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THE
SHEKINAH;
A Quarterly Review.

Devoted to Free Thought and Universal Inquiry; the Elucidation of
Vital and Mental Phenomena, and the Progress of Man.

CONDUCTED BY S. B. BRITTAN.

I will receive TRUTH, if need be, without the seal of Church or State.

VOL. I. NO. 1. OCTOBER, 1851.

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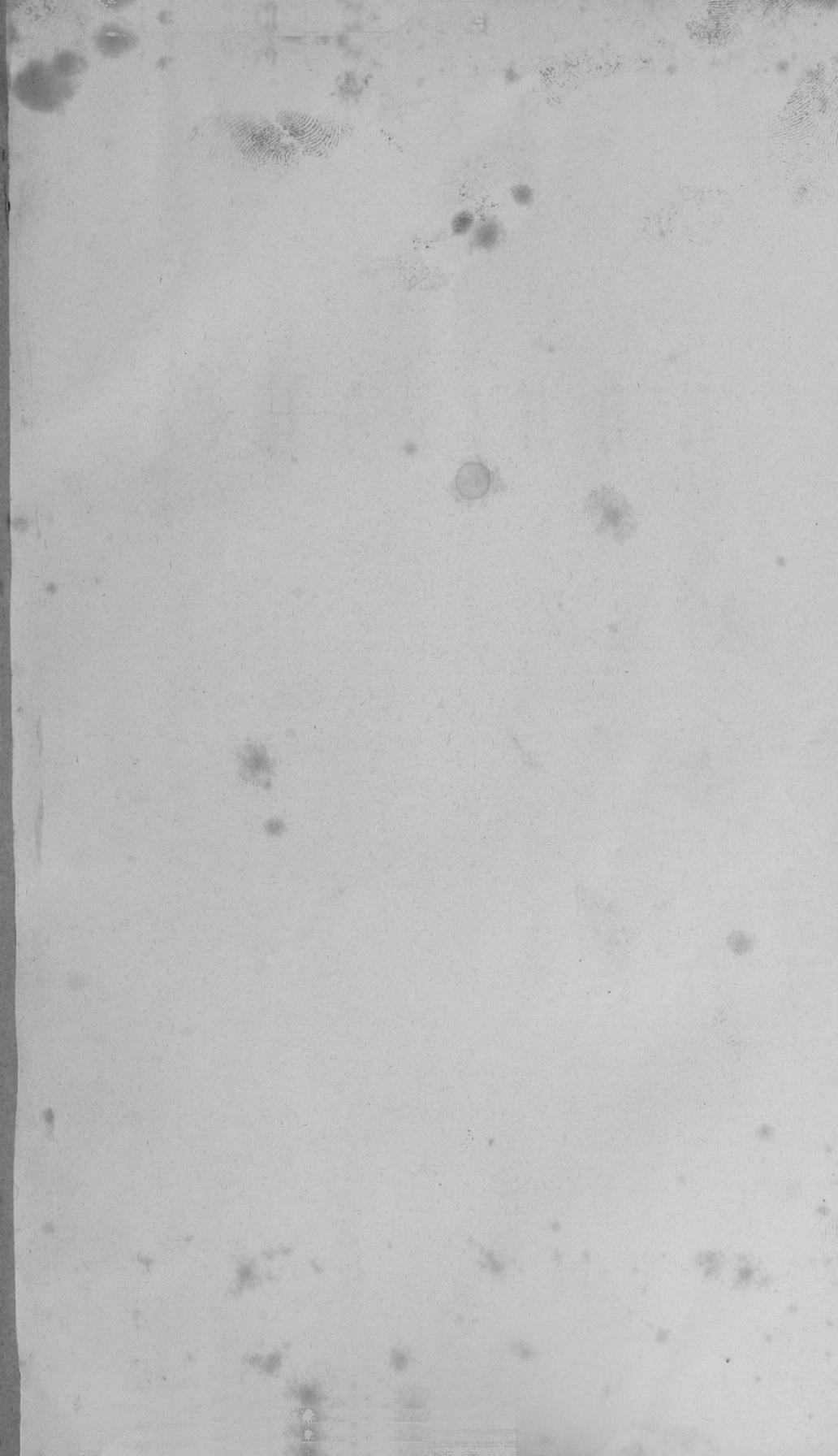
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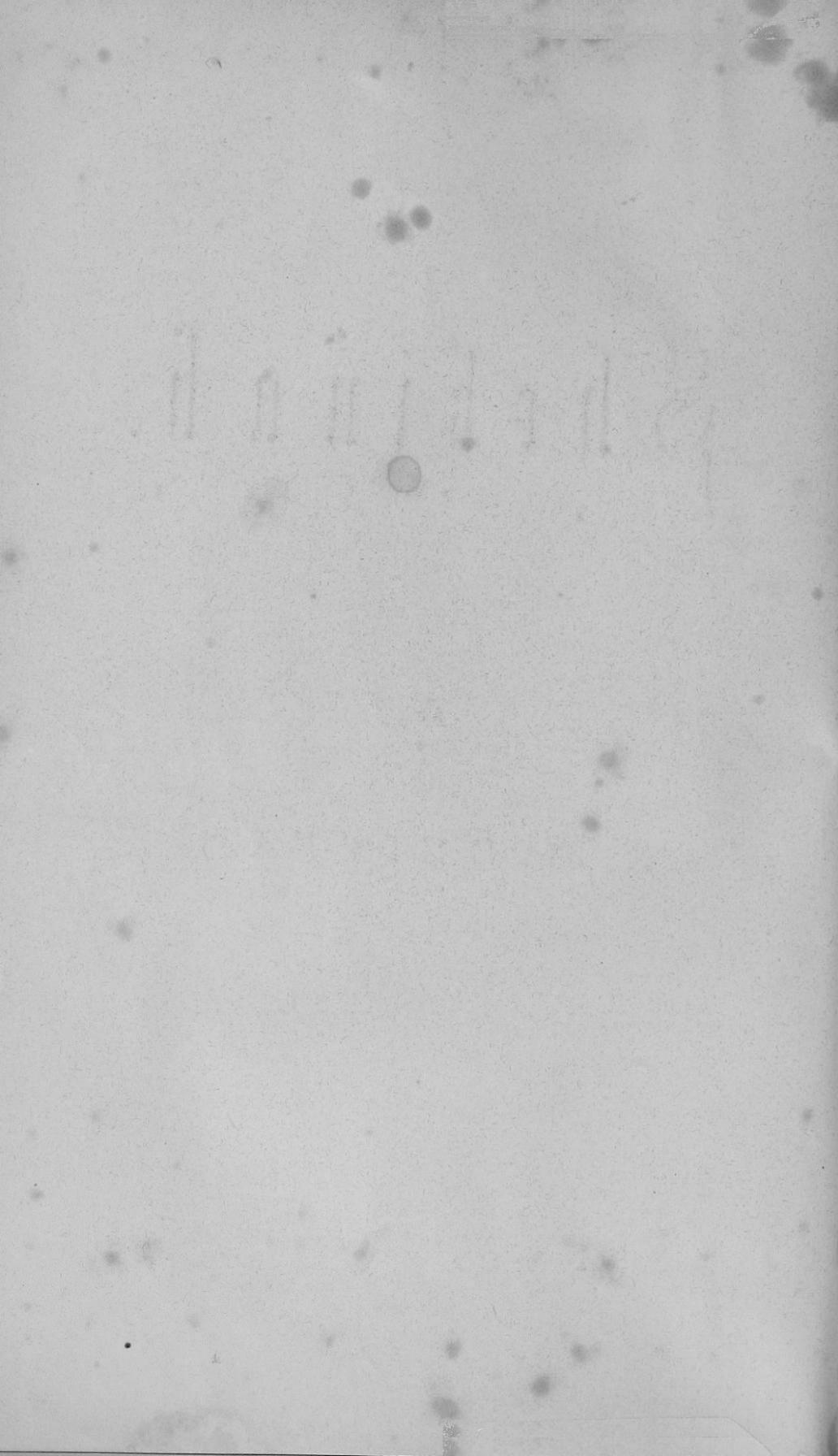
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EDITED

BY

S. B. BRITTAN.

W. L. Ginn'sy Sr.

I heard a great voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK.

