race; about the same number as Moham-medanism and Christianity combined. It is the religion of the yellow race and the dominant faith of Asia. Mohammedans have their mosques, Christians their temples, but the pagodas and temples of the Buddha are among the most wonderful works of art which dot the fair face of the world.

There is another view of the religion of Gautama Buddha where the pen of the historian cannot lead us. It is the cosmopolitan spiritualistic view.

What place shall we give to Buddha among the world's sages? Was he a savior? I answer without hesitation, a thousand times, yes. He was an incarnate God, leading the world higher. He is to the great Mongol or yellow race a light which can never dim. Buddha, like\* Jesus and Mohammed, never wrote a word ascribed to him. After

his death a council of disciples was called to write down his teachings, and an hundred years later another to correct abuses which had crept in. Although there are errors and weakness, yet I am constrained to say of Buddha what I have already said of Mohammed: he was a savior heaven sent to the yellow race, and the noblest of all the saviors, as he has shown the way to self-salvation.

Does not the legend of the Buddha beautifully represent the struggle of all souls, and the only path to peace? We are not now inquiring what Buddha is to his people and the believers in his religion, but what truth has the struggles, trials and final victory of Gautama Buddha for us? Does not the legend truthfully represent human life? And the road *he* traveled is the road we all must travel in this or some other world to find perfect peace. How strange the awakening of all souls into this life! Gautama was a reincarnation from some former life. What are we? Can any doubt that we have lived somehow, sometime or somewhere?

If cosmical matter contains within itself all the potencies of a perfect world, who shall say that this thinking soul only begins when it inhales the first breath of earth's air?

Can eternity bring to a soul anything not latent in the germ from whence it sprang? If souls

begin to be, will they not also cease to be? The ancients had a myth of a beautiful maiden, who, when the sun was sinking on his velvet couch in the west, wandered on the banks of the river Meander. Before her she saw a hill, where the vines clambered over the elms and the purple grapes were smiling in the light of the autumn sun. She ascended the hill and looked backward into the valley, radiant with flowers. Here bloomed the white narcissus, the purple tulip and the blushing rose, but more beautiful than the flowers was a man who lay asleep on the marble steps of the temple. It was Endymion, sleeping in that valley where the storms never come. The rustle of her garments and the light sound of her feet awakened the sleeper. I have sometimes thought we have all represented the sleep of Endymion. Some fair goddess finds us asleep on the marble steps of the temple of being; and the rustle of her garments the touch of her wand awakens us into the realm of outward being. The truth Buddha learned, we all must learn.

His *first* experience in life was to discover who owns it, which he did by the decision regarding the wounded bird. They have the most interest in the lives of others who pour healing balm into wounded hearts. We acquire interest in others just in proportion as we help them to a larger and

- better living. Moreover, the legend of the Buddha shows that we can never attain a great life until we begin to think. It is the thought of man which makes him more than beast, and we cannot begin to live until we commence to study and comprehend life. To attain real manhood or womanhood we must each sit under the bo tree alone and think for ourselves.

How different his thoughts from those of his mercenary father. The old king saw the riches of his kingdom. He saw the fruits of the peasants' toil, just as our great monopolists see only the dollars they wring from the brown, hard hands of their fellow men. But the thinking Buddha saw the bread of the toiling peasants was wet with their tears. His sensitive ears heard the cries of little ones for bread, and the great deep undertones of sorrow, which rolled like the tread of thunder over the horizon of human life. He is stone, not man, who cannot hear the plaintive cry of aching hearts. This world is full of King Suddhodanas who make commerce of bone, muscles, and bitter tears. But oh, how few there are who sit under the shadow of life's bo tree and feel the sorrows of others!

The *second* great truth Buddha learned was that wealth, home, beauty, love, power, bring no peace to a slave. His father had placed him in the most

gorgeous palace, where love beamed upon him in the sweet smiles of his boy, and the dreamy eyes of Yasodhara. There beauty ~~whispered~~ in tree and flower, and ~~passion~~ appealed to him in the voluptuous dance. But Buddha was a slave in the royal palace. He was chained within the brazen gates of the city, and sighed for greater freedom.

*Third.* His life revealed that the road to wisdom is the road of experience, and we must each take every step of the rugged way ourselves. Neither our fathers, mothers, or gods, can pull from our feet one thorn, nor spare our backs a single blow. None can hide from another the secret of life. We must all learn what the young prince learned five and twenty centuries ago, the sorrows of age. Pride ourselves as we may on ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes and fair forms, they are evanescent as the fitful shadows which gather on the brow of twilight. Time will weave silver threads in the fairest locks. The years will plow deep furrows in the loveliest face. The hottest blood will grow cold and sluggish. We shall all meet wrinkled age at our mirror, and stand with dim eyes trembling by an open grave.

Nothing can hide from us the reality of death. Death is in the air we breathe, the water we drink, and in the earth upon which we tread. We toil,



love, hope, and die among tombs. We must all drive beyond the palace gates, and each will meet a funeral cortege by the way. On the bier will rest a pallid cheek and sunken eye. If you have not met the bier on life's little journey, you will soon meet it. To you, mother, it may be a little form whiter than marble, with its blue eyes closed in a wakeless sleep. To you, young man, it may bear the pale dead form of the only one you ever loved, whose tender words have thrilled your heart. To you, my toiling brother, that funeral cortege may bear white and pale the lips that now so fondly kiss you, and the hands that caress you.

When we have learned that wealth, power and place are vain; that age, sickness and death linger like some gloomy specter by the side of all life; that nothing in this world can bring perfect peace, are we not ready for wisdom? Ready to go up to Nirvana? When we seek the perfect life we must all leave our idols behind. We must change our gaudy purple for the beggar's rags. We must go into the mountains—into the gethsemanes alone. We must rise higher than our poor selfish love, and reach out into the boundless and universal.

There was a supreme hour in the life of Buddha: the hour when he sat under the bo tree in doubt and fear, hesitating between the pleasure

of this world and the glory of God's. Are you under the bo tree to-day? Linger I pray you until the angels kiss away the gloom, and your soul is touched by that divine light, which, having once been felt, brings peace forever.

Buddha gave up his treasures, to find them again. He not only inherited his father's empire, but he became a king over human hearts. He parted with Yasodhara only to meet her again wearing the white vail, a pure symbol of her resurrected and purified life. He left her on her princely bed at the hour of midnight. He met her again in the clear morning of a glorified womanhood, ready to do and live for others. What is age, disease and death to him who has conquered? The soul that has received divine light can say as did Victor Hugo in his old age: "The snow of many winters is on my head, but the eternal spring time is in my heart." What cares the divinely illuminated if disease does gnaw at the vitals? They are above all disease—all death.

I admire Gautama Buddha. He planted the first pillars of democratic religion on earth: a religion which has broken the rusted fetters on human limbs, and emancipated human hearts. He is the clearest example of self-salvation and god-like heroism this world has ever known. He

did not call down the gods, but he went up to meet them. He did not claim super-human power, for the path he trod all men may tread. Like a bold pioneer he pushed out into the darkness and bade all men follow him. He did not point out the way to others, but led the way for them with his own thorn-pierced feet. The Buddha shall not be lost in the church universal yet to be. Over the grave of five and twenty hundred vanished years, I stretch forth my hands to-day and bid him welcome.

Come, thou sorrowing son of Suddhodana !  
Come forth from thy ashes ! Come from the ruins  
of thy native city ! Come sit in the altar of that  
temple which shall endure forever. Time has  
touched thy native city and it has vanished. Not  
a trace remains of thy dust, or the fair Yasodhara  
who slept by thy side. But, Buddha, thou the en-  
lightened one shalt not be forgotten. When the  
nomad hordes of the north-land of Tartary, Tibet,  
and Nepaul, the cultured Chinese and Japanese,  
and the people of Siam and Ceylon shall forget  
thee, other lips will speak thy praise. And when  
the snow-capped Himalayas shall topple and fall,  
thy empire shall stand eternal as truth, beautiful  
as light, and pure as the breath of love.

# MOHAMMED, OR THE FAITH AND WARS OF ISLAM.

Delivered in Cassadaga, New York.

**I**F you will look at a map of the world you cannot fail to be interested with the position of Arabia. Nestling in the arms of Europe, Asia and Africa, no other peninsula has equal environment. Geographically, Arabia may be compared to a child with its feet kissed by the Indian Ocean. To the right, the Red Sea guards its side and divides it from the continent of Africa. On the farther shore of this sea are Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia. The historic Nile flows northward along this country, just as it did in the olden time, but the great civilizations that once made its banks echo with the tramp of busy feet, are gone, leaving only mournful ruins to tell the story of their departed greatness.

It touches the Mediterranean Sea, one of the most remarkable on earth. Into its almost pulseless bosom flow from age to age, the waters of the Rhone, Po, and the Nile.

The hot simoon plays over its broad expanse,

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and Etna, Vesuvius and Stromboli light its breast with their lurid glare. It adjoins the Turkish empire, beyond which lie, like a sleeping cloud, the waters of the Black Sea. To the left is the Persian gulf and sea of Oman, beyond which Persia and India invite the traveler over a land noted for its ancient history.

Much of Arabia has long been thought to be a barren and desolate country, but explorations have greatly modified old opinions, and shown that in the interior are many fertile tracts of land surrounded by desert. The rich soil of Yemen and along the south, has given that section from time immemorial the name of Arabia the Blest. Arabia is not without mountains. The great Lebanon chain runs southeast to the gulf, where it is met by Sinai and Horeb of Scripture. The traveler in the interior finds the great Jebel Sheman surrounded by peaceful villages nestling amid the forest trees.

Arabia is almost a riverless country, yet the Afton, Ober, and Kebu have not escaped the notice of the ancient poets. In the land of Arabia, the wild deer and rock goat climb the distant mountain sides, and the antelope and gazelle sport on the plains. Arabia is the home of the horse, rejoicing in his strength and scenting the battle afar off. Here grows the banana, tamarind and

cotton, and our much-loved berry of mocha. The maiden in her jewels drinking her coffee from her china cup, little thinks of the wandering Bedouin who first plucked her much-loved berry from dame Nature's hand.

To the antiquarian, Arabia is of peculiar interest. Over its desert wastes are scattered prehistoric ruins, gray with the dust of ages. Mr. Palgrave thinks in the olden time much of its arid soil was made fruitful by irrigation, as the old ruins everywhere attest. Here the ethnologist can see at the present time two distinct races. In the northern part we have the Semitic Arabian, who claims to be a descendant of Ishmael. In the central and southern part may be found the Cushite race, who are no doubt the real Hamites, or sun-burnt race of Scripture.

No people have maintained their independence more persistently than these sons of the desert. The armies of Sesostriis, Cyrus and Pompey could not subdue them, and the legions of Augustus melted away in their pursuit. The Arab is possessed of a wild and chivalrous spirit. The earth, air, and sky above him seem wrought into his constitution. He is the boldest robber on earth. Generosity and valor are the essential elements of his character.

It is said that a blind Arab in the hour of prayer,

being supported by two slaves, exclaimed, "Alas, my coffers are empty, but these you may sell. If you refuse I renounce them," and so saying he pushed them away, and groped along the wall with his staff. When upon a distant journey Abdalla heard a voice saying, "Oh, Son of the Uncle of the Prophet of God, I am a stranger in distress;" he instantly dismounted, and presented the suppliant with his camel and a purse of gold.

In religion as in government, Arabia has been from remote times a strange mixture. Here Sabianism from the east found a fruitful soil. The wild Arab in his midnight flight, guided by the stars shining over him, seems to have naturally deified them as objects of worship. Here also the Magianism of the east found just as zealous disciples as in Persia. Judaism was also early represented on the Arabian peninsula. It is supposed that when Titus destroyed Jerusalem many Jews migrated southward and settled in the vicinity of Yathrib, now known as Medina.

Christianity never had a firm root on Arabian soil, whatever its element of universality may be, but some of the earlier converts of Saint Paul are thought to have gone there preaching the peaceful gospel of the man of Nazareth. But these were not all the religious influences at work in Arabia in the beginning of the sixth century. From time

immemorial there has been kept in the Caaba at Mecca, a meteoric stone which Arabian tradition says was once white and pure, but has long since been blackened by the kisses of sinful men. It stands by the well Zem Zem, long noted for the bubbling sound of its waters, and tradition says it is the well Hagar found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness. The Caaba is a curious building twenty-seven cubits long, and is supported by a great number of pillars. It is the sacred center now of all Moslems from Delphi onward to Morocco. Every year the Sultan sends a black cloth covering for that Caaba, while every night its myriad lamps glitter under the stars, and five times every day, one hundred and fifty millions of people turn their faces toward it in prayer.

About the year 571 Mohammed was born, and grew up under these strange religious influences to his early manhood. He came from the Koreish, a tribe of note in the region of Mecca. He was not a sturdy child, and at an early age was afflicted with epilepsy. Mohammed was an orphan when he was born. He never saw the face of an earthly father. At the early age of six years, his mother, the only true friend of every child, died and left him to the care of his kind hearted grandfather. Carlyle has suggested that the grandfather saw in this little boy the future of his own son whom



he had laid away in the grave. Not long, however, was the young prophet blest, for two years later the grandfather died and his uncle Abu Talib became, according to Arabian custom, his guardian and protector. He spent his early life tending flocks and herds. This was, no doubt, a low calling for one of Koreish ancestry.

There is little of note regarding him from his birth to his twenty-fourth year. He probably spent most of his time as did other Arabian boys of his age, when not engaged in his occupation of herding. He may have mingled with the caravans passing to and fro from Mecca, or attended the fairs, and listened to the national poets competing for the prizes. He is said to have sometime met an old Jewish Monk, who taught him Talmudic lore, but the assertion seems to be unwarranted from the facts in his history. Personally, he is said to have been frail, with large, expressive eyes, and slightly humped shoulders. A notable personal mark was a large mole upon his face, said to be the seat of his prophetic office. In the center of his forehead was a large vein, which, when excited, filled with blood and throbbed violently. His walk was heavy and slow, and he said but little, yet all agree that when he spoke there was a strange fascination in his speech.

As he was nearing his twenty-fifth anniversary,

a wealthy widow named Khadija engaged his services to command her caravan, probably as camel driver. She had been twice married, but seems to have been greatly impressed with him, although fifteen years his senior, and obtained her father's consent (through intrigue) to marry him. Gibbon says the marriage contract was in the simplest Arabian form, reciting the love of Mohammed and Khadija and his marriage portion which restored him to the rank of his Koreish ancestry. We have now nothing of note in his life till near his fortieth year. He was no doubt faithful to the interests of Khadija's estate, and she bore him six children, four of whom died in early life. He seems to have greatly loved his children, and one of his sons is said to have died in his arms.

As he neared his fortieth year he grew strangely taciturn and sought solitude. About this period he went up on Mt. Heria to spend the month of Rajab alone. This mountain is about three miles from Mecca, a lone, barren rock, torn by cleft and ravine, standing in the glare of the desert sun, shadeless and flowerless. Rajab is the month of universal armistice among the Arabians; a month when they abandon pleasure and seek solitude, the same as our Episcopal friends have their Lenten season. Here Mohammed spent his days and nights alone in a small, dark cave on Mt. Heria.

It is said the angel Gabriel came to him in this cave, and told him that he was to be the prophet of God. When he would go out and walk on the lone rock, the withered herbs and hot stones would cry out to him "Hail prophet of God." Finally in the middle of the night—the sacred night of Alkador, the night better than a thousand months of joy—the angel Gabriel bade him cry, and he answered, "what shall I cry?" to which the voice responded, "cry in the name of the Lord." Then it was revealed to him how man was created, and he awoke from his trance, feeling a book had been written in his heart. As he came out of the cave, Gabriel saluted him as the prophet of God.

He hurried home to his good wife, Khadija, and said, "Oh! what has happened to me?" and fell in a paroxysm on the floor. When he awoke he continued, "Oh, Khadija, he whom you would have least thought, has become a soothsayer and is mad." Then the good wife replied, "He surely will let no harm come to thee. Thou speakest the truth, art of good life, and kind to thy relatives and friends." Then he told her all that had happened, and she replied, "Rejoice, oh husband, and be of good cheer; he in whose hands stands Khadija, is my witness. Thou wilt be a prophet to these people." She then went to her cousin, who was blind and a Jew, and told him what had hap-

pened to Mohammed. He raised his trembling hands and exclaimed, "Kodus, Kodus, verily this is the names which came to Moses, he will be a prophet of his people. Tell him to be brave of heart." He is said to have afterward met Mohammed, kissed him and bade him be of good cheer.

But as the days came and went he grew skeptical regarding his mission. At last so troubled was he that he went to Mt. Heria again, not as an ascetic seeking solitude, but to take his own life on the very spot where the lone rock and withered herbs had saluted him as a prophet of God. On arriving at Mt. Heria it is said that wherever his eyes turned on the far horizon he saw the angel, Gabriel, who saluted him as the prophet of God. So thoroughly entranced was he that he remained motionless till his wife sent out servants to convey him back to his home.

After this second visit to the lone rock he seemed to have resigned himself to his prophetic mission. He would fall into a cataleptic, or trance state, and when he returned to consciousness dictate to a scribe what he saw and heard. His revelations now became very frequent. We have no well authenticated evidence that he could either read or write. For three years his progress was very slow. His first convert was the faithful and

motherly Khadija. Tradition says she knelt by him in the dim shades of twilight, and swore to be his first disciple. The next was her cousin War-naka, and the third young Ali, son of his uncle Abu Taleb, only ten years of age.

His prospects were far from encouraging, yet he preached Allah to the fairs, caravans, and wherever he could obtain a hearing. Then his proud Koreish relatives began to persecute him. Abu Beker, a wealthy merchant, soon joined his ranks, and is said to have done more for the faith of Islam than the prophet himself. The Koreish would mock him in the street, call him a fool, and declare that his wife would carry fuel for his hell fire. Other inhabitants of Mecca treated him with contempt.

At last he openly defied them. He publicly cursed idolators, and declared in the presence of the proud Koreish, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." So great became the persecution, Mohammed's life was in danger. They said he was a blasphemer and had no respect for their ancient Gods, and threatened his life. In this dark hour Mohammed had one noble defender; it was his uncle Abu Taleb, who had reared him. He did not believe in his prophetic mission, but he was a true Arabian, and he would not see him brutally murdered by a mob of Kore-

ish persecutors. While he defended the prophet from his public enemies, he privately urged him to abandon his pretended mission. Mohammed replied, "No, uncle, if they put the sun in my right hand, and the moon in my left, I will not give up until Allah has given me the victory or I perish." The tears started in his eyes, and he turned to depart. Then Abu Taleb cried to him, "Oh, son of my brother, come back. Say whatever thou wilt, I will not abandon thee."

But the persecution became so vindictive that he advised his disciples, who were largely from the poorer classes, to migrate across the sea to Abyssinia. The poorer classes had accepted his religion and believed in his revelations. It had worked a great reform among them. The Koreish were stung by the emigration, and followed the poor disciples. While they were imploring the Abyssinian king for protection, a still stranger scene was enacted in Mecca.

Mohammed, finding himself single-handed and alone, went to the Caaba and recanted. The Koreish were delighted, and declared they could accept his teachings, if he would recognize their ancient Gods. But the next day he felt again the old inspiration of Mt. Heria, and declared the devil had tempted him. He is said for a time to have

been very low-spirited and nervous. What doubts and struggles were transpiring in the mind of the prophet we may never know. We shall never know the secret doubts and fears of the founders of the world religions.

Nor has the faithful evangelist attempted to portray the great heart-struggles of Jesus when the scoffs of the world and the treachery of Judas sent him alone to pray. But a new light broke on the rough life of the prophet. He gained two powerful disciples, Hamza, afterward called the Lion of God, and Omar, the Paul of Islam. He entered the house of the prophet with his sword to take his life, but he left a zealous convert.

Three years of struggle and partial success followed this period, and then came a still more bitter trial to Mohammed. There is one king man can never conquer; one foe against whom poor human nature wars in vain; his name is death. He plays with the crown of kings, and tramples beneath his feet a prophet's robes. The good Khadija, who had been his first believer and truest friend, sickened and died. Soon after, Abu Taleb, he who had been his best friend and protector, also died. This was not all, for with the sting of death came the cruel mid-winter of poverty. While Khadija lived his every want had been supplied.

In this dark hour Mohammed resolved to leave the city of his birth, and his proud relatives who had constantly persecuted him, and with his faithful Zaid he journeyed to Tayiff, a neighboring city. There he was met by stones and curses and forced to retreat to Mecca. The poor dreamer, with his slave Zaid, returned footsore and penniless to the city which had expelled him. But at this very moment forces were gathering which made him the warrior-prophet of the ages.

In the city of Yathrop, now known as Medina, lived many Jewish families in comparative isolation. They had heard of the prophet, and that he taught a pure and simple theism like their own. Accordingly a delegation waited upon Him and he revealed to them his doctrine. A second delegation was sent, who swore allegiance to the prophet, and he then appointed his twelve apostles. Although this had all been done in secret, it soon became known to the Koreish and greatly offended them. About one hundred families who believed in the prophet emigrated in small companies to Medina, so that certain parts of Mecca were deserted. Now their indignation knew no bounds, and they held a public meeting, and decided to take the life of the prophet. Agents were selected to do the work on the first dark night.



Mohammed had remained with Ali and his trusted apostle Abu Beker in Mecca. The angel Gabriel is said to have revealed to him the plot of the Koreish, and in the darkness of the night he put his green suit upon Ali, bade him lie in his bed, and he escaped with Abu Beker through the window. They went in the opposite direction from Medina, and hid in a cave on Mt. Thaur.

Tradition says a spider wove its web over the entrance to the cave in the darkness of the night, and in the early morning two wild pigeons laid their eggs. The pigeons were afterward made sacred in the holy territory. The Koreish, pursuing them next day, came to the mouth of the cave, saw the pigeons' eggs and the spider's web, and concluded that Mohammed must have sought other retreat.

Trifling things are spider webs and pigeon eggs, and yet trifles make up the world. A Jewish mother with her heart burning with the unquenchable fire we have learned to call a mother's love, once wove an arc of bullrushes, made it water proof, put in it her darling baby boy, and launched it on the sluggish bosom of the Nile. This trifling act, born of a mother's love, saved a religion which has traversed the world. *Trifles move the world!* Another mother's heart, lit by the same holy flame, took her infant son, fled to this same Egypt,

and this trifling act saved a religion which has its altars on every side. It is said the cackling of some geese once saved imperial Rome from destruction. So the pigeons' eggs and the spider's web saved the Prophet of Islam.

It was a hot day in September, A. D. 622, when the worn prophet came to the gates of the city of Yathrib. When he approached, he alighted from his camel and prayed. A Jew watching in the tower is said to have been the first to behold him. Enter, prophet, that gate; no longer a poor dreamer preaching Allah to the caravans and fairs. *Henceforth thou shalt be prophet, law-giver and king.*

Although Mohammed entered the city of Yathrib a welcome prophet to the Jews, the union between Judaism and Mohammedism was soon broken. As soon as the Jews saw that he had come to establish a new religion, rather than revive an old one, they began to persecute him and mock his ignorance. Mohammed came simply as an enthusiast, burning with zeal for one great truth. "*There is no God but Allah!*" hence, when they propound questions to him in Talmadic lore, he could but reveal his ignorance. Finally their indignation became so great they sought to take his life. Mohammed's followers multiplied, and the breach with Judaism became complete, and he instructed his followers to turn their faces to Mecca when they prayed.

In the first year he proclaimed war against the enemies of his faith. He who had been persecuted from the beginning of his prophetic mission now became himself a persecutor. The first battle of the faith of Islam was at Bedar. The Koreish, fearing Mohammed's followers might plunder their caravans engaged in the Syrian trade, sent out troops to protect them, and Mohammed anticipating they were preparing to attack him, gathered together his army and met them. He could only raise three hundred soldiers, seventy of whom were mounted on camels. The Koreish were well equipped and eight hundred strong. They met in the fertile valley of Bedar. Mohammed commanded his poor and undisciplined army in person. As they approached the enemy who came down upon them from the hill, and he beheld their great numbers, he exclaimed, "Oh! Allah, if these are destroyed, by whom wilt thou be worshiped on the earth? Courage, my children! Close your ranks, discharge your javelins, 'And the day is your own.'" He is said to have ascended a rude pulpit and called for the aid of Gabriel and 3000 of his angels. As his unschooled army began to waver before the well directed arrows of the Koreish, he seized a handful of earth, cast it in the air and cried, "Let their faces be covered with confusion." This roused his fainting troops; the

Koreish were routed, seventy prisoners were taken and the faith of Islam won the first battle.

He compelled the Koreish to pay heavy ransom for the prisoners, and pursued them through the desert and along the Euphrates. He next met the army of Abu Sophion, consisting of 3000 men, 700 of whom were armed, 200 were mounted on horseback; 3000 camels attended their march, and his wife, Hendra, with fifteen matrons of Mecca, sounded timbals to magnify the gods of Caaba. The standard of the prophet was upheld by 950 believers. The battle was fought on Mt. Ohred, six miles north of Medina.

The Koreish advanced in the form of a crescent, led by Caleb, the fiercest and most successful of Arabian warriors. The prophet's troops were posted on the declivity of a hill, and their rear guarded by fifty archers, who soon deserted their station. The daring and intrepid Caleb, wheeling his cavalry on their flank and rear exclaimed with a loud voice, "Mohammed is dead." The prophet had been wounded in the face by a javelin, and two of his teeth shattered by a stone. A Koreish pursued him to take his life, but Mohammed dealt him a blow from which he died. Mohammed's forces were fearfully beaten in this second battle, and had the Koreish followed up their victory, the faith of Islam would have been exterminated.

Mohammed next turned his attention to the Jews, and there is little in history more touching than the defense of the children of Israel made to the sword of Islam. So hotly did Mohammed pursue them, that some of them accepted the faith of Islam on peril of their lives. Others crossed the sea and sought refuge in Abyssinia. Many others were trampled by the iron hoofs of war, and Judaism was driven forever from the Arabian peninsula.

Mohammed now reigned by force of arms in all the region of Medina, but was unsatisfied. His eye was upon the city of Mecca, from whence he had been driven in the darkness of the night, an exile. He organized the most numerous army it was possible for him to gather and marched toward the Holy City. The Koreish met him to give battle, but a truce was concluded by which he was permitted to enter the city. Three days were given him and his bloody warriors to pay their respects to the city.

But a little more than six years had passed since Mohammed had left the Koreish in the darkness of the night. Now they retire, and he enters with 10,000 Moslems. Seven times he marched around the Caaba followed by his army. The Koreish had retreated to the neighboring hills, and looked with astonishment at the solemn pageant. Many

were awed into submission to the standard of the prophet. Caleb and Amon, the future conquerors of Syria and Egypt, deserted the old Pagan gods, and joined the new faith of Islam. On the fourth day Mohammed retired from the city as agreed, but as soon as he had left the old hatred of the prophet was so pronounced against him that he turned back and subdued it.

Before the Koreish knew their fate, the blaze of ten thousand fires around the city, revealed by their red glare to them, their terrible fate. The proud Abu Sophion presented him the keys of the city. He looked at the brilliant army of the once poor and despised son of Abdalla, bent his proud head and confessed under the cimeter of Omar, that he was the prophet of God. The chiefs of the Koreish were now at his mercy. He asked, "What mercy can you expect from the man you have wronged?" "We confide in the generosity of our kinsman," the Koreish retorted. "And you shall not confide in his generosity in vain," said Mohammed. He was now enthroned as the prophet and prince of Arabia. He destroyed the three hundred and sixty gods in the Caaba, and the house of God was purified. He passed a law that no unbeliever should enter the Holy City.

But the restless prophet could not content himself on a throne, and the sword of Islam soon

glittered before the idolaters of Tayiff. They descended into the valley of Honian, twelve thousand strong, waving the banners of Mecca and Medina. But the Koreish were already massed in great numbers to welcome them. The prophet on his white horse was surrounded by his enemies, but ten of his faithful companions interposed their weapons and their breasts. Three fell dead at his feet. Loudly in the face of almost certain death did he proclaim his prophetic mission, and his uncle made the valleys ring with the promise to the faithful. For twenty days the combat raged in all its fury, and Mohammed returned victorious, laden with rich booty. The idolaters of Tayiff begged for a truce of three years. "Not a month nor an hour," was his reply. They had no alternative but to accept his faith. The old proverbs say his followers were as numerous as the date leaves along the shores of the Red sea to the Persian Gulf.

He now invited the nations of the earth to accept his faith. Among the messengers sent out one was murdered. Then Mohammed with 3000 followers invaded the territory to the east of the Jordan. Zaid carried the holy standard in the terrific battle of Muta, and fell like a hero at his post. Then another seized the standard, and when his right hand was shot away, he grasped it

with his left, which was also severed from his body. He then embraced the standard with the stumps until he fell with fifty wounds. Abdalla grasped the standard and cried, "Advance, victory or paradise is ours!" When he fell by the lance of a Roman, Caleb took the standard. Nine swords were broken in his hands, but at last he repulsed the Christians. Ever after he bore the name of the "Sword of God."

Other expeditions were planned, but an enemy was already attacking Mohammed the bravery of his legions could not resist. His triumphant arms now reigned through the whole Arabian peninsula. In his early campaigns against the Jews at Medina, a Jewess had given him poisoned mutton, and for three years the virus had been working in his blood. He soon after made his last journey to Mecca, not alone as he had left it, but with forty thousand Moslems, with banners streaming in the breeze. He ascended Mt. Araft, blessed them like Moses, and told them to be kind to women and the poor, and avoid the extortions of usury.