S. B. BRITTAN.

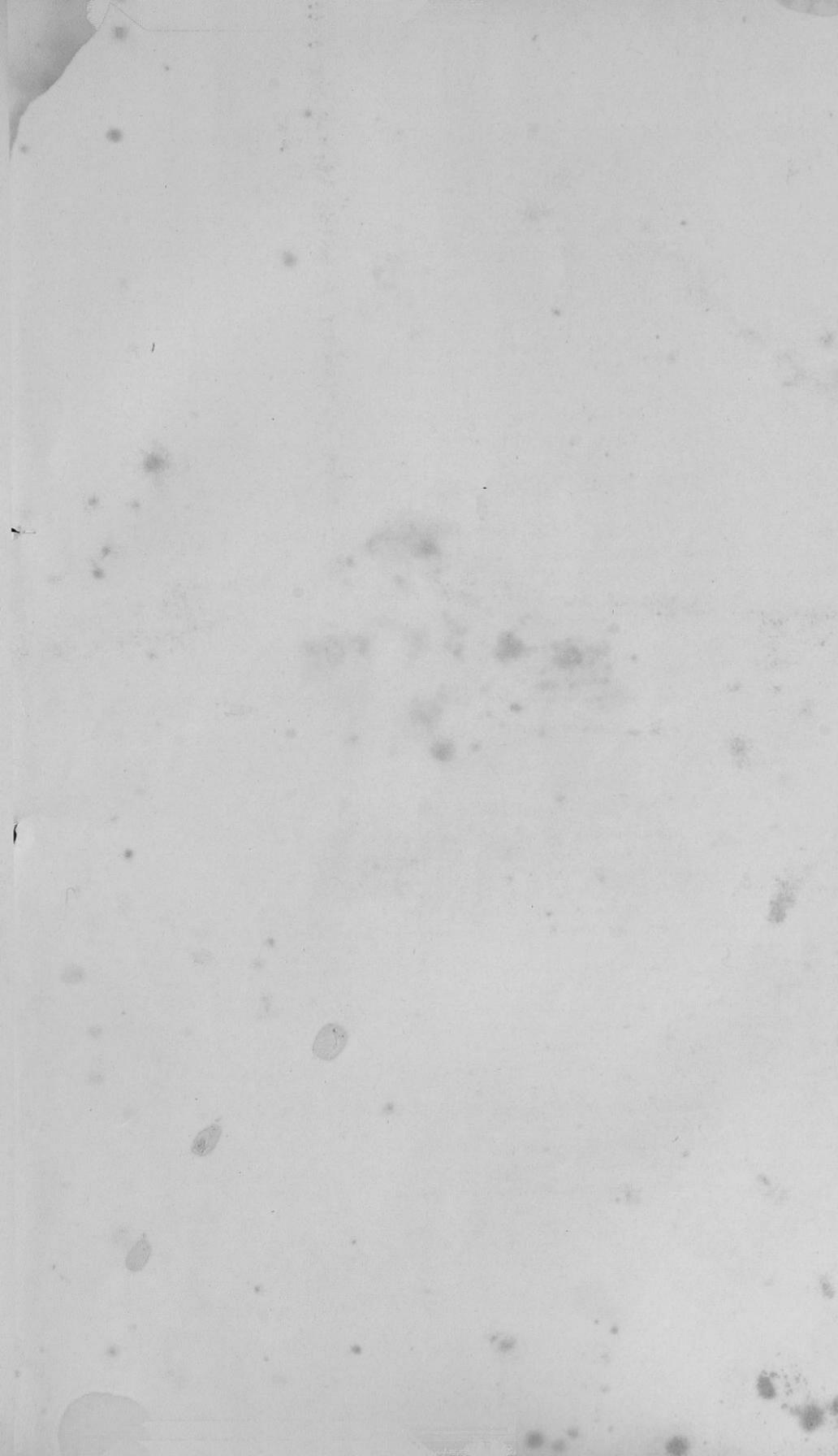
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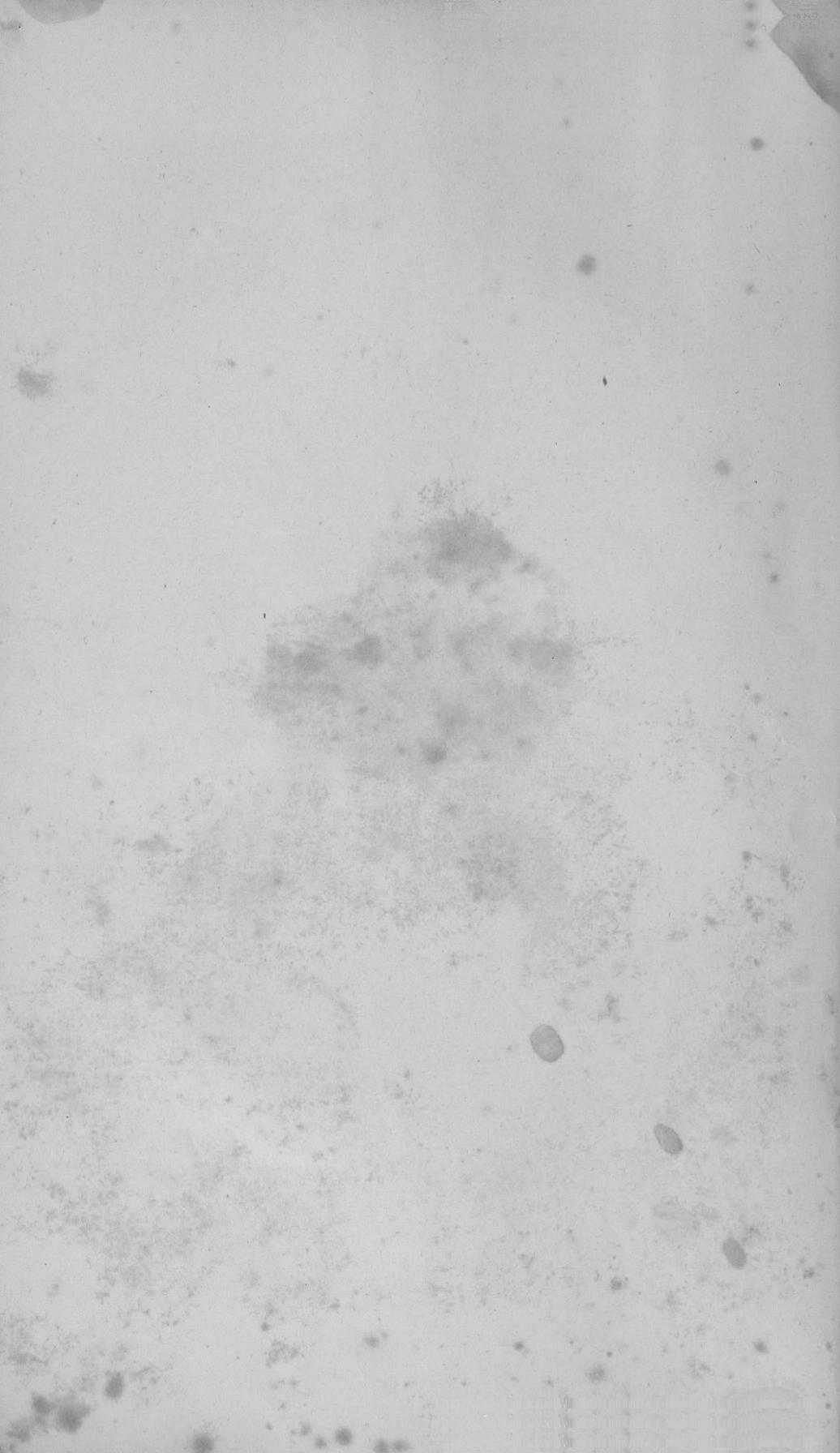


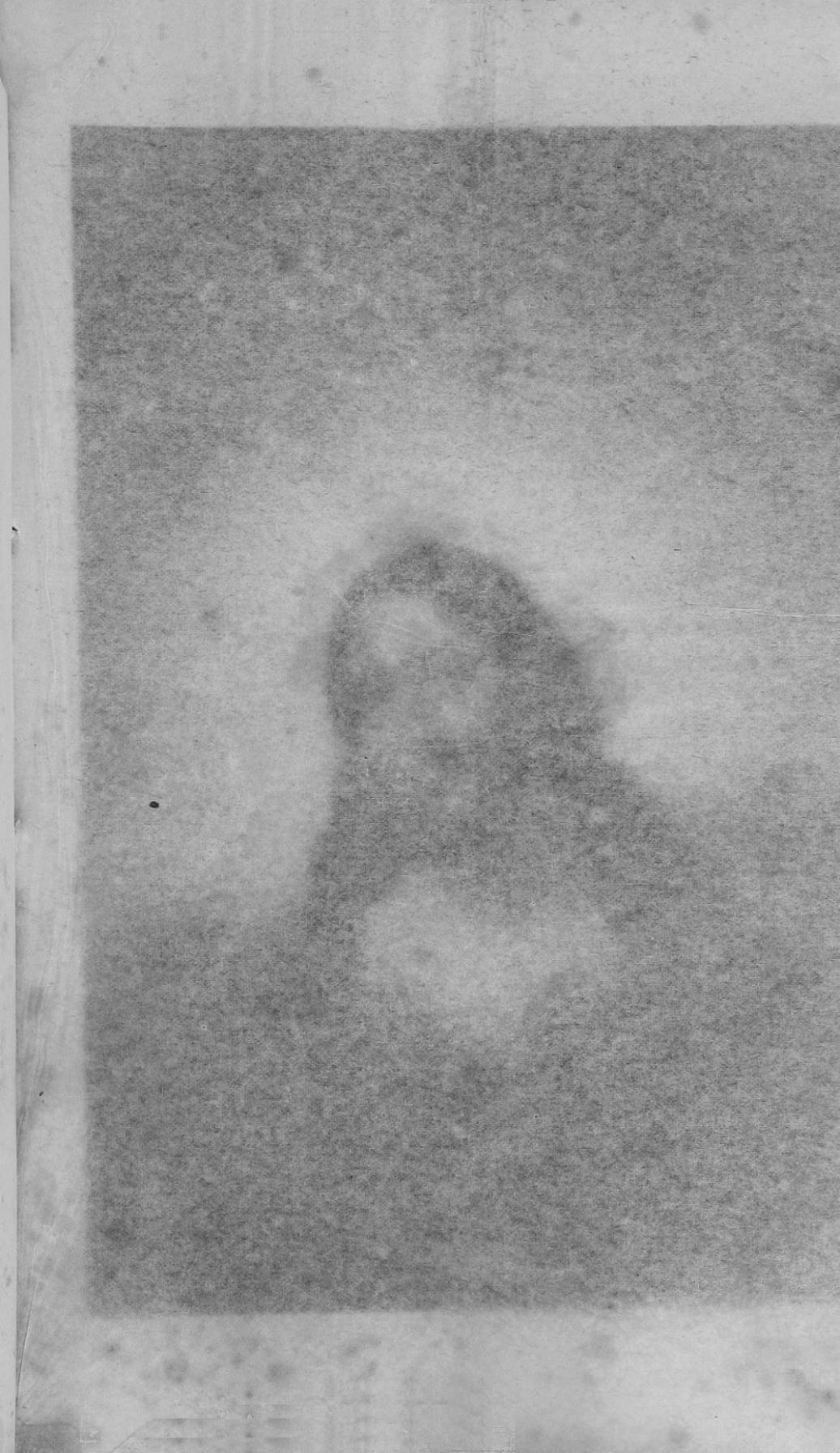
FRIENDS
OF
SPIRITUAL SCIENCE IN AMERICA,
THE
Great Sabbath of Mental Freedom and Spiritual Rest,
DAWNS ON THE WORLD!
AND TO
YOU WHO REJOICE IN THE MORNING LIGHT,
This First Volume
OF
THE SHEKINAH
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY
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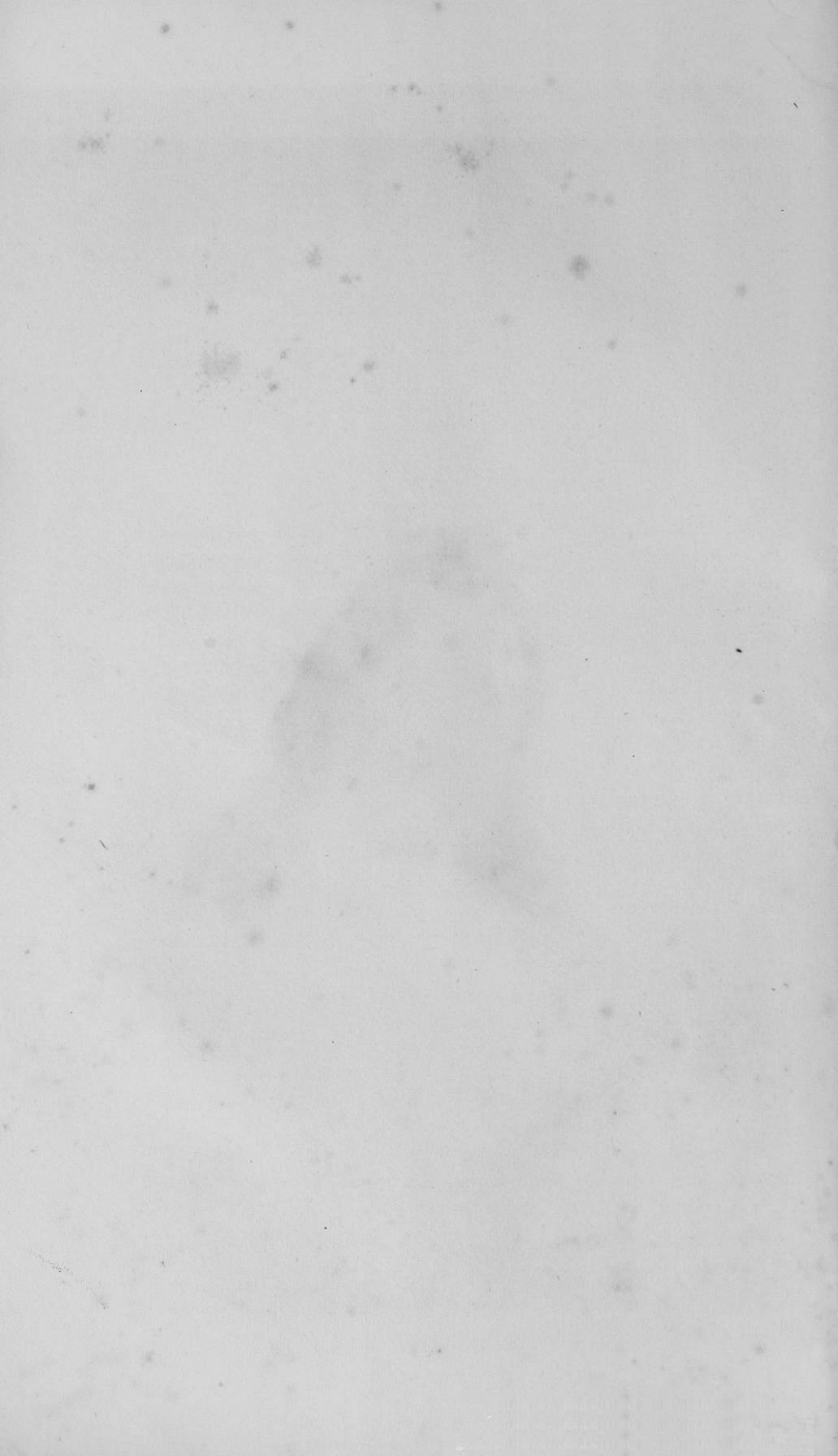


THE SHEKINAH



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S. B. BRITTAN

1851



SPIRITUALISM:

ITS NATURE AND MISSION.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

"The Spirit giveth life."—PAUL.

A superficial system of philosophy will always be material in its nature, since it regards only the outward forms and visible phenomena of the Universe, while a profound philosophy will necessarily be spiritual, because it seeks the mysterious depths of existence, and aims to discover those hidden laws and spiritual forces on which all physical developments depend. The deepest philosophy will, therefore, be the most religious, if not in the popular apprehension, at least in a rational and true sense. If "the undevout Astronomer is mad," it would seem that all our investigations into Nature should serve but to deepen the reverence of the truly rational mind. Those who look at Nature from without—who question her oracles from the world's remote position—never hear the responses from her inmost shrine. They know as little of her divine utterances as the traveler, in a strange land, may know of the forms of worship peculiar to the country he is in, while he only gazes from a distance at the walls of its temples. We must *enter* the divine precincts—*breathe* the spiritual atmosphere—and bow at the altars from which the incense of perpetual worship ascends. Standing within the veil, we discover that the illuminated seers, and the inspired poets and prophets of all ages, in their sublimest moods, have but echoed the voices of Nature, or spoken the words of God, from out the inner courts of his Sanctuary.

The motto at the head of this article involves the consideration, that the vital principle in all things is *Spiritual*. In every object

we trace the presence of a power, greater than all material things, as the actuating principle is superior to the gross forms it governs. The comparative immobility of matter, in its inferior combinations, is incompatible with the existence of the superior forms and functions of organized being. The susceptibility of matter to motion, must be increased, by the attenuation of the physical elements, in order to develop those changes and combinations, among the ultimate particles, which are indispensable to organic formation. It is evident that, among the more ethereal conditions which matter assumes, the atomic relations are constantly changing; and as we traverse the great spiral of ascending life, the forms in each succeeding gradation become more curious and beautiful, and their functions the more mysterious and divine. Enthroned above the dead elements, in an unparticled essence, is the spiritual power from which their vitality is derived. The meanest form in Nature—the feeblest thing in which the living principle is enshrined and revealed—receives the quickening energy from the infinite Sensorium. From Nature's great heart the vital currents flow out through all the arteries of Being. All life is the action of Mind on Matter; it is the revelation of a spiritual presence—of God's presence! If we ascend to those sublime heights, where thought folds her weary pinions, and aspiration seeks repose; or, if we descend into the mysterious and fathomless abyss—to the vast profound, where the shadows of nonentity veil the germs of existence—in every place, and in all natures, is God revealed. In the endless cycles of material and spiritual development—from the deep Center to the undiscovered circumference of being—His thoughts are written; and from all spheres accessible by men or angels, it is revealed that, "the Spirit giveth life."