He returned to Medina and chose Ayesha's house near the Mosque, where his last hours and moments were spent. He ascended a rude pulpit, and gave his final farewell to his people. He said if there was any whom he had unjustly scourged,



he would bare his own back to receive the blow. Had he injured the reputation of any Moslem, he wished now to retract. Did he owe anyone, his estate should pay the debt. A voice from the crowd said he owed him three drams of silver, and he ordered the debt to be paid.

As death touched him with its icy fingers, not a shadow of fear played on the prophet's brow. Calmly he looked at his battle-scarred veterans and incoherently called for a scribe. Many suppose he intended to appoint Abu Beker to succeed him, but death would not wait. He raised his trembling hands and exclaimed, "Oh, Allah, forgive my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-citizens on high."

*Prophet, Warrior, Law-giver*, has gone, but he shall not be forgotten. So long as the hot simoon sweeps over Arabia; so long as the lone rock on Mt. Heria lifts its sullen face to the desert sky; so long as the waters of the Zem Zem pour forth their cooling draughts to kiss the parched lips of the children at Mecca; so long as the wild Bedouin pauses in his desert flight to turn toward the Caaba and utter his daily prayers, so long shall Mohammed be remembered.

There he lies lifeless upon the floor, his head still reclining in Ayesha's lap. Into that death-room press his anxious disciples. Ali sees his

pale, dead face, and cries, "The prophet is no more." But Omar unsheathes his cimeter and threatens to strike off the head of any infidel who dare say the prophet is dead, but like Moses and Jesus, he sleeps. But Abu Beker quells the tumult by reading from the Koran that Mohammed is mortal and must die like other men. When all became satisfied that death had done its work, they buried him in the house of Ayesha's by the Mosque. Afterward the Mosque was enlarged to cover his tomb. No royal pomp or splendor marks his resting place, but innumerable pilgrims on their journey to Mecca pass through Medina and visit the tomb, in sadness and tears.

I have given a cursory view of the external life of Mohammed, which belongs to the domain of history, but we must now take another view of him where the pen of the historian cannot lead us. Human life is strangely dual. We are one thing to the world, and quite another to God and ourselves. The historian may eulogize the hero of a hundred battles, but how little can he say of the doubts and fears of the warrior! What was Mohammed in his own heart, and before his God? Was he a prophet, an amiable enthusiast, or a cool and plotting hypocrite? I maintain that he was a prophet heaven sent opportunely at the very hour most needed by the poor idolaters of Arabia.

Greatness does not create its own element in any department of life. Great men are simply opportune men.

The prophet's seal changes with the ever varying conditions of human life. Mohammed was a true prophet; not that I believe in the truthfulness of his revelations, but in the truthfulness of the man. It was his sincerity that gave him such unparalleled success. None but a sincere man could have so moved the world. Sincerity is the mainspring of revolution everywhere. Arabia had poets, teachers, orators, but these never moved the world. It is the plain, sincere and unlettered enthusiast that changes the life of nations, and the current of human history. Every recorded act of Mohammed's life denotes his sincerity. Hypocrites do not go alone to suicide, nor do they say with tears in their eyes, "No, if they put the sun in my right hand or the moon in my left, I will not give up until Allah has given me the victory, or I perish." I do not say all his revelations were true, in an absolute sense, but I do say the evidence shows they were true to him.

There is some evidence tending to show that Mohammed had been an epileptic from childhood. This disease was thought by the Greeks to be a sacred disease. The Pythia who uttered her oracles under peculiar signs and conditions, was

thought thus to give evidence of her inspiration. Mohammed did not give his revelations in trances, but after returning to consciousness would dictate to a scribe. These were written on date leaves and shoulder-blades of sheep, or anything that could be obtained, and compiled after his death.

There is no evidence that Mohammed could read or write, but evidence all shows that he was tender hearted. When a Moslem, finding him weeping over the grave of Zaid, said, "What do I see?" the prophet replied, "You see a friend weeping over the grave of a friend." Mohammed marked the transition of the Arabian mind from idolatry to a simple and sublime theism. The lone rocks, the withered herbs, the desert sky, the midnight stars, all spoke to him, and the burden of their speech was, "There is no God but Allah." The same world is proclaiming the same truth to-day. It was the God in nature speaking to the soul of man the poor Arabian dreamer heard when the lone rocks and withered herbs cried out to him.

It is said Mohammed was immoral. He was, measured by our standard. It is said, and not without evidence, that he was a sensualist. After the death of Khadija he took to himself several wives, the exact number we may never know, but one fact seems evident, that while the good Khadija lived he sought no other companion. When

the beautiful daughter (Ayesha) of Abu Beker went to him arrayed in her loveliest dress and looking in his face with a smile said, "Am I not more lovely than the old Khadija?" a tear gathered in his large dark eyes, broke on his sun-burnt cheek, and with trembling voice he said, "No, by Allah, there is none like Khadija; when I was poor she took me in, and when I had no friends she believed in me."

Who is Khadija? She is here; she is at nearly every fireside. Look, my brother, into the face of your faithful wife and you shall see her. Do you remember the night you led her to the altar covered with orange blossoms? that night when, against the wishes of friends, she swore to make life's journey with you. She believed in you then when her friends doubted. Do you remember the long dark days when your life hung on one brittle thread in the delirium of fever, how she watched like a brooding angel at your side? Have you forgotten the day you went home a poor broken-hearted bankrupt, how she rose like a very Samson in her heroism and said, "No, you have not lost all; I am here; our babes are here; we will try the world another battle, and I am sure we shall conquer." Look at her wrinkled face. Brush back her fading locks, kiss now her trembling lips and tell her, "No, by Allah, there is none like

Khadija." A man who can say that, is not all bad.

Mohammed was better than his age. He did not abolish slavery, but he bettered the condition of the slave. He said he should have the same food as the master, and be healed with the same law of kindness. He did not abolish polygamy, but he restricted it. He said his disciples might have four wives, but no more, and they could not have the four unless they could take care of them. In our country we permit a man to have one wife, but too often the woman has to take care of the man.

He elevated the condition of woman. Previous to Mohammed they had a horrid practice of exterminating female children, which he entirely abolished. No man could have done more for orphans. He himself an orphan in this great world, never forgot them in his life or revelations.

He abhorred usury. Usury robs the babe in the cradle, drives careworn mothers and helpless women from their happy homes out into the cold and heartless world; steals the clothes from trembling age, denies honored graves a fitting slab, breeds the bankrupt's hideous nightmare, and sits like Poe's ghostly Raven over poverty's wretched door. No ten per cent. in Mohammed's religion.

He prohibited intemperance, the one nameless

monster eating out the life of nations; the prolific mother of crime, the main spring of want and penury; a fiend who cajoles with starving babes and mocks woman's hot tears. Had he done no other worthy act, this alone would entitle him to our everlasting gratitude. Think of the army of sixty thousand in our country, who yearly stagger into drunkards' graves. Think of the Christian mothers whose hot tears flow for Benjamins and Josephs, who wear the cankering chains rum has placed upon them. Think of the thousands of wives worse than widows, children worse than orphans, and then let us respect the prophet who sought to found a religion of which temperance should be a corner-stone. He also abolished gambling. A man cannot be a good Musselman and gamble in watered stocks and options; nor can he be a good Christian, if I understand the teachings of Jesus.

He was in no sense an avaricious man. He might have seated himself upon a throne of gold or commanded the riches of a Cræsus, but he was content to mend his own clothes and live upon the plainest food. His revelations are full of tender thoughts for the poor and needy. No man can be a good Musselman who is not kind and generous to the poor. He almost equaled the immortal Paul in extolling the beauties of charity. I will

not say he equaled Paul, because it was given the pupil of Gamaliel to write to his little church at Corinth (full of contentions) the never-to-be-equalled poem of the ages. Another noble element in the life and teachings of Mohammed, is kindness to animals. He omits the word merciful when in the name of God he takes life. Musselmen are always kind to animals except when their native religion has been contaminated by foreign elements. No society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is needed when the faith of Islam reigns.

When we look at the idols he broke, the wrongs he abolished, the moral reforms he inaugurated, the hopes he kindled, the idolatrous love he called forth from all who knew him, who can doubt the poor son of Abdalla, full of human frailty, was a prophet heaven sent to Arabia? No man could have more tenderly loved his own. He mourned the loss of Khadija. His son died in his arms, and he wept tender tears at the grave of Zaid. He was a monarch without a throne; a king without royalty; a simple prophet who never concealed his human frailty, nor denied the prophetic mission of others. The flame he kindled did not go out with his death. His mantle fell on the faithful Abu Beker, who soon died, leaving the Caliphate to the daring and intrepid Omar. Never has



this world seen before, and it probably never will see again, such a rapid transformation as Mohammed's religion wrought—speech, customs, religion, and empires changed.

Ideas are the most powerful factors in nature. They build and destroy institutions, and sometimes dash empires gray with the dust of centuries into shapeless heaps of ruin. Within twelve short years after the prophet's death, his daring warriors had subdued the fortifications of Persia and Syria; the Churches of Asia Minor were destroyed, and its fertile fields echoed with the tramp of Saracen armies.

Jerusalem, the Holy City of the East, where once stood the majestic temple of Solomon, and over whose unbelief the inspired Jesus had poured his touching lament, was seized and the invincible Omar rode into the sacred city upon his camel, with a bag of dates and a skin of water by his side, to plant the Mosque of Omar, which stands to-day in imposing grandeur on the site of the ancient temple. In Persia and Arabia, Magianism was rooted out; in India, Vedaism, believed in by a hundred million, found a rival, and Buddhism looked in terror upon the march of the armed legions of the prophet. They invaded Africa and planted the standard of Mecca upon the ruins of Carthage. Spain, under Mohammedan rule,

reached a grandeur she never saw before, and may never see again. The city of Cordova grew to a million inhabitants, with ten miles of street lamps on a single street, and seven hundred years before there was a public lamp in London.

The eloquent Draper has well said of this luxurious city of the Caliphs of the West: "They had polished marble balconies, over-hanging orange gardens, courts with cascades of water, retiring rooms vaulted with stained glass, floors and walls of exquisite morocco; here a fountain of quicksilver shot up in glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy bells. Their apartments into which cool air was drawn in summer from flower gardens, whispering galleries for the amusement of the children, and for the master himself, grand libraries. At this brilliant focus, barbarian Europe lighted its lamp of civilization."

A century after Mohammed heard the call of Gabriel from the lone rock on Mt. Heria, his religion had spread over Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, Spain, a great part of Gaul, Egypt, Northern Africa, Persia, and Northern India. What gave the faith and sword of Islam such marvelous power? Could lie or falsehood thus conquer and subdue a world? We are constrained to answer in the negative. Islam at its core, con-

tains a spiritual and scientific truth. No matter whether Mohammed was a real prophet or not, the truth he spoke, whether by Gabriel, clairvoyance or epilepsy, was a real truth.

What is this varied earth and diverse heavens but the shadow of indivisible entity at its core? What are rock, tree and flower, but manifestations of one indivisible external substance? What is matter at last but unity? The changing earth and changeless stars are only reflections of the unchangeable. Matter and force at last meet and blend into one, as the fleecy clouds meet and mingle on the brow of night. Mohammed could hear no other voice but Allah, because no other voice speaks in this strange world of ours. The hot sirocco moaning among the shifting sand; the bubbling sound of the Zem Zem; the song of the wild Bedouin as the hoofs of his flying steed echo o'er the arid plain; in short, nature's universal orchestra is the voice of God. This God still speaketh in the voice of the bird, the bee, and plainer still in the sweet whispers of trusting love.

Another element of power is this: Islam is a positive religion. No negative about it. Every revelation in the Koran is positive. There is a hell for the unbeliever, and no mistake about it. Everything about the faith is mandatory. The Moslem is not told he *may* visit Mecca or read

the Koran ; it is not a permission, but a command. Five times each day he *must* turn his face to Mecca and pray. He obeys the command whether it be in the crowded streets of a great city, or alone in the solitude of the desert. Islam is made of sterner stuff. No book is so fully believed in as the Koran. It is the source of all power ; the judge in all controversies, whether temporal or spiritual.

There are mosques where the whole Koran is read every day by a relay of priests. No book in the world presents so strange a mixture. It has poetic imagery that would do credit to Milton or Dante, and other passages stained with revenge or passion. The Koran is an enigma Europeans and Americans have not patience to solve. It is no doubt a real book, as Carlyle says. It touches the sublimest heights, and goes down to the lowest depths. It proclaims the Eternal, but often clothes him with the character of a fiend. It lifts the wandering pilgrim's eyes to heaven, but its heaven is as voluptuous as the passions of an Arab's heart.

Before many of the Mohammedan temples our Christian cathedrals would sink into insignificance. They differ in their style of architecture in different countries, but each is noted for its dome. Generally they have an open square in

the center, with a fountain for washing, with sentences from the Koran carved in the wall. A niche in the wall denotes the direction of Mecca, whither they turn in prayer. There are no images or pictures, no seats except mats. One of the most noted is the Dome of the Rock, or Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem. Perhaps the most ornamental one is near Calcutta, India. Near the Hoogly river in Persia, also, are extensive mosques.

The mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, Turkey, is one of the most important controlled by the faith of Islam. This mosque was built by that most bloody emperor Constantine the Great, 325 A. D. It was destroyed in 404 A. D., rebuilt, and again destroyed in 532 A. D. It took seven years to build it, and 10,000 workmen were employed. The material is said to have been gathered from the whole Roman empire, and contained remains from all the ancient heathen temples. The dome of the tabernacle was of solid gold, and was surmounted by a gold cross, filled with precious stones said to weigh seventy-five pounds. This cathedral is said to have cost sixty-five millions of dollars. In 453 A. D., when the Turks entered Constantinople, they appropriated it for their mosque. All Christian emblems were removed, or chiseled out of the walls. The great cross was taken from the dome and the Moslem crescent, or half moon, put in its

place. This is a distinctive Turkish emblem, but to some extent used among Mohammedans.

India contains many beautiful mosques, and the most gorgeous and expensive tomb wounded love has ever reared, was built there by Shah Jebau the grandson of Akbah, for his wife whom he loved with great affection. It is called the TAJ, the jewel of India. He is said to have told her on her deathbed, he loved her as he could never love another, and that he would build for her such a tomb as the world had never seen before. He invited architects from all the countries with their designs, and twenty thousand workmen were seventeen years employed in its erection.

It stands on the banks of the Jumna, a mile below Fort Ayra. So wonderfully has the artist blended majesty and grace in its construction, it is said to exceed all description. In that tomb may be found the sarcophagus where rests the dust of that lovely woman. In another, the husband's ashes are resting by her side. The marble walls of the Taj will one day crumble and decay; even the ashes of the devoted lovers will disappear, but the waves of the Jumna will sing on of love forever.

Islam can boast of the largest theological college of the world. It is located near Cairo in Egypt, and ten thousand students are gathered

there. This college is now nine hundred years old. One writer says he saw there two acres of turbans. They assemble there in a vast inclosure, with no floor but a pavement and a roof over it supported by four hundred pillars. At the foot of each column is a teacher surrounded by pupils. These pupils come from all the Mohammedan countries, and are supported by the charity of the faithful. When they finish their studies, many of them go out as missionaries. They mount a camel; join a caravan; cross the desert, and are lost in the interior of Africa.

Christians are often heard to remark that the faith of Islam is dying. This is not in any sense true. It is now making rapid progress in North Africa. The half naked African, when he drops his idols and accepts the faith of Islam, at once becomes a better man, clothes his body, seeks knowledge, and sees something better than idols and temples of skulls. Allah speaks to him, and whenever God speaks to the soul, human nature is elevated. Let us be thankful Mohammedanism is penetrating the gloom of Africa. It has never yet, and it never will, conquer anything superior to itself. It is doing its work just where poor, benighted man needs it. Its work is not yet finished. This rugged unitarianism of the desert is destined

to go forward conquering thrones, kingdoms, and human hearts.

I cannot conclude without expressing my heart-felt thanks that a brighter day is already dawning for the world's religions. The religious wars which have bathed this earth with human blood are receding farther and farther from our view. Brahmanism and Buddhism are forgetting the old feuds and becoming more fraternal. Christians and Mohammedans are covering with the veil of charity the awful wars of the Crusades, and no longer boast of the daring deeds of Gregory and Saladin. Fraternity, love's other name, is quickening the blood of all religions. To me, the view before me is a hopeful one. I see slowly, yet surely rising, the massive columns of the world's temple yet to be. It is the "church universal," in which the whole earth shall worship. Each historical religion brings a stone for the temple. Jesus, the man of Nazareth, plants the first corner-stone. But I look afar over the sluggish waters of the Red Sea and I behold the poor camel driver of Mecca coming with his tribute, the keystone for the arch at the altar, where science and religion are to be at last forever united, and he cries, "There is no God but Allah, and God is all in all."



## JOSEPH SMITH AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Delivered at Cassadaga, N. Y.

THE history of religion is the history of mankind, for religion touches all sides of human experience and emphasizes every phase of character—the noble and heroic, the kind and generous, the wild and daring, the selfish and passionate, the cruel and vindictive.

The birth and growth of any special religion involves every near and remote element of the human race. It voices the sweetest songs of love, lights the wildest flames of passion, nerves weak and trembling arms to divine endeavor, and steels human hearts to commit the most atrocious crimes.

Religion on the one side is a proud bird of heaven, soaring on golden wings in the clear azure of peace and joy. On the other side she is a fiend licking the blood of countless martyrs. One law of birth, growth and death pervades all religions. They are born in the clear sunshine of direct and heaven-given inspiration, cradled in the generous lap of unsullied love, grow up like a struggling flower amid rank and poisonous weeds of perse-

cution, and at last die from slow and lingering conservatism and inanition. I need not invoke the testimony of history to prove this proposition. Buddhism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, all tell the same story. Jesus and Mohammed were warmed by the same sun, kissed by the same dews, quenched their thirst at the same fountain, and were stung by the same remorseless fiend of persecution.

Joseph Smith and Mormonism come under this universal law, and in this light I wish to discuss the origin and growth of the Mormon religion. I can well remember the early impression I received regarding the Mormons. I fancied they were peculiar cannibals who had no regard for morality or virtue; vampires feeding upon the moral life of the nation, and hence should be quickly exterminated. So great was my prejudice, I felt no curiosity to investigate their history.

Some years ago I was called to Carthage, Illinois, to deliver a lecture through the Lyceum Bureau of Chicago. On the day following the lecture, I was obliged to remain until almost night for a train to my next engagement. A committee of young gentlemen from the college literary society seemed to feel it their duty to entertain me. While in conversation with them at the hotel, they proposed taking me to the old jail where Joseph Smith, the

founder of Mormonism, was shot by a mob. My curiosity was at once excited. I visited the building, saw the bullet holes in the door, the window from which he fell, and gathered many facts concerning the city of Nauvoo, now almost deserted, but once the seat of Mormon power. The impression then made upon my mind has led the way to the present discourse.

Joseph Smith, the author of the Mormon bible, and founder of the Church of Latter Day Saints, was born in the little country town of Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, in the year 1805. His ancestors were of the old puritanical stock who have so thoroughly stamped their character upon all New England, and whom all generations must acknowledge as the chief factor in founding our American Republic. They were undoubtedly worthy people, but from the testimony of his mother, I conclude they were poor financiers, and not rich in this world's goods.

The founders of religions are not generally children of affluence. Golden eggs have never been known to hatch religious birds. Buddha despised the wealth of his father; and Joseph was a poor, hard-working mechanic. Mohammed was an orphan whose Koreish ancestors had lost their estate and were servants at the Caaba, and drove camels as a hireling. Joseph's father and mother

seem to have had a fair start in the world, but their family increased faster than their wealth, a misfortune not uncommon in many homes. They were intensely religious. His father had strange visions, and his mother was miraculously healed.

Joseph was a third son, and his misfortunes began in early childhood. He was afflicted with fever sores, and the subject of special care in the family. I can find nothing of interest in his life until he reached his fifteenth year. He had migrated with his father's family from New England to Palmyra, New York. About this time there was a great revival in the neighborhood. Everyone seemed to catch the religious fever. It worked among the Smiths, and Joseph's mind became greatly agitated. When the revival closed, each of the several Churches were zealous for members. You have no doubt witnessed this peculiar scrabble for converts after religious revivals. They remind one of hackmen in their vigorous attack on passengers who are unfortunate enough to land in a strange city. They are all shouting for passengers — Methodist busses, Presbyterian busses, Baptist busses, each zealous for passengers. Joseph did not know which way to go. So he inquired of the Lord, whom we would naturally suppose to be good authority upon questions of this character; while in the woods alone,

praying for light, he fell into a peculiar trance. While in this trance, spiritual beings appeared to him; they told him all the churches were wrong, that sects and creeds were of no special value, as all were selfish. That they had more regard for the interests of their particular Church than they had for the gospel of Christ. *It is not very hard for me to believe the angels told him the truth.*

He related this vision to his clergyman and at once became a subject of persecution, although an obscure boy only fifteen years of age. From the hour he related this vision to the Methodist parson at Palmyra, in 1820, to the time he was shot by a mob in Carthage jail in 1844, he seems to have been a marked subject for persecution.

It was enough to excite the jealousy of all the church-going people of Palmyra, that a young man should presume to have a vision in the midst of a great revival, telling him that none of the churches were right and that he should not unite with them.

About 1823, when he was nearing his eighteenth birthday, a still more important vision came to him, which revealed to him the work of his life. He was in the act of prayer in his own room, when a strange personage appeared at his bed-side, clothed in white raiment, lighting the room with a brilliancy not of earth.

He claimed to be a messenger sent from God, and said his name was Nephi. He told this New England boy, there in the solitude of his room, he had a work for him to do. He should become famous, and that both good and evil should be spoken of him. He told him there was a book deposited in the earth, written upon golden plates, giving an account of the ancient inhabitants of this planet, and the source from whence they sprang. Also, that it contained the true gospel given unto this ancient people. Also, there were two stones set in silver and fastened to a breast-plate, called "Urim and Thummim," and that the possession of the stones gave the marvelous gift of seership. He also revealed to him the place where the gold plates, stones and breast-plates were buried, and foretold wars, judgment and famine.

The next day Joseph was at work with his father and brothers in a wheat-field, when he suddenly became so pale and acted so strangely that his father sent him to the house to have his mother nurse him. Joseph started for the house, but stopped under a tree near by from exhaustion. Here the same spiritual being again met him and told him he must tell all he had seen to his father. He did so, and his father encouraged him to carry out the wishes of the Lord. He then revealed all to the family circle—described

the ancient Nephi, and many things he had seen regarding the ancients, their habits of dress, modes of worship, etc., etc.

Visions became frequent with him, so much so that he was often reproved by angels of the Lord. His father had occasion to send him to Manchester, a neighboring town, upon business. He did not return until late at night and then threw himself in a chair seemingly exhausted. They began to interrogate him, but for a few moments he made no reply. After a while he seemed to recover from his exhaustion and said he had received a severe chastisement; that the angel of the Lord met him as he passed the hill of Cumorah, where the golden plates were deposited, and rebuked him, saying the time had come for the records to be brought forth.

He had previous to this time made several efforts to obtain the golden plates, but without success. He was told to make another effort on the 22nd of September.

Accordingly, on the following September 22nd, 1823, Joseph repaired to the hill to obtain the plates. This hill is called the hill of Cumorah, near Manchester, Ontario county, New York.

The plates, we are told, were deposited in a stone chest buried on the western slope of the hill. The box and sides of the lid were covered, but the

center of the cover was raised just above the earth. Joseph carried the plates to an old birch log, wholly decayed excepting the bark, and opening which, he deposited them for safe keeping. He kept the "Urim and Thummim" upon his own person.

He went home, and by the aid of other members of the family, succeeded in getting a chest in which to lock the plates.

Scarcely had Joseph succeeded in obtaining the plates, before the curiosity of the neighborhood was aroused to the highest pitch. They even sent fifty miles to get a witch doctor, whom they thought might be able to reveal to them the place where the plates were concealed.

Shortly after Joseph had obtained them, he placed them in a chest, and having received a revelation that the mob would attempt to take them, they buried them under the family hearth. This was scarcely accomplished when the mob came to the house. Joseph, by stratagem, made them think he had a large armed force, and they retired.

In a few days Joseph received another revelation that the plates were in danger and must be removed. He took them out of the box, wrapped them in cloth, carried them across the road and hid them in some flax in the upper story of a



cooper shop. Then he nailed up the box, tore up the floor of the shop and placed the box under it.

The mob came and ransacked the premises that night, and the next day they found the floor of the shop torn up, and the box shivered to pieces. While the mob were at work to secure the plates Joseph was instructed to make arrangements to translate them. A copy was made of some of the plates and taken to learned men of New York for this purpose. Joseph's mother went to Martin Harris (who afterward became identified with the Mormons) for his aid. In a few days Harris and his wife visited the Smiths. Mrs. Harris claimed to have had a vision, but she was skeptical regarding the plates. However, wishing to distinguish herself, she gave Joseph money. Martin Harris also contributed.

Soon after Joseph and his wife hurriedly removed to Pennsylvania. He put the records and breast-plates in a box, placed the box in a cask and filled the cask with beans. Those who saw Joseph and his wife journeying by wagon, little dreamed that in a cask of beans on that vehicle, was the foundation of a bible that fifty years afterward would have two hundred thousand believers, or that seated on the wagon was a prophet who would defy the authority of a nation, and at last die at the hands of a mob.

How strange the lives of the founders of religions. Mohammed once journeyed from Mecca to Tayiff, a poor tramp, with no companion but a slave. Buddha lived with Monks in the mountains, and Jesus was so plain and simple he was the contempt of the Pharisee and Sadducee.

Harris, shortly after Joseph removed to Pennsylvania, stole away from his wife and followed him. At this, Mrs. Harris was very indignant and vowed vengeance. When Harris reached New Harmony, where Joseph had removed, he began the work of scribe, while Smith, by the aid of "Urim and Thummim," interpreted the plates. When they had succeeded in obtaining one hundred and sixteen pages of the "New Bible," Harris began to think about the wife he had so unceremoniously left; he wanted to go home, and was especially anxious to please Mrs. Harris when he got there. So against the wishes of the angel, Joseph let Martin Harris take home the one hundred and sixteen pages of the new bible to read to Mrs. Harris, under promise of returning immediately.

Days and weeks passed and still Martin Harris did not come. So greatly troubled was Joseph by his long absence that he left his sick wife and took a stage for Palmyra in search of Harris. He went to his father's, and Harris was sent for, but he did not come for some hours, and when at last he met

Joseph, he exclaimed, "Oh, I have lost my soul!" He had read the manuscript to Mrs. Harris, and she had her revenge. The manuscript could not be found. Harris had hunted every secret place, bed-ticks and drawers for it, but all to no purpose. He had read the manuscript to every one who called, and his wife was so much pleased with it she told him to lock it up in a private drawer; but Martin Harris never saw the manuscript again. Delilah had had her revenge, and one hundred and sixteen pages of the Mormon bible disappeared forever.

Joseph returned to Pennsylvania with a heavy heart. Upon his arrival home another bitter experience awaited him. The angel came to him and reprimanded him; forced him to give up the "Urim and Thummim," but told him if he was faithful he might receive it again the next September. The following September the "Urim and Thummim" was restored, and he again began the interpretation of the Golden Plates. This time his wife acted as scribe, but the angel refused to repeat the one hundred and sixteen pages that had so mysteriously disappeared.

The following April, Oliver Cowdery, who had become interested in the plates, having taught school among the Smiths at Palmyra, went to Harmony to see Joseph. After his arrival, he was

baptized and accepted as the scribe of the prophet. Some time before Joseph and Cowdery completed their work, they moved from their residence in Harmony to the home of David Whitmer, in Waterloo, New York, where the translation of the "Mormon Bible" was completed.

From the time Joseph Smith claimed to have found the plates on the hill of Cumorah, to the completion of the Mormon bible at Waterloo, he studiously concealed them, no one being permitted to see them. Why they should have been so concealed if he had such plates in his possession, is a mere matter of conjecture.

When the bible was completed at Waterloo it is claimed that the plates were seen by Cowdery, Whitmer and Martin Harris, and afterward when they visited the Smiths the ancient Nephi permitted eight to behold the plates, who testify to the world that they have seen them. Then Joseph delivered up the plates to the ancient Nephi, and the new dispensation was ushered in.

The necessary arrangements were at once made and the Mormon bible, or book of Mormons, was published to the world. The same year, 1830, the Church of the Latter Day Saints was organized; missions were at once established, and the brothers of the prophet consecrated to the ministry.

The people of Palmyra were not prepared for

the Mormon dispensation. Every possible means was devised to prevent the spread of the "New Gospel." So great was this persecution that Joseph's father, after having been imprisoned for debt, moved to Waterloo.

Among the early missions of the Church, a society was organized at Kirtland, Ohio. The prophet moved there in the fall, and the following spring nearly all the Mormons in the vicinity of Palmyra and Waterloo followed him. At Kirtland, Mormonism flourished for a time and threatened to absorb all before it. The traveler to-day who passes the quiet little village will see scarcely a vestige left of the active Mormon community that once flourished there. The old church, reconstructed and repaired by a few Josephites — an imposing edifice — still overlooks the valley, but the tramp of feet at its open door is now scarcely heard. It is hard to believe as we now look at the old temple, that an angel of the Lord dictated just where it should stand, its size, the material of which it should be composed, and everything regarding it.