Here we may announce, as the subject of this disquisition, **THE NATURE AND MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.**

It must be sufficiently obvious, that the religious faith and scientific philosophy of the world have been sadly at variance.—It is impossible to disguise the fact, that many of the most exalted minds have, on this account, been driven away from the great truths which most intimately concern the peace of the soul. This has resulted, in a great degree, from the materialistic attributes and tendencies of modern Theology, which have been mis-

taken, even by men of great spiritual powers, for the divine realities of Christ's religion. This theology, as it appears to us, does virtually divorce the indwelling Divinity of the Universe from its outward form; it severs all direct connection between the Creator and the spirits he has made; it closes up the avenues of spiritual sensation, and, by its cold formalism and materiality would ossify the very souls of men, so that the Divine energy and the thoughts of angelic beings might no more flow into the human mind. Whatever is inexplicable by the known laws of physical nature, this theology is disposed to regard as *supernatural*; it limits all inspiration to the writers of a single Book, teaching that the day of revelation and miracle is past, and that man may no longer receive divine communications. The baptism of this theology in the name of Jesus, did not divest it of its outward corruptions, or cleanse it from its inherent grossness and materialism. The creature was about to enwrap himself in the dark folds of a cheerless and painful skepticism. The scholastic theology did not satisfy the rational faculties. Accordingly, Man sought for the evidence of his immortality in the nature of things, but being unable to perceive interior principles, or to trace the connection between material and spiritual existences, the sweet hope of immortal life was ready to expire in the soul. He paused in his investigations, lest he should discover the fallacy of all his cherished hopes. He sought to retire to the dim obscurity, in which he had slumbered so long; but deep, and thrilling utterances came from the invisible depths, and the unresting spirit was moved by a mysterious and unknown power.

To the old, arbitrary Formalism we oppose a divine Philosophy, which regards spirit as the Origin and End of all things—the cause of all external forms, and the source of all visible phenomena. It teaches that Deity pervades and governs, by established laws, the Universe of material and spiritual existence; that all truth is *natural*, and adapted to the rational faculties; that God is enshrined in the human soul; and, moreover, that all men, as they become God-like in spirit and life, are rendered susceptible to divine impressions, and may derive instruction from a higher sphere of intelligence. The spiritual idea will be found to comprehend the results of our faith and philosophy. From this point of observa-

tion we perceive that, by an almost infinite series of imperceptible gradations, the material elements are sublimated to etheriality, and organic existence becomes individualized and immortal. The relations of the visible and invisible worlds are here discoverable. Existence is seen to be one unbroken chain, beginning in Deity and ending in the lowest forms of matter; while faith and science, for the first time, meet and harmonize in one grand system of universal truth. In the light of these views, we discover that the limits of Nature are not to be determined by the capacity of the senses and the understanding, to perceive and comprehend them. Nature, if not absolutely illimitable, extends immeasurably beyond the limits of all human observation. The essential principles of Revelation have been presumed to be at war with Nature, only because our investigations of the latter have been restricted to the circumscribed sphere of visible existence. The external world contains many grand and beautiful revelations of power and wisdom, but as we leave the mere surface of being, and descend into the great Deep from which the elements of all life and thought are evolved, we feel a still stronger conviction that God is in all things, and that

“ Order is Heaven's first law.”

We are not discussing the doubtful merits of a mere human invention; not for some idle fancy or strange hallucination do we demand a serious and candid examination. It is a system of universal philosophy for which we ask a careful hearing and an honest judgment. This philosophy opens to man spheres of thought in which the free spirit may revel forever; surpassing all our former conceptions in the divinity of its principles, the comprehensiveness of its details, and the spirituality and unspeakable grandeur of its objects and results. It is the light of the Spiritual World which now shines out through Nature's material vestments. Neither the discovery nor the application of its principles should, as it appears to us, be passed to the credit of any individual man. It is HUMANITY'S best thought in the great day of its Resurrection. From England, France and Germany, as well as other advanced portions of the earth, the light is seen to radiate. The Heavens, so long veiled in gloom, are beginning to be illuminated

with divine coruscations, as though the Shekinah was about to be revealed anew in one vast halo encircling the nations.

It may be proper to observe, in this connection, that the outward circumstances and events which constitute the chief elements of human history, sufficiently indicate the inward nature and controlling ideas of men. The great purpose of life, and the general pursuits in which one is most actively employed, will be found to bear his own image. Every day opens a new chapter for the world's observation, in which the individual man writes his history in living and immortal characters. A man's life *is* himself. Employ an artist to represent the Virgin, and whether he will paint the Madonna or the Venus, will depend on the measure of his own spiritual growth. His idea will be incarnated in a voluptuous or in a spiritual form, in proportion as the sense or the soul has the preponderance. The sensualist—though gifted with the spirit of poesy and endowed with a masterly eloquence—if he were required to describe Heaven, would portray the paradise of the Arabian Prophet, peopled with those forms of physical grace and loveliness which ravish the senses while they enthrall the soul. The highest heaven of a refined sensualist would correspond to the Turkish seraglio, rather than the ethereal abodes of angelic life. Thus does every man embody himself in his works, and especially do we find in his religious life the autobiography of his inward being. It indicates the specific degree of development to which he has attained. If his religion be material, it is because his nature is so. While the higher faculties of the soul are slumbering in embryo, the religious principle very naturally clothes itself with material vestments, and the objects of its adoration are those forms which address themselves to the outward senses. In a state of savagism, men worship some visible object. Thus the sun, moon and stars, the elements, and even beasts, birds, reptiles and plants, have been invested with a sacred importance, and with those attributes which command the reverence of the benighted human spirit.

If we apply this principle to Christ—and to his religion, as taught and practically illustrated by himself—it will be found to warrant the loftiest ideal of his spirituality. His religion was the *farthest* possible remove from a mere ritualism. Notwithstanding

the old Pharisees were constantly citing the authority of Moses and the Prophets, Christ offered no written creed or deified books, to which an unreasoning conformity was demanded. Not one of the early Apostles required subscription to any sharply defined standard of opinion, either as the condition of present fellowship or of future salvation. It was manifestly no part of their mission thus to tempt the weak and the unworthy. Christianity never contemplated a *oneness of opinion*, it aimed at a more glorious consummation—"THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT." In this view of the subject, we have no occasion to undervalue its beautiful precepts, or to neglect the proper and obvious distinction between its spiritual realities and the materialism of popular theology.

While mortals would have honored Christ as the world delights to honor its own, he would accept no earthly jurisdiction, but sought the humblest place, saying,—“My kingdom is not of this world.” And yet that kingdom was not far removed. No fathomless gulf separated his throne from the sphere of man’s present existence. He fixed the seat of his empire, and signified the spiritual nature of his government, when he said,—“The kingdom of God is with you.” Christianity—not, indeed, as it is defined in the theological systems of the world, but the Christianity of Christ—the religion of that divinely beautiful life—was a SPIRITUALISM. It had no visible material object of worship; it required the observance of no costly rites and ceremonies; no gilded altars and fashionable temples—reared with the sweat and blood of the poor—were consecrated to its service. Christ announced the existence of one God—an all-pervading spiritual presence. The Heaven he disclosed—the Heaven reflected from the calm depths of his own beautiful spirit—was HARMONY. With him, the Universe was the temple of that Being whose appropriate worship—the pure offering of the grateful soul—was alike acceptable in all places. The worshiper was no more required to climb the Sacred Mount to be heard of God; the poor pilgrim, on his way to some distant shrine, hallowed by the worship of ages, might pause and seek repose, conscious of the Divine presence and protection. The Father of all spirits—the Infinite which Christ revealed—was there—was everywhere—to watch over his children. The lonely

mountain, the desolate wilderness, and the tempestuous sea, were alike consecrated by the holy presence.

But the spiritualism of Christ's religion was not manifest merely in his moral precepts, in the simplicity of his worship and the divinity of his life, but in the views it unfolds of the relations of the visible and invisible worlds. The power of departed spirits to influence mankind—to infuse their thoughts into the human soul, or to present themselves in the forms which characterized their earthly existence—is everywhere recognized. Christ and his Apostles, as well as the Seers and Prophets of all ages and countries, entertained this idea. All men, from the highest to the lowest capacity of earth, were presumed to be influenced, in a greater or less degree, by invisible spiritual agents. Jesus is said to have been led of the spirit into the wilderness, where he fasted forty days; at the baptism, a spirit descended and rested on him in the form of a dove; in the mount of transfiguration—when the face of Jesus shone “as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light”—Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with the disciples.—(Matt. xvii. 2, 3.) Faith in the constant presence and frequent appearance of disembodied spirits, was universal among the early Christians, or we have read the New Testament to no purpose.—When the disciples were at sea in the night, and Jesus approached them, they were troubled and said it is a spirit. After the Crucifixion, when the disciples were assembled at Jerusalem, Jesus appeared in their midst and they were terrified, supposing that they had seen a spirit. The Revelator testified that he was in the spirit on the Lord's day; and again, that he was carried away in the spirit. Paul speaks of being “caught up to the third heaven,” and of hearing “unspeakable words, not lawful for a man to utter.” The same Apostle, writing to the Hebrews, of those who have departed this life, says, “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?” Under the preaching of Peter, as would appear from the narration, about three thousand persons were, on one occasion, introduced into a psychical state, so that they began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance—in other words, as they were impressed. There are numerous allusions in every part of the Scriptures to the presence and power of spirits, and many persons are

declared to have been subject to the guardianship of some invisible agency.