No doubt the main cause of the growth of the Mormon Church at Kirtland was persecution. Opposition is the steam in the boiler of success. Persecution is the cruel mother of prosperity. Fierce winds have made religious oaks root deeper

and grow stronger. Persecution builded for Christianity a throne which cannot be overturned. It drove Mohammed with cruel lash in the "Hegira" from Mecca to Medina, but the blow it struck hardened the steel in his nature, until at last he became the warrior-prophet of Arabia. Persecutions always fail to accomplish their hellish ends. Blear-eyed conservatism lights its cruel fires, and meanly grins while the blue flames lick the quivering flesh of shrieking victims. I have said persecution is useful, just as devils are useful in the divine economy to move the world by a contrast.

Every attack made upon the Mormons only strengthened their determination to serve God as they pleased. Joseph Smith was tarred and feathered by a mob at Hiram, but this did not shake his purpose, or cripple his work. In the midst of the prosperity at Kirtland he traveled West and established a Mormon center at Independence, Jackson county, Missouri. But no sooner were the Mormons settled there than the citizens of Missouri began to treat them in a merciless and outrageous manner.

In the meantime dissensions had broken out in the Church at Kirtland. Their bank had failed; some of their officers were deposed, and Father Smith was arrested for solemnizing marriages

without license. The dissensions within the Church became so great that upon Joseph's return from Missouri he found himself confronted by internal enemies on every hand. He then emigrated with his family and a large portion of his Church to Missouri.

When the Mormons who had left Kirtland, arrived at Independence, they found themselves surrounded by enemies more ignorant and vindictive than those who tarred and feathered Joseph at Hiram. They were refused the right of suffrage; professed ministers of the "Gospel of Christ" led companies of armed men to rifle their homes, steal and drive off their cattle, insult women, and take men without warrant or process of law and imprison them. Hiram Smith testified that three or four hundred men, women and children, were murdered by Missouri mobs in cold blood.

At last the persecutions against them became so great, from ignorant, inhuman Christians and border ruffians, that fourteen thousand Mormons fled from the State. Joseph, Hiram and some of the leaders fled by night, secreting themselves by day, traveling on foot through swamps, fields and woods, (often without food) to save their lives. The rest of the Mormons emigrated for the most part in a body back to the State of Illinois. But

their fright was so great they left furniture and everything likely to retard their journey behind them. It was late in the autumn when they fled from Missouri, and many of the women and children were sick from exposure and fatigue.

When these Mormon pilgrims reached the lowlands of the Mississippi, near Quincy, Illinois, they presented to the beholder a most heart-rending sight. Chilly winds and a snow storm, the first herald of approaching winter, overtook them. Sick women and children, and women about to become mothers, were obliged to make their beds upon the marsh-lands covered with ice and snow.

When the Mormons reached Illinois, let it be said to the everlasting credit of that State, they were received with the utmost kindness. Illinois was generous; while Missouri, by her treatment of them, has made a most infamous record. Joseph, Hiram and other leaders, who had been obliged to travel by night, soon joined the fugitives at Quincy.

In the spring of 1839 they purchased a quantity of land in Commerce, afterward called Nauvoo, or the City of the Beautiful, and began settling upon it. Early in 1840, Joseph, with a few prominent Mormons, went to Washington to implore the aid of the general government for outrages received in Missouri. The President, Mr. Van Buren, and



Congress, seemed to be impressed with the justice of their claim, but affirmed they were powerless to aid them, inasmuch as Missouri was a sovereign State and fully empowered to deal with its own citizens.

Illinois granted to the Mormons a charter of Nauvoo, with extended privileges, but the spirit of border - ruffianism, secessionism and devilism, which had driven them from their home near the Missouri river, to the east bank of the Mississippi, was not yet satisfied. The mob continued to torment them across the border. The coarser element in Illinois was incited against them. Disturbances became frequent. In the midst of this excitement, in May, 1842, L. W. Boggs, Governor of Missouri, was shot by an assassin. Suspicion at once implicated Joseph Smith, although he was that day in Nauvoo, several hundred miles away. It was presumed, however, that he sent one Rockwell to commit the deed. Warrants were issued for Joseph's arrest. He succeeded for some time in evading the officers of the law, but at last went to Springfield and was there tried and discharged.

In the spring of 1844, internal dissensions became very pronounced in Nauvoo. The City of the Beautiful, which had been so prosperous for a season, became divided against itself. A rebellion

broke out against Joseph and his authority. His enemies had control of a printing press which assailed him and the Church in most unmeasured terms. The enemies swore out a warrant for Joseph's arrest in Carthage, and for a time there was great rivalry between the legal authorities of Carthage upon one hand, and the Mormon authorities of Nauvoo upon the other. So intense was the excitement the Governor of the State visited the place in person, and by his advice, Joseph and Hiram gave themselves up to the authorities at Carthage. And while they were in jail at Carthage a mob shot both Joseph and Hiram in cold blood.

I have now rapidly sketched the life of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon religion and author of the Mormon bible. It is not necessary that we should follow the history of the Church at length. You are no doubt, most of you, familiar with the history of Mormonism, from the death of Joseph Smith to the present time. Brigham Young became its leader and head. Long continued persecution forced them to abandon Nauvoo and a temple they had attempted to build, which was to outrival the magnificent temple of Solomon.

In 1846 they abandoned Nauvoo and emigrated beyond the Rocky Mountains. After spending a winter on the road and suffering almost untold hardships, they reached the valley of the great

Salt Lake, where they have established themselves.

There are said to be about 200,000 believers in the Mormon religion, 110,000 of whom are congregated at Salt Lake. The Mormons are to-day divided into two factions — Brighamites and Josephites. Those scattered throughout the country at large are generally known as Josephites; those at Salt Lake are Brighamites. There are about 800 Josephites in Salt Lake, who oppose polygamy within the ranks of the Church.

There is nothing connected with the earlier revelations of Joseph Smith, and not one word in the "Book of Mormon," upon which to found polygamy. Indeed, the general tenor of the Mormon bible is directly against it, and the book of Jacob is especially severe in denouncing all sensual sin. Polygamy is an excrescence, which attached itself to the Mormon Church long after the book of Mormon was published. It no doubt had its origin in a desire to cover up irregularities in the early members of the Church. The Josephites contend with zeal that Joseph Smith was not the author of polygamy, but that Brigham Young was the father of the hateful child. The Brighamites aver that it is an essential part of the Mormon religion. The most, and perhaps the least, that can be said is, that the fatal egg was laid in the

lifetime of Joseph Smith, and that it hatched the foul bird after his death.

Polygamy is an unmitigated curse. It blights all that it touches. It desecrates home; degrades women; robs the child, and stays the march of civilization. It is *unnatural*, because God has decreed in the eternal law of sex, that the number of males and females shall be equal. This law never varies, except under the red hand of war. It desecrates home, because there can be but one reigning queen on the throne of every well regulated home. It *degrades woman*, because it makes her divide her love with the whole motley harem of a religious beast. It *robs the child*, because every child is the lawful heir to a father and mother whose trust is sacred. It *stays* the march of civilization, because it destroys the democracy of home, and sets up a male monarchy as selfish as an orthodox God

I have no sympathy with polygamy, but pour upon its leprous breast my execration. I would cast this devil into swine, and drive the swine with scorpion lash into the sea.

Polygamy and polyandry belong to the effete civilization of the past. While I thus curse the system, I think we ought to have charity and sense in our treatment of those who practice it. The Mormons have some very important characters

upon their side. The Hebrew God and the Old Testament Scriptures are decidedly Mormon. David and Solomon and a host of other divinely appointed men, were brilliant examples for the Brighamites at Salt Lake.

If we enact laws for the Mormons, let us have the same laws for the Gentiles. Let us be a little modest in our attempt to make capital out of the sins of Salt Lake until we have purified some of our own cities. It would be in order for polygamous Mormons to send social missionaries to Washington. I should be glad to see polygamy stamped out in Utah, but my joy would be far greater if I could see prostitutes and houses of prostitution wiped out of our cities. If some of our great political organs, that prate loudly about the Mormon monster, could be induced to commence a Pall Mall Gazette expose of the girl stealers, and the black fiends who furnish fresh fuel for the hellish fires of prostitution burning among us, I should have greater respect for their moral principles.

The simple truth is, virtue and morality can neither be created nor destroyed by legislature. Law *restrains*; it does not *reform*. You cannot legislate out of existence the appetite of the drunkard, nor can you legislate out of the heart of sensual man blear-eyed lust. Reform roots deeper

than mere human enactments. It is a flower that blossoms on the highlands of moral and intellectual growth.

I do not believe the Mormons practice polygamy because their moral depravity is greater than the mass of mankind, but rather because they regard it as a divinely appointed institution. A reaction has already commenced in the Church. The anti-polygamous Mormons are meeting the Brighamites on religious grounds. It is not improbable that polygamy in the Church will fall from its own unnatural weight.

But let us return to Joseph Smith and the Mormon bible. Was he a hypocrite, or was he a prophet? Was his work the result of inspiration, or was it born of a desire to place himself before the world as the founder of a new religion? Did he find in the hill of Cumorah the plates as he claimed, or is the whole claim a false, fraudulent and wicked deception?

Joseph Smith did not exhibit the qualities of mind and heart we might reasonably expect in the founder of a great religion. I have read carefully the simple story of his life by his mother, and he impresses me in all his work as a weak man. We have here no moral heroism like that which led Buddha to forsake home, wealth, wife, child, and all the heart holds dear, to reach a higher state.

We have not found in him a Jesus, wandering by the clear lake of Genesaret, or through the hilly country of Samaria, proclaiming the great truths burning in his heart. There is no shadowy Gethsemane where Jesus wept priceless tears. No sun-kissed Olivet. Nor does he rise to the dignity of Mohammed weeping by his poor slave's grave, or blessing in the face of beauty and passion the memory of the old Khadija, whose withered hands had caressed him.

Joseph Smith was weak when he should have been strong; cowardly when greatness required courage; vacillating when his position required firmness. But while I cannot find many marked personal characteristics to admire, I am still forced to believe from all the testimony that he was not a hypocrite. I think he *did* find something he describes as the "Golden Plates." "The finding of plates marked by pre-historic man," is by no means an unheard-of circumstance. In Pike county, Illinois, peculiar shaped plates were found. A stone tablet was taken from the great mound at Grave Creek, West Virginia. Curiously inscribed tablets were found near Davenport, Iowa. Joseph Smith must have found something he regarded of great value. But it was unfortunate for him and the sincerity of his motives that he refused to let the plates be seen while in his possession, or that

he should claim the ancient "Nephi," took them away so unceremoniously. I am not much of a believer in sudden dematerialization. I do not believe in it among Spiritualists, and I certainly cannot accept the story of the Mormons regarding the disappearance of the plates.

It is claimed by the enemies of the Mormons that Sidney Rigdon was the author of the book, and that he obtained the historical part of it by stealing an old manuscript from Mr. Spaulding and revising it. This claim has long since been exploded. The original Spaulding manuscript is now in the college at Oberlin, Ohio, and bears about as much resemblance to the Book of Mormon, as an Egyptian mummy does to a locomotive. It will do for unscrupulous priests to cant about the Spaulding manuscript, but candid men and women will not listen to the foolish claim. Joseph Smith, and the ancient spirits who came to him, were the authors of that book.

Now, what claim has this book upon the attention of mankind? It is naturally divided into two parts. It has a religious and also a scientific side. To me the religious side has no value whatever. Not that it does not contain wholesome, moral, and religious truth, but it is at best the wild rhapsody of a religious enthusiast. It nowhere rises to the sublime heights Jesus touched when



he stood upon the Mount of Olives. It does not contain the deep pathos the Idemean poet, Job, breathed forth when he thought of his wasting wealth and flesh. Nor does it reveal the musical cadence of the Psalms of David, or the songs of Solomon, the wise Hebrew King. It has no literary merit when compared with some of the revelations of Mohammed in his own pure Arabic.

But there is another side to the book that bears upon its face the marks of spiritual power. It is its historical and scientific side. Joseph Smith revealed to the world, over sixty years ago, historical and scientific truths that every research of the modern archæologist has tended to confirm. There has not been an archæological fact, or single relic of pre-historic man discovered, that he has not anticipated in the revelations of the Book of Mormon.

The ancient spirits who came to him declared this country had been settled by three great civilizations. The *first* came from Asia, more than four thousand years ago, and are described on pages 517 to 520 in the Book of Mormon. They settled northeast of the Isthmus, on what is now known as Central America. The *second* settled on the Western coast of South America, in the countries now known as Peru and Bolivia. The *third* landed near Yucatan, in Central America. The

first civilization had run the cycle of its career and died out about the time the last two landed here. It declares this older civilization was of the family of Jared, who emigrated from the "Tower of Babel," over three thousand years before the birth of Christ.

Remember, at that date little or nothing was known of the extensive ruins in Central America. The explorer had not then penetrated the great tropical forests to learn of this decayed civilization. It had not been made a matter of study; but an unlettered boy tells of a great civilization that had faded away more than 2000 years ago. How came he to know of the ruins in Central America? Where did he gain the information which led him to declare the last two civilizations spread northward, building cities, villages and temples? He had not even explored the Ohio valley. He had not seen the vast earth-works of prehistoric man along the banks of the Mississippi. Modern archæology was an unborn child when he proclaimed these ancient civilizations to the world.

Joseph Smith was an ignorant boy, and not a learned and cultured man, when he began his revelations, but he anticipated science and led the way. The ruins of Copan and Palenque were slumbering there in silent grandeur, but the explorer had not yet walked among the broken col-

umns and ruined, crumbling towers, and voiced to mankind their mute eloquence.

No one then dreamed that Peru had seen an older civilization than the Incas; but we have now found the traces of prehistoric man all along the broad tablelands of Lake Tekacca; found great highways extending for hundreds of miles over mountains and valleys, telling the fact that man has lived, loved and died there centuries ago. Again, little was known when young Smith dictated the "Book of Mormon," of the vast ruins of Mexico. True, Humboldt had stood by the mighty pyramid of Chovola, lifting its century-crowned head two hundred feet above the soil, a silent witness of the departed glory of that ancient civilization. But the world knew little of the magnificent ruins dotting that fair land when the hateful Spaniard set his withering blight upon it.

At that date we knew little of the tenantless cliff houses overlooking the wild, dashing mountain stream of the Colorado. We were almost ignorant then of the stupendous earth-works of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Mr. Pidgeon did not commence his explorations of the mounds of the upper Mississippi until about 1840, and yet ten years before Joseph Smith anticipated all the traditions that the former gathered from the old Decoodah, the last prophet of the ancient Elk

nation. He anticipated this unwritten history, so soon to be read by man. He makes the last two civilizations spread northward. The Nephites and Lamanites, who were really brothers, were with each other until the Nephites, or Mound Builders, were destroyed and the Lamanites lost their civilization.

If Smith's revelations are correct, the Indian who roams over our western mountains is a degenerated Lamanite, on his way to certain doom. Who fails to see that the Indian is dying away? His bark canoe is gone from our streams. His wigwam disappeared from our forest. In a little while the dusky folds of western twilight will envelop him forever.

According to the Mormon claim, both the Nephites and Lamanites were of Israelitish origin, but not the lost ten tribes as some would infer. They came from Asia about five hundred and ninety years before our Christian era. Their civilization faded out about four hundred years after our era, or fifteen hundred years ago. It is now conceded by all careful observers of the earth-works of the Ohio and Mississippi valley, that at least fifteen hundred years have elapsed since those who builded them abandoned them. He says the Nephites were destroyed by the Lamanites, and that the Lamanites, or Indians, were their brethren

by remote ancestral ties. The numerous forts and battle grounds all over this country, affirm this assertion. Scientists have long regarded the Mound Builder and Indians as both of Asiatic origin.

We are just now beginning to learn that in the olden time there was a well defined route of communication between Asia and America by Polynesia and the Pacific islands. The Mound Builders and Indians had much in common. Their skulls are essentially the same. Even the Pueblos of the South-west show their relation to the Indians of the North-west.

We may ask in this connection another very important question. Do races deteriorate, and die? I answer, most assuredly there is cultural deterioration of races, however strenuously they may maintain their structural peculiarities. While man remains essentially the same from age to age, civilization is a tide that ebbs and flows.

The scattered remnants of the various Indian tribes bear the marks of culture and of deterioration. They are not progressing. Their sun is setting. The painted warriors are on the road to extinction. Like the miserable refugees in inhospitable Patagonia, or the Dyaks of Borneo, he has forgotten his golden age and the former glory of his people.

According to the "Book of Mormon," our pre-historic civilization came from the south. It has been advocated that it came from the north by Bering Straits and the Aleutian Islands. But facts are against this theory, for the oldest ruins are in the South-west. They show the highest civilization there, and that as they came north it declined. In short, all the facts confirm the declaration of the Book of Mormon.

I wish I could impress you with the fact that we are living upon the field of the heroic and mythical. Man in America has had his legendary age. Here has dwelt the daring Ajax, and powerful Ulysses. Here beautiful Helens have played with the hearts of the princes in the courts of kings. Here faithful Enomes have mourned a truant love in the dells of Ida. Here rivers have turned red with patriotic blood spent in defense of sacred temples and happy homes. Here love has revealed the wealth of human hearts, and courage looked with steadfast gaze into the pallid face of death.

I thank Joseph Smith for all he has attempted to reveal. I love my country more when I think of the civilizations that have preceded our own. Its placid lakes and verdant valleys are dearer to me when I think that other feet have pressed our soil, and other eyes beheld them.

With all its follies, Mormonism contains a kernel of truth. Joseph Smith, with all his weakness as a psychic, touched that mysterious borderland and reflected dimly and imperfectly the sun of truth. He is another evidence of the law of inspiration, in this world and over it.

As Carlyle has wisely said, all soul books are worthy ; hence, the Book of Mormon will live. Men and women will read the story of Lehi and Nephi in the years to come. The Church of the Latter Day Saints will do its work. While of no value perhaps to you or me, the world needs it, or it would not exist.

Religion is everywhere slowly progressing. We cannot blot it from this world ; it will be purified ; it is a flower yet to bloom on the highlands of intelligence, and not a noxious weed growing rank in the valley of superstition. Thank God this beautiful maiden shall yet wash her lily hands of the blood of a thousand holy wars and of nameless martyrs. She shall tear from her pure breast the vipers of bigotry and superstition, and wielding the magical wand of her love, enchant the world.

## CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

Delivered before the Graduating Class of Clyde  
High School.

**H**UMAN life is a conflict. Its struggles begin with our first breath, and only end when death closes the scene, and draws over the conqueror and the conquered his white and icy shroud. The foes each wayworn pilgrim must meet on life's dusty way are legion. They are from without and from within.

We are here under the iron heel of an inexorable necessity. No thought of ours determined the day or age of our birth, our heritage, or the family to which we should be allied. There is no merit or demerit in noble or ignoble blood. We live by the fiat of God. If we ask how we live, science and experience are daily working out the problem; but when we inquire why we live, we enter an arena wherein theological gladiators have held mortal combat for ages. Moreover, our lives begin in conflict. The first sound from the young stranger who wakes to consciousness in this great world is a wail of lamentation. We reach life's mysterious threshold, heave a sigh at its open gate,



and the last act closes with sorrowing friends pouring their tears over the dying couch. Wherever life is manifest, there do we see constant conflict. So true is this that the smallest insect in a drop of water, as well as man, lives only by struggle and warfare. An armed legion meets us on every side, and we are forced to fight life's physical battles single-handed and alone. However clear our right to live, we are obliged to defend it from a thousand malicious enemies. It would appear that man took possession of the world before nature was ready for his coming. He came to a world not yet perfect. Earthquakes were rumbling under his feet, and volcanoes spitting molten fire over his head, while the angry tread of the tempest was felt on every side. It is estimated that not less than a dozen earthquakes rend the surface of the globe annually, and at least thirteen millions of human lives have been destroyed by them. If we should multiply this number by a thousand, we should no doubt be quite as near the truth. In 1868 the Sandwich Islands and coast of South America were visited by an earthquake which destroyed thirty thousand lives and three hundred million dollars' worth of property. It left the whole coast of Peru in a state of desolation and ruin.

Most of you have read of the great earthquake

at Lisbon in 1775. It was felt from Norway to Morocco, and from Poland to the West Indies. It lifted the whole bed of the North Atlantic ocean. The horrors of Java are still fresh in your memory. Volcanoes continue to destroy man and the work of his hand, as Vesuvius buried ancient Pompeii, without mercy. The fires of Stromboli have not died out in two thousand years. Storms and cyclones still continue their work of death.

I was traveling last year through Minnesota, and, in passing Rochester, a gentleman pointed out the path of a great cyclone that had swept over the city. I looked along its track and thought of the homes toiling love had built, and of the happy firesides which had been torn into shapeless heaps of ruin in one brief moment. Then I thought of the men, women and children driven in a breath into the hungry mouth of death, and I said to myself: "Can it be that human life is only the plaything of mad forces kindled by some monster intent upon our ruin?" Every year we are made conscious of the fact that pestilence travels on the wings of the wind, scattering the black arrows of death through town and city. Chills freeze, fevers burn, and life is assailed by a thousand diseases on every side. At times the hot sun wheels day after day in a cloudless sky, burning up the vegetation. After drought comes famine, like a merciless

hyena, to eat our quivering flesh. Moreover, we are carnivorous, and are often doomed by the war-like passions of nature to fight our fellow men.

The physical battles of life may be said to be three-fold: Involuntary, semi-volitional, and voluntary.

You have probably observed that a large proportion lie beyond the range of volition. We often suffer by reason of organic defects, predetermined for us. How many carry through life the marks of parental sin upon them — born with hereditary tendencies they cannot control, and by reason of which the hungry wolf of pain gnaws at their vitals through life. Some are born into this world deformed, and drag through it the ball and chain of physical infirmity. They are monsters on whom all eyes turn, and for whom all tender hearts have pity. Bitter, indeed, is the conflict of their lives. Neither their prayers nor the tears of their sorrowing friends can avert the dark shadows fate has cast over them. Others suffer by the hand of external nature — by the unfriendly forces of earth, air and sky.

The second class of conflicts is partly from our own hands, and also in part the result of powers and agencies beyond us. This simple statement leads into an almost endless field. It calls up the old, and yet always new, question of free agency —

a question man has discussed from time immemorial, and will probably continue to debate for ages to come. We shall not attempt to solve it to-night. We are ready to concede to the fatalist that the sphere of our freedom is a small one. We freely admit that things both seen and unseen weave around us a web of circumstances, and impel us to action. But while we are aware that all these subtle influences mold human life, we are not quite ready to concede that man is a subject. God has made us kings as well as serfs. The unbroken evidence of human consciousness gives man an orbit of freedom — makes him feel that he can will and do. In short, the final court of appeals asserts we are, in a limited and finite sense, a supreme power in our sphere of life and action.

In our semi-volitional conflicts we suffer by reason of the false relations we sustain toward the natural world about us. The forces of nature are all good when properly used, and evil when improperly dealt with. Heat is good, and brings to our lives unnumbered blessings. It is life, while cold is death. It clothes the hills in verdure, and the valleys with flowers; kindles the smile on the baby's cheek, and flashes in love's radiant eye. But man can only endure a mean temperature, and when exposed to a tropical sun or angry flames his life is in peril. Cold has its use. Win-

ter, with his bleak winds and drifts of snow, is one of the factors God uses for the perfection of the earth; but man can endure only a limited degree of cold without injury to health and life. Man was made to labor. Labor is God's richest blessing to our race. It brings with it sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. And, let me say, there is no distinction in labor. All useful labor is sacred. The miner in earth's dark tomb; the architect toiling up in the highest tower; the sailor clinging to the reeling mast on the crest of the mad ocean waves; the poor seamstress in poverty's wretched hut, stitching her life and hopes away; the scientist in his study; the statesman guiding the ship of state; the biographer trying to unravel life's tangled threads—all are doing sacred work. But labor has its limitations. Tired hands and feet must rest. Too much labor brings with it a broken constitution to whip us with scorpion-lash. No people suffer more from broken constitutions than the American people. We are altogether too fast. We grow up in a hurry; eat in a hurry; sleep in a hurry; walk in a hurry; fall in love in a hurry; marry in a hurry; make fortunes in a hurry; grow old in a hurry; die in a hurry; are buried in a hurry; and forgotten in a hurry. This unnatural living brings us into conflict with nature. Mother Nature makes haste slowly to do

her greatest work. The days lengthen by minutes, not by hours, from winter to summer solstice. The seed takes time to germinate, the stock to grow and the ear to mature. Nature never hurries. Does it require a thousand ages to lay a floor of granite, or dry up the ocean? She takes her time. But her impatient, fretful children refuse to listen to her voice, and place themselves in a semi-volitional conflict with the forces of life.

Another class are fighting voluntary battles. They make for themselves a bed of thorns. They walk into a boiling, seething caldron of sin, well knowing their fate. How many to-night are voluntarily nursing a serpent to sting their own bosoms!

Nor can we omit to notice here and now the terrific battles we fight to obtain the means to live. Look where we will, pampered wealth and squalid poverty sleep side by side. Especially in our great cities do we see the two extremes. One class are crouching slaves to the god of Gold. They have worn its cankering chains until they have eaten away manhood and womanhood. On one hand we see the millionaire groaning in a prison of his own creation, a slave to his avaricious spirit; on the other, the unhappy victims of poverty. There is an uncounted army marching forward to battle for bread. All day, all night, we can hear the

tramp of their feet. Some of them are children, whose shoeless feet and dwarfed limbs have felt, from life's first breath, the piercing blast of poverty. Some are poor factory girls whose wan faces and white lips tell how merciless the war. Some are old men who have seen better days. Some are widows who break ranks to drop hot tears under a willow or cypress, or by a block of marble. Many of them are strong men who go out to tunnel mountains, or fill up valleys. They are fighting for a little reserve corps behind them with lily hands and dimpled cheeks, and who stand in the door at nightfall to welcome the brown, hard hands and tired feet of that brave soldier who is never off duty save on the ever-welcome Sunday, when their little hands caress him, and their sweet lips kiss away the hardships of his week of toil. But poverty brings with it no mid-winter so cold as the one which overtakes those who have seen better days.

If, however, our conflicts in life ended with our struggle with nature, or battles with poverty, we might be quite content. But man is more than physical. His wants are more complicated, because his nature reaches higher and farther. We have a moral nature where the same bitter antagonisms are felt. This moral world is the exclusive empire of humanity. We here rise to the height

where the soul says: "I ought and I must." Here we struggle with the ever-recurring questions of right and wrong. Wherever we find man, a moral obligation rests upon him. He feels there are some things he is obliged to do, and others he should refrain from doing. Conscience tells us there is right and wrong, but we are obliged to trust to the reason we educate in our schools to show us where right and wrong may be found. How terrific the moral battles on every side! How difficult, oftentimes, to tell where virtue ceases and vice begins! In the night of doubt and trial how dim at times the star of duty! Yet those who follow that star over highland and lowland, regardless of the fire-flies of pleasure, are heroes, and God shall emblazon their names in light.

Moreover, we are social beings born into this world with loves we cannot suppress, and attachments as strong as life itself. Love is the mainspring of human life. Love is a magician, who changes the face of the world by the touch of his wand. Love holds the wildest heart a captive, as Orpheus held the guards at the gates of Tartarus. Yet the severest conflicts of our lives often grow out of the love we feel for others. Broken fortunes try us, but broken hearts crush us. To see those we have trusted go down the dark path of sin, or a happy hearth made desolate by the



hand of sickness and death, or to know that dear associations are broken forever, are among the bitterest experiences we meet on this brief journey from the cradle to the grave.

We are born into the world with the great problem of the universe before us. We cannot escape the thought of God. A universe so vast must have had an origin. Hence the thought of God is ever before us. But when we try to account for the anomalies of nature, a thousand questions arise in the mind and vainly ask for a response. We may ask in vain: "Why was this universe created as it is? Why is human life in peril from birth to death? Why should earthquakes rend earth's granite floor, and volcanoes spit fire and smoke in the face of the stars? Why do cyclones and storms travel like devouring angels? Why does death everywhere hold high carnival with life? Why the wild torrents of tears pouring their terrific flood down the deep, dark canyon of the ages?" While we may not be able to answer these questions, one fact deeply impresses us; all the conflicts of life center at last in intellectual conflict. It is the mind that sees, thinks, hopes and feels. Hence the great work of life is intellectual work. To discipline the mind to discern and meet life's duties and dangers, as well as apprehend and discover the facts and truths of nature, should be the

prime object of all schools, colleges and institutions of learning.

It was a significant day for this world when man, as a thinker, was born into it. The physical conflicts of life clearly reveal to the thinking mind that the birth of man meant the conquest of nature. It was a decree that lightnings should be trained, tornadoes defeated and earthquakes frowned into silence. It was a command that oceans should be traversed, rugged mountains and dark canyons explored, and the elements subdued. To the casual observer, God has poorly prepared man for a work like this. He had peopled the world with beasts a hundred times more powerful, with birds that could rise up to the clouds, and fishes to explore the gloomy caverns of the sea. He had armed beasts with tooth and claw, and reptiles with poisonous tongues. But he gave to man one weapon neither bird nor beast could use. He gave him a mind to think, and his thought has started on the royal road to conquest. Thought is conquering the world. Man was placed in a world three-fourths of which is water. Beasts had looked on the oceans, lakes, and rivers as impassable, but thinking man, sitting by the Nile, Ganges, or the shores of the Mediterranean, lighted by the glare of a volcano, discovers the relation of wind and wave, and learns to set a sail

to catch the breeze. Beasts could see the power of heat in the expansion of water as easily as man, but it was left to man's thought to develop and harness this power. I never think of the countless lathes, wheels and spindles that steam drives, the smoke of our great factories, and the mighty power of printing presses, but I feel to rejoice in the conquest of man and his subjugation of nature. It has not been done in a day, or by one age. But who can look at the steamships of to-day, riding the ocean as proudly as the eagle rises toward the sky, at our flying trains, bearing their precious human freight over rivers, mountains, and through valleys, bidding defiance to bird and beast and swift-winged tempest, without grateful emotions?