Now to say that all these experiences ceased with the age of the Apostles, is not merely taking for granted what never has been proved, it is a gratuitous assumption for which there is no warrant either in Nature or Revelation. The Universe is one vast repository of means and instruments directed by the Omniscient Mind to the accomplishment of his great designs. The material elements and all the refined agents in Nature, are at his disposal, and subject to those laws which are but the expression of his eternal thought. Reason and analogy authorize the inference that, in the spiritual as well as the physical world, various instrumentalities are employed to secure the results of the Divine administration. If God moves in the elements, and governs the revolutions of material nature, His presence is still more gloriously displayed, as we ascend to those spheres where existence becomes more ethereal and divine. All subordinate intelligences may, therefore, be regarded as His ministers, sent forth in his name, armed with a measure of his power, and in some way subservient to his chief design. It is every where allowed, by the believers in revealed religion, that the deep things of the Spirit once found an utterance on earth—that Angels were sent to converse with mortals. Alas! have they bid a final adieu to the sphere of Man's present existence? To the spiritually-minded, it is a grave and important question which concerns the fate of those spirits, who were wont to visit the earth and to influence man in the olden time. Where, O, where *are* they? Will some authorized expounder of the modern scholastic divinity inform us whether they are all *dead*, or on a *journey*, that they are so generally presumed to have suspended their functions?

It is a curious fact that, while the outward Church arrogates the exclusive possession of all the divine powers and graces now existing on the earth, it has little or no real faith in any thing spiritual. Its theology separates, by an impassable gulph, the spheres of visible and invisible life; it virtually denies to the soul any present susceptibility to the influence of more exalted natures; it sunders the golden chain which binds the spirit to the sphere of its immortal birth—hurls it down from the high heaven of its as-

pirations and the companionship of Angels—and leaves Man to grovel among the dead elements of earth. True, it gives the vague promise of immortality hereafter, but it affords no definite conception of the relations of that state and the present, while it utterly discards the idea that spirits, in these last days, have any thing whatever to do with the affairs of men. Its heaven is afar off, or is peopled with inert spirits who seem to love their ease and forget their friends. It will be perceived, I think, that Materialism does not find all or its most distinguished advocates without the pale of the visible church. The ablest defenders of the so-called Christian theology, denounce Spiritualism as a most insidious heresy. When some susceptible nature is seen to yield to psychological action, or to exhibit a faith in the great principles of spiritual science, the inference is that he may be a fool, a knave, a madman, or perhaps that he is “filled with new wine.” They no more believe that angels ever speak to mortals, or manifest the powers by which they once influenced human thought and action. The whole spirit world is supposed to be silent now—and powerless—as though palsy were an epidemic in Heaven! Modern theology suggests the idea of a huge *petrification*, existing, to be sure, in a remarkable state of preservation; but—so lifeless—so cold—so stony, that the contemplation chills the soul. But unlike the fossil remains of some ancient body from which the life has departed; not like an old man bending beneath the weight of years and iniquities; nor yet, like the sculptured marble, white but cold—is Spiritualism. Rather is it a warm, living, and divine creation, invested with celestial light and immortal beauty. Spiritualism brings Heaven and our departed friends back to us. It shows heaven to exist where it was in Christ’s time—in the soul—“*within you.*” It teaches that,

“No curtain hides from view the spheres Elysian,
 But this poor shell of half-transparent dust;
 While all that blinds our spiritual vision,
 Is pride, and hate, and lust.”

While Spiritualism claims for Christianity all that the most devout believer can rationally require, it violates no principle of Nature, nor does it insult the enlightened human understanding

by withholding its sanction from a scientific philosophy. It respects the claims of each. Nor is this all; it harmonizes their respective claims. It can not be denied that, among the believers in this spiritual philosophy are many who have been avowed Materialists, and the most determined opposers of all revealed religion, as well as many others who have long been numbered with the most exemplary Christian believers. It is a remarkable fact that Spiritualism is bringing into one vast communion those who have hitherto entertained the most discordant theological opinions. The disciples alike of Voltaire and Rousseau, Lord Herbert, Bolingbrooke, Hume and Thomas Paine, of Swedenborg, Elias Hicks, John Calvin, John Wesley, John Murry, Priestly and Channing are here; and with one spirit, and in a great degree with one mind, they are uniting in a new, and—in its consummation we trust—a more spiritual and glorious union. It is now manifest that when our faith shall be rationalized and our philosophy spiritualized, they will meet and form one comprehensive system of material and spiritual science, sanctioned by the illuminated reason and sanctified by the universal faith and worship of man.

But it is in vain to expect that order will prevail until the transition is accomplished. The changes in the moral, social and religious ideas of men, like the great political struggles of the world are ever attended with scenes of strife and confusion. When the storm gathers and breaks over earth and sea, there will always be some loose particles thrown off from the mass of elements, and left to float awhile at random, seemingly obedient to no law save the airy impulse of the hour. If these are not always the creatures of light, they are light creatures, floating on the surface of the mental deep, and whose erratic movements sufficiently indicate the direction of the various currents. But the staid and philosophic mind moves like the stately ship, majestically forward, unshaken by the little eddies that ripple the surface of the waters. Sometimes these volatile geniuses, ascending through the gaseous exhalations of earth become luminous, and are seen as wandering lights, which, to some poor mundane observers appear like sublime stars in the distant firmament. They circumvolve in the most eccentric orbits, yet around no center real or imaginary. In this great transition, where the motion of the elements is rapid and powerful,

some will become giddy and lose their balance. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the extremes to which these may go. Well, let them go. Our faith and hope, as regards the final issue, are not left to rest on the incidental and local appearances which accompany the period of revolution. The philosopher looks on with a calm spirit, with unshaken nerves and an unflinching trust, knowing that the spirit of GOD moves above the uplifted elements of strife, and that Order will come forth from Chaos.

“The spirit giveth life.” But it is especially necessary to the continuance of the life functions that the body be complete. When the integrity of the structure is lost; when the organic relation and dependence is once destroyed, and the members are scattered, it is impossible for the true life to remain. From the ruins of the falling temple the divinity soars triumphantly away to some holier shrine. We have here the present condition of the outward Church. It has been possessed of the demon of Sectarism, until the body is rent in pieces and the fragments are scattered and quivering in the pangs of expiring life. As certainly as vitality cannot remain in a mutilated body, the divine life cannot be exhibited in the present state of the Church. These many members must first be united—must become one body—harmoniously constituted, and then the whole will be animated by the spirit of God. If the Christian world is to realize this union; if the organs of that mystical body are ever brought into their true relations, it must be on the plane which Spiritualism presents. It is only a system predicated on the spiritual idea, which harmonizes our faith and philosophy, and brings the Infidel and the Christian together, that can possibly secure this most desirable consummation. The time for that great union is rapidly approaching, and the voice that speaks to us in the events of To-day, may be the trumpet of the Resurrection!

In conclusion, it may be well to observe that, the divine energy of a true Spiritualism is required to save man from his sordid, earthly tendencies. When the soul's claims are denied—the spirit crushed and imprisoned even by those who claim to minister to its necessities—the lusts of the flesh are left to exert a fearful power and to achieve a mortal triumph. The sanctuary is polluted, the soul is paralyzed, and its beautiful functions are suspended by the

magnetism of earth and hell. Oppression and War, with all their startling colors and infernal machinery, are suffered to desolate the world, and

“ Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn.”

While man has thus walked according to the flesh, unreasoning passion and brute force have ruled the earth with an iron scepter, spreading a fearful pall over the fairest fields of life and joy. It is now time for the SPIRIT to have its turn in the government of the world. And what great, God-gifted messenger shall bear away from Heaven’s own altars the immortal fire, and kindle the flame in these earthly temples, to which Pride, and Fashion, and Mammon invite their worshippers? Who shall cast down the modern Dagon, and enthrone the grieved and insulted Spirit in its place? A reform so grand and comprehensive in its objects; a mission so benignant and glorious in its issues, is worthy the consecration of all human and angelic powers. In the Spiritual Philosophy we find those elements which inspire within us a brilliant and immortal hope that this great work will be accomplished. Through its divine agency the world may yet realize the bright visions of the Prophets, and witness in the presence of men and Angels that reign of universal righteousness, and peace, and joy, whose faint and distant images dazzled the sight of the ancient Bards, and caused the slumbering strings of a thousand harps to awake to their highest notes of inspiration. Then shall the listening world hear the glad sounds which entranced the soul of the Poet:

“ When through the silence overhead
An Angel, with a trumpet said,
Forevermore, Forevermore,
The reign of Violence is o’er.
Then like an instrument, that flings
Its music on another’s strings,
The trumpet of the Angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast;
And on—from sphere to sphere—the words
Reëchoed down the burning chords,
Forevermore, forevermore,
The Reign of Violence is o’er !”

TIME AND THE AGES.

 BY FANNY GREEN.

PROEM.

Down to the depths of Being we are carried ;
 And forms appear that are for ever hidden,
 But from such potent eyes as fashion Thought
 With all the elements and powers of Life,
 And by their own *clair-voyance*, through old Chaos
 Pour the full beams of recreative light.

CANTO I.

Analysis. Time and his youngest child, the Present Age, are represented. The daughter entertains her father for some connected history of her departed sisters.—A bird's-eye view of the past.—The Pastoral Age is represented.—Birth of Poetry and Music.—Songs of the shepherds.—The spirit of the Pastoral Age appears, and chaunts a dirge over her departed children.