It took the children of Israel forty years to journey from Egypt to Canaan, but our modern Scott or Vanderbilt would have run them through in a night, and served them coffee for breakfast made from the sacred waters of the Jordan. Man was born with no better ears than beasts, but his thoughts soon mastered distance greater than all animal life. In his stone age he learned to communicate at great distances by signals and beacon-fires, and at last, by his thought, he has perfected the telegraph.

Man has no better eyes than the beasts, but by the power of his thought he has made the tele-

scope to extend his vision. Now he can see the moon's uneven surface, and measure her mountains by their shadows. The body-guard of Jupiter is made visible, and the rings of Saturn brought to view. I never think of Galileo but my blood tingles to my finger's ends. It burns with indignation that pious monks should persecute a thinker who won so grand a victory over nature, and changed man's conception of the world.

*Thought is conquering the world.* Let us not be discouraged in our conflict with nature. We have already tamed the lightning and subdued the ocean. Man is civilizing his world. During long ages he was nature's servant and slave; but he is now becoming her lord and king. The crude canoe of primitive man has been transformed into the ocean steamer which sports with wind and storm. The cave-shelter and dug-out are changed into peaceful cottages nestling amid trees and flowers. Could a man of the stone age look now at our great cities, beautiful gardens, unnumbered factories and flying trains, it would be a vision of a new world. But our victories are only half won. Our ships and railways are no more perfect than the engine of Watts compared with ours of to-day. Better steamships are as sure to follow those we now have as the day to succeed the night. Indeed, a day will come when steam will be superseded.

What the electric light is now doing for our cities the electric machine will yet do for commerce. I am sanguine the thinker is to-day born who will make steam an antique invention. Telegraphs and telephones are not the last efforts of man to conquer space. In one of those golden to-morrows fast pressing forward to greet mankind, the mental telegraph may dictate the revolution of countless wheels and spindles, and bear, like faithful carrier-doves, the sighs of parted lovers. The Rochester, Harvard and Washington telescopes will be as insignificant to the coming man as the Mound-builders' tube is to-day to the astronomer.

We have said the true function of our institution of learning is to discipline the mind to think; but education must in no sense fetter thought. Our education should be a servant, and not our master, in the conflicts of life. It is a glorious thing to begin life's great contest with the learning of the schools. None can feel more keenly the want of it than he who now addresses you; but it sometimes costs more to unlearn than to learn.

Great minds that have lighted the world with their splendor have generally been obliged to reject much of their early education, or at best, go far beyond it. When Columbus was educated at Genoa, the institutions of Europe taught that to the west all was a watery waste, or at least, only

a few bleak islands lifted their desolate heads in mid-ocean. His active mind rejected the teachings of the schools, and at last he launches out on the wild ocean, and aids in the discovery of a continent God had reserved for the best republic on earth. Had Europeans been satisfied with the geography of the schools, our loved country might be the abode of savage man, and our Declaration of Independence never have issued from the flaming Sinai of old Independence Hall.

Had Copernicus and Galileo been content with the teaching of the Alexandrian schools, we might still maintain and teach that our earth is the center of the solar system rather than the sun. The rapid progress of science is due to independent thought rather than the teaching of the schools. Hence, while the college disciplines the mind to habits of thought, it should neither indicate its direction nor limit its power. But few have influenced the philosophical thought of their age more sensibly than Descartes, of the seventeenth century. Physically frail, he was committed at an early age to the Jesuits for an education, but his first work when he became a man was to break away from all previous learning, and mingle with the world. Bacon had already startled Europe with his experimental method of philosophy; but when this thinker inquired into his system, he

found himself on the edge of a ragged precipice in whose shadowy depths dark annihilation creeps, and cold oblivion broods. He pushed his skepticism to the verge of despair. But in the silence of his night of doubt a higher thought was born. He found beneath the miasm of external doubt and conflict a granite rock against which the cold waves of skeptical philosophy might beat forever. He closed his eyes to the fleeting phantasm of all external things, and, turning his vision inward, found the bed-rock of philosophical and spiritual truth. In this inner sanctum, where the storms of the world could not beat, and the "din and jar" of mortal strife are not heard, a voice said: "I think, therefore I am." What a revelation! Let suns and stars pale, dim and die away in the blue heavens; let worlds grow cold and vanish in chaos; let grim and skeleton Death wave his keen edged sickle over the green fields of life. "*I think, therefore I am.*" I have sometimes fancied I could see him in his solitude in Holland writing out his meditations. Timid minds, who tread only the beaten path of the fathers, would say that he was alone. But never had mortal better company. He had at last discovered the secret of the world. *He had found himself.* No wonder Christina forgot her royal robes and wept a woman's tears for Descartes. It is seldom God sends great thinkers to

this planet, and, when they leave it, loving hearts may well weep tears. Let us also bear in mind that science, at best, is in its infancy. In astronomy new discoveries are as sure to be made as man continues to think. Our best telescopes only give a partial view of the starry worlds beyond us. If we could climb to the brow of Jupiter, or plant an instrument on the face of Venus, and look afar out in space we might change all our theories of the solar system. As man is destined to conquer nature, so each special science is to be enlarged and perfected as the years roll on. It is not impossible that man's active thought may yet develop an instrument whereby we can look on the planets of our solar system and see the maiden and her lover, or scan the face of wrinkled age looking with dimming eyes at the fitful shadows gathering on the brow of twilight.

Our knowledge of the earth's history is no doubt yet imperfect. We have only gathered a few facts. We have been trying to read the life record of this grand old planet—trying to trace on its rock leaves the story of its birth, childhood and the mighty changes it has undergone—trying to look into its heart of fire, at its crust of granite, and on its snow-capped mountains. Yet we have only gathered a few facts. The hoary rocks which lie in wild grandeur all about us tell of



convulsions that in some remote age have rent its breast. The tropical fossils under its mountains of ice and snow tell of wonderful changes in its climate; the sea soundings of its oceans tell of continents and islands once peopled with life, now slumbering in a grave over which the sea waves chant a death dirge. The fossils of savage men, found in earth's cave-temples, whose altars are built of the bones of man and beast, tell the merciless stories of life's awful warfare. How little we know of the earth's history! How many fossils are hid away that man's poor eyes may never see, or hand touch! Future research may change our views of the external world. We may find that what we call matter is but another name for soul, and the line which has divided matter from spirit an illusion of the eye rather than a reality in nature. The absolute is always before us. Let us content ourselves, however, with this thought: that thinking man has fast conquered the world. How little we know of man's past! History is a prattling child, pointing with lily fingers to wrinkled age. History is yesterday trying to reveal an eternity of yesterdays beyond it. And what is tradition? It is the half remembered dream of yesternight trying to interpret the unremembered dreams of an eternity of nights before.

What is man's historical age? Simply nothing

to the antiquarian who looks beyond it. History finds man everywhere a civilized being, with uncounted centuries of progress and development behind him. Tradition only goes a step beyond history. Man's legendary age is crowded with full-grown heroes and gods; but whence the children and their mothers, from whom the heroes and their ancestors came? How little we know of the genesis of the human soul! Behind the cradle where lie in sweetest sleep baby's plump fingers and dimpled cheeks, an unseen hand has written the ever impressive word — UNKNOWN. No matter how great our knowledge, we are only coasting on the shore of a boundless sea. But just in proportion as knowledge advances, just in that proportion does man become a king over nature, and the sovereign of the world.

It required fifty thousand acres of land to support one savage living by the chase. Hence a State as large as Ohio would only support about five hundred men. If a State which, in its primitive condition, uncivilized by man, could support but five hundred now maintains near three millions, with bread to spare, what will be the condition of the earth when the semi-savage of to-day shall have given place to the men and women of a hundred or a thousand years to come? The savage picked his flint in an impenetrable forest to warm

his shivering limbs and roast his game. We deal in lucifer matches and coal oil, but the man of to-morrow will warm his baby's feet by an electric light or a nest of stolen sunbeams. Grand, indeed is our vision of the future man and his earth. Under the magic power of his thought I see the miasm driven from swamp and valley, and craters of extinct volcanoes transformed into flower gardens. Humboldt climbed up Chimborazo until blood burst from his eyes and mouth, but the man of to-morrow will walk coolly to its summit and plant a vineyard there. The recruiting office, where soldiers are enlisted to conquer the world, is the school house. The chime of the school bell, properly rung, hymns the victory of man and the subjugation of nature.

It is one thing, however, to conquer the world, or external nature, and quite another to master ourselves. The dying passions of the wild beast still linger in the heart of humanity. If we look at man on his animal side, there is little to encourage us for his future. War's blood-red rainbow still spans the pageantry of empires. The pillow on which nations rest is yet guarded by bristling bayonets. Jails and prisons overflow under the shadow of the church and school. The coarse ribaldry of the saloon mingles with the cadence of the Sabbath hymn. Lust hovers — an ill-omened

night bird — over the palaces of wealth. But this is man's animal side. As there are dormant muscles in our bodies of no service to us, but indispensable to our herbivorous ancestry, so in the soul's citadel linger passions and impulses we must master and subdue. The noblest victory in life's bitter conflict is to conquer the animal and enlarge and intensify the spiritual within us. Learning is never so useful as when it aids us to conquer moral foes. To master one great vice or sin is more to him or her who accomplishes it than it would be to level a mountain in the sea. To do this is not the accident of an hour, or the work of a day. It is the conflict of a lifetime and a victory for eternity.

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And climb to the summit round by round."

It is natural for the young man and woman, standing on the luminous heights of youth, to map out the country they shall explore, the fields they shall conquer and the laurels they shall win in future life. But life is not altogether in our keeping. Behind all our hopes and illusive dreams a master hand leads us.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, two young men were walking side by side, from Mans-

field to Erfort, in Saxony. They chatted of college life, of victories almost won and honors so soon to crown their toils. The one saw just before him the bar on which ambitious young men climb to the judge's bench and the society of lords and kings. The other may have been looking to a professorship, or fame in literature where poets have courted the muse, and historians grown gray amid the wreck of falling empires. It is young Luther and Alexis. The hot blood tingles in their veins as they press over the highway under the glare of a summer's sun. On the far sky an angry cloud is rising to meet them. They heed not the muttering thunder or lightning on its distant brow. Soon, borne on the swift feet of the wind, the cloud envelopes them. The forked lightning darts to earth like an arrow-flame shot from the quiver of a fiend. The dazed Luther rubs his eyes, and, amid deafening thunder peals sees Alexis is dead. As a stream striking a rock sometimes turns into a field far from the path before it, so Luther forgot law, honors, fame, and thought only of the mysterious power which holds this world in the iron arms of fate, and everywhere permits death to cajole with life. He entered a monastery and kindled in his subsequent life a flame of which he had not dreamed in his early youth, and one that finally lighted all Europe by

its blaze. The evidence of age is that youth's plans and hopes are generally illusive. We sometimes build wiser than we know, and fight battles the echo of whose artillery rolls down the distant ages. Moreover, just in so far as we make the victories of life selfish and personal, just in so far shall we lose them. We must each bear arms for another. We win life's battles in closed ranks, not by broken columns. Moreover, the brave soldier fights cheerfully. It may be yours to wrestle with poverty, or carry through life the hard, brown hand of toil. If so, do it cheerfully. Burdens are lighter if we laugh and sing while we bear them. Your home may be but an humble cottage, yet if love is there it is better than the palace of a king without it. I have seen palaces of wealth filled with frightful ghosts and horrid skeletons, and I have stood by the unpretending cottage of the poor and felt myself at the door of heaven. Gold is not wealth. Love is the only riches. I'd rather have the love of one true heart than all the gems of Golconda or diamonds of earth. The poor man who can take his children on his knees, feel their plump arms around his neck, and bask in their sunny smiles, knowing that when he has gone they will keep his heroic life in memory, and wet his grave with tears, is richer than Cræsus. **CLOSED RANKS!** We must fight together. They who defend their

fellow-soldiers on life's great battle-field build for themselves a fortress no enemy can reduce. Brave hearts, young soldiers! Press on; toil on; hope on. Victory is not won in a day. It is a battle for life, with eternity for the jubilee.

"Little by little the time goes by;  
Short, if you sing through it; long, if you sigh.  
Little by little, an hour and a day,  
Gone with the years that have vanished away-  
Little by little the race is run;  
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.

"Little by little the sky grows clear;  
Little by little the sun comes near;  
Little by little the days smile out  
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt-  
Little by little the seed we sow  
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

"Little by little the world grows strong,  
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;  
Little by little the wrong gives way;  
Little by little the right has sway;  
Little by little all longing souls  
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

"Little by little the good in men  
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;  
Little by little the angels see  
Prophesies better of good to be;  
Little by little the God of all  
Lifts the world nearer his pleading call."

## TO THE CLASS.

You have now completed your course of study, and will soon receive the honors of our institution, and the blessing of your teachers and friends.

After years of intellectual struggle, you have reached the goal of your ambition, and I congratulate you upon this happy termination of your toils. Yours has been a most heroic contest. While many who started with you for the same glittering prize have dropped off by the wayside, you have pressed on, often with tired feet, to the end of your journey. Moreover, you have done your work cheerfully. We have all felt the sunshine of your happy spirits in your daily journey to the school room. You have demonstrated that girls count for more than ciphers under the fostering care of our free institutions. In your success we all rejoice. Let me, however, assure you that while you have won a signal victory, the great battles of life are nearly all before you. It will be pleasant to receive the honors of this institution, but a social conflict will come with them. As the young bird is pushed from its mother's nest to use its untried wings in flight, so you will go from the hospitable walls of the school room, and the fostering care of your teachers and classmates, to meet the issues of life alone. How much there is of loneliness in human life! Alone we cross its



mysterious threshold. Alone we weep its hottest tears. Alone we bury its fondest hopes and loves, and at last, alone, we must walk down into the thick folds of the night of death. No doubt the shadow of coming loneliness has already touched you. The old school-house has never been so dear to you as it will be when you leave its walls forever. Never have the kindness and companionship of teachers been so keenly felt as they will be when you are deprived of them. Nor can you forget each other. Visions of this presence will touch you in life's last dreams, and weave a rainbow of beauty on the brow of its twilight. Nor will you forget this parting word from him who now addresses you. It will linger in your memory when the sighing breath of death shall have hushed his voice forever. I have said the real battles of life are before you, and you must fight them alone. Could I lift from your tender, trusting hearts one burden, or spare you a single blow, how gladly would I do it! But you cannot now look to others for counsel. You must think and act for yourselves. I trust you have disciplined the mind to think during your school course, and that you have also gained moral strength for the conflicts before you. It is one thing to be a graduate, and quite another to reach the goal of true womanhood. To be full-orbed

women — faithful in love, strong in moral courage, independent in thought, tender and heroic in action — is the greatest prize you can covet. Queens receive the crown of empires by the accident of birth and death; but girls become great and noble women by mental and moral struggle and conflict. It is grander to be a true woman than to wear the gaudy purple woven in poverty's wretched loom, or bear upon the head a cankering crown. There are no more honorable names on earth than manhood and womanhood.

You cannot reach this high ideal by intellectual strength alone. Learning is always desirable, but it is far more important to be good. It has not been given me to cast the horoscope of your future. Many avenues are now open to women that in the olden time were closed. The school-room, the artist's studio, the rostrum, the pulpit, indeed all professions and branches of commerce, now invite you. But if it should be yours to enter the field of domestic toil and duty, remember it is a greater work to garnish with deft fingers a happy home than to win the laurels of fame. Nor can you reach this high ideal without religious emotions. There is a sweet faith which rises above all sects and creeds, and lights as with an angel's presence the darkness of human life. It is faith in God which finds its highest expression in love and

good will to all mankind. You cannot escape the thought of God in your future struggles and toils. As a thousand streams at last center in the sea, so all our thoughts lead out into the infinite. Behind the fleeting panorama of the outward world we feel the invisible presence. All earthly titles, honors, and successes are momentary, and this life, no matter how full of promise, is like the fire-flies' dance, which flashes for a moment. It is only a short step, at best, from rosy youth to the open grave.

Trusting that you will fill the measure of your lives to overflowing with kindly thoughts and deeds, I humbly invoke for you God's blessing, and extend to you the congratulations of your schoolmates and friends.



# THE POWER AND PERMANENCY OF IDEAS.

Delivered at Paw-Paw, Mich.

The human mind is never dormant, but like the ever-restless sea, it is always in motion. As wave after wave chase each other in quick succession over ocean's breast, so do our thoughts follow each other over the mysterious sea of consciousness. We stand on the threshold of Nature's universal temple, and watch with eager gaze the solemn pageantry that passes before us. Wonderful, indeed, are the ever-shifting scenes in this mighty panorama. They never fail to divert the eye, or interest the ear, from our first sight and our first sound down to those grim and noiseless shades where sight dims, and sound dies away into peaceful silence. Human life is a prayer, wrought out in throbbing pulses, or carved in uncontrollable desires and aspirations. The one thing chains cannot bind, dungeons cannot hold, and inquisitions cannot destroy, is human thought. Thought is more combustible than gunpowder, more powerful than earthquakes, more terrible than the smoke and cinders of volcanoes. IDEAS are the

powerful factors which hold all things in abeyance. They move through the world as giants walk among pigmies — the self-conscious peers of creation. There are certain basic ideas which always have, and always will, traverse the sea of human experience and history. Such fundamental ideas are above all local names and habitations. They are the kings, and not the subjects, of the world. They stretch backward through all time, and reach forward through all eternity. We ride upon the bosom of these waves, but we can neither increase their velocity nor retard their march. Our local creeds and names are only the white sea-froth thrown up by the ever-purging waves of universal ideas. The highest function of the human mind is to interpret these currents of universal life, and move with them. To resist them is to beat against the changeless tide of destiny. Moreover, we live in an age when thought is both *intensified* and *diversified*. We shall search the period of man's written history in vain to find an age so full of universal thought.

Plato and Homer represent a period of marked culture, but they also rise like prodigies above their time and contemporaneous history. The distinguishing feature of our age is that the average citizen THINKS! The pen is the critic of the pulpit. The audience dictates the stage. The people say

when the secular or religious act shall begin, and just what shall be the temper of the play. This is especially true in our country. Under the light of the past quarter of a century religious domination and intolerance have almost subsided. We witness this intensity of thought in the general interest manifested in all the practical affairs of life. This age is not purely special in its thought. It is especially general and universal. We see here a large class devoting all the energy of their great brains to the production of labor-saving machinery. Wonderful has been our progress in the past twenty-five or fifty years in this direction. We traverse the continent now in palace cars—eating, sleeping, and dreaming as we fly with the speed of a tornado from State to State. We gather our harvests with reaping-machines, which throw their busy shuttles with tireless fingers around the golden grain. We are also learning to guard against the elements. We have tracked out the trackless path of the winds. We have discovered the young hurricane in the unseen womb of the atmosphere, and warned man and beast of its coming.

Science in this age has attacked fate, and torn from her stony breast many a worthless fable. The thought of our time is Argus-eyed. It looks down to the earth. It looks up among the stars.

It compasses the sea and the land. Physical science is making rapid strides in every direction. Each science has its special advocates, who go forth to evangelize the world! Geology is commanding ready pens and eloquent tongues. Astronomy holds its enchanted devotees on the blue breast of night, while the uncounted stars pour the light of the infinite love into their telescopes! Its elder sister, Astrology, so old she wears a prehistoric veil, is again summoned from the mystic shades of centuries. The chemist grows pale in his laboratory watching the rapid transformation of this wonderful thing we call matter, while it appears and disappears before his eyes, like some tormenting ghost, which refuses to give either its origin, mission, or destiny. Botanists are walking among the flowers and grasses, and the whole physical world is explored. Earth's caves and mountains, the ocean's bed, and the stars in their tireless flight, are all watched and eagerly questioned, and each, in turn, is answering man's inquiry.

The highest thought, however, of this or any age is the thought of man himself. It is the most diversified thought. Here, also, our thought is signally manifest. You may measure a world, you may girdle an ocean, you may track the wild flight of the comet, or you may swing in

the fiery chariot of a sun ; you cannot, however, follow the endless path of man's possibilities, nor can you solve the wonderful mysteries which envelop him.

Man is forever trying to interpret the mystery of the world, while he himself is the unsolved riddle *in* the world. I confess to you that I am vastly more interested in MAN than I am in this wonderful planet on which he dwells. I am more deeply interested in him than I am in the government under which he lives. I have more curiosity in man than I have in the creed he avows. I have a deeper and stronger love for him than I have for the gods he worships. It seems to me it is a small thing to be anything less than a human being. It also occurs to me it is a very grave thing to be endowed with a consciousness which not only judges the world but also sits in solemn judgment upon itself. The fields and highways over which we travel are only dust, the houses we build are only momentary toys, the empires we establish and the government we set up are only bubbles on the sea of history. They are all the dust human souls leave behind them in the great march of destiny.

Now, may I ask you, what are the potent factors in man's life? What are the great agencies and energies which move him from age to age? Are



they not the great thoughts which possess him and stir him to action? Are they not, after all, ideas? Great, powerful and fundamental ideas which he cannot resist! All the objects we create or form are simply the visible expression of a thought. Our thoughts take external form, as in a house, a painting or a statue; then we carry them out or project them in the world of matter. The Apollo, yonder, cold and mute as stone and yet so full of speech, is only the transitory shadow of the thought of the artist who carved out the statue. Here we find the invisible force in the world. The sweetest music, the most gorgeous landscapes, the fairest temples and the most beautiful Madonnas all slumber here! Now, if we look over the long line of human history and view man under all his conditions, whether savage or civilized, we shall find certain basic ideas have moved him from age to age. Such ideas may be called universal, as they obtain in all his history, and they are local only in the sense of the particular garb they wear. Still further; if there is any distinction to be made between secular and religious ideas, these fundamental ideas have been intensely religious. We have no evidence that the first man, or primitive man, sought to make a constitution or build a government. We have much evidence that he had a perception of divine

power, and that in his first and earliest estate he dreamed of a future life. Still further, he had a perception of duty. The consciousness of duty is older than the civilizations of the world. He learned to pray, or invoke the aid of his God, before he learned the multiplication table. In the order of man's perception, prayer is older than mathematics. I will not stop to inquire which takes precedence in the divine arrangement.

The universality and permanence of these ideas demonstrate that they do not belong to any age or nation; nor do they belong to any man. They are, however, the common property of all men. They are like the king's high seas under the common law of England — always inviting the commerce and pleasure of the subjects of the realm. It is my conviction that man gains his first and deepest truths by intuition; his secondary and local knowledge by reason. He partakes of these necessary and universal ideas as they ebb and flow through him, and they are just as natural to his consciousness as the air is to his lungs or the light to his eyes. The deepest, broadest and grandest ideas are not given by the ordinary channels. We cannot reason them out, or demonstrate their existence in syllogisms. We feel them by a higher sense of touch, wherein the soul shakes hands with the unseen and eternal. We

talk much about demonstrating the existence of facts by reason, whereas reason does not demonstrate the existence of anything. It cannot demonstrate a simple scientific fact. Reason is a method of thought and not the substance of thought. We say this fact being true, and that fact being true, a third fact must be true; yet this third fact which reason surmises must be felt by the same soul-power which feels the first two facts before it is a demonstration, and this demonstration it can, and often does, feel just as fully without a syllogism as with it.

I meet men and women almost every day who feel they are exercising the highest prerogative of an American citizen by declaring: "We will not believe anything reason does not teach;" yet these same men and women do believe many things reason does not teach. Reason cannot map the hemisphere of the infinite and eternal, yet they believe in the infinite and eternal. Reason never trod the endless path of human destiny, yet they believe it endless. The orbit of reason is wholly under limitations and environments, yet the soul intuitively feels beyond these walls, just as a traveler scents the cooling shades of an oasis beyond the hot sands he presses with his tired feet. Intuition takes possession of vast dominions, unseen islands and continents. Reason builds forts and

break-waters to hold and perpetuate them. Intuition is a proud bird rising up to the eternal stars. Reason is a dry and leafless limb on which the bird rests in its heavenward journey. Intuition is a lord. Reason is a serf. Intuition sways, moves and guides human souls. Reason is a commodity we sometimes loan for gain. The truths and ideas intuition feels are universal. The garb reason gives them is ethnical, local and changeable.

Let us now notice the power and permanency of three fundamental or basic ideas. Take the recognition of a God or divine power. See how it has decked the earth with altars! Their ruins cover the valley of the Indus, the Nile, the Euphrates, the borders of the peaceful Jordan, all around the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea—wherever human feet have trod—there have been altars, prayers and praise. How this great idea has deified almost every animal! How it has brooded, like the deathless fires of a vestal virgin, over the cradle and the graves of dynasties and empires! We are not now considering who or what God is. We are not offering arguments of his existence only incidentally. It is of no moment in this discourse what his nature or character may be. He may be personal or impersonal. He may be the eternal waves of light, life and love, which roll forever on a shoreless sea. He may be a mere

man wearing on his human personality the features of a savage, a Hindoo or a Jew.

It is of no importance in this argument through what oracle he may speak. His may be the voice of universal nature as it speaks to us in the wild roar of the waves, and the sweet whispers of wooing love; in the hoarse rattle of the dying, and the glad songs of exuberant birds; in the bitter blasts of the devastating tempest, and in the winsome laughter of happy childhood, or in the ten thousand mingling sounds which make up the voice of nature. The idea of a God has been one of the most powerful factors in human life. It has survived the wreck of empires and career of races. Moreover, it will live when they shall have gone down into the tongueless silence of oblivion.

Look at the idea of a future life. How it breaks like a golden sun over the dark horizon of history. The barbarian has felt its power, and bowed before it. Go, if you will, to the jungles of Africa, on the arid wastes of her sandy deserts, in the gloomy forests where man's only palace is a bamboo hut; where his only bible is the earth on which he treads, and the stars that weep over his ignorance; where the carnivorous passions of the animal are stamped, like the mark of Cain, on his bestial countenance; where the laugh of his joy is in tune with the wild roar of the beasts who crunch

his bones for pastime, and even there the light of a future life comes over his savage existence like the sweet face of the moon breaking among angry clouds. Wilson says, after twenty years' experience: "A native African would as soon doubt the present as his future state of being." They bury with their dead, clothing, food, and ornaments for the revisiting spirits. They were never cursed with a hell or heaven until the Mohammedans and Christians influenced the simple faith of the natives. The inhabitants of New Zealand, the Feejee Islands, and Kamtchatka, all have this simple native intuition of another life. This is also true of the Esquimaux, the Peruvians, the South Sea Islanders, the Mexicans, and the native Americans, or Indians. The Indian has drawn over his land of the dead a poetic imagery, which, in comparison with the average orthodox heaven or hell, has preference with all thinking minds. This great idea has swept the cycle of the centuries. It has stilled the turbulent billows of bereavement, and made weak and fainting spirits strong to bear the wounds of death's barbed arrow. It has given courage to the martyr, and nerved him to endure the rack, the gibbet, and the cross. What power could be more powerful than this? What idea more permanent and universal? Knowledge and civilization have helped to enlarge

our views of the next life, just as these same factors have helped to enlarge our idea of a God ; yet the ideas themselves, with all the local coloring given them, have always been a part of the permanent wealth of humanity.

I may also allude to a third idea as a powerful factor in the world, viz., the idea of duty. That is a recognition by man of a law of obligation over him. That above the mere selfish requirements of his nature there are deeds to be performed and principles to be vindicated which rise above the mere selfish plane. That ethics, moral philosophy, and the religious duties of mankind, rest on a fundamental verity — on a great idea, always felt and yet diversely expressed by man. It involves the feeling he has of right and of wrong, which standards, like our heavens, hells, and gods, change with time, soil, climate, education, and the ever-changing circumstances of life. This idea of duty is older than the world's bibles, and it will live when all bibles shall have perished. I have yet to find a savage race who did not recognize the law of duty in some form. They all care for the helpless ; they all, in some way, manifest a sense of obligation to do and care for others. Living for others is one of the essential elements of life ; one of its grandest features. We do not care much about the peculiarities of a man's God ; we are not

much interested in his heaven or hell ; but his disinterested philanthropy does make our hearts beat lighter, and our thoughts of him tenderer. We love to think of those who have toiled and suffered for others. The story of Socrates, walking the streets of ancient Athens to preach morals to the young, touches our hearts. The dying agonies of the man of Nazareth call forth our tears. Man never looks so grandly heroic to his fellow man as when he has arisen a victor in the awful struggle of self-conquest.

I remember to have once read of a fabulous bird which had a premonition of its death. It there-upon filled its nest with the most delicate spices, igniting them, and rose amid the flames resuscitated and rejuvenated for a thousand years ! What a grand thing to fill the little measure of our lives with the sweet spices of self-sacrificing deeds, and then rise on their incense to our grander life hereafter !