A sound of rushing pinions woke the air,
 As some great bird, in its stupendous flight,
 Smote with its massive plumage the still depths,
 Until it roused a vortex, and a current,
 Making the silence voiceful. Then there came,
 Wheeling in mid-air, a majestic car
 Borne by six eagles, black as Erebus,
 Ere from his marriage with congenial Night,
 Sprang forth, with roseate smile, the new-born Day.
 Their piercing eyes were thrice quadruple stars,
 That beamed through the deep Future, drinking light
 From the veiled radiance of their central Sun.
 The car was wrought of a substantial darkness,

Inlaid with brilliants, spoils of all the Past—
Rich gems of Life, plucked from the crown of Death.

Surmounting this strange vehicle, two forms,
Human in shape, in essence all divine,
To the rapt vision now arose to view.
The first appeared a venerable Sage,
In whose benignant yet majestic mien
Were regal stateliness, and childlike truth.
The whiteness of his brow had scarce grown dim ;
And yet its early fairness was surpassed
By the fine luster that shone over it,
As Parian marble gains a mellow hue,
Concentrated from light it hath drunk up
In the still lapse of ages. On that brow
Were the deep traces of all human thought,
While every feature seemed a history
Of human disappointments, sorrows, joys,
Affections, hopes, and passions infinite.
As the fine head was turned, its silvery hair,
Swept backward by the wind, revealed an eye
That burned with aspiration, urging still
A course forever onward, to the goal
That lay embosomed in Eternity.
Time, father of the Ages, ne'er before
Beheld by mortal eyes, stood forth revealed.

Close by his side nestled a lovelier one,
Radiant with female beauty, yet endowed
With such a majesty of look and mien,
As fixed the admiring eye, yet stayed approach,—
She seemed to wear the cestus underneath
Her potent armor of Minervan shield.
She lifted her white arms, each one as fair
As if 'twere molded of the purest light ;
Resting her head upon his scarry breast,
She clung unto the Sage, and murmured low
In tenderest whispers, that half died away,
Dissolved in their own sweetness ; but the music
Could not be lost—the loving atmosphere

Caught and diffused it, as it were the breath
 Of Rose, or Lily—perfume audible :
 And as she spoke, her soft, beseeching eyes,
 Blue as the lotus flower, were turned to his.
 Her features were so radiant, yet inspired
 With all the sweet affections of the heart,
 The burning soul beamed softlier through their curves,
 Giving their sweetness a diviner charm ;
 While over the fair neck and ample brow,
 Streamed the refulgence of her clustering hair,
 Golden as early sun-beams. Gently then
 Bent down the Sage, to catch her tender voice,
 As thus the music flowed out into words.

“ My father! I, alone, am left to thee
 Of all thy children. Tell me of the Past,
 Now, while old Phœbus drives his burning wain
 Over the rounding billows of the West,
 And the young Moon, a timid nursling, clings
 With soft arms to the shadowy robe of Night ;
 O, bless me, gentle father, with the lore
 My heart so long hath yearned for—of the Dead !
 Speak of my sisters, that are sleeping still
 In the deep tomb of Ages.”

With a smile
 That passed o'er his stern features, leaving there
 A trace of fairest sunshine, he embraced
 The gentle creature with one massive arm,
 And in the fulness of his love, replied,
 “ The dead, sayest thou, my child! *There are no dead.*”
 His voice woke, surging, like the distant sea
 Pouring its strong bass through some pearly cave,
 That softened, while it deepened the rich tones.
 “ My children! It is true they all are gone—
 All gone, but thee, my last and loveliest one!
 Singly they came; singly they all departed ;
 And when their work was done, lay down to sleep ;
 But never one hath died. True, forms may change,
 But spirit is *immortal*. Thou, my child,

Art the concentrate essence of *all* Time,
 As were thy Sisters, each one, of the Times
 That lay behind her. Each, in passing, left
 Her mantling soul to swaddle the new-born ;
 So have thy sisters done ; and so shalt thou.

“ The vortex of all Matter, and all Spirit,
 Creates continual motion ; but the changes
 Are constant renovation, and not death.
 Yet shall thy prayer be answered ; and for thee
 I will evoke the Spirits of the Ages,
 That thou may'st learn thy destiny in their's.
 Bend thy gaze hither. See ! this horoscope
 Unfoldeth not the Future, but the Past.”

There was a plain around them, neither vast
 In its proportions, nor yet circumscribed.
 The atmosphere was blushing in a glow
 Of earliest morning. O'er the hill beyond,
 A region robed in gorgeous sunset lay.
 The silvery crescent and her evening star,
 Just visible, were nestling in the blue,
 Where lingered yet some opalescent rays
 Of amber, beaming through the amethyst.
 Still further, twilight hovered. The pale stars
 Looked forth inquiringly, as if they feared
 They had come out too early. But the shadows
 Grew deeper every instant, spreading far,
 Till lost in darkness thick and palpable.
 Arch beyond arch, receding avenues,
 Still lessening, and still deepening, stretched away
 Through the dim distance. Here and there, a star
 Came thrilling through the walls of solid gloom,
 Revealing boundaries that lay between
 The long departed Ages. But again,
 In surging accents, woke the voice of Time.

“ Behold, my daughter ! what thou hast called death
 Is but transition. Lo, the immortal ones !
 Stars of all time—stars of eternity !
 Reflecting back their radiance from yon spheres

Of love, and glory, yet reveal the gloom
 Whence they emerged, with all their highest powers,
 Lustrous with life, unquenched—unquenchable—
 The Immortal shining through Mortality.

“Darkness and death are but residuum—
 The grosser portion of all human hopes,
 Thoughts, struggles, passions, labors, and desires—
 Whence the ethereal essence hath burnt out—
 The ashes of the Past;—yet even this
 Hath made soil for the Future. Not one trace
 Of life can ever perish. 'Mid all changes
 Of Mind and Matter, every ray of light,
 All hope, all faith, all action, and all thought,
 That has vitality within itself,
 Lives for a fellowship with purer light—
 With loftier action, thought, and hope, and faith—
 Lives with an ever concentrating power,
 Which, as it strengthens, reaches centerward.

“Would'st thou behold the Ages? They shall rise,
 Obedient to thy wish. Bend now thy gaze,
 And fix it on the farthest verge of sight,
 Where the black walls of darkness seem to meet,
 Converging to one single radiant point.”

That single ray expanded. Spreading far,
 Still it expanded, generating light,
 'Till the whole earth was clearly visible.

O, beautiful, beyond the highest power
 Of human art to picture, was the scene!
 Freshness of early morning over all
 Had spread its dewy blessing, lit with love,
 Which, like the sunlight, ever gushing forth,
 Smiled on the Age of happy Innocence,
 Imparting rosy hints of hope and joy.

'Mid the green hills, enameled with bright flowers,
 Shepherds led forth their flocks at early dawn,
 As joyous and as innocent as they!
 When Noon had reached its zenith, they lay down
 Beneath the shadow of acacia trees,

Or vaulted banian, musing of the Life
That yet wore vestal freshness. All they saw
Smiling around the beautiful—the grand—
Touched a responsive chord within their hearts.
Then, like an angel essence in themselves,
Fair Poesy awoke, and sang of Love,
Life, Beauty, Strength, and Majesty, and Power,
Till heroes swelled to gods—and wood, and stream,
Dark mountain and broad ocean, hill, and dale,
Grew bright, and voiceful, with celestial forms.

A youth reposing, lay at eventide,
In a green bower where myrtle blossoms paled
Beside the clustering roses. Nightingales
Were calling to each other; and the bee
Poured through his murmur the hyblæan sweets
He had been sucking from the flowers all day.

But yonder the soft eye of Hesperus
Is penciling, with its faint, golden rays,
The light-enameled azure, well nigh lost
'Mid the ethereal sapphire, whose clear depths
It scarcely dares to fathom, like a Thought
That yearns to utter the Unspeakable,
Losing itself amid infinitude.

The pendant Osier stooped to kiss the Waves,
Rising, to watch the dimples that awoke
At its caresses; and the Willow-tree,
Waving her plume-like foliage, bent to hear
The song the Brook was singing in her praise.
Down to their couches in the crystal flood
Went the fair Lotus, and the Water-Lily;
And insects, as they cluster in their cells,
With a love-murmur bless their evening home.
By some mysterious sympathy, the boy
Hangs on the strain of sighing Zephyrus,
As he, enamored, o'er the Memosa bends.
Her tender form, quivering in every nerve,
Shrinks from the utterance of his soft "good night!"
But now, inspired by an intenser thrill,

As unforbidden comes the dewy kiss,
 She folds her verdant arms, with scarce a sigh
 To dip its plumage in her fragrant breath,
 As from the full heart it had flown away
 To whisper of the deeper, tenderer joy,
 That feels itself in blessing, only, blest.

His human heart responsive, the pale boy
 Turned, ever restless, as if seeking somewhat—
 An all-pervading Presence—yet not there
 In its embodiment. His tuneful lips,
 Instructed by kind Nature, thus poured forth
 A sweet solution of the mystery.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

“Dew-drops of the early morn,
 Meeting on the verdant corn,
 Gently, lovingly, unite,
 Sparkling praises to the Light.
 Each to each inclines its lips,
 And the honied nectar sips;
 Why then, Zoe, should not mine
 Drink the honey-dews from thine ?

Rosy Clouds, that softly lie
 In the foldings of the sky,
 Nestling on their couches white,
 Stretch abroad their arms of light,
 With a soft, ethereal grace
 One another to embrace—
 Tell me, Zoe, if there be
 No embrace for thee and me ?

“Hark ! the Trees that bend above,
 Murmur forth a song of love ;
 Stirring Boughs, with mutual bliss,
 Only wave themselves to kiss,
 While the tendrils of the vine
 Softly, tenderly entwine ;
 Why then, Zoe, should there be
 Distance between thee and me ?

“Sedges hear the singing Brooks
 With Love's music in their looks ;

Birds and insects, winds and waves,
 Whispering in their pearly caves—
 Chaunting in the woodland bower—
 Own the Universal Power.

Why then, Zoe, should there be
 Silence between thee and me ?”

Is some fair Spirit answering to the strain,
 By one as tender, and as musical?

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

“ When with thee the shadowy even
 Never seemeth chilly ;
 But o'er us the starry heaven
 Bendeth soft and stilly !
 Then my heart, though such a lisper
 In the words that move thee,
 With each throbbing pulse may whisper
 It's deep joy to love thee !

“ Dove-eyed Hopes to me are bringing
 Taste of future sweetness,
 Rosy Loves to thee are winging,
 With an arrowy fleetness !
 Radiant Joy now seems to borrow
 The soft crown of Sadness ;
 While the beauty of to-morrow
 Smiles through tears of gladness.

“ As the floweret to the sunbeam,
 Which its heart is filling,
 Turn I, ever, to catch one beam
 From thy deep eyes thrilling !
 It is such a holy pleasure
 Thus to bend before thee—
 Dearest, sweetest, only treasure !
 I would fain adore thee !”

The song is hushed ; but with the silence now
 Blendeth a rapture words could never speak,
 When all the infinite of two young hearts
 Is first unfolded. * * * * *

Exalted by the Ideal, with hushed heart
 They listened ever to the harmonies

That breathed in all things, from the Ocean's roar,
 Hurling defiance at the angry Storm,
 To the soft prattling of the Rivulet
 Among the listening Sedges; and they caught
 One single lesson—it was melody,
 Still craving only utterance. When they heard
 The voice of deep-mouthed Thunders, calling out
 From the rent cloud, or from the smitten rock;
 Or listened to the hovering Zephyr's strain,
 That lingered, with a murmur soft and low,
 Around the love-sick Floweret—all the grand,
 The sweet, the tender, of their yearning souls,
 Struggled for being that should make them one
 With Nature, in her harmony divine.
 Thus Music lived the second-born of Heaven,
 Giving expression, impulse, to such thoughts
 As die in verbal language.

There was still
 A something that transcended earthly bonds,
 Asserting—craving—kindred—fellowship—
 With all the Infinite that lay around—
 That stretched afar, pervading the unseen—
 Pervading all the Great—the Possible.

On a wild crag that overhung the sea
 Reclined a youth whose deeply seeing eyes
 Punctured the crust—the Semblance—drawing forth
 Light from the closely veiled Reality;
 And thus he gave his burning thought to song.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

“ What is mightier than the Ocean,
 When, amid his stormy billows,
 Goading them to wild commotion,
 His rough head he pillows?
 Lo, there standeth ONE behind him,
 Than the Ocean stronger,
 With an iron Will to bind him—
 Tyrant, now, no longer—
 But he lays an offering meet
 At his peerless Conqueror's feet.

" What is grander than the arches
 That embrace the circling earth,
 Where the Stars, in silent marches,
 Tread the country of their birth ?
 Grander than the starry legions—
 Far beyond the deep blue sky—
 Dwelleth, in the Spirit Regions,
 ONE, the shadow of whose eye
 Paleth sun, and paleth star,
 With its glories, brighter far.

" What is stronger than the Mountains,
 With their ribs of girdling rock,
 Sending forth the river fountains,
 Battling with the tempest shock ?
 HE who piled the rocks, and laid them
 On the high and towering land.
 HE whose sinewy hand hath made them,
 And hath bound them as they stand !
 At the Mountain shrine we bow,
 As the shadow of his brow.

" What more terrible than Lightning,
 When its fierce eye gleameth under ?
 The black drift, with sudden brightening,
 Ere it calleth out the Thunder ?
 HE whose hand the lightning sendeth,
 Fire-wing'd, from his flaming quiver—
 Before whose potency Power bendeth,
 Of all Strength the Giver !—
 Grandest forms of Thought and Sense,
 Vanish in his Omnipotence."

Scarce had the numbers sent their dying thrill
 O'er the rich harp strings, when a minstrel maid,
 With starry eyes, fair brow, and midnight hair,
 Came from a flowery valley, whose green arms
 Embraced a verdant hill-side, with soft step
 And look of modest sweetness, drawing near
 The minstrel youth. Then woke her own sweet lyre.

THE MINSTREL MAIDEN'S SONG.

" Dweller of the arching sky,
 Angel of the blooming earth,

In the starry bowers on high
 Was thy radiant birth ?
 Beauty! Beauty! answer me;
 For my soul flows forth to thee!

“ Painted on the blushing flower
 Are the features of thy face ;
 Waving in the forest bower
 Vine wreaths catch thy grace ;
 Thou the rainbow's arching form
 Setteth on the passing storm.
 “ Flowing rivers, fountains clear,
 Shell, and bird, and insect wing,
 This cerulean atmosphere,
 All, abroad thy radiance fling ;
 And we catch thine image true,
 Orbed within a drop of dew.

“ Tendrils waving in the air,
 Golden with the early day,
 Simulate thy clustering hair ;
 Ardent Noon, with sunny ray,
 And the starry midnight skies,
 Beam with glory of thine eyes.

“ Morn and evening both are fair
 With the blushes of thy cheek ;
 Zephyrs breathe thy music rare ;
 Murmuring brooks thy language speak ;
 Beauty! Beauty! ever free,
 Thou inspirest all we see!”

Again the Minstrel's tuneful harp awoke,
 As if his Soul held converse with the Maid's,
 The music thus flowed back, and answered her.

SONG.

“ Question the Flowers at early dawn,
 Soft blushing angels of the morn ;
 Bend close thine Ear, and ask them, where
 The Spirit dwelleth, who so fair
 Hath made them ? Echo answereth, ‘ Where ?’

“ Go ask the Sky, and ask the Dew,
 What molds the drop, and paints the blue ;

Seek, if the Spirit dwelleth there :
 A voice comes sobbing through the air—
 'Tis only Echo murmuring, ' There !'
 " Now whisper to the whispering breeze
 That bendeth the acacia trees ;
 And listen, if it telleth who
 Gave it the first breath that it drew ;
 But Echo only answereth, ' Who ?'

" Question the Spirit in thy breast,
 That, waking, sleeping, ne'er hath rest,
 If it hath wings for soaring higher ;
 Thrilling, as with a tongue of fire,
 Shouts joyful Echo ' Higher ! Higher ! "

Thus when the massive wings of Midnight spread
 Their ebon plumage over the wide earth,
 And all the Stars were looking through the gloom,
 With their deep earnest eyes, the wondering Soul,
 Touched with a talisman of deeper life,
 Beheld strange glimpses of Infinitude,
 And woke half conscious of its destiny,
 To higher thought and purpose. Night by night
 They pondered on the deep, mysterious lore,
 And wrought the science of the eternal stars
 With the frail web of human destiny.

On the rude summit of a mountain brow,
 As hoary, and as rugged as his own,
 Arose and stood a venerable Sage,
 His silvery hair flowed loosely on the wind,
 Revealing the deep glory of an Eye
 Which had drunk in Chaldea's mystic lore.—
 He had drunk deeply ; but his burning thirst
 Had quickened with his knowledge ; for there came
 Never a word from planet or from star
 To answer him his questions. There he stood,
 Perusing with keen eyes the starry page,
 As with a tremulous, but deep-toned voice,
 He poured interrogation into song.

SONG OF THE CHALDEAN SAGE.

“ Stars of midnight ! do ye see
Through this human mystery ?
Have ye seen, and will you show,
Whence we come, and where we go ?

Can the work of Death be wrought
On the free and living Thought,
That from sensual bondage springs,
Soaring, as on eagle wings ?—

“ Is there any power to bind
Fetters on the chainless wind ?
Is the spirit only breath ?
Can ye tell us what is death ?—

“ Why, ah, why ! do we aspire,
Mounting as on wings of fire ?
Wherefore live, and feel, and think ;
Then to voiceless nothing sink ?

“ Year by year, and day by day,
Generations pass away ;
These they only made to be
Tortured by their mystery ?