There is another thought : these intuitive ideas are positive, and hold and sway mankind. The world will never be satisfied with their negation. They belong to the permanent wealth of mankind. They are fixtures which the rapidly passing generations of tenants cannot remove. He who lays sacrilegious hands upon them is tried and condemned by the public conscience. Atheism and



materialism are only a reaction, from the fanaticism and follies of theism and Spiritualism. The only permanency either has is its constant recurrence in history as a check to the follies of those who, by nature, worship and believe. Atheism never built an enduring monument, and it never will. When it points its bloodless fingers at the wars of believers, it wears under its mask the same human nature in which the seeds of intolerance germinate. ♦ It pours hot invective on the war of the crusades, yet laughs in the red glare of the French Revolution. What is materialism? It is but the shadow the tombstone of our dead casts when bathed in the sunlight of immortality. What is materialism? It is the world's spiritual winter; it is a season wherein nothing grows; the trees are all leafless; the earth is covered with a mantle of snow and ice; the streams are all paralyzed — not a flower sheds its sweet fragrance. The sun is visible in mid-heaven, but he gives no heat; the cold moon reflects her dim and waning beams on a mountain of icebergs; the birds refuse to sing; the only music we can hear is the pitiless moan of the bleak winds through the leafless trees. And this, to me, sounds very much like the sweet, but sad refrain of Mr. Ingersoll when he pays his peroration of impassioned eloquence over the tenantless grave of annihilation.

Equally positive and permanent is the sense of duty. It is the genius and spirit of the heroic in all history. There is little of life when its crosses are all broken and destroyed — when we have forgotten pity; when our tears are all dried; when all sense of self-denial and self-sacrifice are gone.

*If you want to make a man or woman miserable give them all they desire.* If you want to damn mankind, just fill the cup of pleasure to the brim, and force them to drink it. What sophistry to tell mankind: "One world at a time," and bid them enjoy it. The human soul will not be satisfied with the idea of one world any more than it will with one coat or dress. We cannot enjoy the present only as we look to the future. It is the logic of materialism to enjoy this life in sweet contentment and pleasure. It is consistent in its desire to know no past and no future; yet memory will look backward, and hope will reach forward. Atheism and materialism should have had the blind and brainless force which it would have us believe rules the circling worlds. It should have had this force when, by a chance stroke from its thoughtless and unconscious wand, it lit intelligent life as an Indian strikes fire with his flint; it should have made man without memory and without hope. Perhaps, when it grinds the wheel

again, it may chance to make a race wherein pleasure will destroy all love for more. Then the world may be able to live and love a purely sensual philosophy. The man may lose the sense of *duty* which bids him sacrifice a pleasure to-day for a higher good to-morrow. While this sense of duty is permanent a sensual philosophy cannot become universal.

What shall be the world's religion in the future? Where are we tending, and under what flag shall we sail? These are very grave questions to answer. It has not been given me to behold the world's religious and philosophical revolutions in the great future. I know full well the future carries in her veiled bosom secrets I may not divine, revolutions and evolutions I may not see. This much I do know: until the constitution of the human mind is changed, the religion of the future will find God, immortality, and duty a sacred trinity at whose shrine it will bow. It is also plain to me that, in breaking away from the old moorings, we have done it by virtue of a new birth, just as a child breaks away from its toys, impelled by a law of growth it cannot resist. Shall we raise a new flag over a new craft, and then stamp on that flag an old name? This seems to be the idea of some; but, we must remember, names are local. If an old name is in order, why

not stamp the oldest? If a new name seems best for us who have left the old and sinking hull of orthodoxy, let us try and get one. Let us coin one for the occasion, one in which the coming philologist will see how tenderly and sacredly we revere all the past, and not that little part of it which comes through the Jews,—one of the weakest of the great races,—and whose colors were borrowed from still older nations. Let us try and get one, too, which shall recognize all the present,—its science, its philosophy, its art, its great culture, its broad philanthropies, and tender charities. When you will give me such a name as this, I will hail it with pleasure; I will love it as the devout Catholic does the charm. I will see in the number and mystical blending of its letters a glorious fate, a divine symbolism. Give me such a name as this, and I will unfurl it to the breeze,—it shall wave over me in sunshine and in storm. Let us not label it “Christian.” We may pass India, China, Ceylon, or Thibet, or we may desire to stop in some Turkish port for fuel and provision, and we do not want those friendly nations to think we are running a *man-of-war*, intent on plunder. If it shall trouble you to find this desired name, I beg leave to suggest that there are three names very dear to my heart, viz., *Man, Woman, and Child!* The first is a tower of strength; it stands like a

great light-house, smiling over the waves which break at its feet. The second is the cement which holds the massive tower together,—the unseen genii in every conquest, the prompter behind the stage, without which the lights would go out, and the curtain fall in darkness. The third is a rainbow, which the gods weave over the pledges of our love. In its prismatic hues we see the deathless flowers that bloom in the world's Eden, while under its radiant archway we stand at the gates of Heaven. These three names combined in one we call *Humanity, or Mankind!* They compose a sacred trinity. They designate the God-announcing miracle of the world. But for the beings we call by this name God would be childless, both heaven and hell tenantless, and this world the empire of wild beasts. This name is broad enough for me. It takes in all the world's creeds, and all the world's bibles. It is an *honorable name*. It is related to all the Avatars and Christs that have been; and it will be linked by royal blood to all the Christs to come. It is the name for all. The poor peasant grinding at the wheel of toil, and the yet poorer king who chafes under the galling fetters of a crown, respond to it. It covers the sweet babe in its cradle, and it falls tenderly as evening's shadow over age as it trembles by a coffin. In this sacred name let us tenderly trust, and for its good in this and all worlds let us toil and pray.

## THE UNKNOWN.

*Delivered at Sturgis, Mich.*

**M**ORE than eighteen centuries ago the Apostle Paul is represented to have tarried some three years at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, preaching and practicing his spiritual gifts with wonderful success.

Ephesus was a city of note then ; but prior to Paul's day it had seen a still more remarkable history. Here stood the great Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, supported by more than a hundred columns, placed there by as many kings. So great was the heathen's zeal for this goddess that more than two hundred years had been spent in building the temple. Many times it had been partially, and once wholly, destroyed by fire, but, Phoenix-like, it had arisen as frequently from its own ashes. The city, about Paul's time, had been destroyed by an earthquake, but was soon rebuilt.

Here dwelt a curious people. They had been taught from generation to generation the lower phases of Spiritualism. Amid much strife and personal danger, Paul had succeeded in deeply im-

pressing them, and founded a church which was to endure for six hundred coming years, and at last yield to the fierce zeal of Islam.

A little time before Paul was to leave this city where he had formed so many attachments, and labored so long, he received a message from Corinth well calculated to bring a shade of sadness over his mind. It brought to him intelligence of dissensions, immoralities, and petty jealousies in a church he had there formed, and left in a very prosperous condition. The news, no doubt, touched him. He probably remembered Corinth as the one spot where the most sacred friendships and attachments of his life had been formed. Here he had worked at his trade as a tent-maker, preached a free gospel, and was made happy by the warm love of Aquila and Priscilla, and the constant friendship of Timothy and Silas. Here he had looked at the proud Parnassus bathed in the first beams of a Grecian sunrise, while his busy hands were weaving tents in the early morning in his little shop. And when he grew tired toward the evening, he may have seen the same sun kiss the far sides of the Helicon, in whose shady groves the early muses delighted to dwell.

Paul had been highly inspired at Corinth. Why should he not be? The best sermons do not come to us in the seclusion of the library; they overtake

us in the fields, flash in upon the mind while we march and toil, just as they came to Robert Collyer when he beat away on his anvil. Paul also had visions and trances, and many phases of mediumistic power at Corinth. But now the little church was a boiling, seething caldron of strife. They differed about marriage, and the relations of the sexes. Some were of questionable virtue, and no doubt others pretended to be a great deal more virtuous than they really were. They differed about materialization, or, rather, the resurrection and appearance of the dead. The woman question was also a troublesome one in this remote age, eighteen centuries before Fourier or John Stuart Mill. Some women would persist in wearing their hair uncovered in the assemblies, just as some modern women will persist in wearing frizzes and bangs in spite of the protest of friend and priest.

Moreover, they greatly differed about spiritual gifts. Some of them were made wise by spiritual influence, and probably acted in the capacity of oracles. Others could describe spirits, and others work what they thought to be miracles,—probably give the fire test, or something of a similar nature. Still others could speak in different tongues, or were controlled by ancient spirits; others healed the sick, while some could look along the horoscope of the future, and were gifted with the strange power



of prophecy. Each of those ancient mediums felt their gifts were the all-important ones, and hence they should receive the first honors of the church.

They also differed greatly about their preachers. Some favored the daring and intrepid Paul, and claimed they never heard such inspired discourses as he gave them when he left his little shop and preached his free gospel. Others, no doubt, criticised this student of Gamaliel, and preferred Peter, while others thought Apollos the more gifted and eloquent. They also had a Cephas whom many admired. We may presume some had clinging to them a remnant of old Judaism, and wanted a great national church that should hold all to the strict letter of the law. Indeed, I apprehend the Christian Church at Corinth, at this time, has only been equalled by some of our modern conventions and camp meetings.

Paul, after noting in his reply their immoralities, jealousies, and skepticism, and reproving and consoling them as best he could, rose higher than himself. He reached—before he closed his first epistle to the Corinthians—the glory-summit on whose serene height great souls abide. It was the one supreme moment of his life, and in this auspicious moment he found a calcium light which made even the faults of his brethren luminous with virtues. He saw that eloquence is at best a ques-

tionable gift; that mediumship, whether inspirational or prophetic, did not make men and women perfect; but that higher than all—forever smiling behind the gloom of storm and cloud—might be seen the sun of charity. Moreover, that charity has its broad foundations in a common weakness,—in the limitation of our knowledge. “For we know in part and prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . .”

While we do not believe our knowledge of the universe is confined to the senses, as usually defined, yet it must be conceded our senses do procure for us a very great part of the knowledge we derive of external things. Only a moment's reflection will serve to show us the narrow channel of physical sensation, and hence our partial and limited knowledge of the physical universe.

A few days since I took up an encyclopedia to learn something of the anatomy of the human ear, and the law of acoustics. As I traced the researches of the anatomist, I said to myself: “How wonderful the knowledge we have acquired of this delicate organ!” Then I undertook to learn something of the sound-waves all about us, which we have inferred roll on forever. I thought of sighing waves and singing flames; of the advancing and retreating sound-waves; of their con-

tact and opposition to each other in the universal orchestra. Then I thought of the recent acquirement of the telephone ; of the fact that a man in Sturgis can speak by wire to a man in Chicago. Then, again, of the fact that each human ear has its own limitations, and that when sound rises above or sinks below its power of cognition it is lost, and I said to myself: "How much of the audible universe must be referred to the boundless realm of the unknown !" There may be songs so sweet their faintest echo would entrance us with delight, and yet we not hear them. Moreover, there may be beings, all unknown to us, who can put their ears close to the Infinite Mother's breast and hear the musical beating of the eternal heart.

Let us say that ours is, at best, an imperfect hearing, and that which often sounds to us a "jarring and discordant lyre" may be only some shattered nerve in the strange organ we use to touch the realm of sound.

No less imperfect is our sense of sight. The power to recognize objects depends upon the perfection of the eye. Some have long and others short range of vision. Waves of light put pictures of objects in the eye, and we thus become conscious of their existence. But the same light from the same objects often produces very different impressions. How limited the seen, and how

vast the unseen, all about us ! When we call the aid of the microscope, a diminutive world is revealed which we cannot see with the unassisted eye.

In this world life appears in an almost infinite variety of forms : life everywhere,—in earth, air, and sky ; life in the great depths of the sea, where no ray of light can fall ; life under the burning sun of the tropics, and in the frozen waters of the Arctic Ocean. To affirm we now know, or that science has revealed to us, all the forms of life in this world would be to declare our present microscopes perfect, and that a perfect eye had looked through them under every possible condition wherein life could appear. This would be an affirmation of lunacy,—the declaration of an imbecile, whose utter want of consistency all serious minds would deplore.

Moreover, let us suppose we can see, by the aid of instruments, all the minute forms of life in this world. This would not prove our knowledge of the diminutive world perfect. Other modes of existence would still be open to inference under conditions our senses could not recognize. Still further : our world is the smallest speck in an infinite universe, and we may safely presume that life, which appears under such diversified conditions in this world, will find still more diversified

conditions in other worlds, and thus that the diminutive world is infinite. Hence, its boundaries are unmapped and unknown, and our microscopes are only children's toys, which reveal but the faintest glimpses of the endless panorama of life.

If we turn from the consideration of life, in its littleness, to the consideration of life in its larger manifestations, we are met at every point by the boundless and unknown. It is not at all probable that, with all our telescopes, we have yet seen all the planets of our solar system. Our scientists are now talking of a new discovery. Only a few years ago Uranus and Neptune were unknown. The older astronomers and astrologers gave them no place in their horoscopes.

We may reasonably presume men and women live on the various planets of our solar system ; but the real conditions of life there no telescope can make known.

Pass by our solar system, and what mean the pale and flickering lights beyond? Ay! they are unknown suns with attendant unknown worlds driving their blazing chariots onward. Poor, indeed, is our sight. We may pity the blind fish in the cave that never saw the light or the beauties of the world, but there may be beings who not less lament our blindness.

We need not pursue the senses further to show their limitation. It is said the five senses are at last resolved into one sense,—the sense of feeling. Let us admit this statement; but we are still forced to concede that feeling depends upon the susceptibility of the nerves to receive impressions, and that our nerves only report such sensations as come within their limited range.

With such formidable barriers all about us when we inquire into physical nature, how absurd the claim of the materialist, that physical knowledge is real, and spiritual knowledge chimerical; that science is reliable and religion unreliable. There can be no position more inconsistent than that of materialism. He who denies the reality of matter is just as consistent as he who denies the existence of spirit or soul. All we know of the existence of matter is by the impression certain external things make upon us. In its last analysis matter is an unknown quantity and quality. It is something we weigh, divide, extend, and yet which eludes all weight, division, and extension. Matter is unknown; we simply know that certain things and forms impress us; we name the forms we see and feel; we call a certain appearance tree, another rock, and yet another flower. But what are tree, rock, flower? Put these appearances in the retort of the chemist and they vanish. The caus-

tic Carlyle, no doubt, felt this unknown quality in matter when he said: "We start out of dumb nothingness, take appearance, and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest specter, is eternity."

With an unknown quantity and quality at the base of the physical universe, how imperfect must be all physical science? All knowledge derived from physical phenomena must necessarily be limited and partial. Each special science rests upon certain facts which are in themselves often only partial and deceptive. To have a perfect science we must have all the facts upon which such science depends. Moreover, we must make a full and complete application of them.

When tried by this broad rule, the unknown is not less perceivable in spiritual things than in our knowledge of the world of matter. How fragmentary all our scientific knowledge! Since the sixteenth century, and especially during the last fifty years, how much time has been devoted to study and research into the history of the earth! And yet all the earth's history which has been written will no doubt be revised many times as investigation goes forward. We have only as yet gathered a few facts. How many are yet unknown? We have read on the face of the earth the lessons of some of its life struggles. But how little we know of the history of this planet! How many

fossils lie buried under the almighty pillars of the Andes or Himalayas that our poor eyes shall never see, and mortal hand may never touch ?

When our earth started on the shoreless sea of space, the forces which pushed it out from the sun, and which impel it onward in its mighty revolutions, its past existence and future duration must be largely referred to the unknown.

Astronomy—the oldest of the sciences—is no less imperfect. Man seems to have been born with his eyes upturned toward the blue heavens. Here looked the old Chaldean from the plains of Shinar. Here the eye of the Egyptian feasted with delight, while his weary feet trod the green valley, and his tired hands built the monuments of the Nile. To the far sky, we may believe, the wise King of Israel turned his gaze when the dusky faces of his harem could enchant him no more, and, feeling the rebuke their pure light gave the soul tempest-tossed on the sea of pleasure, exclaimed : “ All is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

But we have no perfect science of the stars. Almost daily new facts appear and old opinions change. Hence the vast stellar regions may be said to be almost unknown. As the years go on, we shall see further out on the limitless horizon, and know more of the worlds in space, and their inhabitants.



The same observations will apply to all the sciences. The botanist is daily discovering new plants and flowers; comparative anatomists are finding evidences of unknown species; the physiologist sees beyond bone, and muscle, and coursing blood a subtle nerve-aura no scalpel can cleave asunder, and no microscope fathom; the pale chemist in yonder laboratory, who has nursed the galvanic battery and held the fiery lightning in his hand, trembles on the shores of an infinite sea, where waves of force roll on forever. We have no complete or perfect science, and the opinions of the scientist change not less than the opinions of the religionist.

In all ages man has been—Janus-like—looking in two directions for knowledge. Standing on the summit of present being, he turns his gaze backward, and asks *whence?* Listening in vain for a response to his pleading call, he looks forward, and, with fast beating heart, cries *whither?* But the past has refused to yield up her secrets, and on the sky of the future an unseen hand has written the omnipotent word—*unknown!* Let us be just, and say the past is unknown. Let us try to realize that uncounted millions have lived, loved, hoped, toiled, and died, whose dust has left no mark our dim eyes can see upon the face of the earth.

Look at the young strangers who wake to con-

sciousness in this great world. Each human angel who rises upon the sea of life draws a breath of the same air, utters the same birth-cry, opens its eyes to nearly the same wonders; but when the child looks back, and asks the path over which it came, the waves have closed in behind it, and nothing is left save the broad expanse.

Many theories are advanced to account for life before birth. Some of them are very beautiful. I was especially touched with the theory of the old Druids: that life runs in three cycles, the first of which is the cycle of infinity, where nothing can exist but God, and which none but the infinite can traverse; the second, the cycle of metempsychosis, where all things that live are born of death; and the third, the cycle of felicity, where all comes of life which shall be our heritage hereafter. It is pleasant to think that all life begins at the lowest point, and rises to the highest; that fate reigns below man, and all is necessarily evil, and above all is good, while our lives are a strange mixture of good and evil.

But what knowledge have we of man's past? No voice has spoken from the dim silence; no eye has looked behind the veil; no soul bethinks its former self. All we can say is this: we have arisen from an unknown sea, and the eternal past, about which we declaim so much, is unknown. It

is an empire unmapped and unnamed, an undiscovered country waiting for some daring explorer to touch its wave-kissed shore, climb its giddy Alpine heights, and give it a name.

And, now, my old friends, we stand here to-day upon the summit of present being, all of us looking forward. We have looked back, times without number, over our present life-paths, and the way has been, to some of us, strewn with wrecks and wet with tears. How hilly, stony, and crooked has this way been! With some of you it has been shadowed with the clouds of bereavement and disappointment. I read it by the tears filling in your eyes. Why this tear? Perhaps on this backward journey you have reached the first cross-road, and there is a coffin in the way; under its heavy lid lie life's fondest hopes,—it is the icy form of mother's darling. Back a little further, where the road took its sharp turn in the valley, there is another shadow; you tried to bury a great love there, but your strength failed you before you hid it out of sight, and whenever your thoughts go back to the half-covered grave the tears will flow. How varied the shadows over our little journey from the cradle! How sad the mistakes we have made, and how much we need charity! I do not admire people who never made a mistake. The saintly touch-me-nots are illegitimate children in this world. I

never felt any great admiration for the virtue that never knew temptation.

We are all looking forward, and herein comes the central thought of this discourse. When we look down the future path, the coffin and the grave are there. Moreover, the distance is short. When the June roses come again, some of these old veterans will be absent in body from our annual convocation. Now, what of the future? For twenty-six recurring Junes many of you have come up here as faithfully as the good Mussulman makes his journey to the temple at Mecca. You have been watching all these years; watching for the white sails of the fairy boats which sometimes coast near this shore of the eternal sea beyond us; watching for a hailing sign from a friend and brother; watching for a glimpse of dear baby's face; watching for the dove which nightly nestled on your breast, and then flew out in the darkness and left you weeping alone; watching for your dead.

How much has Spiritualism done to push back the borders of the unknown before us? Has it lifted the curtain and revealed the verities of future being? It is a grand thing to speak impartially, and feel we have no cause but perceived truth. Has Spiritualism accomplished all you anticipated? For myself, I can truly say, it has not done all I had hoped, nor has it accomplished the

work it has done by such agencies as I once felt sure it would employ. So-called Modern Spiritualism has disappointed me, and I feel sanguine it has also disappointed many of you.

When, twenty six years ago, a long procession of teams drove into this village, led by a band of music, and loaded with brick, to plant the pillars of this free church, you hoped for more than has since been given. Had any prophet of evil told you then that not a decade of years would pass before these aisles would be measurably deserted, you would not have believed him. Had the same prophet told you years ago, when they were filled with groups of happy children, marching with gay banners to music's sweetest notes, that winsome childhood would desert this church, that banners and mottoes were to be laid away, a convenient refuge for rats and mice, that the echo of music would die out, you could not have believed it. But to-day it needs no prophet to impress you. The deserted halls and dead lyceums in every direction testify that Spiritualism has not chosen our methods. We have offered it churches, and it has scorned them; we have written for it creeds, and it has trampled them under foot. Let us be brief, and say this: as an organic power in the world Spiritualism has disappointed us; it has built no church, ordained no ministry, consecrated no altars.

How much has it done to push back the borders of the unknown before us? We are hardly more familiar with the land of the dead than our skeptical neighbors. Where our loved ones abide we know not. Only this we do know: that country is not afar off, for many of us have felt the evening breezes which sweep down from its unknown hills into this earthly valley wherein we dwell. We have said we have not reduced the spiritual world to actual knowledge. All which pertains to that world and its environment is largely unknown. Is it a country with hills, valleys, lakes, and streams? Do beautiful vines climb over the hill-sides, forever green with velvet grasses and fragrant with the breath of flowers? Do the valleys smile with loveliness as the Valley of Meander glowed with beauty to the maiden in the myth, when she looked back from the hill of Latmos and saw the fair Endymion sleeping there? *We know not.* Do you tell me this world is a vast zone or belt interlacing the stellar regions above us? Of what is this belt composed? What the law which keeps it there? When the suns pale and fade, and the worlds amid which it threads its way die out, as they doubtless one day will, what the celestial chemistry which shall still hold it there?

What of the associations beyond the grave? Do the heavenly inhabitants dwell in a vast republic?

Are laws and law-makers and law-breakers there as on earth ? Does life in that world follow the seasons as with us here ? Does childhood grow into youth and manhood, and then into wrinkled age ? Probably a few cranks, who know nothing of this world, can tell us all about the next. But the thoughtful Spiritualist hears but one reply to many of these anxious inquiries, and it is the same word forever ringing in our ears — *unknown !*

No doubt some will be now ready to read me a skeptic ; and, fearing I may not be considered sufficiently orthodox, let me hasten to say : In all we have here said, we do not deny that spiritual beings make themselves manifest to us in sundry ways. We are not discussing the known side of Spiritualism.

To deny that forms appear, pencils write, and that the various phenomena manifest in the early Christian church, with many added phases, are in the world to-day, would be to deny some of the best attested facts of the age. But our friends have not revealed this unknown side. Moreover, in all mental phenomena, such as trance, clairvoyance, divination, inspiration, and impressions, it is still an open question whence the power is derived ; whether there are powers within us by which we can coast so near life's further shore we can see and feel our arisen friends, or whether spiritual beings

impart this power. To state the point conversely, in the various mental phases we have named, do they come to us, or do we go to them? When the psychic describes our diseases, or locates distant places, does he do it by an unknown power within us, or by the aid of some disembodied being? May we not safely say there is in human nature a great psychic realm we have not yet explored? Again, if it be true that forms appear and disappear, what is material and what is spiritual?

Do we not here tremble on the borders of the unknown, just as the eloquent T. Starr King trembled when he found that, hid in a single drop of water, there is electric energy enough to "split a cathedral as though it were a toy," and that each drop we drink contains a thunder-storm.

Let us say this: Spiritualism has revealed the presence of occult forces within and without us,—forces as glorious, when rightly employed, as they are dangerous when improperly dealt with; forces that have played games of chance with star-eyed science, and won the victory; forces that have extorted unwilling confessions from hoary-headed prejudice; forces that have revealed the verity of spiritual things while they have strangely withheld the knowledge of real spiritual life; forces which have led us up to the door of an immortal temple, but refused to permit us to look within; forces as



real as their revelations are oftentimes unreal ; forces as reliable as the information they give is often unreliable ; in short, revelations of unknown powers.

With our knowledge so limited, and a broad field inviting investigation, how sad the spectacle Spiritualists themselves present. Like Paul's little church at Corinth, some are troubled about long hair and uncovered heads. Some are especially anxious to dress this modern wonder in a suit of Sunday clothes, forgetting that wonders generally choose their own raiment. Others want a church, and others to draw the reigns of social ostracism. But the thoughtful soul, realizing how little we know of life's spiritual side, will content itself by patient investigation.

Herein comes a major question we must not omit: Is the unknown unknowable? Shall we ever be able to map the unmapped empire which stretches out on every side? Let us be hopeful. When we reflect that each human being begins this life at zero, that intellectually we start life with a simple consciousness capable of reporting only a limited amount of external phenomena, and that from this intellectual cipher, poets, scientists, and philosophers have grown ; moreover, when we add to this accumulated wisdom the great fact of the endless duration of life,—the ever-glorious fact of immortality,—what hopes inspire us ?

If the unlettered child can grow into a Locke, Bacon, or Humboldt in one brief lifetime, what shall eternity produce? If a moral consciousness with no moral experience, without even a taste of the bitterness of vice or sweetness of virtue, can, in the little journey from the cradle to the grave, grow into a Confucius, Socrates or Jesus, what shall the unknown ages yet to come reveal of moral grandeur and heroism?

We are looking to-day through dim shadows; hence, we only get partial views of each other. To-morrow we shall see in a clearer light a more glorious sunshine,—yes, in the white light of charity “which thinketh no evil.”

My pulse beats higher when I think of the conquests yet to come. The vision before me makes my every nerve thrill. I behold the unknown receding on every side. The geologist has opened another chapter and found many a missing link in life's chain,—the long-silent stars are speaking, and unknown and unseen suns now touch me with their light. Chemistry has found new forces, and matter becomes to the scientist luminous as the kisses of the moon on the fair face of a lake. Indeed, there is no matter: all is spirit, all is soul. The shadow side is that which we call matter, and its sunny side is soul. At last they meet and mingle as clouds meet on the brow of night. The

past is present, and the present is the future.  
Death is life, and poor, blundering humanity shall  
yet drink at the fountains of eternal youth.



## PROBABILITY OF A FUTURE LIFE.

*Abstract of a Lecture Delivered at Chicago.*

THERE are some questions that never grow old. Mankind clings to them with an all-absorbing interest from generation to generation, and from age to age. Such questions address us as an ever-present consciousness in the human race. They meet us at every step in life. We cannot drive them from us in the hours of solitude, and they often make us feel alone among the multitude. Two questions break from nearly all lips, and rise spontaneously from every heart: *Whence, and whither?* We long to know more of life's mighty past, and also to part the clouds that veil the future. We strain our eyes to look behind a cradle, and also to look beyond a coffin and a grave. Every thoughtful mind must be deeply impressed with the limitation of our knowledge. We can only coast along the shore of these two seas, and every shell or pebble we may gather is to such minds a sacred memento, thrown up by the eternal energy from the mysterious labyrinths of being. I have sometimes asked myself, shall we ever navigate this ocean of the past? Can we

ever map the empire of the future? When we have spent a lifetime pressing back these clouds, will not the veiled Sphinx still stand before us, and mock us with her riddle? There is a legend of an old monk who spent his life in lamentation. He mourned that he must die, and that he did not know when the event would occur, nor what his destiny would be in the great hereafter. Surely the old monk only uttered the plaintive cry of the human heart in every age!

I desire this evening to discuss the probability of a future life. I wish to call your attention to a few of the many intimations Nature has given us of our destiny hereafter. When I speak of probability, I mean something more than a mere possibility. The evidence I wish to offer is negative evidence, which, while it may not thoroughly establish a future conscious existence for man, yet it points very clearly in that direction. It is not, in any sense, new evidence, but it is evidence which is rapidly accumulating in the minds of such thinkers as reject the agnostic tendencies of the age.

Before entering upon the subject, let us ask: What means this wonderful universe of which we form a part? Has nature any definite end or aim? Is there infinite wisdom in the order and phenomena of this universe, or is the mighty energy which

girds us on every side the result of blind chance and unthinking force? If we can satisfy ourselves there is design in the order and evolution of the universe, we may, as rational beings, learn to read the thought of God after him, and such lessons will be to us a sure and perfect word of prophesy.

It occurs to me that, upon every side of us, there is evidence of design. We may look in any direction we please, and we are confronted by intelligent force or power. We may not be able to comprehend its magnitude, but we can see in the smallest part of this power the finger-marks of divine intelligence. The atheist trusts this intelligence. He has absolute faith in the orderly processes of nature. What is order but persistency in a given form or method, and whence comes such persistency? Look at the young world when it leaps from the burning heart of the sun. A law of motion wraps it in its eternal arms and carries it forward. It proceeds in a definite order of career. Every move is predetermined for it. An unseen hand sets all potent energies at work within it. The hot flames begin to cool, and a crust forms upon the surface. Then the stately tread of the earthquakes breaks up this granite floor, and volcanoes sport their blazing fire-works in the sky. Out of this gaseous ocean come land and sea. Out of land and sea comes life. Out of the plane of

life seems to spring another still higher, until we see a world, as we behold ours to-night. What has done all this? Do you answer me: Force? Then I ask you, is this force intelligent or not? If you say that it is not, then whence comes the intelligence it evolves? Does order spring from chaos, and life from dead, unconscious matter wherein no life exists?

A future conscious life seems probable for man in the manifest design in his existence. No matter from what point of observation we look, man is the central figure of all life. There is no fact more thoroughly established than that he is the microcosm of the world. His existence is the completion of a design, made manifest in the struggling forces of universal nature. When the young world leaped from the sun, it started on the road to manhood and womanhood. Its song, as it gyrated in space, was a prelude to the coming king of the world. Every phase of life which appeared was a prophesy of life still higher, and each paved the way, and smoothed the path, for man. When man came, he came as the king of the world. Some may inquire: After man, what? Our scientists are fast settling the question that, after man, we can look no further. He carries in his organism the rudiments of lost physical powers. There are dormant muscles which were active in the

brute. He appears as an animal being, just on the ebbing tide of life. Nor can we claim, after the present man, another race of men who shall start life with all our wisdom, and reach thereby some ideal humanity on earth, about which our modern theorists talk so much. It is beautiful to talk about this ideal humanity on earth. I have listened with pleasure to many of these fanciful dreams, but "the vision falls, and the sleeper awakens on his pillow of stone."

The ideal city and republic, the ideal humanity, are beautiful ideals, but no more. Every child born into this world must walk the stony path of experience, and nature has given us no intimation that children will be born sages in the near future. Man is the fruit of the tree of life. Shall he live only to draw a sigh, or heave a smile at life's open gate, and then go out in darkness? What infinite folly for a law of progress to toil through the ages to produce conscious, thinking men, and then end his life with this brief earthly experience! Is not the design in nature abruptly terminated if we concede to man no future existence?

A future life is made probably in the adaptation of means to ends everywhere manifested. Looking again at man from this physical standpoint, we are impressed with the wonderful adaptation between him and the universe. His physical na-



ture is in perfect accord with his environment. Nature seems to have anticipated his necessities, and to have made ample provision therefor. To maintain the constant waste in his system food is necessary. Hunger and love are the two forces which have impelled him. Hunger has forced him to break with his strong hand the virgin soil, and his prayer, made manifest by his action, has been answered by a generous supply. Earth's valleys are fertile, and the hills are clothed with verdure. The resources to gratify this physical want seem exhaustless. How perfect the adaptation between our lungs and the air! Our eyes pray for light. They are related to the light of the world. Perhaps a more philosophical statement would be, the eye is the light of the world outwrought in organic structure. Where there is no light, eyes are not. That which in the light becomes an eye, in earth's dark solitudes is a mere blubber under the skin. What a flood of light is spread out before our eyes! How the mighty sun pours down his golden tide over the world! How grandly beautiful the light of uncounted stars, and the pale beams of the moon! The same facts are true of sound. Our ears are framed in perfect unison with audible existence; yet it must, no doubt, be conceded they do not express or retain any considerable portion of the notes and octaves

touched by the master-hand in nature's universal orchestra. There are songs so sweet we cannot hear them ; harp-strings which quiver and vibrate under the soft touch of the breath from lips that are not formed of earth's cold clay.

A few years ago we found the whale oil nearly consumed, and pessimists said we were doomed to the thick darkness of night ; but we bored down into the rocks, and oil leaped forth like an unchained genii. When the oil fields began to diminish, and abandoned derricks gave token of an oil famine, American genius made the heavens glow in the glare of the electric light.

We once said : How can we warm ourselves on these great prairies ; there is no timber for fuel ? But we opened the earth, and here we found fuel in abundance. Some croakers, just like the world's doubting materialists, are already beginning to talk of exhausted coal fields, and the dying fires in the heart of the earth, and that we will soon be entombed in ice. *Don't worry!* When the time comes, some daring Yankee will bottle the sunbeams, and pour them on our cold hearth-stones. Look at man's desire for knowledge. His prayer for knowledge becomes a key to the intellectual treasures of the world ; when he knocks at the door of Nature's temple, it opens wide to his intellect, and the earth becomes illuminated Scripture,

bearing upon every page the impress of the divine hand. An idiot will tramp on crawling worms, sand and pebbles, and see in them no lessons ; but a philosopher will bow his head in reverence for the lessons they teach.

When we view man's social nature there is the same adaptation between our desires and their gratification. "Hunger and love are the forces which move man." What is love but the soul's hunger made manifest in our social and spiritual natures? What are the demands of this soul-hunger? Go, ask the young mother who kneels sadly at that little mound her tender hand has covered with the early daisies and the lilac's first bloom ! See her bend over that marble slab and bedew it with her tears. Go, ask widowed love the meaning of that sigh ! Go, ask yonder weeping orphan what barbed arrow has pierced his heart ! Love reaches out beyond the grave, and demands an answer to its plaintive cry.

Now, we argue, as there is light for the eye, sound for the ear, knowledge for the seeker, friends for the friendly, so, in the very nature of things, there must be a spiritual universe and a spiritual existence for man to complete the demands of his being.

Again, however successful our lives may be, they are, nevertheless, incomplete. This world does

not exhaust us. Not long since the great Victor Hugo beautifully expressed this thought when he said he felt he had not said or written the smallest part within him. I think this is true of every life. There is a depth of loving and feeling nothing in this life can fully satisfy. Wherever you find man, you find discontent. The animal may feel satisfied with the food it gathers, and the knoll or cave it finds for repose; but we are not satisfied with ours. We may be as poor as Lazarus, or as rich as Cræsus, yet we want something more. Could we bring here to-night all the phases of life in your great city; the poor, dirty, ragged children of poverty; the weary laborers grinding out life's hopes at the rough wheels of toil; the wretched prostitutes; the millionaires, chafing in golden fetters; the skeptic, doubting life's fairest prophesy; and your whining saints, who fancy they have secured a parlor-car to heaven; yet we would not find one in all the motley number content.

The voice of history speaks to us here. Once the great Nebuchadnezzar sat in his royal palace, a seeming picture of content. Queenly Babylon, with walls of stone and gates of brass, and mighty watch-towers looking over the vast plains, was, indeed, an imposing city. The king's eye could feast upon the beautiful hanging gardens he had built for his Midian wife, justly called one of the

seven wonders of the world. Surely, we might look for contentment here ! But we find the king touched with strange forebodings for the fate of his empire. Alexander made the world offer tribute to his ambition, but one world was not enough for him to conquer. Napoleon climbed the Alps and made the Pyramids tremble, but he learned a lesson of human frailty at Waterloo, and heard at St. Helena the waves chant a sad requiem over the wreck of human ambition. Like the bird, whose instinct impels it into a warmer climate, we feel a far-off attraction. The doubts of the skeptic, and our every sigh and tear, are prophesies of another life.

Again, the lessons of life and death are manifold, if rightly read. We die to live, and we live to die. There is nothing permanent about these bodies but change. In our waking and sleeping moments these changes go forward. Hence, we live by death. It only requires a few days, by change of diet, of climate, to work very radical changes in the human system. Some tell us our bodies change every year in their fleshy part, and about every seven years the entire bony framework is changed. The old man leaves many bodies behind in the weary march of his lengthened years. *Gone* is the body of the babe that once nestled so sweetly on the warm breast of a

mother. *Gone*, as faded the flower you loved in your garden. *Gone*, the light feet of happy childhood, and the musical ripple of its laughter. Yes, *gone*, with the ball, the kite, and the faithful dog that walked by your side; the play-house you built under the trees; and the old nurse who sleeps in the church-yard. *Gone*, your youthful body, when the blood was wild with passion, and the sky red with the glare of ambition. *Gone!* yes, *gone*, with the dear girl you loved, whom Death struck with his wing, and the sad toll of the school bell for the fallen one, has echoed down the dim aisles of these gathered years. *Gone*, manhood's body — the body which sweat in the sultry sun at noon, and struck strong blows for love and honor. *Gone!* yes, *gone*, with the dear wife who stood like an angel at your side, giving strength in your weakness, hope in your despondency, pouring oil upon the mad waves of your passion, and crystalizing with the very breath of Eden your hottest, saddest tears. I see you now with the long, deep furrows on your face; the frosty seal on your head; the infirmity of years in your limbs. But you did not give up your self-hood with your changing bodies. Every people, every friend, every heart-love, all the accidents and incidents of the journey are safely gathered in the store house of memory. Is there not here a strong probability

that the aged pilgrim will survive the final change? Yes, I believe that ere earth's last star dims and dies away light will break over the eternal hills, bringing to the old pilgrim's vision the dawn of an immortal day.

Finally, let us observe the demonstrated facts of science. The patient investigators of the universe have not hesitated to affirm eternal substance and eternal power. Every fact in nature tends to prove matter and force eternal. Prof. Proctor, in contemplating the origin of this earth and its final doom, when it shall grow cold and dead as the moon, does not hesitate to affirm that the matter of which it is composed, and the forces which move it, are eternal. It is of no moment what the original condition of the earth or solar system may have been. The flow of matter and of force goes forward from eon to eon, and eternity to eternity. Let us accept this truth. Let us feel that we live in a world where the smallest grain of sand, the feeblest flower, and the poor withered leaves Autumn's winds scatter in the sloughs of the street, are made of matter as deathless as God. Let us also feel that all force is eternal; that the hand that rounds our baby's tear, and moves the massive world, can never be palsied; that the voice that speaks in an infant's sigh, or in the heavy tread of heaven's artillery, is a deathless voice.

Now, apply this fact to a man. Shall matter and force be eternal, and the spirit of man, who alone has discovered this deathless substance and power, go down, as Mr. Ingersoll would say, "into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust?" Shall the substance of the star abide forever, and the mind that can study the cycles of its flight be lost in a day? Must worlds be eternal in their substance and power, and the mind which can measure and analyze them go out in darkness?

Man is greater than the world, for he can comprehend and survey it. He is greater than a star, for he can bethink its birth and death. He reads the thoughts of God after him. But for man, God would be childless, and friendless, and, like Robinson Crusoe, he would be banished in his own universe.

How many the voices proclaiming the soul's great future? In earth, in air, and in sky, we read a glorious destiny. Let the wheel of time crush the monuments we build, and temples we rear; let the roses go from our cheeks, and the pale lily take its place; let nimble limbs grow stiff, and raven locks become as white as winter's rifts of snow, still shall we live and learn as the eternal years roll on.



## ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

*Delivered at Cleveland, Ohio.*

THIRTY and seven years have come and gone since the advent of Modern Spiritualism. This event did not occur in an age of ignorance and superstition. It was born in the blazing noon-tide of the nineteenth century. Over its cradle white-robed angels kept their vigils, and the ear of positive and skeptical philosophy heard its first sound. No sooner was its birth proclaimed than theological Herods issued their decree of death, and brandished over its baby couch the already-blunted sword of religious intolerance. The years have crept on, and each one has added to its force, until to-day we commemorate an event that has thrilled every avenue of society; it has touched philosophy, and wiped the icicles from its frozen face; it has played games of chance with materialistic scientists, and left them defeated and dismayed; it has broken the swords of theological gladiators, and laid them in ruins at their feet. Art has caught its radiant beams of light, and Poetry has felt its breath, and poured forth a song of praise. Modern Spiritualism has walked through society

with winged feet. In the wretched hut of poverty, in the palace of wealth, in the library of the scientist, in the cushioned pews of the church, in the granite halls of state, it has everywhere claimed an audience.

Fortunate will it be for us if we can rise to some serene altitude whence we can look over these years of history, and anticipate the future of this movement.

It is to be conceded Modern Spiritualism had an humble beginning. Its sounds did not come in the clash of steel or smoke of battle. They did not call the world from a smoking Sinai or the gloom of an Arabian cave, but they came in an obscure village, far removed from the thoroughfares of trade. They did not echo in the frescoed halls of a cathedral, but they came in the unpretending cottage of the poor. It was not given to ambitious statesmen and an intolerant priesthood to first hear the raps, but they called in the trusting ear of happy girlhood. Church and State were alike deaf to them.

Our scientists, pale with long and patient toil, heard not the strange voices. Philosophers, gray with age, saw not the angels' feet treading along the boundaries of earth. Hoary-headed skepticism pronounced them a nine-days' wonder, which would quickly pass away, but the wonder has in-

creased until a child can now see Spiritualism is a power in the world.

Let us not draw over-colored pictures, nor indulge in any vain boasting on this occasion. If there was ever a time when Spiritualists should be frank and sincere, this is that supreme moment.

Granting the reality of the facts of Spiritualism, it has not accomplished all we desire. Indeed, its great work has only begun, and it has, as yet, added little to the world's art history or science.

Spiritualism has created for us no Apollo from the unpolished marble equal to the work of the old masters who made the mute lips of stone breathe the disdain of the gods. It has hung on the walls of our homes no Madonnas, on whose dreamy eyelids rest the charms of a more exquisite beauty than the ideas drawn out by a Raphael.

Astronomy is not indebted to it for the discovery of many new planets earthly telescopes could not reveal. Spirits have not, as yet, pointed out to us any spot on the earth, or under it, where we can find the missing link between man and beast, nor demonstrated whether there is or is not a connection between the two, nor have they drawn on the dark background of this world any well-defined map of the spiritual universe. If that universe is the invisible side of this, with its uncounted stars and suns, it has not been demonstrated. We strain

our poor eyes in vain to see the divisions of that land. Its oceans have not been located or named. The celestial fleets that sail its azure seas have dropped to us no log-book giving the direction of the winds, the names of their fairy ships, nor the color and length of their streaming sails. No angel hand has sketched out for us the granite base of its eternal hills, nor pointed our admiring eyes to their flower-clad summits.

It is an open question to-day what animals are there, or whether any exist in that world native to our earth. We do not know what the variety of its flowers, or whether their seeds were ever quickened in an earthly soil. Nor have we read the constitution and laws of the heavenly republics. Nor do we know whether such governments exist. All this, and much more, belongs to its future work.

Let us here pause, and ask: What has so-called Spiritualism accomplished during the thirty-seven years of its history?

First. I think we can safely say it has demonstrated, beyond dispute, the existence of spiritual beings, and that such beings can, and do, hold special — and, perhaps, I ought to say, limited — intercourse with the inhabitants of earth. The evidences upon which we predicate this statement are so numerous it would be a waste of time to present any special facts to support it.

Do you desire facts? You shall find them in every city, village, and at nearly every fireside. Such facts are of nearly every character, from the simple rap which marked its opening to the more complicated phenomena that have followed in rapid succession.

They have occurred at all times, and in all seasons,—in the grey of the morning, in the flush of noon, in the shades of twilight, and in the still watches of the night. Any man or woman who affirms that our age is destitute of spiritual facts is as wild as Nebuchadnezzar when he betook himself to the company of beasts.

Moreover, such facts have demonstrated the ever-present and active agency of spiritual beings in the affairs of mankind. We have learned by and through them that love does not sleep in a coffin, and memory cannot be buried in the grave.

Second. It has demonstrated, during these years, man's spirituality in this: it has shown he has power to transcend the limitation of his physical environment, and deal with facts and forces beyond mere sensuous perception. Hence, it has done more than simply to demonstrate that spirits can, and do hold intercourse with us by establishing the converse proposition, viz., that man is a spirit, *per se*, and that he can touch an inner and grander world. Herein it establishes the super-

sensuous powers of the soul. We have learned through spiritual facts there are forces and powers within us greater and grander than skepticism has dreamed. We are just beginning to realize that the soul has wings by which it can rise and touch the sun-lit and star-lit borders of a world vaster than this.

Spiritualism has not created these powers of the soul. They slumbered under the hopes and fears of poor, savage man, battling with a world full of poisonous reptiles and wild beasts.

Man has possessed these powers in every age, but he was ignorant of their possession. It is leading us along a line of internal discovery. We have learned that we have wings as well as dull and aching limbs. Moreover, when our limbs are dormant, we can tread along the boundaries of a world lit with a fairer sun than illuminates this cold hemisphere. Do you inquire what are those marvelous powers of the soul Spiritualism has quickened within us? Clairvoyance is one of them. Known in all ages, it has been reserved to the thirty-seven years just gone to reduce this power to an almost family heritage. Clairvoyants are now numbered by thousands, and the age believes in this gift.

It demonstrates our power to see without the bodily organ, thus forever annihilating the arro-

gant materialism which bases all knowledge upon physical sensation. We now know that the soul can see objective nature as well as subjective creations, when no quivering beam of light has pictured such objects on the retina of the eye. This inward seeing goes farther than the outward. It is direct sight. Centuries ago, the old apostle said: "We now see through a glass darkly," and science has demonstrated that our eyes only catch the inverted images of things. But in this picture-gallery of the soul we deal with the verities of objective and subjective life. Clairaudience is another of these powers. The most acute human ears can only hear a certain number of vibrations per minute; there is a point where the vibrations become so rapid we cannot separate them with this sense, and we therefore lose them; but we have learned that we have a finer sense of hearing, whereby we catch echoes of harps touched by the bland breezes that sweep over the eternal hills.

Another power is psychometry. This gift also reveals to us the marvelous possibilities of the soul. Here is a power which leads the sensitive into a realm of subtle forces. The psychometrist treads along the borders of an inner world. With him space is annihilated, and time forgotten; the air becomes vocal with the voices of many ages; every stone is an encyclopedia of history, and the

ashes of the dead take him into the presence of the living.

It verifies the declaration of the great preacher of Israel: "Every secret thing shall be revealed." This power goes down the long and dusty corridors of the misty past, and up the mysterious heights of the future, and sits on the throne of prophesy.

What wonderful achievements! How mighty shall be their force in the world's yet unwritten history! When I contemplate all the powers Spiritualism is quickening within us, I know not which most to admire: the fact that our friends hail us from the other shore, or the fact that we can coast so near the other side we sometimes hear over the roar of the waves voices that in the long-vanished years were hushed in the silence of the grave.

Third. I think we can reasonably claim Spiritualism has demonstrated, during this period, a present law of inspiration, which necessarily forces upon us a belief in the permanency and universality of inspiration in all ages. Mortals are to-day speaking with new tongues as in pentacostal times. They are also healing the sick by the same power. Do you doubt its inspiration? Look over the list of its teachers during these years. No trained Demosthenes or Cicero came forward to champion



its cause. Not a college threw open its doors and bade it welcome. Not a church said : " Come, sit on this altar, and receive our blessing." Not a clergyman dare speak kindly of its advent until he knew his salary was secure. But Spiritualism could not be thwarted. It transformed school-boys and girls into orators. It brought its own learning, and built in the wilderness of human skepticism its altars, and lit them with an immortal sun.

We do not claim this army of freshmen has startled the world with classic lore. We do believe, however, their utterances will compare as favorably with modern scholarship as the teachings of the twelve apostles compared with Grecian culture. We claim still more : it has ordained a larger number of teachers, and gained for itself more converts in the same length of time, than did Christianity and Mohammedanism combined.

Thirty-seven years ago Spiritualism was without literature. It had neither press, papers, nor books ; but it has created its own literature, and stamped its image on the thought of our time. Here, again, we must admit that many of its books do not equal in culture the standard literature of the age. Yet, I challenge the world to produce such books, under such circumstances.

Bring me a boy from the cobbler's bench who can equal "Nature's Divine Revelations;" or a Hudson Tuttle from the farm to write at the age of sixteen years the "Arcana of Nature," which outlined evolution before the publications of Darwin. It has been said that genius is born, and not made, and I believe it. In poetry nature has given no more marvelous births than the old masters, from Homer to Shakespeare; but I challenge all the masters to write the equal of Harris's great production in the same time, without touching the same fountain of inspiration. I will go further, and say the inspiration of Miss Doten, from Poe, equals the best productions of the masters. Her inspiration from Burns transports us to the Hawthorne shades of Bonnie Scotland. Then, again, he takes us over the mystic river, and we can almost see the lovers' happy meeting in a land where death's blighting frosts never come. Let me repeat, Spiritualistic literature is the marvel of the age in the manner in which it is produced, and demonstrates a present law of inspiration.

It has art; but its artists do not come as pupils from our art schools. They have not traveled thousands of miles to find some picturesque spot where the torn cliff and rushing waters are bathed in the ruddy glow of the sunrise, or yet sadder beams of his setting. They have not gone out

under the light of uncounted stars, and the sad smiles of the waning moon, to search the glassy bosom of earth's lakes for ideals. But its artists, like its sounds, have come from the unpretending cottage of the poor. They have been called in a moment, and without preparation, from the toils of the kitchen, the farm, the shop, and the playgrounds of happy childhood; called, not to copy the work of any master, but often in the deep sleep of trance to draw the shadow of the face of a loved one who has slept through the changing seasons of many years under the drooping willow or sighing cypress.

Who can doubt the reality of its inspiration? Who deny the universality of the law which revives such wonders at certain marked periods in history? Who can doubt that Spiritualism is one of those great tidal waves of spiritual power which roll like the pulse-beats of the Almighty, at certain intervals, over the turbulent sea of human history. The coming scientist will, through these facts, unlock the long-hidden door to nature's inner temple. In this "sanctum sanctorum" fairer forms will greet his eye, and sweeter sounds will touch his ear, than are to be seen in this world of gross matter, or heard in the "din and jar" of mortal strife. We can affirm all this, and much more: if we are to go no farther, let this first chap-

ter of facts be the last one. Let it contain the preface and finale of the movement, and still these facts will always remain an important part of human experience, as they have a direct bearing on the great problem of destiny.

I am impressed, however, that the phenomena are only in their infancy. Chapters and volumes are to succeed what has already been written. The question of the ultimate of Spiritualism, as a fact, is already settled; but the relation we, as Spiritualists, shall sustain to such facts is now the major question. The vital question before the avowed Spiritualists to-day is not how spiritual facts, *per se*, can be preserved, but what shall become of Spiritualists? The future of Spiritualism is secure, but the future of Spiritualists is a question of grave doubt and anxiety. We are like Nebuchadnezzar when he lay on his royal couch touched with anxiety for the fate of his empire, or like Xerxes, of ancient Persia, when his mighty hosts reached the pass of Thermopylæ. Our Rubicon is before us. The gathering clouds portend the stormy equinox. We have *individualized* until we are in danger of losing our identity altogether. Look where we will, the mellow fruit and golden grain are smiling in the kisses of autumn sun. You and I, by the help of angels, have scattered this seed. Shall others now reap where we have

sown in the cold winds of public scorn? There are times when the opportunities of a life-time are crowded into a single hour. There are moments when a single stroke builds or destroys the fair citadel of fame; times when the mariner must turn hasty glances in all directions, and watch the rapidly changing course of the ever-shifting winds. Some of you who hear me to-day have been impelled by the force of these facts, and a great inspiration which came upon you, to go out into the world's religious wilderness, and preempt new and better soil. Now, those who stayed back — and, in many instances, pointed the finger of scorn at you while you were clearing the brush — claim your improvements. Moreover, if you refuse to break this soil, and seed it for the world's future, they will obtain it and utilize it. The question is not, I repeat, whether spiritual facts are to remain or live, for they are already secure. The great question is: Are these facts to be handed down to our children as an essential part of theological legerdemain? Are they to be respected and enjoyed only under the incantations of a priest? Is sacrificial wine and bread to sanctify the future circle? Are they to be stamped with sectarian trade-marks? Shall they be offered as Presbyterian Spiritualism or Methodist Spiritualism, and warranted perfectly harmless — provided always.

they are taken according to directions? I repeat, again, the question before us is a simple one: Are we to dictate the course of the ship, or are we to be forced, if we ride at all, to take deck passage, and be silent? Moreover, shall these facts take their place with the imperishable facts of science? Will they be made the key to the greatest of all sciences, viz., the science of man's spirituality? As the stars link us to astronomy, as the fossils at our feet lead us to geology, shall these facts also lead the world to a spiritual science more lasting and beautiful than either.

Let us look over the fields we have gleaned. Let us see what we have been doing through these years.

First. It has been yours and mine to bear unequivocal testimony to the facts we have seen and heard. We have done this regardless of those who have doubted our sincerity, and, in many instances, our sanity. In this regard our voices have given no uncertain sound. Through the days and the years we have not hesitated to tell the unaffected story of our experience before either the *savants* of science or theology. Our candor, in many instances, has been rewarded by scorn, our sincerity by ostracism. Yet the triumph of these facts has been everywhere universal and complete. In the palace of the king, and in the hut of the

peasant, they have spoken in the voice of arisen loved ones, and triumphed over scorn, pride, and intolerance, and waved the banner of victory on every hand.

Second. The attitude of the church toward us has exposed to our view her deformity, and these facts have also helped to show us the error and inconsistency of many of the doctrines of the church. This has fired our zeal, and quickened our warfare with the sects and creeds, whose advocates have met our facts with contempt. Hence, the old story of church denunciation on the one hand, and fresh blood returning the blows on the other, has been repeated. We have passed the same initiation at the hands of the church that all advocates of new views have in all ages. History clearly affirms that an established church or government never reforms itself. I need not carry you over the long line of the past to prove this assertion. They never accept a new idea willingly. They do not welcome the hand that would destroy their idols. This universal tenacity of life reaches into the domain of institutions, while it holds undisputed empire in all animate existence. Every great religion has planted its corner-stone on ground wet with the blood that an old, intolerant religion has drawn from its veins. Every temple of human liberty has been cemented

by the tears hoary despots have wrung from the swollen eyes of weeping fugitives. Every science has unfurled its banners under the anathemas of impudent priests, who have blocked the highway of human progress. There has been nothing without precedent in our history in this respect. The opposition and ridicule we have received have, no doubt, made us often uncharitable in denunciation of the church. A sober, second thought will modify many of our criticisms. The tendency now is toward a philosophical examination of the claims of the church rather than reckless denunciation, and I regard this as a hopeful sign among Spiritualists. It is better to study the defects of a system rather than indulge in fruitless attempts to sneer it away. The church has done mankind a service, with all its defects. No man living is further from Roman Catholicism than myself. I have read the history of her intolerance, when the blood in my veins would almost congeal into drops, and each drop clamor to pour a withering, blighting curse on this great foe to spiritual liberty. But a calmer view would reveal the better side. Then I could see her charities. I could see her watchful care for learning and for art, and her asylums for orphans. Then I could see that, with untold wealth, she has made her home among the poor, and dropped upon the hard hand of honest



toil a blessing. I could see her nuns upon the bloodiest battle fields of our great rebellion with their arms of love around the dying soldier, closing his heavy eyelids for a wakeless sleep, and catching from his freezing lips a last message for distant loved ones. Then, I said to myself: "This great church, with all her Jesuits, has her virtues, and I will be just."

I am equally as far from Protestantism. Her intolerance has been a deadly upas in the world's highway, but she also has her virtues. Her colleges, universities, and charities more than balance her deformities. She has done, and is to day doing, mankind a service. I think this broader and calmer view of the church is already being felt by a large class of Spiritualists.

Third. Our work, therefore, has been the work of the pioneer. We have pushed out into the world's spiritual wilderness, and blazed here and there a tree for others to follow. It has been very largely a work of negation. We have been tearing down old and useless creeds and opinions. We have helped the spirit of the age to lay in the grave of forgetfulness many worthless fables. This field of labor has been, for the most part, an unwelcome one. It has been a vast charnel-house, wherein unwholesome vapors filled the air. We can look over the field to-day and see the unmarked

graves of many once popular dogmas. We have helped free-thinkers put out the fires of hell. Mothers are not now concerned about the burning of their infant dead; this horrid nightmare, which has brooded like the black wings of the pestilence over mankind, is broken. We have, in connection with the aforesaid allies, succeeded in slaying and burying the orthodox devil. This was a herculean task. How the clergy rushed to his defense. What bitter groans would come from all the orthodox pulpits with every wound we made in his almost impregnable sides. The devil had been chief of police in every well regulated community from time immemorial. Since Mr. Beecher has led the way, the country clergymen can preach without alluding to him. There are other dead issues. I will not tax your patience by alluding to them. It does not become a valiant knight to voice his heroism over the corpse of his victims. When I hear a lecturer wasting his valuable time on issues already past, it seems to me he has much of the spirit of the pious Methodist who beat his Universalist neighbor's dead dog just to show him there was punishment after death. We have also forced the recognition of scientists. Our facts, once scorned by them, are now being studied and investigated. We can look over the ocean to-day, and thank such men as Zollner and others, who,

through these facts, are seeking a still deeper and grander science. They can do for them a work we cannot perform, and will place them upon broader and firmer foundations in the years to come.

Looking over this field, the thoughtful must see that our work has been a negative one, and it has also been a useful work. As a man who clears away the giants of the forest takes an important step in the process of civilization, so also the negationist who clears the field of hoary errors does mankind a service. This is not the highest service. It is really the kitchen work, and a work that requires the least skill. An imbecile can tear down an old and tottering building, but it takes a mechanic to make a new one. There is an old adage, that it requires an agriculturist to grow a hill of corn, but "any hog can root it up." It is much easier to criticise a bible than it is to write one. A very ordinary observer may discover that our neighbor is ill, but it requires knowledge and skill to prescribe the successful antidote. This age will not be satisfied with the man or woman—no matter what name they may bear—who can do no other public service than to perform the feats of an acrobat in an antique grave yard. A hungry man has little reverence for the one who shows him the ants in the last crust in his haversack, yet cannot offer him a crumb.

The condition of the religious world is easily seen. Man, by nature, is a spiritual being. Man, devoutly and intensely religious, stands to-day amid the wreck and ruin of old faiths and creeds, asking for the sunlight of a spiritual religion. Shall this soul-prayer go unanswered? No, it cannot. Out of the soul-depths of the Infinite Love the fadeless beams of this prayer for light will come. Demand and supply are co-equal in the order of nature.