“ Have your rays e'er passed the screen
That enveileth the UNSEEN ?
Tell us—tell us !—if ye know,
Whence we come, and where we go ! ”

Of in the noon-hush when they lay at rest,
And the acacias lulled them to repose,
They dreamed again their beautiful, strange dreams,
While Truth came ever nearer, though she wore
The irised robes of Fancy. Thus they lived,
By fine gradations rising ; till at length
Their mission was accomplished—and they slept.
Such was the Infancy of Human Life.

The shadows passed away ; but not the scene.
A death-like stillness followed. From the tomb—
A cave that opened 'neath a jutting rock—
Came forth a Spirit in its ghostly cerements.

By her majestic innocence I know
 The eldest of the Ages. With a smile
 Of the most touching sadness, yet inspired
 With such true love as made it beautiful,
 She gazed on every dear, familiar thing—
 Long loved and long forgotten. A deep faith
 Sublimed and simple features, in whose light
 The womanly passed into the divine.
 Then, with a low chime like the voice of brooks,
 Chaunting the monody of withered Flowers
 That fell in pleasant places, thus she sang :

DIRGE.

“ Sleep, my children !—Soft and fair
 Beams the morn, and breathes the air ;
 Gentle rain, and pearly dew,
 Shed their freshness over you !
 Children of the early morn,
 Ye are gone—all gone.

“ One by one I gave you rest,
 In our loving mother’s breast,
 Where the chirping swallows play
 And the singing waters stray,
 And the light is soft as dawn—
 Ye are gone—all gone.

“ Ye were lovely as the flowers,
 That awoke within your bowers,
 Gentle as the bleating flocks,
 That ye led among the rocks ;
 But my early hopes are shorn ;
 Ye are gone—all gone.

“ Children of the sunny clime,
 Earliest, fairest—born of Time !
 I have hushed in sweetest sleep,
 Eyes that scarcely learned to weep,
 Hearts that might have been forlorn—
 Ye are gone—all gone.

“ But your virtues could not die,
 They are set like stars on high,

Beaming with a purer light
 'Mid the mysteries of Night;
 Through the portals of the Morn.
 Ye are gone—all gone!"

With the last strain she stretched her arms toward Heaven;
 And as if borne upon a car of light
 Whose very fineness hid it from the view,
 She passed away, while from his furrowed cheek
 The oft-bereaved Father wiped a tear.

SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

BY O. W. WIGHT.

In the Grecian mythology, Clio, eldest of the Muses, was not more the daughter of Memory, than of Jupiter, the Supreme Mind. History in like manner should not only be regarded as the *record* of man's acts, but also as the acts themselves, recorded or unrecorded. All History then is the manifestation of mind in outward deeds, the revelation of an unseen force in visible works: it is the result of the activity of man's spiritual nature. We are accustomed to regard spirit as something altogether airy; if not as a mere creation of fancy, yet as a thing entirely unsubstantial, which defies the touch, and, like the image of the Trojan hero's father, mocks the embrace of living arms. We have all been delighted with the fairies in *Mid Summer-Night's Dream*, we have all been terrified by the witches in *Macbeth*, or have shrieked while beholding the ghost of Hamlet's father, we have read with a solemn shudder the story of Samuel and the witch of Endor, but many of us have not looked beneath material things to find a spiritual force which is the only source of action. We often speak of physical force, but there is no such thing. Attraction of whatever kind, is an invisible agent. The body of man without the unseen spirit, is perfectly powerless. The form is perhaps perfect as ever, but, deserted by the soul, there is no power in it. Mater-

ial organization is but the instrument used by the invisible spirit. We look upon the remains of a friend with reverential awe, with solemn feeling and solemn thought, while we forget the departure that has taken place in the twinkling of an eye. The eye is not sight; the ear is not hearing; the brain is not thought; thought is not the soul; but the soul's action. The spirituality of man's being is declared even by the etymology of the word English, *man*; German, *Mensch*; Latin, *Mens* or mind; Sanscrit, *Manusehya* or man, the root of which *Manu* means spirit: which shows that the orientals are at least not behind us in spiritual insight. "Like Apollo keeping the flocks of Admetus every man is a god in disguise."

Mankind then are a viewless spirit host, the announcement of whose approach was the words of the Almighty when he said, "*Let us make man in our image,*" the announcement of whose departure will be the sound of the *last* trumpet. The world's history is the embodiment of the thoughts, passions, feelings and sentiments of human souls, in social, political, religious institutions; in cities, kingdoms, written and printed books, senates and battle fields; in "the issues of life" "out of the heart." From the beginning to the present hour the myriad host have been rushing on across the track of Being. The dead earth was given by God to man to be subdued. It can not resist living spirits, in whose course seas have been filled up, mountains leveled. Empires have been founded, mighty cities have been built. Stormy oceans have been crossed, the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth have yielded to the dominion of man. Patriarchal families have been lost in universal monarchies; kingdom has come, with earthquake shock, in contact with kingdom; king has stamped beneath his iron heel the heart of king. Mourning millions have wept beside rivers of blood upon which the ambitious have floated to dominion. Walls have been raised to heaven by one generation to be leveled with the earth by another. Conflagrations kindled by the men of one age have left an open field to be occupied by those of another age. Sometimes one place, sometimes another, has been the seat of universal empire. Gallant tyranny has been followed by the fierce whirlwinds of revolution, and out of the ruins of monarchies have grown republics.

New continents have been discovered, depopulated and populated again. Earth has been ransacked for her concealed treasures, and nourishes her subduers with her fruits. Man in his work of conquering the earth has managed, like the Hebrew warrior with the enemies of the Lord, to turn nature against herself. Winds have been made to carry on his noisy commerce, running brooks have been made to grind his corn, boiling water has been pressed into the service of spinning and weaving his garments and propelling his floating palaces round the globe. The lightning runs with messages for man to and from the ends of the earth. Solomon's Temple, Mosque of St. Sophia, Parthenon, St. Peters, Westminster Abbey have been built, and man has worshiped the Infinite in stone, plant, statue, beast, stars, his fellow man, or in all space. Phydias and Praxitiles have made the cold marble breathe; Raphael and Angelo, Prometheus-like, have stolen fire from heaven to give life to canvass; Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Goethe have sent spere-music ringing along the ages. The actors in the wild drama, one by one, have come and gone. The plastic earth has been molded into millions of sacred temples for the Holy Spirit, and thus has been hallowed the very dust that man shakes from his foot. Crumbling all around us are the remains of those temples once consecrated by the breath of Jehovah, whose ruins are infinitely more solemn, than those of Egyptian pyramids or the coliseum. We tread with every footstep on the ashes of the departed and feast on the fruits of the earth that spring from the decaying bosoms of our dead fathers. Unspeakably solemn, mysterious world!

But of that great field of Time on which the Ages are sown, which lies shadowy between us and creation, what do we know? God, as he looks upon the world, sees not only all acts but all thoughts, not only of the present but of all time. In his mind are the secrets of all hearts, all the deeds of men, the beginning and end of the world, and the destiny of the human race. Of all this what records have we? We know that mighty cities of old existed, but what do we know of the actual life of the inhabitants? Thebes could send forth from her hundred gates a million of warriors, but what do we know of their domestic, social, religious life? We search in the dust of her times for some memo-

rial of the past. The Arab guide leads us to capacious catacombs, jumps up and down upon vast piles of mummies which wave and crack beneath his feet, and we learn the important lesson—that human art has cheated our common parent earth for a season out of the dust that is her due. Troy once the metropolis of Western Asia, the theater where was enacted the bloodiest tragedy in the world's history, was left by the conquering Greeks smoking to the ground, and now both earth and oblivion refuse to give up their dead. What would we not give for an inventory of all the household goods in Priam's palace, or a business directory of Trojan shopkeepers? We would exchange the meeting of Hector and Andromache, dear as the price would be, for the nursery tales that were repeated to the sons and daughters of 'Mother Hecuba.'—Plato, Socrates, Xenophon, Homer, Pindar and Demosthenes, speak to us from Greece across the ages, but how much do we know of Grecian manners and private life? We would almost exchange the Anabasis for a certain lecture of Xantippe, on the Memorabilia for a verbatim report of an hour's conversation among a group of Grecian youths.—It is said Rome still rules the world. Roman life indeed now lives in all civilized nations. Roman energy to this day rouses slumbering humanity. We hear the din of the "Eternal City" in its world-conquering activity echoing across the oblivious sea of the past. We can see in imagination the excited busy crowds sweeping along the paved ways. The 'yellow Tiber' seaward rolls its flood, conniving at the assassins crime, and promising secrecy to him who has never learned that the "Everlasting has fixed his canon against self-slaughter." We can see the nobility, the wealth, the fashion of the great city assembling, in the spacious Coliseum to feast their eyes upon a thousand slain to make a Roman holiday! These look down upon that bloody arena beauty as peerless as ever won a monarch's heart, wit as sparkling as ever graced an emperor's court, kings as proud as the world ever saw. Here and there banquet halls ring with shouts of obscene revelry, and noisy mirth. The senate "awful in its majesty," is maturing plans for subjugating distant nations. The vestals are watching the eternal fire of the goddess, and in the temples the statues of the gods stand silent on their pedestals. Fable has already claimed early Rome for her own, and we know as much of the city of the