I have said this is a critical hour for the Spiritualists. It is a critical hour because of the great demand now everywhere felt. It is also a critical hour because opposition to our facts has ceased. Wild as my statement may seem, I aver that opposition in certain stages is the steam in the boiler of success. If you want any cause to grow in public favor, persecute it,—the greater the persecution, the more rapid its growth. It was persecution which helped to make Christianity one of the great historical religions. The crucifixion of the man of Nazareth did more to establish his messiahship than all the alleged miracles he performed. When the lash of intolerance drove Mohammed, in his first hegira, from Mecca to Medina, the faith of Islam was made secure. As the roots of the tree strike deeper in the soil when the merciless winds play with its branches, so do religions grow

stronger under the lash of persecution. The surest way to defeat the recognition of a new fact is to treat it with silence. Our danger to-day is not that we are opposed, but rather in the fact that opposition has ceased. It does not arise because we are the advocates of an unpopular cause, but from the fact that our facts are already accepted. What fact have we to-day that our neighbors do not almost universally concede, and, in many instances, prize sacredly as we do? Do you believe in clairvoyance? The educated in the church also believe in it. Do you believe the Rochester rapings were produced by spiritual beings? A large percentage of the church also believe it. Do you believe that ever and anon we catch gleams of light from the immortal shores in premonitions, dreams, impressions, trances, and by divers and sundry ways? The church also believes it, and, in many instances, openly advocates it. If we except to-day a small percentage of materialists in the church, and quite as large a percentage who are training in the ranks of Spiritualists, and also the large and rapidly concentrating army of materialists, atheists, and skeptics generally, the world has accepted Spiritualism.

The busy world will not rest here. A new temple must be reared; one large enough to take in every foot-sore pilgrim who treads life's dusty

highways ; one so high its tower shall touch the farthest star ; one so beautiful the gods shall delight to gaze upon its frescoed walls.

Where are the builders? Shall we find them among that large class of Spiritualists who, having gratified a selfish curiosity in these facts, now sit down in inglorious ease? Shall we find them among another large class who only delight in beating their neighbor's dead dog to show their revenge on an intolerant church and priesthood? Can we hope to obtain them among a third class who only desire phenomenalism? This class of men and women enjoy eating a fallen apple, but have no interest in the law by which it falls, or in the generous nature that has produced it.

Let me emphasize still more: The era of negation has passed. We are not now called upon to state our doubts, but the world desires to know what we believe. You might as well attempt to resuscitate a starving man on icicles as to feed the spirit of the age on cold negations and barren platitudes. We cannot hold a thoughtful audience by finding fault with the past or condemning the present. The world will not long listen to our condemnation of the work of others, if we do nothing ourselves. Moreover, we have no greater claims upon the facts of Spiritualism than others. We have no letters patent upon a truth as old as man-

kind; nor am I so conceited as to think we are, of all beings, the most lovely in the sight of Heaven. If we are, I greatly mistake the taste of angels.

Let us not flatter ourselves the work will stop if we are either incapable or unwilling to do it. If we refuse to go, the spirit of the age will find other workers, and go forward without us. Growth is the only unlimited ticket on the thoroughfare of progress. When we stop growing, we begin to die. Shall we now go forward, and carry the headlight of this constructive work, or shall others reap where we have sown?

Great as is the responsibility upon the Spiritualists at large, still greater and graver is the situation for the medium and public advocate. Those who have gifts of any value must enlarge and perfect them. This requires care, culture, and a spirit of sacrifice. I can see no reason why these favored ones should not adorn their gifts with every personal grace and charm. I cannot believe stupid ignorance the best soil for angelic influx, nor do I believe the want of personal worth is a necessary trade-mark in any phase of mediumship. If we fail here, others will give it the conditions we refuse. Equally ominous is the hour for those who publicly advocate the claims of Spiritualism.

When the people go to a lecture, they expect to hear something, and we must be able to meet the

demands of the public if we would have recognition from this restless age. To be builders in the new era now dawning, we must be thinkers, or gain the inspiration of those who think. We should have a definite idea of the magnitude of the temple upon which we work. We should know the construction of its several parts, and we should also form an idea of the completed structure wherein the nations shall worship. This work, in my judgment, is two-fold—

First. Man's spiritual nature must be scientifically demonstrated. This calls for scientific thought. It asks for a classification of all the facts of occult science. It enjoins upon the builder a revelation of the laws by which such facts are possible in human experience. The world's magical side must be explored. Man's wildest dreams are to be interpreted. This line of demarcation is to be drawn between the projected images of man's over-heated brain and the undying camp-fires which burn on the other side of Death's dark stream. Facts must be separated from fiction. The occult forces within us, and the spiritual powers beyond us, are all to be analyzed. Who must gauge and inspect them? Anxious millions are waiting for a spiritual science, built upon the eternal granite of man's spirituality. *Where are the builders?* Some are toiling on this



temple. All hail to their labors! Wherever these builders are to-day, and under whatever name,—in England, in France, in Germany, on the isles of the sea, or in our own country,—I would drop upon their path a blessing. Others sit in stupid ignorance; they do not seek knowledge. They even boast of the emptiness of their heads and the fullness of their stomachs. They seem to imagine stupidity and ignorance are the wings by which men and women rise into fame and history. Others gracefully tell us the spirits will do it all, and I commend such to the church where Jesus is invoked to do the work they have neither energy nor ability to accomplish. Let us remember this science will be established either with or without us. Science is cold and skeptical to-day, but she will have the warm blood and sweet faith of a child to-morrow. The children are to-day born who will see the spotless banner of science wave from the dome of the world's church, kissed by the bland breezes which come from the embowered highlands of the immortal life. Science has already started on the road to her spiritual coronation. The realms of the invisible will be explored. We shall soon climb, with the torch of science in our hands, up the rugged steepes of the immortal hills, whence we can behold on their far summit the open gates of the eternal city.

Second. The fore-gleams of the world's religion already begin to light the sky. Our year of jubilee is surely coming. The earth's martyrs, avatars, apostles, and Christs have not died in vain. It will be a religion of heart as well as of head; a religion which will draw mankind together rather than pull them apart. This religion will not freeze out the pulpit with intellectual giants and spiritual dwarfs, nor will it want culture and power. It will be a universal and spiritual religion, —one that will consecrate *all days, all books, all places, and all labor. Where are the builders?* Who shall lead the oppressed Israel of many lands to this fair Canaan of their hopes? Who shall part, with the magic rod of wisdom, the blood-red waters of hoary theologies for the tired feet to pass? Who shall hold out the beacon-light of universal inspiration to aid these tempest-tossed mariners to a peaceful harbor? Are you and I too weak and selfish to do it? If we are, God and the angels will raise up others to succeed us. The mantle will be stripped from our shoulders, and fall upon the shoulders of these coming Joshuas.

Historians and scientists tell us that on the sunny highlands of Central Asia, near the plateau of Iran, the great historic races once had a peaceful home. Here dwelt the Hindu, the Persian, the Hebrew, and the Mongol, happy and contented

members of one family. Lovingly they nestled together, as the tired family of peasants gathered in the vine-clad hut in evening's deepening shadows, with pleasant dreams. More than forty dead centuries lie between us and that ancestral home. Around this now empty cradle great civilizations have grown up, and then gone out in darkness. The eyes of the elder and mightier Egypt looked over to this spot, and blessed it. The older and wiser Arabian remembered it in his dreams. In India's primal morning her seers turned to those heights, and they were sacred as the empty shoe to the bereaved mother. They further tell us that an unknown fate pushed this ancestral family from their loving homestead, and drove them in diverging life-paths. The great races have sprung from this separation. All the ancestral links were in time forgotten in the mighty struggle for existence. They were scattered over the earth, as the furious cyclone scatters autumn's withered leaves. Some were driven to the south to endure the enervating climate of the tropics, and inhale the fetid breath of the hot simoon. Others were forced into the north, where great mountains of ice glisten in the beams of a sun forever cold, and the moon weaves castles of frost-work over their houses of snow. Scattered they have been on the summit of many mountains, in many valleys, and many have been sunk in the depths of the sea.

Now, after the lapse of all these centuries, when not even a waking remembrance was left of this early home, when all monuments had perished, when marble had crumbled, and bronze decayed, then came the philologist, and he found for us the lost word of brotherhood. He has demonstrated that language is enduring; that our spoken words travel the vast empire of all these centuries. He has shown us that the sweet words of tender love this early family whispered to each other on Iran's sun-lit heights have survived all their monuments, and revealed our brotherhood.

The world is to-day waiting, watching, and praying for the religious philologist who will come to-morrow, and weave from the broken threads of the now scattered races the religion of the future. Out of the ruins of special faiths the new must come. It will not rise by magic, beautiful and complete, in a day. It will not spring from the ashes of the world's creeds, as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter. This temple will be built by chosen workmen, who have heads and hands strong enough for the work. Its materials will be gathered in many lands, and its structure will combine the architecture of many ages. In the council chambers where the designs of this vast temple are drawn sit in solemn meditation the arisen heroes, philanthropists, and saviors of

many worlds! Already the unseen chords of a divine magnetism are drawing hither the engineer-corps to survey the ground. They are the advance-guard in science and religion. When this temple shall be completed, science and religion will be the two brazen pillars upon which the eternal arch will be reared. At its altar, lit with the sun of righteousness, they will be forever united. This temple will never corrode; it cannot decay. The avenging tread of this world's earthquakes will not shake it, and the black wing of the centuries will flash over it in vain, while the uncounted years, as they shall drop from time's eternal urn, will each plant a diamond on its fadeless walls; and when a thousand ages shall have rolled away, it will glisten in the beams of a never-setting sun.

## THE EGOTISM OF OUR AGE.

*Discourse delivered at Chicago.*

WHEN misfortunes were falling rapidly upon Job, he is reported to have said, as he looked over his ruined fortune, and felt the withering blight of disease in his body: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" Whoever Job may have been,—whether a real person, or an ideal of the Idumean poet,—he could not have expressed more clearly a thought which has impressed the patient student of human life in every age.

Egotism seems to be a chronic disease in this world, and when the tonic of some great calamity abates it, we largely reduce our estimate of individual importance. A marked feature in the career of men, nations, and races is that each in their own day indulge the vain thought that they are the most important and intelligent beings in the world. In our time, this thought is very prominent. We fancy ourselves the chosen people of the earth. There has been no time like our time, no race like our race, and, in all that makes a great people, we are the light and glory of the

earth. This egotism touches all departments of thought, and is especially manifest in modern society. Our modern orator sees a savage or a brute just beyond his great grand-father and then indulges in rare flights of eloquence over his hair-clad ancestor. The pulpit struggles to keep alive the old traditions, and in many rural districts still insists in narrowing man's career on this earth to about six thousand years, and also claims, with no ordinary assurance, to have the only true religion vouchsafed by God to man.

Progress is quite as fruitful a theme on the spiritualistic rostrum as in sophomore debating clubs, and is generally talked about with as little sense in the one as in the other. It is not difficult to convince the modern Spiritualist that the windows of heaven are opened especially to and for him. Indeed, we hear repeatedly of modern oracles who have revelations and manifestations nowhere else to be obtained. Moreover, they have become, in many instances, more dogmatic than an antique Calvinist. You must take what you get, pay as you go, and believe all you see and hear, on pain of a spiritualistic curse as arrogant as the curse of pope or priest. They have neither toleration nor charity for those who cannot feast on barren platitudes and diluted moonshine; yet such is the digestive apparatus of the average citizen that some

practical nourishment is required, or we soon reach spiritual starvation.

The great fact of human progress cannot be controverted; but we must remember the law of progress is ethnical and local rather than universal and absolute. We cannot avoid the conclusion that whatever progress may appear is, in a very large degree, relative. It is impossible, under the limitation of our thought, to add anything to the infinite and absolute. There can be neither less nor more matter and force from age to age. A larger power here upon our earth would force us to concede a less in some other part of the universe.

In so far as we are capable of forming an opinion, the eternal balance must be kept. Therefore, when we talk of progress, let us not forget we cannot add to the infinite, but we must seek it in the circle of the limited and finite. I protest against the extravagant claims made for human progress. We are not yet at the door of the world's millennium. The vices and follies of the past still linger in the world. We have not reached the ideal government, or home, nor shall we reach them in the near future. Old questions remain unsettled, and we are facing the same great problems of life and destiny that have pressed upon man's thought for solution in every age. Let us try to divest our-



selves of this spirit of personal egotism, and glance at man in the three great phases of his life:

1. Man, as he is revealed to us in history and traditions.

2. Man, in his relation to this universe.

3. Man, in his hopes and aspirations, as the omen of his destiny.

When we turn our eyes backward over the path human feet have trod, no one fact more seriously impresses us than the brevity of human history. We can scarcely find a great, ancient nation, dynasty, or empire, where the written history of each does not begin in a period of its greatest glory, or in its decline and decay. The cradle of the world's great civilization is wrapped in a cloud of traditions. A mantle of night hangs over man's morning, and the archæologist and philologist are laboring with zeal to part it, and only partial success has as yet crowned their efforts. Moreover, the farther we extend our researches into the past, the more marvelous becomes man's career upon this earth. Arabia, Africa, Egypt, Asia, Europe, and America are alike grave-yards filled with the ashes of the pre-historic dead. We do not know in which place to look for the remains of the first man, or the first empire. Some writers tell us that in the land of Arabia, where the hot simoon sweeps over the burning sand, in that little,

narrow peninsula, extending from the Dead Sea to the Indian Ocean, there was a great civilization in the last stages of its life. When Abraham was an infant, and before the birth of the Pharaohs, that this old civilization nursed the first dreams of empire into the warm blood of the then infant Egypt, and built the cradle for the coming Chaldaea of history. Others tell us we may yet look to Africa for older antiquities, while the valley of the Nile still seems to be rich in the treasures of early man. Others point us to the floor of the Indian Ocean as the probable birth-place of the human race.

In our own country we find all about us the monuments of pre-historic man. When we look beyond the dusky savage who made this northern wilderness echo with his wild war whoops, we see the remains of a great civilization that built cities now gone to decay, great highways the tooth of time has nearly destroyed, and many evidences of a marvelous civilization, of which we are largely ignorant. The Chinese claim an authentic history of over four thousand years, but nearly all our so-called modern improvements precede all authentic history.

In science we are not so much in advance of the past as we may imagine. The same stars upon which we delight to look were observed by the old

Arabian, Egyptian, and Chaldean in that remote time where history fades into tradition. The arts of printing and writing, and knowledge of sculpture and architecture, are all pre-historic. The old Mound-Builders had art, and worked in metals. Our magnetic needle, and telescopes, were the playthings of past ages. I suppose I should offend my audience this morning if I should assert that Chicago was not the great metropolis of the world, and yet I would kindly suggest that, in past ages, the world had Nineveh, Babylon, and several other large towns which would at least have made respectable suburbs to a city like ours. The oldest traditions of man find him a civilized being, with a country he loved, laws he obeyed, and a nationality in which he indulged all the patriotic pride we possess. Does our race to-day exhibit marked signs of growth? Other races have experienced the same, and gone out in darkness ages ago. The Semitic race is running its cycle. The Mongolian of a thousand years is the same being to-day. The black man has carried his sable skin from beyond the dawn of history.

Look at man in his history, in his traditions, in the ruins which mark his path, and he reveals to us one humanity. There are souls born into this world who scorn all hereditary laws, and assert themselves in spite of all environment. There is

to me no evidence the growth and evolution of man in one age becomes in any large degree the property of mankind in the next age. I do not believe in that progress which claims for knowledge so large a degree of inheritance. The most brilliant periods in history are not unfrequently followed by mental enervation and darkness. The law of degeneracy is as universal as the law of progress. Think of Arabia and Egypt of the past, and then see them to day! Why did not the prosperity of Israel continue? Why was philosophic and cultured Greece blotted out? Why was not the best age of Roman culture perpetuated? When you have named the causes, do not forget to define the law.

While it is true that some are born more highly gifted than others, and while nations and races may differ by comparison, yet another fact is also true: Every life has to travel the stony path of experience, which no other being can do for it. "What is any given man that thou shouldst magnify him?" I am much inclined to doubt the almost-universally conceded fact that talent and virtue are in any degree transmissible. There is no doubt a phase in which parents transmit their virtues and vices, or certain physical environment, to their children, but I also think there is much egotism as well as fanaticism in our modern claims

for heredity. Man is not altogether his parentage, race, or country; we must look beyond these to account for his life. What human model fashioned, or even marked out, the career of old Napoleon? Here is a case where the soul scorned the environment of ancestry. After he had begun his career, and they had forced him into retirement through jealousy, his eagle eye was on Asia, wherever there was an army to defeat or a battle to win, yet he walked the streets of Paris poor as any boot black in the city. When, at last, they gave him the poor, starved, and shivering army at the foot of the Alps, his voice was like the scream of the eagle to her young, the very thrill of victory. When he had conquered the Alps, he made the Pyramids tremble with the clash of his steel, and crossed with winged feet the desert, stormed Jaffa, and laid siege to Acre. But he found the ill-fated Waterloo, and died in the paroxysms of a storm at St. Helena. From whom did Napoleon inherit his genius? Do you tell me his mother rode to battle? I suggest some of our modern disciples of heredity repeat the experiment, and report the results.

Whence did Shakespeare derive his genius? Did it come from Mary Arden and John Shakespeare, who never rose above an alderman in his native village? If a stream comes from a single

fountain, how much higher will it rise than the fountain? Where the fountain whence Shakespeare derived a mind which rose like a lordly sun over the satellites of his time? Yet what is Napoleon or Shakespeare, or any man or race of men, that we should magnify them? Their lives were local. They have lent their genius to the world, but others cannot make the treasures they have borrowed their own. Thus we see man in his history and traditions travels the same road from age to age. Whatever men and nations borrow they can only absorb in the hard school of experience.

When we look over this field, we can only assert, man in the future, as in the past, will rise and fall in race and government, and the babe of to-day, and the young stranger who shall wake to consciousness in this strange world a thousand years hence, must both begin life with a simple consciousness, and travel with their own feet—perhaps, at times, torn and bleeding—over the stony road of experience.

When we look at man in his relation to his universe, there is little to encourage egotism, or stimulate our vanity. There is a universe beneath us, and one above us. We are surrounded by immeasurable littleness, and also by immeasurable greatness. What a vast world the microscope brings to our dull sight! The wonders of life, in

its diminutive forms, amaze and startle the thoughtful. The drop of dew, glistening on the flower, that in a moment will be taken away by the beams of the sun, is itself a world. Life is there; and in this small dewdrop such life finds its world, and that world is its universe. How quickly would the animalcules in a drop of water resent the insult should some impudent mate intimate animalcules were not the greatest beings in this universe?

I took up a book the other day, and thought I would study some of the wonders of the ocean; and when I learned that in the depths of the Atlantic, where no light can penetrate, where the pressure of the sea is so great no instrument can resist it, there exist millions of creatures who live and die in that ocean world, whose eyes never saw our sun, who never tasted our fruits, or inhaled the perfumed breath of our flowers, I said to myself: How vain is human egotism!

We have already learned that in acids, which would instantly kill bird, fish, or beast, there exists life adapted to its conditions. Let us think of life in the dancing sunbeam, and then remember that, in all our experiments, we are only coasting headland along the unmapped ocean of life in its littleness, and what a rebuke to our pride and vanity!

How much more impressive the lesson when we

look at life in its greatness! We live in a great world, a world so extensive life is too short to fully encompass it. No one life can fully fathom the geography, climate, geology, and history of this earth. Thousands have attempted it, and died before they had learned its alphabet. But what is this little world where we are born and live, and die? If we would know the greatness of life, we must leave it at once, and go out into the depths of space. Look up at the moon, with her mountains, and what a lesson there! Her sad smiles are in keeping with her cold, dead face. But the moon is only a play-ball. Let us go on! We gaze at fair Venus. Her seasons, astronomers tell us, are even more mild than ours. Her day and year are shorter, her size smaller. What of life there? Do men and women live on that fair planet, and do they grow intoxicated with their own egotism, and think their country, their church, and their knowledge fills the measure of the universe? Another step and we are on fiery Mars. He has summer and winter. His seas have been drawn, and our scientists do not hesitate to tell us men and women live on that ruddy planet. What of their history and traditions? Have they, too, their buried cities? Do they fancy they have all of history, of life, and truth? Are there little sects there, who claim to hold the only



through checks to Heaven? Suppose we go on to Jupiter, that stately prince of the solar system, with his attendant satellites, many times larger than the earth? We see no great change in his seasons as he sweeps around the sun in his long year. What of life on Jupiter? Is this planet also the birth-place of men and women, and the home of nations? If so, what a field for thought, and what volumes of history! How many millions now live on that noble planet? How many have lived, loved, and died there? Yet what is Jupiter when we look out at the worlds now crowding thick and fast upon us? See Saturn, that mighty planet millions of miles from the sun, and making his journey in little less than thirty years. Is life there also? Does some dreamy poet wake to a consciousness of the weakness of human egotism, and with a heavy sigh, exclaim: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" Look further on and see Neptune, and strange Uranus, carrying on his blazing brow the unread story of his life. Now, contemplate the Sun, who holds a whole retinue of worlds by the chain of an irresistible attraction. Wonderful Sun! We bask in thy life-giving beams, and thank thee for the golden flood-tide of thy blessings poured with a bounteous hand upon the earth! How diminutive our lives! How dependent upon the Sun!

But our Sun is, after all, only a poor floating seaweed on the shoreless ocean of space. All the fixed stars are in motion, and are, no doubt, suns heading their retinue of worlds over the great sea of space. Many of these worlds are so distant it would take their light thirty millions of years to reach us.

Now, let us try to think of the worlds that have been the home of life, and then paled, dimmed, and died away, not even leaving to us a record of their existence, or the races that have lived and died upon them; and the plaintive sigh of the Idumean poet breaks from our trembling lips: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?"

Have I now subdued your pride? Have you seen the emptiness of human vanity? Have the limitations of your lives grown smaller while the universe has expanded before you? Then may we turn to man in another phase for encouragement. We can look into the thought-chamber of the soul and study our hopes and aspirations as the omens of our destiny. In this inner world we shall find man endowed with a wonderful consciousness. From the hours of helpless infancy to the dim solitudes of age the deathless star of hope shines over him. A voice continually speaks to us from the depths of our own souls, and tells us we are superior to all our environment. The conscious revelation

in each soul is that it is neither Semitic, Mongolian, nor Caucasian. In his inner self-consciousness man knows no race. His hopes and aspirations spurn the limitation of ancestry. The law of career belongs to matter, but it does not touch this inner empire of the soul. What we call time, or this universal record of motion, may, to the outward eye, mark our birth and our death. But in its deepest illumination and hope, the soul spurns time. In its backward march, it walks over the petty confines of a cradle into the unmeasured deeps of the infinite. In its forward journey, it steps over the narrow limit of a coffin and a grave, and walks on into the eternal.

History is a phase of human experience, but it is only a single phase. It is a mark made by a race on some sandy beach in the morning walk of its childhood, and no more. The play-mark of the child may be washed away by the ever-advancing and retreating waves, but the child goes forward on the path of life. Human souls are not bounded by life, death, or nationality. Hope will not feed on the sad lesson of our environment. It refuses to linger among tombs, and ruined cities, and dead empires, and it points with scornful finger at the wrecks which lie along the path of civilization.

What cares hope for ethnical relations? When souls revel in its clear sunshine, they forget the

color of their skin. They forget the peculiarities of the language in which a loving mother may have taught their infant lips to pray. They forget even the fields in which fate has doomed their tired hands to toil, and hold communion with the Eternal and Infinite. Human souls aspire when their race is fading away. When the Celt or Saxon shall find his language corrupted and dying, he will coin a new language, and pour forth his aspiration in song and prayers.

Had the unfortunate Job turned his eye inward rather than outward, could he have looked at his own soul in its hopes and aspirations rather than his putrid body and blasted wealth, he would not have cried, with a long-drawn sigh in that hour of troubles: "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him?" He would have seen beneath his leprous skin the secret power of his heavy sigh. On the clear mirror of this inward sea he could have beheld the streaming sails of Hope's fairy bark moving with tireless speed over that ocean where the waves roll on forever.

Beautiful sea! As we float on thy glassy bosom we can look beyond the bow of life's mysterious ship as it gently parts thy crystal waters, and see ever before us the arched brow of the low-bending horizon radiant with the splendors of the Infinite Love.

## WHAT IS TRUTH.

*Abstract of an Address Delivered at Ottumwa, Iowa.*

NEAR nineteen centuries have come and gone since the "Man of Nazareth" looked into the sturdy face of a Roman governor, while the vision of his own death rose before him, and exclaimed: "Thou sayest I am king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth." No doubt the features of the Roman then glowed with a new light, as he looked wonderingly into the face of the victim of the Cross, and asked: *What is Truth?*

It would seem that if ever a question demanded an answer, this should have received it. Did ever an occasion call for reply, this was that occasion.

The man who asked this question was in every sense qualified to ask it. He was a man high in authority, and had received his commission from the most powerful government the world had ever known. It was an empire which had grown from a mere band of banditti on the banks of the Tiber to be the mistress of the world. It was the last opportunity of Jesus to speak. He was now in

the grim and silent halls of judgment. The populace were clamoring for his crucifixion. Why did he not answer the question? He knew Pilot was at heart his friend.

Is silence at a moment when unborn ages demand speech the best evidence of messiahship? We can ask all these questions to-day, and the echo of our question will be its only answer. Pilate and Rome, and Jesus and Judea, have passed into history. Both were no doubt unwilling actors in a drama wherein pale death draws the curtain upon which history writes names immortal. One rose to the distinction of a governor in life, and death and history have given him no more. The other had neither fame, honor, nor riches in this life, yet the magic of his name has traversed the centuries. He is to-day an inspiration to millions; and while morality lives, or religion has a devotee, his name will be spoken in tenderness, and voiced in song and in tears.

What is truth? Truth has been defined to be "that which is true or certain concerning any given subject or thing. Verity, reality." A very able thinker has said: "Truth is the perception by the mind of that which is." It seems to me it might be quite as clearly defined by saying: It is the unchangeable amid the changeable, the permanent in the transient, the substance behind the

shadow. It is everything in its last and final analysis. It is that point where nothing can be added, where there is no subtraction, and where there can be no division. Truth knows neither time, sex, nor relation, yet it holds in its eternal arms all time and all relations.

We need not worry for the safety of truth. Bury it under the *debris* of hoary error for a thousand years, and it will rise at last, smiling just as sweetly as though it had been touched by a short and pleasant dream. Truth does not depend upon men or institutions, but they depend upon the truth. There are three great departments of thought, in each of which the human mind is no doubt endeavoring to discover truth. I allude to science, philosophy, and religion. But when we survey either field, a strange medley meets us. It is everywhere an arena wherein opposing forces rise and fall in endless perspective.

The scientific world is in constant commotion. The conclusions of scientists continually change. They anchor a buoy, or plant a mile-stone in the path of the traveler to-day, only to replace them to-morrow.

The same is true in philosophy and religion. Man wakes to consciousness with the problem of the universe before him. No matter which way his wondering eyes may look, a sphynx confronts

him with her riddle. The objective world without, and the subjective world within, like the changing scenes of a panorama, dazzle his eyes and intoxicate his senses. The scientist tells us this wonderful world in which we live is wrought out of matter; that earth, air and sky are alike matter. So, also, are all the diversified forms about us. The rocks piled in wild confusion by the volcano's fiery breath, the flowers blushing in the kisses of the dew, the myriad forms of life on land and sea, are all matter. In a word, we are told that matter is the substance of the world. Suppose we ask the scientist to define matter? Can he do it?

How conflicting the views of scientists regarding the development of life? One class is ready to aver special creative energy, while another sees an orderly process of evolution. How diverse the opinions regarding man's place in the world! Does one see him as an extension of animal life, another will tell us he is the special and perfect work of an almighty hand. Where did he first appear to take the world committed to his care? Does a Winchell reply: On the old Lemuria, slumbering under the waters of the Indian Ocean. Mr. Baldwin would point us to the land of Arabia, another to the high lands of Central Asia.

How did man come? Did he come as one race,



or many? Has one race differentiated into the several races now known, or are race-types as fixed and permanent as the hand that formed them? What is truth? When came man to this changing world? Has he gone down with the continents sunk in the sea? Did his infant eye first behold an embowered Eden? or did they rest on the same ragged rock or frowning cliff? How vast the field of research before us! How vain the egotism that arrogates to itself a perfect science, or absolute truth! It is not improbable all our present views of matter may change. Indeed, it may be said it is more than probable.

The philosopher faces the same problem, but he looks from another point of view. From the days of Thales to our age the same warfare has been waged in search of truth. The old Ionian school undertook to find the real substance of the world. Thales declared it water, but Anaximander replied, not water, but air. Pythagoras thought he found it in numbers. while Xenophon declared the one reality was God. Locke affirmed the reality of substance, but to Fichte the external world was only the shadow of the subjective world within. Bacon startled Europe with his experimental method, but Descartes could find no peace until he looked within and analyzed his own thought. We can look back to-day and bless all the brave

thinkers who have looked out and guessed at the riddle of the universe. But the same sphynx meets us that met them. She stands behind the humblest phase of life pointing with a derisive smile into the dimness and darkness beyond.

If we look over the religious world, still more apparent are the anomalies presented. Where shall we find the true system of religion? Has God given man an infallible religious truth to guide his erring footsteps? If so, let us try to discover it. If we would be just, we must not confine ourselves to one little community. We must become acquainted with the religions of the world. Let us go to India, that beautiful tropical peninsula washed by the Indian Ocean, and over whose green fields and happy villages the snow-capped Himalayas look down in all their stately grandeur. There we may pass from one little village-community to another only to find a contented and happy people. Ask the Hindoo where we can find religious truth, and he will point us to the ascetic pacing under the shades of a banyan tree. Let us interrogate him. This man, with pale face, and wild, glaring eye, will tell us to study the sacred Vedas, and drink the juice of the soma-plant. We may, if we follow his direction, at last reach a state of highest felicity. But suppose we are not satisfied with the Brahman, and go to Cey-

lon. We there ask for religious truth and are referred to the Buddha. They will tell us Buddha revealed the sacred truth to all men ; we need not doubt his saviour. His tooth rests on a gold lotus-leaf encased with rubies, diamonds, and pearls too sacred for the touch of human hands. Moreover, his religion has more believers than any other on earth. But we will not tarry in the delightful groves of Ceylon. Let us journey to Arabia. We will hail the nomadic sovereign of the desert, as the hoofs of his flying steed beat the barren sands: "Sir, where shall we find religious truth?" He will stop his panting steed, and tell us, with pride, that many centuries ago a prophet was born at Mecca. That when in the cave, on Mount Heira, this prophet heard the voice of Gabriel. To him was revealed the sacred truth. We must read the Koran, look to the Kaaba at Mecca, and bathe in the sacred waters of the Zem Zem. To that Kaaba nearly two hundred millions turn their faces in prayer. But we will leave this land where the white-flowered coffee-tree scents the air, and the stately tamarind throws out its generous leaves to shade the way-worn pilgrim. We will come to Europe and America, and ask for religious truth. The popular voice replies that Christianity is the only true religion, and we must look to it for the highest religious truth. We may concede that it

is the dominant religion of the most progressive people of the world. But as we are seeking the highest light, we naturally inquire for the best phase of Christianity. Where shall we find it?

Let a man come to this planet from some other world, and, after having investigated all other systems of religion, publicly proclaim his conviction that Christianity contained the highest truth. Moreover, that he now desired the best form of Christianity, and to obtain it he might be found in some one of our great commercial centers ready to receive instruction. What do you think would be that man's experience? He would have to encounter the advance agents of several hundred petty sects, each zealous for a convert. One would proceed to tell him immersion was the only way to salvation, and pull him toward the water with all the impudence of a patent-medicine vender. Before he could extricate himself from the Baptist, an antique Presbyterian insists upon reading him their articles of faith. To add to his consternation, an irrepressible Methodist shouts free grace in his ears, while a full-robed Episcopal demands his assent to the creed of the Established Church. While a Talmage is picturing to him the intolerable atmosphere of an orthodox hell, the generous-hearted Universalist persists in giving him a free pass to Heaven.

You can appreciate this man's experience as every tick of the clock brings a fresh arrival in the army of the Lord. One cries trinity, another says unity. One says keep Saturday, and another says keep Sunday.

Do you not suppose the stranger would soon pray to return to the world from whence he came? What an interesting story he would relate to his people of Christians! What is truth?

No system of religion is wholly true, and none can be wholly false. It is the truth in each which has given them vitality. It is the false in each which gives rise to their anomalies. They all rest upon a reality. They have their origin deep in the soul of man. In every age man has looked into the same mirror, but the image reflected has always borne the marks of his own personality. Religion is real, but the form of its expression is transient. When man was a savage, nestling in the roots of trees or burrowing in caves, she bent, like a loving mother, over him, brushed back his matted hair, kissed his sooty cheek, and bade him fight bravely with wind, wave, and beast.

You may blot out all the world's bibles, demolish every altar, commit to the greedy flames every creed, and leave human nature as it is, and new bibles, creeds and saviours would appear. Man essays to solve the problem of nature, for-

getting that he is within himself the enigma of the universe. Science, philosophy, and religion face the same universe, but they look at it from different sides. So, also, each special science takes a limited and local view. The astronomer, looking into the star-lit heavens through the expanded eye of the telescope, and the chemist in his laboratory watching, with eager gaze, solid matter fade, dim, and die away, are each dealing with the same problem. The scientist has sometimes rebuked the religionist as dealing with the unknown and unknowable, yet he stands by the same shoreless sea. Does he to-day ask the religionist: what is spirit? He can easily reply: what is matter? Does he contend that the religions of the world are partial, contradictory, and changeable? The same may be said of science. Does he ask the religionist whence came his God? He can easily ask the scientist whence came your law of evolution, and natural selection? Does he say the theory that God made a world is ridiculous, he can retort that it is not more absurd than that blind and thoughtless force should evolve a law of evolution and natural selection.

What is truth? Every great historical religion rests upon a fundamental verity. It touches the shoreless sea of truth at some point. Moreover, science also rests upon a reality, but each is frag-

mentary and partial. Still further let us aver that every great religious truth is intensely scientific, and that every scientific truth will be found at last to be intensely religious. Science and religion were born of the same mother, but in the years of struggle and separation they have forgotten their nativity.

I am here to present the claims of a new factor in the world's thought,—one which, I believe, gives to science more heart, and to religion more head. I do not come in the interest of any "ism," or as the advocate of any creed. I am here to present the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy. It leads us along a line of internal discovery. Its advent is opportune; it came when science was hunting for a soul in earth, rock, and the slime of primeval seas; when Darwin was preparing to introduce man to his hairy ancestor, and Mills, Huxley, and Spencer were formulating the ethereal foundations of modern agnosticism; when religion had degenerated into a cold formalism, and the irrepressible conflict between science and religion was gathering upon every side; it has come to reveal the brotherhood of each, and light in the gloomy night of death a star of hope. Its church is universal; its creed warm and fraternal; and its temple will endure when suns and stars go out in night.

## DECORATION ADDRESS.

*Delivered at Cardington, Ohio.*

**M**R. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I believe in this day, and all the sacred memories which cluster around it. Yet I fully realize that three decades of vanished years lie between us and that great national conflict known as the "War of the Rebellion." The helpless babes then resting in a mother's arms have grown up to life's meridian and are now fighting its battles and assuming its cares. The surviving soldiers who then went forth to the conflict have journeyed far down life's western slope, and sit to-day near by the purple twilight, behind whose heavy folds Death's turbulent stream courses on to an eternal ocean, bearing upon its somber bosom the freight of human souls. The bones of the unburied dead have dissolved to feed the hungry earth, and the blood which crimsoned battlefields has been washed away by the storms and dews of thirty summers, and the icy breath of as many winters. The graves we deck with flowers are already swarded, and the tooth of time has made its mark on the stones affection's hands have planted over them. The



wild wail of bereavement has died away into silence, and many of the cheeks then wet with love's fond tears, are dust. In short, kindly Nature has filled with the debris of gathered years the awful chasms war's hand has made, and the household lamentation of yesterday has passed into the arena of history. While we make sacred this day, its voice has changed, and we cannot ignore the new circumstances under which we have met, and the new duties imposed upon us. This is no longer an occasion calling for the wild vehemence of passion or affection; it calls for that deeper and calmer judgment which weighs the acts of men and nations in the light of contemporaneous history.

The American Rebellion differed from all the wars in history, and marked an epoch in the bloody conflicts of mankind. We cannot appreciate the patriotic service of our dead and living heroes until we climb to that eminence from whence we can view the bloody drama of human empires. Let me impress you that the American Republic is the incarnation of an idea. It is an inspiration, a child of providence, and the fulfillment of man's hopes and dreams of liberty. Our nation is a kingdom without a crown, an empire without royalty. The weary feet of mankind have been marching toward this republic ever since the first band of dusky savages held their midnight war-

dance and crowned a chief. As the strata of the earth over-arch its burning heart, and furnish a platform and support for the fruitful soil to quicken into bloom the beauty and fragrance of a flower, so all the shattered empires of human history furnish the granite base upon which the proud pedestal of our republic stands.

I have said a history of the world courses like a stream toward the American Republic. The dynasties of the Pharaohs of Egypt, long since crumbled to decay, the ashes of Babylon, the ruins of Rome, and all the dead empires of the past, have been so many steps toward our republic and the liberties we enjoy. Men in every age build wiser than they know, and there is a just God who transforms the accidents and incidents of man's career of sin and ambition into polished stones, and places them with his omnipotent hand into the enduring temple of the ages. Men build wiser than they know; so it was with our fathers when they laid the foundations of our republic; they did not realize the audience to whom they were speaking; they spoke that England might hear; but God was speaking through them to all nations, all ages, and all peoples. Let us not forget that ideas are the most potent forces in the world; they build and destroy nations, establish and wipe out institutions. Sometimes ideas gestate for ages, waiting

the supreme moment for their birth. When the throes of revolution come, all are startled with their majesty and power ; but how few watch the secret forces which lead to their culmination. The most vulgar are startled by the noise of the avalanche crashing through the mountain canyons, yet the most daring hunter rarely pauses to witness the silent sunbeam unloose its moorings on the snowy crest above. The terrific peals of thunder and lurid flash of the lightning startle and terrify, but the meteorologist sounds the hollow air, which breeds the brooding storm.

Only a few thoughtful minds in our nation foresaw the irrepressible conflict of 1861, and yet that conflict was as natural and certain as the night that succeeds the day, or that the pent-up fires of Vesuvius and Etna must burst forth even though cities are buried by a molten flood. Let us remember that for more than three-quarters of a century the terrific blaze of 1861 had been kindling, and when the flames burst forth they lit the brooding heavens with their red glare.

The caustic Carlyle found the fuse to the magazine of the French Revolution in a third element of the empire, an element of toiling peasants, whose wretched lives furnished the lowest strata in French society. The Carlyle of to-day can see the fuse to the American Rebellion beneath the dusky

skins of four million bondsmen, over whose heads the flag of freedom proudly waved, while heavy chains were eating like vampires on their dusky limbs. But behind the bloody drama there was a conflict of ideas as irrevocable as the fiat of God.

Some of you who sit here to-day remember the political strife of 1860. You remember when the expressed will of the people made Abraham Lincoln (the bony patriot of Illinois, than whom none greater or nobler has lived and died) President of the United States; you remember his plaintive words when he bade farewell to his friends, neighbors and prairie home, and started on his journey to Washington, and how he passed through Baltimore in disguise. His tender words in his inaugural address are still ringing in my ears, like the exhortation of a father to a truant child. Somehow, when a great crisis comes, God raises up men for the occasion; they are men of destiny, men without the education of schools, men without royal heritage or lineage, men who rise up in times of trouble, as the bald peaks of the Andes and Himalayas rise above the murky clouds. Abraham Lincoln was such a man. He was the Moses God raised up among us, to lead us through the Red Sea of war, to the fair Canaan of our hopes.

You remember what followed; how the heart of

the nation was terrified when the black-throated cannon spit its iron hail upon the defenseless breast of Fort Sumter. The people of the North had not been schooled in the horrid art of war; they did not know their forts and arsenals had been robbed and pillaged until war's mad holocaust blazed forth around them.

Did the world ever witness another such a scene as this mighty uprising? In a moment, peaceful villages and hitherto happy and industrious neighborhoods were startled with the music of fife and drum. There was an imperiled country to save. There was only one voice to be heard throughout the land, and that voice was the trumpet of patriotism; all else was forgotten. Intolerance cast away its narrow and moss-grown creeds, wealth disgorged its hoarded treasures, poverty forgot its rags, age brushed from its wrinkled brow time's deep furrows, and the church, with its altar, the palaces, with their wealth of luxury and damask, poverty's wretched hut, all echoed with the voice of patriotism. We all spoke one language then. The brogue of the Irishman was dropped, and the broken English of the German rose into dearest eloquence. There is something in a great calamity which tears off these masks we wear, breaks down the little distinctions we set up, and men and women come closer together. When the

fire fiend reduced the city of Chicago to gray heaps of ruin, the children of wealth and poverty were made members of one family by the appalling calamity. When Charleston was rocked in the throes of an earthquake, her citizens forgot the color of their skin, and huddled together in places of safety. Never did the nameless wealth of human nature assert itself more supremely than in those dark days of the rebellion. It was one of those trying hours when the heroic was triumphant. The jeweled maid and hard-handed kitchen girl were sisters then. There was an imperiled country to save, and the nation called for patriotic sons. The Josephs and the Benjamins of uncounted home flocked to the recruitings stations, as birds migrate to a warmer clime when chilled by winter winds. There were no catechisms when they reached the station. No one asked whether he was a Jew, pagan, Mohammedan or Christian, or whether he came from college, office, store, plow or pulpit. We did not even demand his naturalization papers there. The officers did not inquire whether he was from New England or had just landed at Castle Garden. No questions then whether he came from England, Ireland, Germany, or the heather-covered hills of Scotland. The only question was: "Are you a patriot, and ready to fight for your country?"

After Lincoln's call for volunteers, before the moon had traveled the twelve signs of the zodiac, a mighty army was raised, ready to move onto the conflict. Some of us will remember till life's last hour the scene of their departure.

As I stand before you to-day, the magic wand of memory brushes away thirty vanished years, and that vision is before me as though it were but yesterday. I see the trains ready to bear them away. The engine with its heart of fire, and mighty arms of polished steel, is robed with our country's starry banner. The cars are draped with its ample folds, the bell is ringing, it gives to the morning air its clear notes of patriotism, but how soon its sound was to change into death's muffled dirge for brave ones fallen, God only knew. They are ready to depart, loving wives are bedewing many a manly cheek with woman's tender kiss, while little children, love's incarnate angels, are clinging with their lily hands to father's coat of blue. Lovers exchange mementos and hurried glances, while tender maidens utter words the thoughtless cannot hear, with cheeks blanched and white as the marble sentinel which to-day guards our heroes' ashes. Mothers, as heroic as the Spartans of old, are bidding farewell to their darling boys. The train is moving, they are gone, handkerchiefs and hands wave from its fleeing windows, while

the smoke, heavy and black from the over-laden engine, rolls over it like some somber funeral pall. Those left behind return to homes as vacant and desolate as Death's empty chair.

Great God! what awful days of gloomy midnight followed, days holding within their few brief hours weeks and months of anxiety. Then news came back on lightning's fiery wings of battles fierce and bloody. Mothers wring their hands in grief, and tearfully inquire if their Benjamin is safe. The contest deepens and darkens until wounded love reads the obituary of its dead by war's red glare and the blaze of burning cities.

Look at the War of the Rebellion from any point of view, and it ranks among the greatest and the most bloody in the history of mankind. The scene of conflict extended from the Potomac river afar westward to the Missouri, and along the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Indeed, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the southern border of Illinois, the fruitful valley was wet with patriotic blood.

The siege of Vicksburg and its final surrender July 4, 1863, ranks among the noted in history. Vicksburg was the Sebastopol of the Southern Confederacy in the southwest, and its fall the first decided blow for victory to our armies. I do not call to mind a war equal to the rebellion in the ex-



tent of the field of its conquests. It was equally great when we consider the number engaged. Nearly 2 900,000 were mustered into service during the war; 2,261 battles and engagements were fought. About 300,000 died in battle and of disease and imprisonment, as the direct result of the war, and these were the bone and sinew of the republic; the young men who were the strength and hope of a nation. It cost the nation over six billion dollars. Four long years the bloody contest continued; four years from the fall of Fort Sumter to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

In the beginning of the war we did not realize the magnitude of the contest forced upon us. The extent of the bloody drama was hid from the clearest seeing statesman in the nation. We were in no sense prepared for it. The mighty issues which underlaid the carnage of battle were hid from our poor view. When a call for 75,000 men was issued it struck a responsive chord in the heart of the entire North; yard-sticks were dropped on the counter, plows were left in the field, fires died away at the forge, and all personal and private interests were forgotten. So quick was the nation's response, that in forty-eight hours Massachusetts responded with a regiment of men; nor was New York less tardy in answering this call. But when the 2nd Massachusetts regiment reached Baltimore.

en route to the Capital to defend a nation's honor, they were stoned like dogs in the street, and assailed by an infuriated mob

In all the earlier stages of the war, the northern army fought under great disadvantages, and the government at Washington was forced to assert itself in the face of the most formidable obstacles. It not only had to meet armed treason without, but also had to contend with secret treason within its own ranks. On the corridors of the capitol, in the halls of legislation, and in all the cities bordering on the southern States, treason hovered, an ill-omened night bird. The massing of every army, the plans and details of all its military operations, were made known to the armies of the South. The North went into war with its forts and arsenals robbed, its treasury depleted, and with no skilled generals to lead them. Our armies went forth to meet warriors as brave and determined as ever faced the storm of battle.

We began the war to assert and maintain a national supremacy. But there is a God who presides over the destinies of men and nations; a God who converts sorrow's tears in his own good time into magical fountains of joy; a God who turns our weakness into strength, and who causes to course beneath the momentary ripples we raise upon the ocean of life, the mighty gulf stream of

destiny. This God, who hears the faintest sigh of a sleeping babe, and who tempers the merciless winds of fate to His shorn lambs, had a deeper and broader work for the northern army to accomplish. He had already willed that His sable children should no longer be sold like sheep in the shambles, and the fetters should be broken on four million limbs.

In the majority of the battles of '61 and '62 the tide of fortune was against us. The blood of our patriotic sons crimsoned the fields of Manassas, Bull Run and a hundred other contests. Our noble sons went forth to be mown down like grass by the legions of the South. They pushed forward into the seceded States only to be driven back by the points of bristling bayonets. In those dark days the nation called for a leader, but none of the old generals seemed able to cope with the invincible foe. In our despair, the coming man made his appearance, and, like all great men, he came from the source least expected. He rose up among us like some towering mountain lifted far above the plain, bidding defiance to the storm of battle.

In the southwest there was a man, over whose uneventful life, up to the war of '61, society, ever ready to pass judgment, had written failure. He was a silent man — an invincible man. In thirty

days after the fall of Fort Sumter, this man reported to the Governor of Illinois with a company of men. So thoroughly did he drill his troops, he was soon made colonel of the regiment of three months' volunteers. A little later in this contest, we find him made a Brigadier-General, and placed in command at Mexico, Mo.; soon he is placed in command of the district at Cairo. The months roll on and this silent man speaks; his first words are few, but their simple utterance made thrill the heart of a nation. Never did a message of so few words convey so much of hope as did this: "The Union flag floats over Fort Donelson." Then we place him in command of the army of the Tennessee. At Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing, and Corinth, he rises like a military giant. Now he winds himself with his armed legions, like an anaconda, around Vicksburg, crushing her hitherto invulnerable forts and planting his country's flag over its broken walls. Then we place him in command of the division of the Mississippi, and a grateful nation bestows upon him and his heroic army a gold medal with their thanks. Then we made him Lieutenant-General, and finally commander-in-chief of the forces of the nation. In his career the war of the rebellion had developed its own hero, and furnished another name to go into history, ranking among the great military com-

manders of the world. That man was General Grant, the tanner of Illinois, the conqueror of Donelson and Vicksburg, the magnanimous patriot and military chieftain, who, in the last act of the rebellion, received in quiet dignity the sword of Lee at Appomattox. At the close of the war he was the central figure of our nation. In his tour around the world no American citizen has received such distinguished honors as did he. We remember the hero to-day who went up to his immortality from Mt. McGregor with thankful hearts and tears of gratitude.

But General Grant was not the only great military chieftain developed by the war of the rebellion. To even call the names of the long list who have given to history their military genius, would transcend the limit of the present discourse. It is probable General Grant owed more to our own General Sherman for the laurels that he won, than any living man. Sherman had the bravery of a Napoleon, and the fertility of resource and strategy rarely found among the military achievements of mankind. So long as the history of our nation endures, his name will live. The most bold and daring feat of the northern army was enacted when Sherman, with his war-worn veterans, swept like an avenging angel to the sea. The history of his march through Georgia will be read by children yet unborn. The

pride and hope of the Confederacy was at no time so thoroughly humbled as when he presented Abraham Lincoln with the proud and haughty city of Savannah as a Christmas gift. The old hero of many battles has gone, and there is not a surviving soldier of the Northern army who will not tenderly think of him to-day.

I cannot forbear the mention of another name on this occasion. No general was so loved by his soldiers and none more daring and gallant than our own lamented McPherson. Had I remained at home to-day I should have tried to say a kindly word by his monument erected at Clyde by the Army of the Tennessee. He is buried near the spot where he was born, and by the graves of his kindred. Our people had an especial pride in him, and the most sorrowful day my own village saw in all those dark days of the war was when he fell before Atlanta. All night we waited for the train to bear back to us his ashes. Just as the grey morning commenced to dawn it whistled into the depot. Never did the sound of an engine fall on our ears as did this. It was like the smothered groans of a dying universe breaking over a wrecked and crumbling world. Never did a sunrise dawn over a more touching scene in a country village; but I forbear further mention of his name. For years his riderless horse was an object of venera-

tion on our streets, and the scars of the wounds he received when his gallant rider fell, proclaimed with touching eloquence and patriotic appeal, their sad story to our people. But warrior and war horse are gone. The dust of the brave hero has no doubt dissolved, and only the bronze and granite remain to proclaim the havoc war's merciless hand made in the nation.

The real heroism, however, of the Northern army, was not found alone in generals with swords and uniform. They did not ride to battle booted and spurred, nor live in headquarters with orderlies to serve their commands. The real heroes of the war walked on foot in mud and storm; they carried heavy knapsacks, lived on half rations and no rations; they slept on logs, and often without blankets on frosty nights; they fought in great clouds of dust and smoke; advanced and retreated over bloody and fallen comrades; they wet with their blood countless battlefields, and many of them uttered life's last farewell with no loved one to catch the words falling from lips upon which pale death had set its frozen seal. The privates of the war were its real heroes. They knew nothing of military service; they had not been educated in military schools; they sought no honor but duty; their only ambition was to save an imperiled country. God bless the privates of the army. A

flower for every grave; a tear for every one that has fallen.

Nor were the great privations found in their marches, fields of battle or hospitals. The blackest chapter in the War of the Rebellion has not yet been touched; the door to its hell of horrors has not yet been opened. I can hardly find courage to mention it to-day. The thought of its untold sorrows, its revolting cruelty, makes my blood tingle to my very fingers' ends, and my heart feel to pour over it red-hot curses. I allude to the privations and suffering in Southern prison pens. To face death in battle requires courage, but to endure the horrors of a Southern prison required courage and fortitude combined. The people of the North can forgive the South for inaugurating the War of the Rebellion; they can admire her skilled generals and courageous soldiers; they can believe the war grew out of honest differences of opinion regarding our national administration; that it was a conflict of ideas; a struggle between aristocracy and democracy. Hence, we can think kindly and tenderly of the men who wore the gray, but we can never forget the inhumanity and cruelty perpetrated upon our soldiers who were taken prisoners. On their defenseless heads, when they had plenty, they invoked the vengeance of lean, land, and skeleton hunger. Did they try to escape,



trained dogs, like wolves, were sent to gnaw their wasted flesh. They permitted scurvy, and all the foul diseases pestilence breeds, to riot upon men who, by all the laws of warfare, were entitled to humane treatment. 13,714 died at Andersonville. In August, 1864, 3,076 graves were made for their victims. Think of it, over 13,000 graves were left at Andersonville alone. Add to this Libby with all its horrors, Belle Isle and others, and we have a chapter of cruelties too atrocious and inhuman to describe. There may be some here who know what the sufferings and cruelty of Southern prisons were; if so, they can tell it better than I. It is enough that I state to you that thirty to forty thousand or more of the pride of the North, the flower of the nation, were buried outside the gates of Southern prisons. They sleep, many of them, in coffinless graves, and their bones enrich the jaded soil. They died with the demon of hunger consuming their vitals—they died with loathsome vermin crawling over their wasted bodies—they died with no loved ones to moisten their parched lips—no friends to pour over their pillowless heads a blessing or a prayer—they died, the sons of wealth and plenty, clad in dirty and filthy rags. They died that a free republic might live, and that liberty, the first born angel of the skies, might wash from her spotless robes the foul stains of

human slavery. Their ashes sleep without stones to guard them ; the larger number of their graves have not been bedewed with love's fond tears. Many of them are unknown, and no tender hand can to-day drop on them a flower, but we can bless their heroic lives and mingle our tears together, a tribute to their memory.

Did I say their graves were unwatched and unguarded? I speak too hastily. God is kind, and pitying Nature cares for them ; she kisses the most humble mounds with the light of her ever faithful sun ; she drops upon them the tears of weeping clouds and night's dewy breath ; she bids the sighing winds and wandering zephyrs sing over them a requiem ; she sets great sentinels of light in the over-arching heavens at night, burnishes them in silver, and bids them look down and guard them as tenderly as a mother's sleepless eyes watch over a suffering child. God is kind ; He weaves the rainbow of hope over the ebon clouds of despair ; He transforms the tears of wounded love into fadeless jewels, and sets them in the coronet of heaven, and at last transforms the lamentations of a people into peans of joy.

I stand here a stranger to most of you, and cannot fittingly speak of your dead. I am not familiar with their heroic lives and daring deeds ; you knew them and you loved them. They belonged to your

village and were a part of your homes. You have done for them a most fitting service; you have decked their graves with flowers, the gorgeous springtime's richest bloom. I hope, as the busy years come and go, you will not forget to pay this tender tribute to their memory. When these old veterans shall drop by the way, one by one, let the Sons of Veterans and daughters of the Relief Corps take up the work, and let us have one day in the years which fall from time's mighty urn made sacred to patriotism.

Let us turn from the graves of our patriots and all the tender memories which cluster around them, and take a brief view of the result of the contest. We have said that the war in its largest sense was a conflict of ideas. Had the South but paused long enough to study the map of the nation, it might have discovered that two antagonistic governments could not exist upon American soil. There is geography in all progress, and in all history. Nations do not thrive upon barren rocks and desert sands. All nations rise and fall by an inexorable law; their growth and existence is largely determined by physical conditions. The valley of the Nile gave ancient Egypt her glory. The civilization of Greece was largely determined by physical environments. So the hand that mapped the geography of our nation, made a

northern and southern government impossible. Our great rivers course southward to the sea, and no hand can divide them. The products of the soil are varied, and each is the natural complement of the other. The grain fields of the north and the west, the streams which turn fast revolving wheels and spindles in the east, and the cotton fields and orange groves of the south, belong to one country ordained and established by Him who laid the foundations of the world. Moreover, this nation could not exist half slave and half free; you cannot mix aristocracy and democracy. They are as distant as day and night, light and darkness, good and evil; nor can you blend slave labor and free labor together; the veniality of the one takes from the other its dignity and power. The result of the war settled forever this contest. Man's extremity becomes freedom's opportunity. Not until the North put bayonets in the black man's hands, knapsacks upon his back, and clothed him with the dignity of manhood and patriotism, did her armies begin to conquer. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was the death knell of the Southern Confederacy and the herald of our jubilee.

What an era of prosperity dawned on our nation at the close of the war. The new South, with free labor, is advancing as never before. The smoke of

her great factories and busy industries now arises a kindly greeting to the fleecy clouds, tempering the heat of a midsummer's sun. Her orange groves already begin to bloom with loveliness, inviting the repose of the gods. Her cotton fields smile anew, and those who once picked them as slaves are singing a new song. The auction block is gone, and the slave pens are no more. In the North this progress has been more forcibly emphasized. We have tied the Atlantic to the Pacific with bands of steel. Cities have sprung up since our heroes fell, the pride and wonder of modern times. We are one people now, united and happy, and pushing forward to a glorious destiny. But the war has its lessons; it bids us remember that the tree of liberty must be always watched and safely guarded. Eternal vigilance is the price of all free institutions. The pillars of the citadel of this republic rest in the hearts of its loyal sons and daughters. Patriotism is a flower, and its rarest bloom comes from the consecration and devotion of honest and loyal hearts.

I have mentioned the patriotic deeds of the great Northern army of volunteers, but there was another army, an army in reserve to which I have not alluded. This army did not carry bayonets or man gunboats or cannon. Its members did not die on Southern battlefields, or in loathsome prison pens.

Many of them died, however; died with broken and bleeding hearts. Some of them sit here to-day, bowed down with the shadow of their great bereavement, and their faded cheeks are wet with woman's tender tears. God bless that army of reserves who remained at home to guard the little children, long since fatherless. God bless the tender hands, many of which have long since dropped still and cold in death, who picked lint and cotton for our soldiers' wounds; hands that prepared and sent forward to them delicacies for their loneliness and distress, woman's tribute and love's offering. There is no field of heroism where woman's voice is not heard. There is no drama on the stage of life over which she does not raise and drop the curtain. I would also remember on our memorial day the brave nuns who brooded like angels over blood-red battlefields, lifting fallen heads, wiping the death damp from their brow, and catching the last words for friends and loved ones at home.

Soldiers, I have already discoursed too long; I cannot, however, close without a word to the members of this Post. who are surviving heroes of the war. The living deserve the same kindly respect and honor we pay to the dead. I do not think we should withhold our love and sympathy for our fellow-men until we can carve it on their tomb-

stones or write it in their obituaries. I never look into the face of a surviving soldier but that my heart goes out in tenderness to him. I do not ask whether he speaks my language, believes in my religion or worships at my altar. It is enough for me to know he was a soldier of the republic and has maintained his country's flag. Every day I meet them, and my life is made better by their living. Some walk with cane or crutch, others carry an empty sleeve, and all bear in the hard lineaments of their faces the marks of those months and years of heroic struggle. Nor can I look in the faces of those who surround me to-day without reading Time's solemn admonition Your ranks grow thinner as the days pass by. Death's keen-edged sickle, ever suspended, is fast reaping among you his harvest. Only a few weeks ago, one of your comrades, loved by you all, fell by the wayside, and you bore his crippled form out to yonder cemetery and filled another grave. He has joined the innumerable hosts of the dead, and as he has strewn flowers over the graves of others, so you to-day have decked his grave with the garlands of your love. Peace to his ashes! Joy to his arisen spirit! You will meet him in the morning where no storms of battle rage.

Soldiers, the shadows are falling, life's setting sun is already painting vermillion and gold on the

distant hills ; your campfires will soon die away, unless the Sons of Veterans rekindle the flame. Your work and mine will soon be done, but man will live, and our republic move forward, the pride and glory of the earth. Let us each in our day and generation contribute the wealth of our lives and hearts to raise the columns of a free government higher, and build them broader. Let us hope that when so builded by us, and those who succeed us, they may endure forever. But if there cometh a time when they must crumble and fall with all earthly things, let it be in that day when the earth, grown old and grey, shall have completed its cycle, and gone back again into empty chaos.